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A New Series.

MARCH 31, 1828.

THE ABBOT OF CUMMER.

In some breast passion lies conceal'd and silent,
Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,
Until occasion, like the linstock, lights it:
Then come at once the lightning and the thunder,
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.

THE ABBOT.

In a fertile dale, on the banks of the
Mowddach, in Merionethshire, was formerly situated the Cistercian Abbey of Cumber; and even now its mouldering ruins may be seen about a stone's throw from the river—the abode of the reptile and the night-bird. But

The sacred tapers' lights are gone;

Gray moss has clad the altar stone;

The holy image is o'erthrown;

The bell has ceas'd to toll;

The long-rib'd alleys are burst and shrunk,

The holy shines to ruin's sunk;

Departed is the pious monk—

God's blessing on his soul!

As the spot now appears, a large area is enclosed by high ivy-covered walls, with the ends tolerably entire, and a few out-buildings are made subservient to the ordinary comforts of man, being used as granaries and store-houses. The situation is beautifully secluded, and the buildings are embosomed in a luxuriant grove of fine old lime-trees. The occupants of this monastery, if we may credit the veracity of tradition, were generally pious and worthy men. The charming spot which they inhabited tranquillised

their feelings, and their conduct was an example and a blessing to their dependents.

About the middle of the eleventh century, father Elltyd, or Ilutus, the abbot, was celebrated for his piety, meekness, and benevolence. He was not old, for he had not yet arrived at one half of the prescribed period of human existence; but his manners and address, and his decided tone of conduct, had given him such influence, that, on the death of the abbot Cadvan, he was advanced to the government of the monastery, within six years after his admission into the lower rank of the fraternity.

There was a mystery in the history of this holy man, which no one could fathom. Whence he came, or for what reason he had quitted the world so young, no one could divine. It was evident, however, that he had mingled freely in society, and had even moved in a courtly sphere. It was also apparent that he had borne arms, and wielded his sword in the cause of his country. This, indeed, was confirmed by the brilliant sparkle of his dark eye, when the deeds of heroes and the feats of renowned warriors became the topics of conversation among the monks: and, although he wore the coarse and homely garments of a Cistercian priest, and notwithstanding his haggard and care-worn features, there was an air of commanding superiority about father Elltyd, which plainly showed that no common spirit animated

the body which such unseemly habiliments enveloped. And where is the disguise that will effectually conceal the intuitive attributes of a high and noble spirit? Sorrow and suffering, and indignation or disgust at the world's ways, may occasion a temporary suppression, and tane for a time its more vehement and outrageous impulses; but nothing can ever entirely subdue the elevated and instinctive aspirations of true nobleness of soul. The flame will still burn on, in weal or woe, in joy or sorrow—in the tented field or in a lady's bower. It may be smothered, it is true, for a season, but it can never be utterly quenched; for enough of its strength will remain to start once more into life and ignition, and to consume with its intensity whatever may be opposed to its power. Thus was it with Elltyd; and, although a long course of mortification and pious meditation had tamed down the more prominent impulses of his nature, still enough of the fiery ardor of his spirit remained to blaze forth occasionally for a moment, and then to sink suddenly into darkness like a fleeting and illusive meteor. This was particularly exemplified when his remembrance reverted to the contests in which his countrymen had been engaged with the English. It was, then, that the unquenchable fire of his spirit burst forth and illumined his saddened features with all the animation of enthusiasm; for he still retained

"The fire that told of other days,
When trumpets pierced the kindling air;
And the keen eye, whose bright'ning gaze
Flash'd through the battle's glare!"

Such was the dignified priest who had not only obtained the most entire ascendancy over the minds of his inferiors, but also their most sincere and fervent regard. It required, in truth, no vast stretch of power or of wisdom to influence the will of the monks of Cumber; for they were the most harmless, contented, and inoffensive of catholics.—They meddled with nothing but the peaceful ceremonies of their religion, and the comparatively mild rules of their order, to which they most piously and pertinaciously adhered. Their revenues were not sufficiently ample to invest them with any considerable degree of influence; and they dwelt too remote from the capital of the principality to be able (even were they so inclined) to

intrigue and become mischievous. But they had no such inclination; for they differed very materially from the generality of those artful, licentious, and bigoted beings, with which many of our old monasteries were at that time filled, to the great scandal and injury of the church: ambition, considered as the desire of power, dwelt not among them; their only aim was to do good,—their only occupation (beside the performance of their religious duties) the alleviation of the misery of the poor around them, not merely in a temporal, but in a spiritual manner. As far as regarded their own habits and pastimes, they were temperate, becoming, and in strict unison with the sacred character of the fraternity. They indulged not in that indiscriminate and wanton licentiousness, which the priests of those times so extensively practised. They lived entirely free from those disorderly dissensions which spring from self-interest, self-indulgence, and a grasping love of power, and proved themselves by their conduct what they really professed themselves by their calling, the ministers of God's grace, and the consolers and encouragers of the afflicted. An event, however, occurred, which disturbed the peaceful tenor of their existence; but its influence was only temporary, like a sudden blast of wind, which, passing over the quiet mountain-lake, ruffles its surface for an instant, and then leaves it as calm and as placid as ever.

One autumnal evening, a horseman, roughly accoutred and stoutly armed, rode up to the great gate of the abbey, and solicited, or rather demanded, lodging and refreshment for the lord Owain of Oswestry, and his attendants, who were passing that way on a pilgrimage to the holy well of the celebrated Saint Winifred. A lay-brother proceeded with the message to the superior, who was deeply engaged in devotional meditation in his newly-furnished oratory. The monk started, when he heard the name of one of the most ferocious and powerful of the border-barons, and his swarthy brow assumed a darker hue as the brother told his errand.—"The lord Owain of Oswestry!" echoed the abbot; "what wanteth *he* within the precincts of our holy house? 'Is it not enough that he should smite and slay the pious servants of God's church on his own lands, but he must come hither to insult our peaceful brotherhood?"—He

paused a moment, and then continued—“But we must not return evil for evil. Desire that preparations be made for his reception, and let all the brethren be apprised of his approach. Tell the messenger that the gates of our abbey shall be opened to his master, and that its humble fare is at his disposal.”—A flock of sheep could scarcely be more dismayed at the approach of a hungry wolf, or a brood of chickens at the circling eddies of the hawk, than were the quiet-minded monks of Cummur at this unexpected and formidable annunciation. A visit at any time from a baron with only an ordinary train, was an event of a ruffling and agitating nature; but this was particularly so; for the lord Owain was known to hold ecclesiastics in the most sovereign contempt, and to embrace every opportunity of tormenting and mortifying them. Besides, a nobleman of his rank and haughty bearing was not likely to travel, on an occasion like this, without a numerous train of followers; and where to find food sufficient for their refreshment, was a point which seriously perplexed the abbot. However, what *could* be done, *was* done. Messengers were despatched to the neighbouring hamlets of Llanelyd and Dolgellau for such provisions as the spur of the moment could supply; and, as the fraternity of Cummur enjoyed the good-will and respect of the neighbourhood, the messengers were speedily successful in the object of their commission.

Scarcely were the requisite preparations completed, when the pompous train appeared slowly emerging from a wooded glen, the polished steel caps and spear-heads of the men sparkling brilliantly in the beams of the setting sun. Beside the mass of the vassal troop, four of the baron's most favored dependents, superior in rank to the others, moved forward with a warlike boldness of aspect, bearing on their shields and helmets the cognisance of their lord,—namely, a black boar's head, transfixed with a crimson dagger, with the motto, *Tarwech drwadd!* (strike through!) Immediately behind them rode Owain himself, a ferocious and powerful-looking man, with a countenance expressive of undaunted courage, unbending pride, and unshrinking resolution. He was closely attended by two esquires, young men of fair complexion and gallant de-

meanor, their gay attire and youthful mien presenting a striking contrast to the rough warrior-forms around them. These were followed by the family bard, an indispensable requisite to the train of every man who asserted his pretensions to high rank and bearing: he was borne in a sort of litter, and habited in a snow-white vest,—the emblem at once of the peace and sacredness of his calling. In a vehicle, closely curtained, rode a fair dame, whose connection with the baron was not the most legitimate; for he was not wedded to her, although she was said to possess as much of his love, or rather of his fierce passion, as he was capable of bestowing on any woman. Report spoke of her as exquisitely beautiful; and it was wholly on her account that this pilgrimage was undertaken. She was accompanied by two handmaidens, while several men-at-arms and menials completed the cavalcade.

As the party halted before the towering walls of the abbey, some trumpeters “blew a blast so loud and shrill,” that rock and mountain rang again with the sound. The call was instantly obeyed; the gates were thrown open; and the baron and his retinue, having dismounted, were ushered into the refectory, while the lady and her attendants, accompanied by the bard, were conducted into an adjoining apartment, and a lay-brother appointed to administer to their wants. The strangers had fasted so long, that they were not very fastidious as to the fare presented to them: and it was well for the monks that it was so, for some of the viands were not over-delicate in quality. In truth, so engaged were these rough pilgrims in the demolition of their repast, that they had nearly finished it before the baron discovered that the abbot was not present on the occasion.—“How now, ye shavelings?” he exclaimed, as he gazed wrathfully upon the monks.—“Why cometh not your good abbot to greet us with his welcome? The humble fare, which he hath prepared for our use, is not perhaps dainty enough for his pious maw: and he doubtless consolet himself with a pottle or two of racy Canary. But bear our commendation to the holy man, and say that I, the lord Owain of Oswestry, would crave to share his jollity. A cup of good sack would relish right well after our

evening ride. Go," said he to a monk,—"and bear my errand to your superior."

The monk departed with the message, but quickly returned.—"Our pious father, good my lord, is at his evening meditations, and will not, he bids me say, be disturbed."—"What! *will* not be disturbed!" exclaimed the impetuous chieftain, his dark brow contracting into a wrathful scowl as he spoke.—"Is this the answer that he sends to *me*?—Ill-mannered fool! Tell him, I will drag him hither, if he come not willingly—and that right speedily. *Will* not come! By Saint David, the friar is ill-witted!"

The monk again left the refectory, and presently returned, accompanied by the abbot, who walked with a stately step toward the seat which the baron occupied.—"My lord of Oswestry"—he said calmly, but firmly—"You have been pleased to require my attendance upon you: I had hoped that you would have spared me to my meditations; for I am not a companion meet for such merry revelers as those whom you have brought hither. Have you any thing to say to me, baron?"

The haughty nobleman, when he sent for the abbot, expected to see an old man, rubicund, and redolent of fat and flesh,—the living type of indolent sensuality; but when the commanding form of father Elltyd met his view, he started, placed his hand on a small richly-carved dagger, which he wore in his belt, and changed countenance. He, however, soon regained his wonted proud demeanor, and coolly replied, "I want nought with thee; but how comes it that thou wast not here to welcome us with becoming respect to this thy monastery? Such remissness comports not well with thy lowliness and my high bearing. What excuse canst thou put forth in thy favor?"—"I am a peaceful man, my lord," replied the abbot, evidently making a powerful effort to quell some stormy feeling,—"*ill-versed in forms of worldly courtesy*. I had directed some of the brethren to attend thee, and to administer to thy necessities—and what more would'st thou have?"—"What more would I have?"—shouted the baron. "Thy obeisance, Sir Priest. Am not I the lord Owain, and art not thou the monk Elltyd? Down on thy knees before me, and supplicate my pardon."

Bold, and even brutal as the baron was known to be, this intemperate sally astonished even his own vassals, accustomed as they were to the lawless and sanguinary commands of their lord. The young esquires exchanged looks of alarm, and gazed on him in silence, while the poor monks turned pale and trembled. But the demeanor of the abbot was firm, resolute, and impressive. His dark eye flashed as the baron spoke, and his whole frame seemed dilated to more than its natural dimensions, as bending a look of fury upon his turbulent guest, he thundered into his ear;—"Kneel to thee, thou proud assassin? never! Look at this mark;" he tore open his vest as he spoke, and pointed to a lengthened scar upon his bosom, and then in a deeper tone continued, "knowest thou not the dastard hand, which traced this scar upon my breast?"—"Hah!" exclaimed Owain, Talbot of Tregaron alive, and here!—This is, in sooth, a damning miracle. Curses on this faltering arm! would it had withered at my birth! But it is not yet too late!" and he drew his dagger, and struck at the heart of the defenceless abbot. The weapon missed its aim; and, before the blow could be repeated, Elltyd had snatched a sword from one of the by-standers, and a sharp conflict ensued, which soon became furiously desperate. As there was neither any lack of hatred between the combatants, nor any deficiency of valor, boldness, and skill, it is likely that the conflict would have ended fatally, had not an unexpected interruption occurred.

As the chamber into which the baron's fair companion had been conducted, was situated at the end of a small passage which led directly to the refectory, the high tone of his voice alarmed the lady, who with a passion, which even the savage churlishness of her lord could not tame, felt the deepest anxiety in all his concerns. Already had she risen from the rudely matted couch on which she was reclining, for the purpose of soothing his fiery spirit; for well she knew, that she alone possessed this influence over his haughty and unbending heart. Already had she entered the passage when the clashing of swords and the bustle of the fray reached her ear, added swiftness to her alarm, and induced her to use extraordinary exertion. She flew like a

fair and fleeting vision, and rushing into the refectory, stood before the combatants, like some unearthly habitant, whose quiet their clamor had disturbed. Beautiful, supremely beautiful, was the form which stood before them. She gazed in pale and motionless agitation on the noble form of the abbot, uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and sank on the floor, apparently lifeless.

"Father of Heaven!" exclaimed the abbot—"What wickedness is here!—Eleanor of Talacharn with the baron of Oswestry under the sacred roof of Cummert Abbey! Oh! villain—villain!—could'st thou not let thy victim rest in his wretchedness, but thou must come to torment him with the costly prize of which thou hast deprived him? O God! This is too much to bear unmoved."—Rushing from the apartment, he left the astonished company to ruminate at leisure on the strange scenes which they had witnessed.

There were two of that company, who could have cleared up the mystery of this adventure. One was the haughty lord, the other the lovely but unhappy Eleanor. The lady, however, though recovered from her swoon by the timely efforts of her maidens, was seemingly too exhausted to exert herself; and the baron, who had stood all this time leaning sullenly on his sword, with a wrathful scowl upon his brow, was in no humor, even if it had been necessary, to communicate his knowledge of the affair. The increased indisposition of the lady, whose malady in the first instance had been produced by continued mental emotion, provoked his wrath to excess, and he gave vent to his choler in a variety of emphatic ejaculations. His ill-humor was not allayed, when his chief medical attendant informed him that the present removal of the lady would be attended with the greatest peril; even death itself might be the consequence.

"*Diawl mawr!*" exclaimed the impetuous chieftain, "we will away! why did the meddling quean come near us? Is she grown so timid, that the clashing of a sword should scare her!"—Then, turning to his trumpeters, he bade them sound to horse, and, with an imprecation, vowed to quit the monastery on the instant, determining to leave Eleanor to recover as best she might, and, seemingly, not very mindful of the issue. With a little remonstrance, however, it was arranged that the lady should re-

main at the monastery with a suitable retinue, until she should regain sufficient strength to proceed on her pilgrimage, while the baron with the majority of his train was to continue his journey without delay. He now turned his lordly back upon the walls of the abbey, and rode onward in the moonlight over the wooded hills of Merionethshire. His departure left the terrified monks at leisure to ponder upon the events of the evening; and having, from what had transpired, gathered enough to know that their superior was more to be pitied than blamed, one of the first things which they did was to send a deputation to enquire how their esteemed ruler felt himself after the late outrage. Father Jorwerth, who was his chief assistant, and another old and venerable brother, proceeded, therefore, to his oratory, and found him in an attitude of deep meditation. The fire which had so recently animated his spirit had subsided into a melancholy composure; the startling energy of the warrior had sunk into the sedate gloom of the priest, and the lustre of his dark eye was clouded by a shade of deep sorrow. He rose as the brethren approached, and, stretching out a hand to each, seated them beside him on the rude bench with which the apartment was furnished.

"The brethren"—said Jorwerth, "solicitous for their abbot's welfare, have sent to know how he bears his affliction: they seek no explanation of the scene which they have witnessed, but are anxious to soothe with their sympathy and prayers the troubled soul of their beloved superior."—"Kind old man," replied the abbot, "I have much need of their prayers, for sorrow and shame press heavily upon me. I would bear my afflictions like a man, and like a servant of HIM, by whom all things are done; but the sudden meeting with that wicked man discomposed me and made me sinful. I have wielded a sword in the house of God, and attempted to take away the life of a man, whose crimes, manifold and horrible as they are, I, at least, ought to have forgiven."—"Take comfort, holy father," rejoined the monk. "The master whom we serve is not only just but merciful, and will not require too much at the hands of those who serve him diligently. He will pardon where there is true repentance; and a good and faithful servant,

such as thou art, will always find favor in his sight. Despond not, but trust in the Lord."

The abbot paused a-while, and then said, "Thou hast spoken well, my brother; God is just and merciful, and we will pray for his grace and forgiveness. Say to the brethren that I will be with them quickly to assist in the performance of vespers; that I earnestly supplicate their private prayers, and am much beholden to them for their sympathy." He again pressed the hands of the two monks, and then said, in a tremulous voice, "How fares it with the lady? hath she recovered from her swoon?"—"She hath, father, but remains much weakened by the shock."—Jorwerth and his friend then retired.

The vespers were performed on that eventful evening nearly in the usual manner. A close observer might perhaps have discovered a slight shade of melancholy in the demeanor of the brethren, but the abbot was as calm and as impressive as ever. In the prayer, indeed, which, in the Catholic ritual, implores the pardon of our enemies, a slight quivering of the lip shewed that the recollection of what had passed was, even at that solemn moment, present in his mind; but he quickly regained his wonted composure. Instead of retiring to his dormitory, he now returned to his oratory without thinking of sleep. All was silent within the monastery, and nothing disturbed the stillness without, except the doleful hooting of the owl, or the shrill cry of the night-hawk, as it swooped down upon its defenceless prey in the neighbouring woods. He was neither reading nor praying; but, with a fixed and moistened eye, he was gazing upon vacancy, with many a busy thought in his brain, and many a scene of former happiness before him. The moon was shining softly through the beautiful gothic window of the oratory, and his imagination had carried him back to his younger days, when the world was as a summer-field before him,—when all was joy and merriment, and when his heart was as light and as jocund as that of all youthful and aspiring lovers. He thought

And he thought, too, of one, whose beauty was to him as a spell, which bound him with an indissoluble and blissful chain. He saw her, as he was wont to behold her, radiant in youth and loveliness, gladdening with her presence the retired dwelling of her father, and stirring up many a youthful heart to deeds of chivalry; and he pictured the same seraphic being in his own castles and domains, presiding as the envied mistress of his wealth, and as the happy wife of his bosom. *This might have been*; and, as he thought of it, (and shall we blame him for thinking of it?) a tear came into his eye, and, with one thick sob of agony, he bowed down his burning forehead on his hand, and groaned aloud in deep affliction.

This may appear unseemly conduct in the reverend father; but who can control the busy tumults of the heart, or curb the fiery workings of the spirit? His long seclusion had not effectually calmed or quenched either; and now, after an interval of several years, he found that his heart could throb as strongly to worldly matters, as when he was a gay young knight in the court of his sovereign. Nor did he strive to quell the tumult which agitated him so powerfully. There was to him, in all that deep emotion, a sense of pleasure, which is only known to those who have keenly felt the pangs of sorrow, and who, after a long period of mourning and of misery, find their feelings suddenly awakened by a casual collision of circumstances, which bring to their recollection the scenes of happier years. Thus was it with the abbot of Cumber, and long did he continue thus "banqueting on grief." Midnight had already passed, and still was he absorbed in the intensity of his feelings; and he might have continued to be so until the morning, had he not been disturbed by a slight noise in the passage leading to the oratory. It was a rustling noise, as of a woman's raiment; and, before he could rise to seek the cause, the door of his apartment was opened, and a female form of exquisite beauty, and of almost unearthly delicacy, stood before him. This unexpected sight, notwithstanding his unquestioned courage, blanched his cheeks, and checked the current of his blood, but it was only for a moment; he recovered sufficient resolution to speak,

Of that bright time
Of life, when love and joy are youngest,
And our passions, in their vernal prime,
Are stainless as the veins of blue,
That wander a maiden's forehead through.

and exclaimed, "Merciful Father! who and what art thou? Speak, and say whether thou art, in truth, Eleanor Meredith, or the wandering spirit of that unhappy woman?"

Eleanor (for it was that lady herself) during this address had remained silent and motionless, unwilling to advance, as if she feared an unwelcome reception from the object of her visit. It had required no trifling exertion both of mind and body to enable her to effect even what she had done; and it seemed, now that she had so far succeeded, as if all her strength and fortitude had forsaken her; for she fell at the feet of the abbot, and in a tone of piercing misery cried out, "Oh! Talbot, Talbot! do not cast me from you! spare an unhappy woman in mercy, spare her—and pardon the daughter of your oldest friend."—Then, hiding her face in her hands, she gave vent to her feelings in a flow of bitter but salutary tears.

He must be something more or less than man who can disregard the supplications of beauty in distress, or who can receive with apathy the passionate appeal of a lovely woman. Talbot of Tregaron was not such a man; and, as he gazed upon his prostrate visitant, it is hard to say which was the more affected of the two. Having at length subdued his emotion, he said, "Kneel not to me, Eleanor. My pardon has been granted long ago: would that it could have rendered thee happy and sinless as thou once wast! Rise, lady, rise! this is not a becoming posture for the fair friend of the great baron of Oswestry. But why do you still tarry at the monastery? Your lord has long since left the abbey, and I hoped to have been spared a meeting like this; for I thought that he would not have left his love behind him."

Eleanor had risen from the ground, and with an effort had quelled her emotion. She replied calmly, "Well may you taunt me, Talbot; I deserve it all, and will endure it. I have deeply wronged you, yet not wilfully. I should not now be here, had not the baron's learned leech forbidden my departure.—Our sudden meeting in the refectory was more than I could bear—for I had long thought that you were dead; and, although I saw you, after so long a time, worn down with sorrow and strangely changed in feature, the brilliant sparkle of your eye, although it flashed from under a friar's cowl, instantly revealed

the fiery spirit of Talbot of Tregaron."—"Dead, Eleanor!" echoed the abbot! "Did you think me dead—and did you reflect on the cause? Oh! woman, woman! could'st thou but feel a thousandth part of the misery that I have endured, I should pity thee, even more than I do now. Dead I have been, indeed, to all the world, and didst not thou kill me? But leave me, Eleanor—leave me. I cannot—must not commune with thee now. Is this a fit time for a conference between a priest and so fair a lady?—"Hear me, Talbot—hear me ere we part for ever! Grant me this boon, and I will part contented."—"What sayest thou then? Speak on, and I will hear thee."

Eleanor of Talacharn sank down on the seat beside the abbot, and, placing her white and attenuated hand upon his arm, prepared to commence her narrative, while he gazed upon her with an interest which could only have been inspired by an intensity of feeling; for the fair creature, whose dewy, melancholy eye was fixed imploringly on his, whose fragile and wasted form gave strong tokens of her sorrows and her sufferings, and whose white bosom panted under the influence of feelings still unsubdued, had been to him an object of the purest, warmest, and most devoted love, that man can feel for woman; and could he look upon her now unmoved? could he, in that still and dismal hour, when nature was reposing in the deep silence of night, spurn from him the frail being, who had wept at his feet, and implored his pardon? Oh, no! Sinful as the lovely suppliant had been, faithless and cruel as had been her conduct toward him, he could not cast her from him, nor could he regard with apathy the fading beauty of his once adored mistress.

"My tale shall be brief, Talbot," (she began), "for I delight not to dwell upon my sorrows; nor wilt thou, wronged though thou hast been by me, be pleased to hear of the wretchedness that I have endured. When you first quitted your ancestral domain for the grandeur and bustle of the court, you left me, an innocent and happy maiden, roaming gaily among the bowers of Talacharn and Tregaron. That you loved me I knew; and I thought that I could return that love in all its warmth and purity. In this delusion we parted; and the kiss which you impressed upon my blushing

cheek, ere you mounted your impatient war-steed, was to me a sufficient proof of the sincerity of your passion. In your absence, I thought of you as of my intended husband; and, when the report of your brave and gallant bearing reached our secluded valley, my heart beat with joy at the intelligence. The consciousness of my own humble state, compared with your lofty and lordly lineage, no longer occupied my thoughts; for I knew that love had chased away from your breast all feelings of superiority over the mountain maid of Talacharn. Still, I have since known, that I could not have felt for you that deep and fervent passion, which is the joy as well as the destruction of women.

"Three months had not elapsed from the day of your departure, when an event occurred which led to a great change in the current of my feelings toward you. While we were preparing for rest one evening, a wounded man was brought to our habitation by some peasants, who had found him at the foot of a rock in the defile leading to the valley, senseless and apparently lifeless. He had met some of the English defenders of the marches, and, overpowered by numbers, had been vanquished. By his side was found a broken sword; and the disorder and mutilation of his armour showed that he had offered no trifling degree of resistance. This wounded man was the baron of Oswestry. Start not, Talbot! You must hear me patiently. I have that to tell, which shall send the blood to your brow, and cause your heart to beat,—aye, and your brain to throb, even to madness. Listen to me, I desire.

"I will not pain you by minutely relating each trifling incident which followed the baron's introduction at Talacharn. Suffice it to say, that I loved him—aye, loved him with that passionate fervor of which my nature was capable, but which I could not bestow upon you. His proud and daring spirit won my love, and made me feel, that he alone was calculated to receive, from me, the devoted attachment of undoubting and unchangeable affection.

"And you forgot your faith to me, then, so quickly as to yield at once to this proud baron!" said the abbot, in a tone of asperity.

"Not so, Talbot. Although I loved him even as woman most loves man, I did not forget my faith to you; and, even when he spoke to me of that which

my ears loved best to hear, I told him that I was betrothed to another. Well—the baron recovered, and quitted Talacharn, promising to return soon, in a style and grandeur befitting his rank and power. He did so return, but not before I received intelligence of your sudden dismissal from court, upon a charge too disgraceful to allow your restoration to the royal favor."—"My dismissal from court!" echoed the abbot. "What traitor framed that falsehood?—no crime has ever sullied this heart with dishonor—unless, in truth, it be a crime to love as I have loved. But proceed, lady; I am prepared now for the worst."—"Circumstances, I must confess, Talbot, went far to corroborate this strange report. You *did* leave the court, and we could gain no tidings of you. My father, who loved you as his son, spared no exertion to discover your retreat, but in vain; and, as month after month passed without your appearance, I considered myself released from my engagement to you, and gave full scope to my love for the baron."—"What!—when he was already the possessor of one young bride?"—"Aye—it mattered not to me then. I knew this, and I knew also that he treated this bride unkindly; but I was desperate in my love, and so I left my father's peaceful dwelling, in the hope of reigning as the uncontrolled mistress of the baron's wide domain. I returned with him to his castle at Oswestry; his openly acknowledged *lovesman*—"

The abbot hid his face with his hands, and groaned aloud in the anguish of his spirit, as he listened to this recital from the lips of one whom he had worshipped in her purity. Without uplifting his face, he motioned Eleanor to proceed, which she did as follows:—

"I soon suffered for my crime. The haughty bearing of the baron, which, while he was yet a wooer, was gratifying to my pride, assumed a different aspect when he had attained his object; and it was not long before I, also, became the victim of that tyrannical and savage spirit which no earthly power can tame. Yet, at times, he submitted to my influence to an extent that proved he must have had some love for me; and even now, he was on the way with me to St. Winifred's well, to witness what salutary effects its waters might produce on my suffering and wasted frame. But, for me, there is now no cure. Sorrow

has howed me down so low, that nothing can again uplift me. My once proud and sensitive spirit is broken by disappointment, and my warmest feelings are irritated and outraged by harshness and unkindness. I have, in sooth, no wish to live; and I shall now die more contented since I have seen you, Talbot, and obtained your forgiveness."

Eleanor now sank down exhausted, and must have fallen to the ground, had not her first lover supported her.—"Unhappy woman!" he exclaimed; "Would it not be better for you to leave this wicked man, and seek the only consolation which you now can find, under the sacred roof of some holy house? The good and pious abbess of St. Mary of the Mount, at Chester, would receive you willingly, and I—"

"There is no need of it, Talbot"—said Eleanor mildly—"I have not many minutes more to live. For many days I carried in my bosom a poisonous draught, prepared with much skill by a learned man, well known to me. This I have taken, and even now does it begin to work upon my brain. Think you that my proud and loving spirit could bear this shock unmaddened? No, no! There wanted but this to free me from a world, wherein I have suffered so deeply, and—but I grow faint, and my eyes are dim. Give me your hand, Talbot:—there—press it on my burning brow—ha! 'tis hotter than my own brain—press harder—'twill be soon over now—farewell, farewell!" and the abbot held in his arms the lifeless form of the once empassioned and beautiful Eleanor. For a while he gazed in stupor upon her pale corpse. The adventure seemed like some strange and troubled dream; and yet he clasped a tangible reality in his trembling arms. He had heard the sweet tones of a voice, than which no music was more melodious, and he had felt but a short moment before the hot and gasping breath of his once-loved Eleanor on his own throbbing temples. No! it was not a dream; the hapless fair one had expired.

With an effort, which few could have exercised, he bore the dead lady to the chamber which she and her maidens had occupied. A silence like that of the grave prevailed in the monastery, and his noiseless step disturbed not that deadly quiet, as he glided along the gloomy cloisters. When he reached the chamber, he found the maidens

sleeping soundly, and placed his burden on the couch from which she had arisen to seek that strange and fearful interview with him. He gazed once more upon her remains, separated one of the long black tresses from her hair, put it near his bosom, and returned to his oratory.

The treacherous imprisonment of Griffith ap Cynan, prince of Wales, in the castle of Chester, near the close of the eleventh century, subjected the Welsh to a series of calamities, which terminated in the most severe and oppressive slavery. The incursions of Hugh Lupus, the brave but ferocious earl of Chester, cast the natives of North-Wales into ignominious bondage, and rendered the whole line of the Welsh border tributary to the power of England; so that there was, indeed, peace, but it was the degrading peace of slavery. Those chieftains who had fought under the standard of their prince, and who retained their loyalty untarnished, retired in gloomy discontent to their castles, there to await, with impatient anxiety, the disenthralment of their monarch, and the return of glory to their country.

But there were others of the Welsh nobility, who, now that misfortune had fallen upon their country, deserted her cause, and even added to her miseries by uniting their exertions with the English to keep her still in subjection. Among the most powerful and most notorious of these traitors, was the baron of Oswestry, who had joined Hugh Lupus, with a force amounting to nearly five hundred men. The similitude of the dispositions of these two nobles led them into a friendship, which was now firmly established.

That period, however, at length arrived, to which the Welsh looked forward with so much anxiety; and prince Griffith, escaping from his durance at Chester, reached Wales in safety, where, at the head of six thousand men, all burning for freedom and revenge, he waged open war against the English of the borders. As yet no important battle had been fought; but, assembling all his forces, he resolved to hazard an engagement with the enemy; and the contending parties met on a large moorland plain near Oswestry. The English, at first, fought carelessly, as if confident of success; but the un-

shrinking valor of the Welsh soon roused the former to greater exertions. Among the thickest ranks of the combatants were always to be distinguished the blood-red plume of the baron of Oswestry and the gigantic form of Hugh Lupus. Led by these fierce warriors, the English at length began perceptibly to gain ground; and a report ran through the Welsh ranks, that Grifith had been wounded. This rumor relaxed the efforts of his people, who began to quail under the valor of the English. The prince had, in truth, been wounded, and, from the summit of a hillock, he watched with eager eye the fortune of the fight. His gallant heart bounded with delight as he witnessed the heroism of his brave countrymen; and it sank within him, when he saw them give way before the enemy. He had conceived the worst apprehensions of the result; for the English moved onward in a tremendous and compact phalanx, when a cloud of dust rose high into the air at some distance to the south of the plain. Onward it came, and the prince's eye, sharpened by intense anxiety, speedily espied a troop of armed horsemen, led on at a gallop by a knight, whose gallant mien was conspicuous even at that distant spot. Who were these men, or whence they came, he could not tell. Their leader bore no cognisance, except a snow-white plume and a tress of raven hair. His shield, and those of his followers, were distinguished only by a cross, and the housings of his steed were plain almost to meanness. Still he was no novice in the art of war; for he seemed to espy at a glance the best point of attack, and the prince saw, with exultation, that he was preparing to charge the flank of the English with a force as irresistible as it was unexpected. He even distinguished the war-cry of the band, and "A Talbot! St. David and the Talbot!" reached his ear, even above all the din and clamor of the field.

The fortune of the battle became speedily changed, and the English now gave way. The white plume of the nameless knight, with the tress of raven hair, waved like a beacon amidst the swords and spears of the combatants, and there were now three warriors, conspicuous amidst the fray. Presently the unknown ally urged on his steed toward the spot where the lord of Os-

westry was exerting all his strength and valor in the work of slaughter.—Those who were near him made way before the resistless charge of the gallant knight, who shouted, as he sped along, "Turn thee, proud baronet! A Talbot calls thee! False traitor, stand!" The baron reined in his impatient and foaming charger, and prepared for a combat with this bold challenger; and they encountered each other with frightful energy. For a time the mastery seemed doubtful; for both were unquestionably brave and surpassingly powerful. Those who had been engaged in the conflict on the immediate spot where these two champions were contending, paused in admiration of their prowess: and each party testified its exultation by a shout, as one or the other performed a feat of more than ordinary valor. At length a furious stroke from the knight unhorsed the baron, who, with undiminished ardor, boldly continued the contest on foot.—The knight instantly dismounted, and the conflict became more perilous than before. The blood began to ooze under the scales of their armour, and even to wet the ground on which they trod; still were their energies unflagging, and their desire of the mastery unchecked. Impatient and irritable, the baron collected all his strength, and, with his elevated battle-axe, hoped to crush his antagonist at one blow. The ponderous weapon descended with a force that would almost have felled an oak; but it was received on the knight's shield, which it splintered into a thousand fragments. The baron, by the impetus with which he had dealt this blow, fell headlong to the ground, and in an instant was the knight's foot placed upon his neck. "False traitor—yield thee!" was his cry, as he brandished his weapon over the person of the prostrate warrior. "Yield thee! A Talbot now has his foot upon thy throat—behold!"—He threw up his vizor, and displayed the features of Talbot of Tregaron!

A grasp of furious hatred, accompanied by a futile attempt to free himself from the power of the conqueror, was the only sign of recognition which the vanquished lord could evince; for scarcely had Talbot discovered himself, when the baron's head was severed from his body, and his proud spirit effectually subdued by one whom he had deeply injured.

In the mean time, the battle had been raging with undiminished fury; but the timely arrival of Talbot and his band had turned its tide in favor of the Welsh. Hugh Lupus precipitately fled with as many of his men as were able to escape the vengeance of their enraged enemy; and the Britons obtained so complete a victory, that shortly afterwards Griffith was seated on the throne of North Wales, to the great joy and eventual benefit of his countrymen.

This victory was not purchased without the loss of many a brave and valued soldier, and Talbot unfortunately was one of the victims. Having vanquished the baron, he found that the contest had been mortal also to himself. Faint with fatigue and the loss of blood, he requested to be carried into the presence of the prince, who, surrounded by his exulting friends, was still resting on the mount to which he had been conveyed. — They bore him, therefore, on their shields,—a fit support for so gallant a spirit—into the royal presence; and a gleam of joy passed over his dying countenance, as he gazed upon his royal master. He had not the power to speak, for life was ebbing fast; but, with a dying effort, he raised himself from his recumbent posture, pressed the tress of Eleanor's raven-hair to his bosom, and, throwing himself with convulsive energy at the feet of his sovereign, breathed out his noble spirit in that combined act of loyalty and love.

THE MARRIED ACTRESS;

from the last Friendship's Offering.

WOMEN have their stars, like men, and the star of Matilda Myrtle was whatever star presides over theatres.—She was born in a country town, visited four times a year by one of the most formidable companies that ever caricatured Sheridan or Shakspeare. At twelve, she played Juliet at school, with prodigious applause. At fifteen, she grew a genius, and studied, alternately, the sampler and the School for Scandal. At seventeen, she became romantic, and pined for glory. At eighteen, she was on the stage!

The early career of all actresses is much the same; dress, admiration, head-aches, exhausted eyes, and eternal farces, are the chief cares and pleasures of their souls and bodies. Some are

unlucky; and, after a campaign, in which the world discovers that they have mistaken their profession, are sent to acquire the graces in the circuit of the country barns. But Matilda was among the fortunate; she had taste, and sang with touching sweetness; she had talent, and played with easy vivacity; her figure, if not bewitching, was feminine, and her face, if not fatal, was expressive. All that was graceful in the loves and sorrows of the drama was her peculiar province; the sighs and smiles of youthful passion could be pictured by no other skill; the anguish of the rejected child, the love of the innocent wife, the fond phrensy, and the tender despair, were hers without a rival.—Wealth flowed in upon her, and lovers came in merciless profusion.

There is a vast deal of the tender passion perpetually wandering through the world; but routs and drawing-rooms, with all their morning practices and midnight quadrilles, and even with the masquerade and waltz, are the frigid zone to the temperature of the green-room. A perpetual fire of *billets-doux* pours in upon the idol; and, if a conflagration could be kindled within her bosom by embossed paper and perfumed wax, a handsome actress would be burned to the ground in the first week of the season.

At length, one lover came—fashionable, fond, and devoted beyond all the language of devotedness. Matilda still spurned the chain; but who can for ever resist time, importunity, and a handsome man of five-and-twenty, who swears that he will drown himself?—She yet resisted long, and, with the dexterity of woman, detected all the little arts by which the lover sought to have an opportunity of flinging himself at her fairy feet in the presence of the wondering world. She detected him behind her coach, in partnership with her footman, and dismissed them both without a character. She saw him through the beard of a rabbi, who persecuted her with the cheapest shawls and attar earth. She declined injuring the revenue by dealing in Brussels lace, which the most elegant of smugglers offered her at fifty *per cent.* under prime cost. She lost the patronage of a match-making peeress in her own right, by refusing to shine at a blue-stocking party, in which the faithful and ill-used Sir Charles was to display

in the deepest azure. She affronted a veteran baroness, by refusing to take a seat in her box, to receive a lecture on the subject; and during a week before her benefit, when Plutus himself marches with his hands in both his pockets, to have the honor of paying at once for his box and the sight of the fair object of popular adoration, she shut herself up from human eyes.

But, if her persecution in private was severe, it was intolerable in public.—From the moment when, blooming from the hands of the firewoman, and exhilarated by a full view of her attractions in the pier-glass of the green-room (a glass which, if gazing could wear it out, would not last a year in any theatre in England), she tripped upon the stage, to the moment when, loaded with applause, she withdrew, and, as the curtain fell, bore all hearts with her, one eternal opera-glass was pointed toward the scene: she saw this optic ordnance, with its crystal muzzle leveled point-blank upon her figure; now covering her countenance, now sending its full discharge into her fair and agitated bosom, now leisurely ranging over her form, to revert with exhaustless attack to a face blushing through all the *rouge* that was to blush through the five endless acts of a modern comedy.

What was to be done? To repel the assailant was impossible, except by ordering his assassination; to love him might be difficult; but to marry him was easy. She made up her mind; and then, as is the way of women, applied for advice. Her *confidante* and privy-counsellor was a pretty actress in her own style, her frequent double, when she was better engaged than in theatres, and seized with a sudden and violent indisposition—to make her appearance.

"There," said Matilda, pointing to a pile of manuscripts, "there is my task for a week to come; who could endure such drudgery?"—"Horrible!" said Sophonisba.—"Those managers are absolutely barbarous," said Matilda.—"Can they imagine that minds, memories, or spirits, can hold out under this eternal study?"—"Perfectly impossible," said Sophonisba.—"I would rather quit the stage, or London, or the world, than lie at the mercy of those task-masters. Better be milking cows, or making cheese, or teaching brats in a village-school, or nursing an old hus-

band, or doing any of the hundred miseries of women, than wasting life, health, talents, and temper, on the stage," declaimed Matilda.—"Undeniably true—what I have thought a hundred times a day, but never could express as you can, my dear friend," said Sophonisba, charmed with the chance of getting rid of her.—"Yes, my dear Sophy, by quitting the stage, I should escape a sea of troubles. What woman on earth could endure wading through the infinite mass of stupidity that lies upon that table? And then to stand before the public, the ridiculous figure, that every ridiculous writer imagines to be charming; to bear the blame of all—the worn-out jests, the dull dialogue, the unnatural character that every dramatic duncer conceives to be wit, eloquence, and nature! Even to disgrace my figure, such as it is, by the bulesque dress, and horrid materials, that would make even beauty hideous; and do all this—not once, but every night in every year, of a miserable, toilsome, thankless existence!"—"You speak like a hundred oracles," said Sophonisba. "It is absolutely scandalous, that talent and beauty like yours should be condemned to our unhappy profession, chained like a galley-slave to the oar!"—"Or like a wretch condemned to the mines, working for the profit of others, of tyrants, till he dies!" exclaimed Matilda.—"Or like a recruit in a marching regiment, beguiled, in a moment of inexperience, into his dreadful trade; and, from that hour, not daring to call his soul his own, till hardships break up his constitution for the hospital, or the field consigns him to the grave!" still more loudly exclaimed her friend.—"Then, dear Sophy, the morning rehearsal; the march through hail, rain, and snow, to shiver on a stage, dreary as a dungeon, with no more light than serves to show the faces of the condemned drudges to each other."—"Then the evening performance, whether out of spirits or in; the frightful necessity of looking delighted when you are miserable, and of smiling and singing, when you would give the world for leave to yawn and go to bed," said her friend, with a face of despair.—"Then the misery of failure; the chance of being hissed by some drunken wretch, privileged by the *half-price* of the shilling gallery; the certainty of being attacked by the horrid criticisms

of the public prints, ill-treated every day in the week, and twice worse on a Sunday."—"Yes; to be the habitual *pis-aller* of the newspapers, when there is no parliamentary nonsense or suburb squabble to fill their columns; when ministers are gone to sleep, and the Old-Bailey hangs no more."—"Melancholy fate! Then the chance of illness, that may, in an hour, destroy the features of the beauty, or leave the singer without a note; and the certainty, that every year of a profession, which, like ours, wears out life, will be leaving room for horrid comparisons, even with ourselves," murmured Matilda, casting an involuntary glance at the mirror.—"Then the being excluded from all society, by the perpetual labor of the stage; or being asked to the party of some supercilious woman of fashion, to be a lioness. Let me die first!" murmured Sophonisba.—"Yes; to be shown like the laughing hyæna, for the mere oddity of the creature; or perched like a parrot, or a kangaroo upon its hind legs, for the tricks and teasing of all the grown children of the exclusive world." It is what I have endured with my soul wringing, but never *will* endure again!" exclaimed the agonised Matilda.—"Then to return with an aching head at two in the morning, and find a peremptory note from the theatre, with a packet of stuff that you must force into that aching head before rehearsal on that very day; or, after having worn my eyes red, and labored myself into a mortal fatigue, to find that all goes for nothing; that the thing you have to appear in, is hissed from the first scene, and sent to the dogs—author, actress, and all—by a discriminating audience, of whom one half are half-seas over!"

Matilda's friend, taking advantage of her seeming disinclination to a continuance of theatrical pursuits, advised her to marry. She took the hint, became the wife of a baronet, and passed with him through all the modes of fashionable life. (*Here we abridge the story, that the reader may hasten to the result.*)

An unexpected incident checked her career of dissipation. Finding that Sophonisba had raised herself to fame as an actress, she exclaimed, in a fit of professional jealousy, "What an abominable creature! I now see what was the purpose of her cunning advice! insidious wretch—I was in her way, and she

was determined to remove me." She burst into a flood of tears. Her friend Eugenia attempted to soothe her—all was in vain. Her carriage was ordered; she arrived at the theatre as the curtain rose. She saw her wily friend looking pretty enough to make any woman miserable. She heard the applause reiterated; the clever actress played better and better, until Matilda could endure the sight no longer, and flew out of the house. She flung herself on Eugenia's neck, and owned that, with all the means of happiness, she was the most unhappy being alive. Her habits, she said, had been broken up, the natural pursuit of her mind was taken from her, the current of her original delight was turned off, and fashionable life, opulence and enjoyment, could not re-fill the deserted course: no actress could ever dream of happiness, but in adhering to the profession of her heart, her habits, and her genius!

Matilda withered like an autumnal flower: free but foggy, England threatened her with consumption. Travel was prescribed, and the Swiss and Italian atmosphere kept the flower on its stalk—and no more. Within six months, letters from home informed her that Sir Charles had died, like a patriotic Englishman, of a victory at a contested election, in the height of summer. She gave many a tear to the memory of this honest, loving, but by no means brilliant husband. She loved him; and, if she could have conceived it possible to make his figure succeed on the stage, she would have certainly not loved him less; but now the world was before her.—She ordered a post-chaise and four, drove through Fondi, with a speed that knocked up her escort of *chasseurs*, and distanced Il Gran Diavolo, who was on the look-out for her equipage, with a full levy of his smartest-dressed thieves; rushed through Lombardy, to the astonishment even of the English; and scarcely slept, ate; or existed, till she stopped at the St. James' Hotel. Her family affairs were very quickly despatched. Her arrival was *incog.*; her existence had been, of course, utterly forgotten by her "dear five hundred friends," within the first week of her absence. The next morning, she sent for the rival manager by her original name; her title was cast aside for ever. He waited on her, with an expedition most incredible to those who best know

the movements of those weights of the theatrical machine; heard her offer with rapture; and announced the re-appearance of the public favorite, in red letters, of a length that was a wonder of the arts.

Matilda appeared; she delighted the audience. Sophonisba disappeared; she found that she had nothing to do but to marry, and she took pity on the silliest heir to the bulkiest estate among the dukedoms. Matilda enjoyed the double triumph; glowed with new beauty, flashed with new brilliancy, was the fortune of the manager, and the *belle* of the day.

COUSIN WILLIAM: *from the Third Series of Sayings and Doings.*

This tale proves the author's capability of serious as well as of lively and pleasant details: but he seems to be more at home in the latter than in the former department. As a politician, we do not admire him; as a dramatist, we are pleased with his effusions; as a novelist, few can deny his skill in the delineation of character, or in the display of manners and of life.

The present story exemplifies the dangers of a neglected education in a young lady of beauty and talent. She is attached to a gay, elegant, and accomplished cousin, the god of her idolatry, though in the eyes of most others he is a very devil. Dissolute, unprincipled, and in debt, he deserts the girl who loves him, in the hope of obtaining the hand of an ugly woman of fortune and title. He fails in this object, and is sent out of the kingdom to join his regiment in the West-Indies. In the mean time his fair cousin marries a baronet, the very personification of common-place. Twenty years after their marriage, the story, as it were, re-opens: the amiable girl of sixteen is the fashionable lady Terrington of thirty-six; and her former lover is now Sir William Morley, a hero of Waterloo. The girl had been saved originally by circumstances, and not by her regard for morality or virtue; and at length she falls a victim to the villany of her early lover and her own defective principles; and the termination is therefore tragical.

The father of the heroine, and her step-mother, are curious portraits: they have been rendered imaginary invalids

by the study of Dr. Buchan's Domestic Medicine, and, for this reason, are called, by a ludicrous pun, *Buchaneers*. When he has found a husband for the young lady, the important affair is thus announced to his wife.

"Mr. Crosby, who felt the full importance of such a connexion as Sir Mark, having fortified himself with a dram of Daffy, proceeded to the laboratory of his lady, who was anxiously watching the progress of an infusion [*intended for one of her husband's supposed complaints*], and who was in a better than ordinary humour, having just received a present from Mr. Crosby's attorney, who, knowing that in most families the female branch prevails, used occasionally to make the amiable, by laying at the feet of his client's spouse such objects as he considered most acceptable to a lady of her character and disposition. 'My love,' said Mrs. Crosby, stirring the infusion, 'I have written to ask Mr. Dobbs and his daughter to dine with us on Sunday.' 'Dobbs!' cried Mr. Crosby, 'the dev—' and there he stopped suddenly, recollecting that a visit from a professional friend might be agreeable, if not absolutely necessary at that time.—'Have you, my life?'—'Yes,' said Mrs. Crosby, 'I have—indeed I could hardly do less—he has sent me a valuable present—extremely valuable indeed at this time of the year.' 'What is it?' said her husband. 'Two dozen and a half of the liveliest leeches I think I ever saw,' replied the lady. 'I shall lose no time with them—no answering for accidents—pop six of them on to-night, you shall have another half-dozen on in the morning; and Caroline, I am sure, will not be the worse for a little pulling down, she is getting so—'—'So what?' exclaimed Crosby; 'never mind what she is getting, my love; I have got a better thing for her than leeches.'—'And what may that be?' said Mrs. Crosby; 'Cheltenham salts, or—'—'Cheltenham devils!' cried her husband, 'I've got a baronet for her.'—'A what?' exclaimed Mrs. Crosby.—'A baronet—eight thousand a year, and a fine honest fellow into the bargain.'—'I don't understand you, Mr. Crosby,' said the lady; 'Doctor Buchan observes—' 'Stop one moment, my angel, and hear me, said Crosby: I am all in a tremble; hot and cold in a moment.'—'Mr. Crosby,' cried the lady; these, my love, are indubitable signs of the measles

—you have told me you never had them—let me pound you some spermaceti and sugar-candy—prevention is better than cure—put blisters to your legs.—‘Curse the blisters!’ exclaimed Mr. Crosby.—‘My life, my love,’ said the lady, consider what you say.—‘I do, I do,’ said Crosby; ‘I tell you I have got a husband for Cary.’ ‘A husband, my dear!’ said the mother-in-law, drawing herself up coldly, ‘what on earth should Caroline do with a husband?’ ‘Upon my word, I cannot pretend to say,’ said Mr. Crosby; ‘nor does it much signify to you or me what she does with him. All I know is, that Sir Mark Terrington has solicited permission to open the preliminaries.’—‘To do what?’ said Mrs. Crosby; who, except those which occur in the *Materia Medica*, did not comprehend any word of more than three syllables. ‘To commence the siege, my love,’ said Crosby, ‘if you prefer warlike terms to those of peace.’ ‘You don’t mean to say,’ said Mrs. Crosby, ‘that Sir Mark Terrington wants to marry Caroline?’—‘My love, you have hit it exactly,’ said Crosby. —‘Then you *have* surprised me,’ said the lady.—‘I see no great cause for surprise—she is a fine girl, and a good girl, and—’ —‘Your daughter, my dear,’ interrupted Mrs. Crosby; ‘at all events she is still a mere child.’ ‘Well, perhaps,’ said Crosby, ‘it is because Sir Mark wants a child that he is induced to marry Caroline; for *my* part, she appears to me quite as wise as her intended husband; and as for the difference in their ages, twenty years may sound a good deal, yet she is turned sixteen, and he under forty; what of that?’—‘Nothing just now,’ said Mrs. Crosby; ‘but when Caroline, with her volatile disposition, her wild enthusiasm, and her pretty person, finds herself, at Sir Mark’s present age, the wife of a dull person of sixty, perhaps—’ —‘Perhaps what, Mrs. Crosby?’ said the animated father. ‘Parents who discover evils at twenty years’ distance will be a long time settling their children. I think the match a good, prudent, and honorable match.’—‘In that case,’ said the lady, ‘it is in every point of view desirable.’—‘You are as matter-of-fact as Sir Mark himself,’ said Crosby. However, I will speak to the girl, extract her opinion of the baronet, before I break his proposal to her, and I hope I shall soon have her happily esta-

blished as lady Terrington.’ There are people in this world who have a dislike to see other people happy, and who, even wishing those other people well, bound to them by ties of friendship, and even of consanguinity, cannot endure that their co-mates in existence should pass them in the course of life, or gain an ascendancy over them in the affairs of society. Mrs. Crosby never liked Caroline; and, though parched, stiff, cold, and cadaverous herself, never entirely dismissed from her mind a sexual envy of her blooming daughter-in-law.”

The behaviour of Sir Mark as a lover, and the circumstances of the intended courtship, are pleasantly described.—“Coffee having been announced (*after a dull dinner*), Sir Mark, encouraged by the kindness of the ladies when he joined them, and animated by the wine he had swallowed, most gallantly proposed a stroll through the grounds, so soon as the regale should be concluded. Little did the worthy baronet surmise, that Mrs. Crosby would almost rather have died outright than venture on turf after two o’clock in the day. Little did he imagine the importance of a request to ‘go out and take a little walk,’ when he made the suggestion: however, if he had been really plotting and manœuvring, the thing could not have turned out better; for Mrs. Crosby, who had no more delicacy than a kitchen-maid, feeling and understanding that all the dull proceedings of this, to *her*, doubly dull day, were gotten up to forward a match between two particular individuals of the party, thought the more rapidly the matter was brought about, by giving the *young* people an opportunity to talk to each other, the better; replied to the proposition of the baronet, as far as she herself was concerned, in the negative; but added that Caroline would be charmed to shew him the new walk, which had been just cut through the shrubbery, and the new piece of water, and the boat-house, and the root-house, and the hermitage, and all the other beauties of the place. He cast a hesitating look toward the smiling girl, who instantly agreed to the arrangement, and quitted the drawing-room to make preparations. ‘Cork soles, my dear,’ cried Mrs. Crosby, ‘clogs—a tippet—don’t forget your shawl!’ which exclamation had nearly awakened Mr. Crosby from a profound sleep, into

which he had fallen, from having been recommended by his lady to take thirty drops of laudanum in a cup of penny-royal tea after dinner, to set his stomach to rights. Mrs. Davis, by some accident, had doubled the dose, but, to save trouble, let it go as it was. In a few moments Caroline appeared ready equipped for the ramble. As she approached, Sir Mark felt a sort of nervous apprehension, and would have given twenty guineas, rather than undertake the progress *tête-à-tête*. He looked wistfully at Mrs. Crosby, in whom he felt he had an advocate, and thought to himself, if *she* had been of the party, he would have had some support; for he knew the weakness of his social powers in female society, and was perfectly conscious of his inability to keep up that conversational *coronella*, which, if one of the players be a bungler, so often falls to the ground, that the proficient at last thinks it hardly worth taking up again. Off they went, however, and Caroline walked by his side with her eyes cast down, her ears open, to catch the sound of his voice. Two hundred yards had elapsed, and not a syllable. 'Hem,' said Sir Mark. Caroline looked at her companion. 'A very pleasant young gentleman is captain Morley, Miss Crosby,' said Sir Mark. '—Yes, he is, indeed,' said Caroline. 'He is going to be married,' said Sir Mark. '—Yes, and I hope he will be happy,' said Caroline. '—I hope so too,' said Sir Mark. A silence, awful in the extreme, followed this little burst, and they walked on; Caroline's eyes being, I am afraid, filled with tears. However, a bonnet then in fashion hid the sparkling orbs from the observation of Sir Mark; and without any farther attempt at conversation they reached the hermitage. 'This is the hermitage, I suppose,' said Sir Mark. '—Yes; it was built from a design of my cousin William,' said Caroline. 'Will you like to rest in it a little?' said the baronet with an air of gallantry. 'If you please,' said Caroline; and she sat down on the bench where she sat with Morley on that evening when their hearts spoke to each other, and their souls communed together. Where her thoughts were, who can doubt? A sudden chill ran through her whole body, and as suddenly the blood rushed to her cheeks; she could not have answered had she been spoken to; a word at the moment

would have overcome her; but he was silent, and she turned from him, and, leaning on her hand, gazed through one of the rustic windows, which opened on the lake. Her heart beat, and her pulse throbbed, and her vivid imagination was filled with a bright and beautiful vision of love and happiness, never now to be realised by her. After a long pause, Sir Mark said, 'Are you fond of dogs, Miss Crosby?' To attempt a description of her feelings at this moment is impossible; the effect, however, may be conceived, when I say, that in the midst of her heart-rending grief—in the midst of the conflicting passions which were agitating and torturing her, the absolute absurdity and inanity of such a question, put under such circumstances, struck her so forcibly, that she burst into an hysterical fit of laughter, so unequivocally contemptuous, that any body, other than the worthy baronet actually engaged in the affair, would have observed the sensation he had created, and have beaten a retreat in double-quick time. Not so Sir Mark; he was, although perhaps somewhat startled at the violence of Miss Crosby's mirth, rather gratified than otherwise, at having so successfully excited her feelings, and followed up his effective question with another. 'No! but are you, though?' '—Very fond, indeed, Sir Mark,' said Caroline, struggling to correct and check herself, but very nearly bursting into tears at the same moment. 'Why, do you know,' said the baronet, 'I like dogs because I have always observed that they are faithful and constant in their attachments, Miss Crosby.' And here Caroline felt, that, strange as was the mode which he had adopted, the lover was now coming forward; and that, having oddly enough brought the conversation to the apposite topics of attachment and constancy, he would draw the thread a little farther, and touch upon the interesting subject which the 'old people' evidently intended him to agitate during the walk so inartificially gotten up; and which, it must be confessed, the younger person of the two thought inevitable under all the circumstances of the case. Her heart beat faster and stronger; she felt she would give the world that he should not say a word about his feelings just then, at a time and in a place which recalled so powerfully the recollection of her dear William. Her head was still

averted; she heard Sir Mark sigh deeply. The critical moment had evidently arrived. 'I once,—' he said, and he hesitated and sighed again—'I once, Miss Crosby, knew what it was —,' Caroline held her breath, and pressed her lips close together, in an agony of dread and expectation—'to have a very large dog: he was of the true Newfoundland breed, black, with a white patch upon his breast; he would dive after any thing which I threw into the water. I used to call him Pompey, miss; but he was stolen from me, and as I have often said to myself, when I have been alone and thinking a good deal, the worst of having that sort of pet is, that it gives one so much pain to lose it; one misses it when it is first gone, just like a wife, or a child, or any thing else one has got used to. I remember a droll gentleman of my acquaintance, who made a very ingenious jest upon my Pompey. He asked me what I thought my dog was worth, and I said I would not sell him for any money; but as for his worth, I added, it might be all farcy, and a thing in the market was only worth what it would fetch; to which he replied, 'then your dog is invaluable, for he will fetch any thing you send him for.'

"Had nature unkindly desired that we should think aloud, here, I verily believe, would have terminated the acquaintance of Sir Mark and Caroline; for (such is the anomalous construction of a woman's mind) the contempt she felt for his puerile disappointment of her expectations, for the fulfilment of which she had rallied all her energies, far exceeded in force and power any gratification she experienced at the temporary reprieve from a declaration. She, however, little knew him—he had as much idea of coming to the point during *that* walk, as he had of discovering the longitude; to make a proposal on a first *tête-à-tête*, appeared to him the very *acme* of indiscretion, rudeness, and precipitancy.

Caroline now enveloped herself in a mantle, sent by Mrs. Crosby to secure her from the cold of the evening, and "waited to see whether her professed lover, like the glow-worm, might not shine a little more as it grew darker, and to ascertain whether he would offer

her his arm; but she waited in vain; he seemed satisfied, that upon such a liberty he could not yet presume; and he walked quietly beside her. 'There is a great deal of dew falling this evening,' said Sir Mark. 'Yes,' answered Caroline. 'How beautiful a dew-drop looks when the sun shines on it in a morning!' said Sir Mark. 'Very,' she said.—'I suppose your papa does not walk out much,' said Sir Mark. 'Very seldom,' said Caroline. 'I should think it must be very dull for him, being so much confined as he is, with nobody here but yourselves,' said the baronet. A pause ensued, which he broke by saying, 'I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Crosby and yourself at Stamfordleigh before the autumn sets in, for it looks best in summer. Indeed, I have often observed, that the country is never seen to advantage in the winter.' Before the autumn sets in—thought Caroline, what *can* he mean? 'The leaves are a great advantage to trees,' he said, 'and the foliage about my house is particularly advantageous, because it shuts out the view of the offices; and I should like you to see it looking its best.'—'You are very kind,' said the lady; 'I shall be most happy to accompany my father and Mrs. Crosby, whenever they go to you.'—'You are very good,' said Sir Mark: 'I hope I shall be able to make it pleasant to you. I will ask two or three friends of mine to meet you; for it would be very dull with only our own party.'

MORNINGS IN SPRING, by NATHAN DRAKE, M.D. 2 vols. 1828.

ALTHOUGH we introduce these volumes immediately after those which involve the *agrémens* of fiction, it does not follow that they also are fictitious. They contain historical, biographical, and critical notices, which are preceded by essays on the moral and literary associations connected with the spring, and on the influence of an early love for literature. The author writes in a pleasing manner, and displays marks of taste and mental cultivation.

The memoirs of Sir Philip Sydney are interesting; but we select, as more novel, a part of the history of the Clifford family.

Lord Clifford, a bitter enemy of the house of York, fell in the battle of Towton; and, as Edward IV. then established his sway, "it became necessary to conceal the son and heir of one who had rendered himself more than commonly obnoxious to the reigning family, not only by his prowess in the field against them, but by his ferocious slaughter of the young earl of Rutland. Banishment, imprisonment, or death, would certainly have been the fate of the child had he been discovered; but, fortunately for him, he possessed, in the love, activity, and resources of his affectionate mother, a sufficient protection against the impending danger; for at the age of seven years, he was clothed in the habit and placed in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Londesborough, where his mother then chiefly resided. In this sequestered spot, confided to the care of peasants, whose wives had been servants in his father's family, he the more readily submitted to his hard lot; more especially, as they took care to impress upon his mind the conviction, that his life depended upon his being perfectly resigned to a state of poverty and humiliation.

'It was whilst thus occupied, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, that his mother's father, lord Vesey, died; and, as it was then reported that the two sons of this lady were living, she was closely examined on the subject. From her answers, which satisfied for a time her inquirers, and lulled their suspicions asleep, it appears that, immediately after the death of her lord, she had sent both her sons to the sea-side, with an intention of embarking them for the Low Countries; but only Richard, the younger, had passed over to the continent, where he died shortly afterwards, whilst Henry was secretly re-conveyed to Londesborough. With an equivocation, therefore, readily to be pardoned in a mother thus trembling for the safety of her only child, she declared that she had given orders for their conveyance beyond seas, for the purpose of their education, and that she knew not whether they were dead or alive.

"About this time, or at least before the twelfth year of Edward the Fourth, for a charter or deed of arbitration of this period mentions their union, lady Clifford married Sir Lancelot Threl-

keld, a man of unblemished honor and integrity, who seems to have been equally solicitous with his wife to save and protect young Henry from the malice of his enemies. When, therefore, a murmur of his being in existence and concealment was revived, they sent him to Threlkeld, to be brought up as a shepherd; and at this place, or on the borders of Scotland, bred up in forests and mountain fastnesses, the child of nature, and inured to every privation, did Henry lord Clifford pass twenty-five of those years which are usually esteemed the best and fairest of our lives. Yet, though deprived of the honors and the luxuries to which the nobility of his house should have entitled him, he was more than compensated by higher and better gifts; for his heart was uncorrupted and his integrity unassailed. He possessed, we are told, a strong natural understanding, and an amiable and contemplative disposition. In one thing only was he unfortunate; for, under the apprehension that any show of learning might lead to the detection of his birth, his education was so entirely neglected, that he could neither read nor write; and it was only after his restoration to the honors and possessions of his family, that he was taught to write his name. He wanted not, however, the pleasures which health, activity, and conscious innocence, could bestow; nor, if what I have now to bring forward be correct, did he want, during this long period of enforced concealment, those consolations which spring from the tenderest of all affections, from the interchange of faithful and enduring love.

"There is reason indeed to conclude that the exquisitely pathetic ballad, entitled the Nut-brown Maid, was founded on what really had occurred between this young nobleman and the object of his attachment, during the latter part of his seclusion in Cumberland. This opinion carries with it a high degree of verisimilitude; it accords remarkably with the language, style, and orthography of the composition, and coincides with the extraordinary circumstances which accompanied the youth and opening manhood of this persecuted nobleman; and in its *denouement* it points, with singular precision, to what were, in fact, his prospects and expectations. We may, in short, infer from the closing

stanzas of the poem, that the interview which it commemorates took place almost immediately after it was known to lord Henry that the attainder of his house had been reversed, and before any intimation of such a change of fortune could have reached the ears of the object of his affections. Interesting as the ballad must assuredly be deemed, merely as a work of fiction, yet does it become incomparably more striking and affecting, when it is discovered to have been built on the basis of reality,—a reality, too, of which the circumstances are in a high degree romantic and extraordinary."

"It was in the thirty-second year of his age, that Henry lord Clifford was restored to the wealth and dignities of his forefathers. There is reason to conclude that it was in Westmorland, from the vicinity of that county to the district in which he had usually wandered as a banished man, that he first assumed the honours of his family. The Cliffords, indeed, possessed not less than four castles in Westmorland, namely, Pendragon, Brough, Appleby, and Brougham; and the last, being toward the northern boundary of the county, must have been the first noble mansion on his patrimony, which lord Clifford would reach on his return from exile. It was, in fact, the most magnificent of the four structures, as its remains yet testify; and in the great hall, which occupied one of the stories of the massive Norman tower, did his friends and dependents assemble to celebrate his restoration. He soon after passed into Yorkshire; and, on reaching Skipton in Craven, fixed upon the neighbouring forest of Barden as the place of his retreat. In this romantic tract there were six lodges for the accommodation of the keepers, and the protection of the deer; and in one of these, called Barden Tower, which he greatly improved and enlarged, adding to its other conveniences that of a chapel, did he take up his residence, preferring it to the splendour and parade which almost necessarily awaited him in his larger houses. Here, with the object of his early choice, the beautiful and affectionate daughter of Sir John St. John, he found the happiness he was in search of. Though uneducated, and aware of his deficiencies, he possessed vigour of mind

and rectitude of principle, which prevented him from becoming a prey to vicious or luxurious habits. If, in his shepherd state, no portion of scholastic learning had fallen to his share, he had imbibed, what may assuredly be considered as some of Heaven's choicest gifts, an enthusiastic love of nature, a taste for natural history and philosophy, and, above all, a spirit of sincere devotion. With acquisitions such as these; we can no longer be surprised that, despising the vanities of wealth and rank, he preferred the beautiful seclusion of Barden to the pomp and splendor of Skipton or of Brougham Castle, especially when we learn that this retreat was in the immediate vicinity of Bolton Abbey, from an intercourse with the canons of which he hoped more effectually to prosecute both his religious and philosophical pursuits.

"He had, early in life, from want of instruments for measuring the lapse of time, become a diligent observer of the heavenly bodies, a practice which had excited in him an ardent thirst for astronomical knowledge. As soon, therefore, as the means were in his power, he purchased the best apparatus which the science of the day could supply; and, converting the Tower of Barden into an observatory, he there spent no inconsiderable portion of his time. This was not, however, the only resource to which in the field of science he could apply; for, in concert with some of the monks, he prosecuted the study of chemistry, and even entered upon the mysterious and visionary pursuit of the philosopher's stone. These propensities threw about his person, in the minds of the inhabitants of Craven, a high degree of mystery and awe; and though he was too much beloved by his neighbours, too pious, charitable, and kind, to induce them to infer that he had any connection with unhallowed powers, yet it was whispered that, during his long concealment under the garb of a shepherd, he had been the especial favorite of a fairy, who had watched over his safety, and—

"Who loved the shepherd lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary.
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of nature's hidden powers,
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly-hedges.

"Twas said that she all shapes could wear.
 And oftentimes before him stood,
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,
 In semblance of a lady fair,
 And taught him signs and show'd him sights,
 In Craven's dens, on Cumbria's heights,
 When under cloud of fear he lay,
 A shepherd clad in homely gray;
 Nor left him at his later day."

REMARKS ON THE NATURE AND EFFECTS OF AMBITION.

AMONG the Romans, who were the most ambitious of mankind, the term expressive of that passion which is the object of our present inquiry, was chiefly applied to the desire of public employment and of power, and it is now generally used in that sense; but its true meaning is more extensive, for it implies a desire of honor and praise, a wish to be admired for any quality or talent, and to avoid ridicule, censure, or disgrace. To a sensitive mind, and indeed to almost every one, the opinions of others are great sources of pleasure or pain. Pleasures of this kind are usually classed under the head of *honor*, and the opposite pains under that of *shame*; but *ambition* is a suitable term for the compound idea. The particulars which persons influenced by ambition wish to have known to others, or concealed from them, in order to obtain praise or avoid dispraise, are included by some moral philosophers in four divisions; namely, the perfections of the body, such as health, beauty, and strength, with its imperfections, as disease, deformity, and that imbecility which unfits any one for the due discharge of the offices of life;—external advantages, such as high birth, opulence, and titular distinctions, with the contrasted disadvantages;—intellectual accomplishments, such as memory, sagacity, invention, wit, and learning, with the opposite defects;—moral qualities, as goodness and virtue, or wickedness and vice.

On the first of these heads we may remark, that, while we all have a desire of the perfections alluded to, we have no right, if we have any regard to human feelings, to ridicule or reproach those who have bodily defects. Such conduct would be base, unmanly, and illiberal; for, as there is no merit in that superiority which we may claim in such

respects, there is no demerit in the inferiority of others. These qualities and circumstances are not in our own power (unless it may be said, with regard to one of them, that we may secure it by care and temperance), and we therefore ought not, on such occasions, to indulge in idle boasting.

On the second head, while we think we have reason to commend ourselves for that persevering industry which sometimes leads to opulence, that inordinate desire of it which borders on rapacity may be censured, even when we have committed no act of reputed dishonesty; for it may be said that, influenced by one species of ambition, we endeavour to obtain much more than a fair proportion of the blessings of life and the gifts of fortune. This grasping spirit seems to be the prevailing propensity of the age. Although few, in comparison with the bulk of the community, can expect to make what is called a *fortune*, that sort of accumulation is the general aim. If all who enrich themselves by trade or by other means would make a liberal use of their acquisitions, the complaints of those who are less fortunate would neither be loud nor acrimonious; but there are many who are ambitious of wealth solely because it adds to their consequence and respectability.

People cannot be said to be ambitious of high birth, because that point was settled before they were born; but many are as fond of that distinction as if they had procured it by their own exertions. There is about it an imposing lustre; yet the self-complacency which it produces is rather contemptible than honorable. Merit or honor, to be well-founded, must proceed from ourselves, not from those contingencies which are necessarily beyond our influence.

Many are desirous of titles; but this is a "pitiful ambition," except when, as in the case of a peerage, they lead to the privilege of hereditary legislation. Stars and ribands, and other symbols of royal favor, are also eagerly sought: "these little things are great to little man." Such appendages, however, have scarcely any other effect than to increase the pride and vanity of those who have accepted them, and who are in no degree more respectable than they were before they were thus honored.

The desire of shining in the exercise

of the intellect, and of excelling at the same time in that virtue which ought to be the fruit of a good understanding, is that kind of ambition which deserves our applause; but it unfortunately happens, that the latter part of this proposition is often separated from the former. Some men of sagacity, talent and learning, are base and unprincipled, and are content to be admired for sense and wit, rather than esteemed for virtue or integrity. It might be supposed that those who know more than others would be more virtuous; but, while we frequently hear the assertion, that knowledge is *power*, we do not so readily find that it is *virtue*. How many there are, who intimately know every part of their duty, and yet do not practise three parts of the whole! The school-divines of the middle ages were eager to display their argumentative ability, and discuss every thing that could excite even the smallest difference of opinion; but they were not distinguished by their zeal in practising what they taught, and, by showing themselves more desirous of the fame of logical skill than of the praise due to virtue, proved that they were not actuated by laudable ambition.

Some are of opinion that the love of praise is too selfish to be truly honorable, and that it is in fact a weakness, while others maintain that it is natural and commendable. To seek praise for any act (say the former) solely from a vain-glorious motive, without regard to its eventual tendency, is frivolous and unwise; and, even if the act be good and beneficial, the praise attached to it is much less creditable, in a moral or philosophical point of view, than it would be if it came wholly unsought. Yet this strictness, in judging of the motives of acts, may be carried to an excess of refinement that may be practically injurious. If a stern censor of human conduct should say to a rich distributor of alms, "You only assist the poor from ostentation, not from true philanthropy;" or to one who outwardly aims at a redress of public grievances, "You want to make yourself conspicuous and popular for some selfish purpose, rather than with a view of serving your country," he might seriously check the progress of public benefit and private welfare. A more candid observer would be inclined to allow, with an ingenious essayist, that the

desire of praise, though not the best *stimulus*, is a generous and powerful motive of commendable conduct, and that he would do an injury to mankind, who would endeavour to stifle the love of fame.

The most mischievous and pestilent kind of ambition is that which aims at military fame and political tyranny.—To seek glory by promoting the destruction both of friends and foes, and by erecting a fabric of exorbitant power on the ruins of popular freedom, must be deemed, by every friend of mankind, by every wise, just, and conscientious person, the most abominable outrage that can be offered to any community. Yet those who have so acted are admired by many for their splendid qualities and noble daring, instead of being execrated for their wickedness and cruelty. The three *heroes* of this description,—Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon,—seemed inclined to make some atonement for their enormities by noble or useful schemes; but nothing could effectually atone for their violation of all laws that opposed their career of injustice. They aimed at *honor*, but *shame* pught to have been their portion.

Ambition, as pursued by such men, is a glaring vice; but, when properly directed, it is an exemplary virtue. The honor and applause which the votaries of this passion endeavour to secure, may be obtained in the highest and most complete degree by paying a strict regard to the obligations of genuine benevolence, and the duties of religion and morality. These are the only permanent sources of private happiness, and, in their wide extension and ramification, also conduce most effectually to the general good.

NARRATIVE OF AN ATTEMPT TO REACH
THE NORTH POLE, in the year 1827,
by Captain WILLIAM EDWARD
FARRY.

THE boldness of this attempt affords a striking proof of the enterprising spirit of the age, and of the fortitude with which British seamen endure hardships and defy dangers. The practicability of the scheme, notwithstanding the recent failure, is still maintained by some of our navigators; but, even if it could be carried into effect, its utility

cannot easily be discovered, as it will only tend to the illustration of some points purely scientific.

Having noticed, on a former occasion, the remarkable *preparations* for this extraordinary expedition, we proceed to take notice of the actual *attempt*.—The captain, sailing in the *Hecla*, directed his course toward Spitzbergen, where a heavy gale drove the ship among packed ice, in which it was entangled for several weeks. He and lieutenant Ross then made the experiment of moving forward on the ice in the peculiar boats which had been constructed in England; but the ice broke up, and the adventurous scheme was suspended. The vessel now advanced to the Seven Islands, and at length reached the *Wratskel* of Van Henloopen. While the *Hecla* was there stationed, the boat-scheme was renewed. In some parts the ice was tolerably smooth; but, at frequent intervals, huge ridges were formed by the action of tides and currents, so as to present formidable obstacles to the progress of the enterprise. The state of the ice precluded the use of the rein-deer in dragging the boats; and, as there were no means of feeding dogs, the whole work was performed by the labor of the adventurers.

The captain says, that it was his intention to "travel wholly at *night*, and to rest by *day*, there being of course constant *day-light* in these regions during the summer." This is apparently a contradiction; for we should suppose that, in such circumstances, there could be no real *night*.—"The advantages of this plan (he continues) consisted, first, in our avoiding the intense and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation in the eyes called 'snow-blindness.' We also thus enjoyed greater warmth during the hours of rest, and had a better chance of drying our clothes; beside which, no small advantage was derived from the snow being harder at night for traveling.—The only disadvantage of this plan was, that the fogs were somewhat more frequent and more thick by night than by day. This traveling by night, and sleeping by day, so completely inverted the natural order of things, that it was difficult to persuade ourselves of the reality. Even the officers and myself,

who were all furnished with pocket chronometers, could not always bear in mind at what part of the 24 hours we had arrived; and there were several of the men who declared (and I believe truly) that they never knew night from day during the whole excursion. When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day by prayers, after which we took off our fur sleeping-dresses, and put on those for traveling; the former being made of camlet, lined with racoon-skin, and the latter of strong blue box-cloth. We made a point of always putting on the same stockings and boots for traveling in, whether they had dried during the day or not; and I believe it was only in five or six instances, at the most, that they were not either still wet or hard frozen. This, indeed, was of no consequence, beyond the discomfort of first putting them on in this state, as they were sure to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an hour after commencing our journey; while, on the other hand, it was of vital importance to keep dry things for sleeping in. Being 'rigged,' we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit, and, after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, so as to secure them as much as possible from wet, we set off on our day's journey, and usually proceeded from five hours to five and a half, then stopped an hour to dine, and again traveled four, five, or even six hours, according to circumstances. After this we halted for the *night* (as we called it) though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near for hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close alongside each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails, supported by the bamboo masts and three paddles, placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow. Every man then immediately put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges, or clothes; and, after serving the provisions for the succeeding day, we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the tem-

perature of our lodgings 10 or 15 deg. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time, and the only one, of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories, and 'fought all their battles o'er again,' and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set during our resting-time, to look out for bears, or for the ice breaking up round us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes, each man alternately taking this duty for one hour.—

We then concluded our day with prayers, and, having put on our fur dresses, lay down to sleep, with a degree of comfort which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances, our chief inconvenience being, that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore obliged to stow rather closer than was quite agreeable. The temperature, while we slept, was usually from 36 to 45 deg., according to the state of the external atmosphere; but on one or two occasions, in calm and warm weather, it rose as high as 60 to 66 deg, obliging us to throw off a part of our fur dress. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us, when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle. Our allowance of provision for each man *per* day was as follows:—

Biscuit.....	10 ounces.
Pemmican.....	9 do.
Sweetened Cocoa Powder.....	1 do. to make one pint.
Rum.....	1 gill.
Tobacco.....	3 ounces per week.

Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of wine, of which two pints formed our daily allowance, the cocoa being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp with seven wicks,—a simple apparatus which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast; that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32 deg. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling point in about an hour and a quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it had reached 200 deg. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular

routine during the whole of this excursion."

Speaking of a particular day, he says,—"The fog dispersing before noon, we had another clear and fine day, but, as usual, paid dear for this comfort by the increased softness of the snow and the oppressive glare reflected from it. Setting out at half-past seven in the evening, we found the sun more distressing to the eyes than we had ever yet felt it, bidding defiance to our crape veils and wire-gauze eye-shades; but a more effectual screen was afforded by the sun becoming clouded about nine. Our way still lay over small loose masses, to which we were now so accustomed as scarcely to expect any other; for it was evident that we were not improving in this respect as we advanced northwards.—At half past nine we came to a very difficult crossing among the loose ice, which, however, we were encouraged to attempt by seeing a floe of some magnitude beyond it. We had to convey the sledges and provisions one way, and to haul the boats over by another. One of the masses over which the boats came began to roll about while one of them was upon it, giving us reason to apprehend its upsetting, which must have been attended with some very serious consequence; fortunately, however, it retained its equilibrium long enough to allow us to get the boat past it in safety, not without several of the men falling overboard in consequence of the long jumps we had to make, and the edges breaking with their weight."

He mentions the phenomenon of red snow. This (says a writer who has had great experience as a reviewer) is "*new* to us." We are surprised at this remark, as the critic, who is usually very observant, ought to have known that red snow was noticed by captain Ross in his exploration of Baffin's Bay, and by Mr. Bakewell in his Alpine travels.—"We met with a quantity of snow (says the captain), tinged, to the depth of several inches, with some red colouring matter, of which a portion was preserved in a bottle for future examination. This circumstance recalled to our recollection our having frequently before, in the course of this journey, remarked that the loaded sledges, in passing over hard snow, left upon it a light rose-coloured tint, which at the time we attributed to the colouring

matter being pressed out of the birch of which they were made. To-day, however, we observed that the runners of the boats, and even our own footsteps, exhibited the same appearance; and, on watching it more narrowly afterwards, we found the same effect to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by heavy pressure on almost all the ice over which we passed, though a magnifying glass could detect nothing to give it this tinge. The colour of the red snow which we bottled, and which only occurred in two or three spots, appeared somewhat different from this, being rather of a salmon than a rose colour; but both were so striking as to be the subject of constant remark."

By laborious perseverance, the party at length reached the latitude of 82 degrees and three quarters:—supposed to be within 500 miles of the Pole.—Heavy rains at that time prevailed; but a more serious obstacle soon presented itself, which proved insurmountable.—The ice over which they were traveling toward the north, was itself drifting more rapidly to the south than the distances which they could accomplish.—Thus, the last three days having been spent in this disheartening and fruitless toil,—half of the provisions being exhausted,—some of the men falling sick, and being reported unfit for exertion,—the scurvy threatening them,—and no hope of any favorable change remaining—our brave countrymen were compelled to abandon their impracticable design. They accordingly returned to the *Hecla*, and on the 24th of September put into Long-Hope, in one of the Orkney Islands, without having experienced any loss by death. The whole period, occupied in these exertions on the ice, is stated to have been sixty-one days.

Very few animals were seen in the remote progress of our adventurers. Some bears paid them a visit, and were rewarded for their civility by being killed and eaten. Seals were also caught and devoured, and immense numbers of sea-fowl were seen, though few were taken.

It is not supposed that captain Parry is either willing, or will be allowed, to renew his attempt for visiting the Pole; but his friend captain Franklin, we are informed, will undertake a new expedition in the course of the present year,

with a view of proceeding by land to Behring's Strait.

A NEW SETTLEMENT IN AFRICA.

THE settlement of Sierra-Leone being consigned to neglect, if not wholly abandoned by our countrymen, the minister of the colonial department fixed upon Fernando-Po for the seat of a new colony, as this island is not only more healthy and fertile than the former spot, but better calculated by its situation for the repression of that abominable traffic in human flesh which is still carried on by the Spaniards and Portuguese. A small squadron having reached the coast of Benin in October last, a disembarkation was quietly effected, and arrangements were made with the natives for the purchase of land and the formation of an alliance.

From a journal of the proceedings, sent by one of the officers to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, we extract both the opening and the development of the colonial scheme.—"Oct. 27. On our approach to the island every one was delighted with its beautiful appearance, as well as with the scenery surrounding us in our anchorage. We had hardly brought up, when four canoes appeared with a number of natives, who exchanged yams and some fishing lines for our iron hoops. They were fine middle-sized athletic men, with an agreeable expression of countenance. The report of the muskets fired at sunset appeared to alarm them very much, as they shoved off immediately, hoisted sail, and took leave of us for the night.

"Oct. 28.—This morning it rained heavily till nine or ten o'clock; notwithstanding which, canoes came off in great numbers, bringing fowls, palm wine, a few skins of monkeys and snakes, and small circular boxes, neatly woven, of split cane, &c. Some of the natives ventured on board, not however without evident signs of fear. Captain Harrison conducted a boy of about twelve years of age over the ship, and in the gun-room the officers made him examine a variety of articles. A looking glass, and the ringing of a bell, seemed to create the greatest astonishment in him.

"29th.—The canoes visited us in greater number than before, the natives

appearing to gain more confidence; indeed, so much as to become troublesome.—Our boats went for wood and water, and, instead of meeting with any obstruction, were assisted by the natives.

“30th.—The senior lieutenant went ashore at six o'clock, with a party of black labourers, to cut a path through the jungle on Point-William.—I went ashore soon after noon at Barracouta, to invite the supposed king on board; but the chiefs and natives surrounding him opposed his inclination.

“31st.—The king, his brother, and five or six chiefs, entered the ship: we immediately conducted them to the captain's cabin, where we entertained them with wine and biscuit. They seemed to drink our wine and eat our biscuit with some relish, after we had, by their own desire, set them the example; and we also, in compliment to them, drank some of their palm wine. We observed that some of them mixed palm wine with the Madeira. From the king to the lowest of his attendants, they were dressed in a most fanciful savage taste. In the first place, their whole bodies were completely smeared with a pigment composed of red clay and palm oil, with the exception of his majesty, whose distinguishing colour, like that of the imperial family of China, was yellow. Their heads were dressed with long small curls, hanging down behind, the hair on the fore-part of the head being divided on each side in curls, so as to hang down behind the ears; and leave the fore-part of the head entirely exposed. The forehead is generally round, and appears to be shaven about an inch or two back,—the heads of the youths being shaven close round, leaving the crown unshaven. The hat usually worn has a low crown and narrow brim, made of split rattan, not very closely worked, and is ornamented with leaves, bones of monkeys and other animals, and a few white, and sometimes red feathers. A girdle rests on the hips, and supports the only covering they wear, which is in front, except his majesty, who had, beside his anterior covering, a posterior one, composed of the skin of some animal. The girdle consists either of a string of the *vertebræ* of snakes, or of beads of some hard berry; the anklets and bracelets are for the most part composed of the same materials. During the entertainment of the natives in the cabin, the band was

ordered to play on the quarter-deck, and they appeared much gratified with the music. From the cabin, we conducted them along the main deck, and shewed them the horses, asses, oxen, pigs, &c. They were much struck with the horses and pigs; but the cow, and particularly her tail, appeared to afford them the greatest delight, each of them handling it in succession, pulling the hairs out, and shaking it with every mark of the highest degree of astonishment and pleasure. After making the tour of the main deck, we took them to the quarter-deck, where our music so enraptured the king's brother, that he could not refrain from displaying his savage steps and uncouth gestures to the tune:—“So played Orpheus, and so danced the brutes.”—Thinking that we had indulged them enough in this amusement, we endeavoured to conciliate them by presents; we first commenced with his yellow majesty, whom we presented with the whole length of a large iron hoop, which had been straightened for the occasion; then to the brother we gave half of the quantity, and about a foot to each of the chiefs or attendants; and they left the ship apparently in very good humor with us. We have omitted to observe, that the king and the chiefs were anxious to rub their long beards with those who possessed one. They showed evident satisfaction upon chairs being given them to sit on; and we have since observed, that, in their own huts, they all sit upon blocks of wood. This is different from the usual custom of the Africans, who squat down on their haunches or their heels.

“Nov. 2nd.—I went ashore with Messrs. Galler and Morrison, the interpreter Anderson, and my servant, to make some arrangements respecting the establishment of a market near our settlement. The king and the chiefs having arrived, we explained the object of our visit, which they heard with great attention; they anxiously made a proposal for our mutual good understanding, which was, that, if any of their people troubled us by committing any breach of good faith, they requested we would communicate it to the chiefs, and they would take care that the delinquents should be punished; and, *vice versa*, if any of our people committed any improper acts toward them, that they would represent it to our chiefs.—

After an earnest discussion among themselves, we all agreed to the various proposals on both sides, by drinking palm wine together, and exchanging presents—giving his majesty an axe, for which he returned a fowl. We now proposed to accompany him to his village, to which he at first shewed great unwillingness to accede, and took me by the hand as if to conduct me; but instead of walking, as we had expected, through the woods, he kept inclining to the beach where our boats were lying. We then thought he was going to take us along the shore, and land at a place whence there was a much shorter path to his village; yet, when we proposed to him to enter a boat, he held back, and positively declined, saying, that his house was not good enough, and that he had nothing in it to entertain us with: however, as we were predetermined to go, we marched forward. We thought the king had good reason for not wishing us to proceed; for certainly neither his hut nor the road to it seemed calculated for a visit of ceremony or pleasure. The path was extremely slippery, with many pools and roots of trees to impede our progress, beside a very thick jungle, and myriads of ants and other insects tormenting us on the way. His majesty's hut was merely a thatched roof, the eaves of which were not three feet from the ground, which was supported by pillars, and only one end of it protected from the weather.—His brother had taken care to arrive before us, and received us with much good humor, regretting only that he had nothing to regale us with; however, in a short time a calabash of stale palm wine was brought in, which, after tasting himself (according to the African custom), to prove that it was not poisonous, he presented to us.

"4th.—Some chiefs came on board, in a very large canoe, and were introduced to the captain while at breakfast. When they entered, they all sat down on chairs with much apparent satisfaction: the captain made them a few presents of knives, small looking-glasses, &c., which gave them so much delight, that they began clapping their hands and singing short sentences in a high tone of voice, bowing their heads frequently during the time. Anderson informed us they were singing our praises, for their words implied, "truly you are come to do us good." They were en-

tertained with palm wine, Madeira, biscuits, fish, yams, &c. The three European women whom we have on board were introduced to them, and seemed to engage their attention very much.

"5th.—Anderson returned to the ship about three this afternoon, (having been absent two days,) in a large canoe pulling seventeen paddles, accompanied by some chiefs and other natives, who, before they came alongside the ship, pulled quite round us, singing most loudly and merrily. They were taken into the captain's cabin, where they were entertained until he came on board, which he soon did, and, before he dismissed them, made a present to each.

"7th.—We landed at a small cove, and were conducted by the chiefs to an open space in the woods. When the captain was seated, a small ram and several calabashes of palm wine were placed before him. He ordered a red cloak to be put on the king, and a velvet hat; but, as his majesty could not conveniently take his own hat off, the velvet one was placed over the crown of his, and pierced by the same bone that secured his own hat to the head, by running it through his hair. The appearance of these presents, but more particularly of the iron, intoxicated the feelings of the savages, whose passions were so much excited by it, that the good order which had previously been observed could no longer be maintained; and they pressed in on all sides, with such a clatter of tongues that the firing of cannon would have been relief to our ears, compared to the savage and vociferous clamour of these wild beings: however, it is but right to do them justice—notwithstanding all this confusion, they did not lay violent hands on any person or article, that we observed. We noticed that the king gave away many small pieces of iron to a few, which, by leading each to hope that he might be the next selected to receive a token of royal favour, perhaps kept them from laying violent hands on any thing themselves. We retired to the beach, and embarked during the confusion, the whole crowd following us to the shore, and many even into the water. On a rough calculation, it is supposed there were at least two thousand natives assembled. The women were kept separate from the men, and in the back ground: Mr. Galler went and spoke to some of them, but they shewed great

timidity, though the men put some of the young women's hands into his in a very mild and friendly manner.

"8th.—The captain fixed upon a spot for the site of his intended house, near which stands a deserted native village; and he named the ground which is clearing away for a garden, Paradise, and changed that of Glover's Stairs to Jacob's Ladder: this is a flight of stairs one hundred and fifty in number, built since our arrival by Mr. Glover and his crew of English artificers.

"10th.—Very few canoes or natives were seen to-day, and none came to the ship, which has occasioned us to suspect that some of our proceedings have not pleased them; and this suspicion was confirmed by a deputation of seven chiefs coming to complain of our men cutting down the palm trees for the leaves to roof their huts with; they also complained of the frequent firing of muskets. In reply to the latter, we gave them to understand it was only the officers shooting at the monkeys; and, to confirm it, very opportunely the purser happened to come up at the time with a man carrying a large monkey which he had shot, and also a very small deer. As this did not appear to satisfy them, captain Harrison took them up just beyond where the men were then clearing: he then placed a quantity of iron upon the ground, and offered by signs that he would give them all the iron for the land that was within the line of that boundary; which they made it appear they understood.—Both parties seeming satisfied, we sat down in a row, and drank palm wine together, by way of clenching the bargain.

"11th.—Divine service was performed by the captain, when four natives attended, and behaved with great decorum.

"12th.—A numerous deputation of

chiefs came gaily dressed to our camp at Clarence, to settle the affair definitively concerning the land which we had purchased. Captain Owen went with them to the boundary line, and entered into a more particular explanation, by marking a number of trees on the boundary line, and promising them more presents;—after which he brought four of them on board, and concluded the whole business of the transfer by giving them presents, and drinking palm wine.

"13th.—A strong proof of confidence was shewn by a man and a boy insisting on coming on board to sleep; perhaps the expectation of a present was their principal inducement; however, I never met with or read of more tractable and good-tempered savages than these appear to be; for, even when they are most troublesome, we can always lead them in the direction we wish by taking hold of one of their hands, or even a finger.

15th.—The chiefs brought a young man back to-day whom the captain had put under their charge to pass a week with them. Some bricks were landed for immediate use. When the natives found out how they could sharpen their knives, they shewed the most earnest desire to possess them; but iron is their idol, which they appear to worship for its usefulness; pieces of iron hoop, knives, and hatchets, are what they most covet; they turn their noses up at razors or scissors, when they can get the former. Of clothes they scarcely know the use, the women having no more covering than the men."

Within a few days from the last date, many thick jungles were cleared, and many trees, in which the island abounds, were cut down: forges were fixed, saw-pits dug; convenient huts superseded the use of tents; and considerable progress was made in the organisation of a promising settlement.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE village-bell toll'd night's last hour to the breeze,
As a wand'r'er approach'd it along the lone road;
Late and weary he came, and he long'd for the ease
That a son ever finds in a father's abode.

'Twas long since he left it, and infancy's joys
Now crowded his fancy in shadowy throng;
He started at hearing the clock's sudden noise,
And he hasten'd his steps as he travel'd along.

He trod light, for his heart panted light as he went;
 The church-tow'r now rose in the gloom of the night;
 O'er the grave-yard his footsteps were fearlessly bent,
 For that road soonest brought the old cottage in sight.

Ah! thought he, in crossing its oft-trodden stile,
 Many friends since I went must have sunk to the grave!
 Death grasps at old age; checks the youth's early smile;
 Unsparing alike to the coward or brave.

As he pass'd on his way, a new stone struck his eye,
 And the moon-beam upon it was sleeping in light;
 He turn'd to the grave-stone; his heart heav'd a sigh;
 For the name of his parents he saw with affright.

Disappointment and grief struck him dumb; in despair
 He sank on the earth, though 'twas damp with the dew;
 He had promis'd himself a good home, free from care;
 And the home of his parents too well now he knew!

"Yet, alas!" to himself thus he inwardly said;
 "'Tis the home of all others from care that's most free;
 For care cannot come to the home of the dead;
 But, ah! 'tis not yet a still mansion for me."

At the tomb of his parents till morning he lay;
 With its earliest beam he arose from the ground;
 And he went from the village reluctant away,
 As no home for the wanderer there could be found!

J. M. LACEY.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE,

from Moods and Tenses.

TRUE love hath wordless language all its own,
 Heard in the heart;—and yet there's eloquence
 Beyond their meaning—yea, a thrilling sense
 Oft-times in words,—when a kind voice hath grown
 (By sweet thoughts fed) into a tremulous tone
 Of dear emotion, which may haply seem
 To others nothing, and yet shed a gleam
 Along an anxious heart; for then alone
 That under-breath'd, affection-touched power,
 Out-thrills a thousand doubts. O, peerless hour—
 When, from one word thus utter'd falt'ringly,
 Within the heart there springs up suddenly
 A feeling far from earthly things removed—
 The first young feeling that we are not all *un*-loved.

THE POWER OF MEMORY,

from the same Work.

WITH what a fairy spell doth Memory
 Call up the past to throng the present hour,
 Wielding her wand of more than wizard power
 O'er beings of fore-gone reality,

Till all that was, in life's variety,
 Bright days and dark—forgotten griefs and gladness—
 Tales of old time, and joys long-past, and sadness—
 Obeying her all-viewless potency,
 Join in strange chorus! The enchantress breathes
 Her incantations in a thought—that wreathes
 Itself a garland from the varied flowers
 Of years and years revived—while on she scours,
 Up, up, uncheck'd, untired, to times far gone,
 With speed for which an instant's thousandth were too long.

AN ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY,

by an enraptured Swain.

My gentle love, my only love!
 My drooping spirit pines for thee;
 The gorgeous hall, the lighted bower,
 Lute, dance, and song, have lost their power;
 Thou only canst this cloud remove,
 My beautiful Marie.

Then haste thee, dear; the kingly west
 A splendid gift flings o'er the sea;
 And breathes the rose a sigh more sweet,
 To hail the hour the parted meet.
 O! come to this devoted breast,
 My beautiful Marie!

'Tis bliss to meet—'tis sweet to part
 To meet again by love's decree;
 I cherish not a hope more fond,
 Nor prize a paradise beyond
 That hour which gives thee to my heart,
 My beautiful Marie.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE FALLACY OF HOPE,

by Mr. T. Moore.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger;
 Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
 But hush, gentle siren! for ah there's less danger
 In still suffering on, than in hoping again.

Long, long in sorrow too deep for repining,
 Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
 And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
 O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain.

Fly, then, ye visions, that hope would shed o'er me—
 Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
 Now lies, not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
 But, ah, in forgetting how once I was blest!

AFFECTION.

From youth's early day,
 To life's fading ray,
 Love still is the source of delight;
 And its lustre divine
 The brighter doth shine,
 The darker affliction's sad night.

When the tempest of woe
 O'er the bosom shall blow,
 And the heart is o'erwhelmed with fears,
 'Tis affection alone
 For hard fate can atone,
 And change into smiles all our tears.

In the moment of death,
 When life's parting breath
 Shall fade like the taper in gloom,
 Affection's sweet smile
 Can that moment beguile,
 And illumine the path to the tomb!

W. H.

THE CAPTIVE,

from MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

WITHIN a dungeon mildew'd by the night,
 Barr'd from salubrious air and cheering light,
 Lo! the pale captive pines in hostile lands,
 Chain'd to his doom by adamant bands!
 Oh! how he pants to face the fresh-wing'd breeze,
 And list the voices of the summer trees;
 To breathe, and live, and move, and be as free
 As Nature is, and man was made to be!
 And when at night, upon his flinty bed,
 Silent and sad he lays his grief-worn head,
 There, as the dungeon-bell with dreary sound
 Tolls midnight through the sleeping air around,
 Remembrance wafts him to congenial climes,
 And frames a fairy world of happier times.
 The woodland haunts around his native scene,
 The village dance upon the festive green;
 His thymy garden where he loved to ply,
 And smiled as peeping flower-buds hail'd his eye;
 His beauteous partner, and her blue-eyed boy,
 Who prattled, play'd, and fed his soul with joy;
 All with immingling rapture fire his heart,
 And force the stings of agony to start,
 Till, like a bark by wrecking whirlwinds driven,
 He rolls, and writhes, and groans despair to Heaven!
 And Heaven is by! and with ethereal charm
 Bids Hope to waken, and her smiles to warm;
 Then, lull'd by her, his home-wed bosom teems
 With holy raptures and seraphic dreams.

THE ORIGINAL OF CHERRY-RIPE,—

published in 1606, by Mr. Richard Alison.

THERE is a garden in her face
 Where roses and white lilies grow;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow;
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand;
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

ONE HUNDRED FABLES, *original and selected*, by James Northcote, R.A.

FABLES form a convenient and pleasing mode of conveying instruction to children. Moral truth may be so exemplified by a reference to some parallel case in nature, as to be more adapted to their capacities than formal precepts; and even "children of a larger growth" may derive benefit from the striking hints which are thus imparted. The earliest specimen of a parable, or *Scriptural Fable*, occurs in the book of Judges, where Jotham, at the election of a king, intimates the danger of a bad choice by referring to a meeting of trees, at which the fruitful and valuable trees decline the honor, and the bramble accepts it from a motive of selfish ambition. The first Greek fable on record is that of the Eagle and Nightingale, given by Hesiod. The most popular fabulist is Æsop, a supposed Phrygian slave; but it is uncertain whether this was a real personage; and the work attributed to him is apparently a collection of the fables of different ages and countries.

We proceed to extract some of the original fables,—not perhaps the best, yet pithy and pointed.

"*The Philosopher and Sheet of Paper.*—A sage philosopher, being one day in a gentleman's library, saw lying on the table a sheet of paper, which had once been white, but was now blotted and scrawled all over with nonsense and ill-drawn figures. 'Ah!' said the sage, 'had this sometime spotless paper been committed to the trust and care of proper hands, it might at this time have contained an excellent poem or an accomplished drawing, lessons of morality or doctrines of science, instead of being thus defaced, and rendered worse than useless, by the display of blots and scratches, dirt and folly, fit only at present to singe a roasting pullet or to kindle the fire, and the sooner it is destroyed the better.'

"*Application.*—The infant mind is pure and unsullied, like the fairest white paper, without a stain, and the first impressions it receives, we all know by experience, are the deepest and most difficult to be erased; therefore it becomes more particularly our duty, as we value the future welfare of the child, to be careful of the first instructions and notions which are given to it. Praise children for being pretty, and they will endeavour to set themselves off. Praise them for being good, and they will endeavour to be virtuous."

"The vain Glow-Worm.—A certain glow-worm had long been the object of admiration amongst his humble acquaintance, the insects of the hedge where he made a figure; and, every night, he would condescend to illumine them with the splendor of his light, and in return received the homage of his reptile court with a most gracious air of affected condescension. On one occasion a small-waisted flatterer obtruded himself on his notice, by observing, that his humility was wonderful, and advised him by all means to make himself more public, and to shine in a more exalted circle, that the great world might become the witnesses of such attractions! 'No, no,' replied the groveling-spirited glow-worm, 'that is not to my taste; for, between ourselves, my great delight is to be in company where I can preside, and be regarded as a wonder—no matter though it be from their inferiority or ignorance; whereas, if I associate with those of higher endowments, I shall feel my pride mortified, and appear, even to myself, to be no better than a poor worm.'—*Application.* There are certain dispositions of the mind that incline men to a base and vulgar ambition, a desire of shining at any rate; and therefore they seek out for such companions only, as are confessedly their inferiors, where no improvement can be gained, where flattery and admiration are received by them with pleasure, although offered by the meanest of mortals, and preferred to the counsel of the wise, or the admonition of the good. But such egotists must ever remain in all their errors. Instruction gives them pain, because it lessens their self-importance; nor can they bear the shock of feeling themselves surpassed; and from that mean motive they shun such opportunities as might render them fit for the highest society; for he who would become a master, must first submit to the humble station of a pupil. Few are so empty as those who are full of themselves."

"The Lion and the Ape.—An old lion had long been despotic sovereign of the forest, and of course accustomed to the abject homage of every inferior animal in it, as is common in courts, each trying to out-do his companions in servility; when a pert malicious ape, who wished to give his powerful master some pain, and yet escape his rage, as

he well knew it was as much as his life was worth to offend him openly, therefore sought how he might artfully mortify him under the mask of friendship, but keep out of the scrape himself, and at the same time insidiously cause the ruin of his competitors for court favour. With this intent he lost no opportunity of obtaining private conferences with the lion, and on all occasions was busy to inform him of what, he said, he had heard against his character and disposition, from those whom the lion had taken to be his best friends; saying, the fox had accused him of tyranny, the horse had complained he was blood-thirsty, the bull that he was selfish and cruel, and the stag, that he knew not what mercy was. At length the lion, no longer able to suffer this artful and malignant harangue, furiously replied,—'Thinkest thou, base and pitiful traitor, thus to abuse me to my face, in attributing all those crimes to me, and that thou canst escape my vengeance by saying they are the remarks of my good and faithful subjects? No, foolish animal, take thy death for thy officious pains, and thus become of some use to others by the terror of thy example.'—So saying, he instantly crushed him to pieces.—*Application.* There are some artful gossips, who take a malicious delight in tormenting their intimates, by relating every idle rumour which they have heard against them; and, under a pretence of pure friendship, accompanied with the pride of offering good advice, conclude they shall escape the odium of giving pain, which they deserve to incur: but the triumphs of those petty tyrants, notwithstanding all their art, turn out at last to their own hurt; for their visits are soon found to forebode our vexation, and at length we shun them as we shun disease. Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces."

"The Two Scythes.—It so happened that a couple of mowers' scythes were placed together in the same barn; one was without its proper handle, and therefore remained useless and rusty; the other was complete, bright, and in good order, and was frequently made use of, in the hands of the mowers.—"My good neighbour," said the rusty one, "I much pity you, who labor so much for the good of others, and withal so constantly are fretted with that odious

whetstone, that scours you till you strike fire, whilst I repose in perfect ease and quiet.”—"Give me leave," replied the bright one, "to explain to you, neighbour, the difference of our conditions; I must own that I labour, but then I am well rewarded in consideration that it is for the benefit of multitudes, and this gives me all my importance: it is true also that I am renovated by a harsh whetstone, but this still increases my capability to become useful in a more powerful degree, whilst you remain the insignificant and helpless victim of your pride and idleness, and in the end fall a prey to a devouring rust, useless, unpitied, and unknown."

"*Application.*—Idleness, in every station of life, is attended by a portion of misery. By it the health is impaired, the intellects are benumbed, all importance or value in society is forfeited, and, as we contribute nothing toward the profit or pleasure of mankind, we become little better than outcasts or burthens on the earth. In the rich, idleness produces a mental misery, and they become the prey of melancholy: and, in the inferior orders, its fruits are poverty, vice, and disease; and, if the industrious do meet with rubs in the world, still, like the whetstone to the scythe, it sharpens their wits, and prepares them by an acquisition of knowledge and experience to overcome difficulties with more facility."

It appears from these fables and their morals, that the writer, though old, is not superannuated, but is able to give salutary advice in an agreeable form.—The embellishments of his work remain to be mentioned. Of a hundred fables, every one has not only a neat wood-cut to introduce it, but another to close it; and these are not all the decorations; for the initial letter of each fable, like an illuminated manuscript, exhibits a small (and sometimes very pretty) design. The drawings of the first class were all furnished by Mr. Northcote himself.

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, *by Washington Irving.* 4 vols. 1828.

As the name and exploits of Columbus are well known to every reader of history, it might have been thought that

there was no occasion for idle repetition; but Mr. Irving, it seems, undertook a journey to Madrid, in the hope of obtaining new information on the subject, and we therefore ought not to blame him for his well-meant communications. It does not appear that he has made any important discoveries, with all his zeal and diligence; yet we must allow that he has produced a work of considerable merit, which is recommended by an agreeable style, and by perspicuous and accurate details.

The grand scheme attributed to Columbus has been applauded beyond its merit. His discovery of a new continent was rather the effect of chance than of judgement. He merely hoped to shorten the voyage to India by pursuing a western, instead of an eastern course; acted upon the idea that the world was much less extensive than it really is; and continued to the last to think that the territory which he discovered was a part of Asia; and even this comparatively-insignificant scheme appears to have been borrowed from a Florentine named Toscanelli, who (says Mr. Irving) "transmitted to Columbus, in 1474, a copy of a letter which he had previously written to a canon of Lisbon, maintaining the facility of reaching India by a western course." It is however certain, that the Genoese adventurer was an acute and reflecting man, brave, enterprising, resolute, and persevering; and few, perhaps, could so ably have conducted those expeditions which led to the most important results.

Without following Mr. Irving in his narrative career, we shall extract the character of Isabella (the royal patroness of Columbus), and that of the hero himself, merely observing that both portraits are drawn by the florid and emblazoning pencil of a rhetorician, rather than with the strict fidelity of a dispassionate historian.

"Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanour. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression; and there was a singular mo-

desty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and in some instances surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy. It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and, while diligently seeking their good, she mitigated, as much as possible, the harsh measures of her husband, directed to the same end, but inflamed by a mistaken zeal. Thus, though almost bigoted in her piety, and perhaps too much under the influence of ghostly advisers, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition, though, unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessors. She was always an advocate for clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Granada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal, and unostentatious. In the intervals of state business, she assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their counsels, in promoting letters and arts. Through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge; she fostered the art of printing, recently in-

vented, and encouraged the establishment of presses in every part of the kingdom; books were admitted free of all duty; and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that early period of the art, than in the present literary age. It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend at times upon the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realise the idea of guardian angels, appointed by Heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal; and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella."

"Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterises intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and, though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age, guided conjecture to certainty, and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

"His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns but a command of the countries which he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated viceroyalty would be of no avail; and, if no revenues should be produced, his labor and peril would produce no gain. If

his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions? But he did not merely risk a loss of labor, and a disappointment of ambition, in the enterprise; on his motives being questioned, he voluntarily undertook, and, with the assistance of his coadjutors, actually defrayed one-eighth of the whole charge of the first expedition.—The gains that promised to arise from his discoveries, he intended to appropriate in the same princely and pious spirit in which they were demanded. He contemplated works and achievements of benevolence and religion; vast contributions for the relief of the poor of his native city; the foundations of churches, where masses should be said for the souls of the departed; and armies for the recovery of the holy sepulchre in Palestine.

“In the discharge of his office he maintained the state and ceremonial of a viceroy, and was tenacious of his rank and privileges; not from a mere vulgar love of titles, but because he prized them as testimonials and trophies of his achievements; these he jealously cherished as his great rewards. In his repeated applications to the king, he insisted merely on the restitution of his dignities. As to his pecuniary dues, he would leave them to arbitration, or even to the disposition of the king; ‘but these things,’ said he, nobly, ‘affect my honor.’ In his testament, he enjoined on his son Diego, and whoever after him should inherit his estates, whatever dignities and titles might afterwards be granted by the king, always to sign himself simply ‘the admiral,’ by way of perpetuating in the family its real source of greatness.

“His conduct was characterised by the grandeur of his views, and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of traversing the newly-found countries, like a grasping adventurer eager only for immediate gain, he sought to ascertain their soil and productions, their rivers and harbours; he was desirous of colonising and cultivating them; of conciliating and civilising the natives; of building cities, introducing the useful arts, subjecting every thing to the control of law, order, and religion; and thus of founding regular and prosper-

ous empires. In this glorious plan he was constantly defeated by the dissolute rabble which it was his misfortune to command; with whom all law was tyranny, and all order restraint. They interrupted all useful works by their seditions; provoked the peaceful Indians to hostility; and, after they had thus heaped misery and warfare upon their own heads, and overwhelmed him with the ruins of the edifice he was building, they charged him with being the cause of the confusion. Well would it have been for Spain had those who followed in his track possessed his sound policy and liberal views. The New World, in such a case, would have been settled by pacific colonists, and civilised by enlightened legislators, instead of being overrun by desperate adventurers, and desolated by avaricious conquerors.

“Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice: yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and, by the strong powers of his mind, brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

“His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he coasts the

shores of the New World, the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, 'full of dew and sweetness,' the verdure of the forests, the magnificence of the trees, and the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams. New delight springs up for him in every scene. He proclaims that each new discovery is more beautiful than the last, and each the most beautiful in the world, until, with his simple earnestness, he tells the sovereigns, that, having spoken so highly of the preceding islands, he fears that they will not credit him, when he declares that the one he is actually describing surpasses them all in excellence.

"In the same ardent and unstudied way he expresses his emotions on various occasions, readily affected by impulses of joy or grief, of pleasure or indignation. When surrounded and overwhelmed by the ingratitude and violence of worthless men, he often, in the retirement of his cabin, gave way to bursts of sorrow, and relieved his overladen heart by sighs and groans.—When he returned in chains to Spain, and came into the presence of Isabella, instead of continuing the lofty pride with which he had hitherto sustained his injuries, he was touched with grief and tenderness at her sympathy, and burst forth into sobs and tears.

"He was devoutly pious; religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening, the *Salve Regina*, and other vesper hymns, were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul, diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanor. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations, oaths, and

other irreverent expressions. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to his embarkation. He observed the festivals of the church in the wildest situations. The Sabbath was with him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never set sail from a port unless in case of extreme necessity. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of vows and penances and pilgrimages, and resorted to them in times of difficulty and danger; but he carried his religion still farther, and his piety was darkened by the bigotry of his age. He evidently concurred in the opinion that all the nations who did not acknowledge the Christian faith were destitute of natural rights; that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments inflicted upon their obstinacy in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In doing the latter, he sinned against the natural goodness of his character, and against the feelings which he had originally entertained and expressed toward this gentle and hospitable people; but he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies at the unprofitable result of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character to observe that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown, and that, when the question of right came to be discussed at the entreaty of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so that the question was finally settled in favor of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have doubted, it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err.

"These remarks, in palliation of the conduct of Columbus, are required by candour. It is proper to show him in connexion with the age in which he lived, lest the errors of the times should be considered as his individual faults. It is not the intention of the author,

however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name, and let others derive a lesson from it.

"A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed—that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies which he presented to the catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavilings of men of cooler and safer, but more groveling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola, and the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the Scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

"He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgement, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgement, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, and which they could not perceive when pointed out.

"To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times,

and to trace, in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. 'His soul,' observes a Spanish writer, 'was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing that sea which had given rise to so many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his age.'

"With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilised man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to rever and bless his name to the latest posterity!"

A SURVEY OF ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY,
*being a continuation of Remarks on
Beauty, as it regards the Fine Arts.*

THE mere art of ordinary building, as a security against the inclemency of the weather, or external danger, is the offspring of instinct, unenlightened by reason; and therefore birds construct nests, various species of insects provide places of shelter, and many kinds of quadrupeds form subterraneous retreats. These creatures, perhaps, began to build before man framed for himself even the elementary hut: but they still go on, as

they have always done, without proficiency or improvement. Men, on the contrary, gradually proceeded from the cave, the hollow tree, or the hut, to more convenient and comfortable abodes. Their first contrivances of this kind were unworthy of the name of architecture. Those who had no inclination for the shelter of caves, made use probably of a few boughs, which were broken to determinate lengths, made to lean upon each other at the top, and spread out at the bottom, so as to form a tolerable interior, with a considerable opening on one side; the interstices were filled up with interwoven branches, cemented by mud or clay. When tools or cutting instruments had been invented, trunks of trees, divested of their bark and branches, were used as pillars and beams, instead of boughs; and, instead of the conic figure, which, from its peculiar simplicity, first prevailed, a triangular and subsequently a rectangular form of the hut took place, which, in rainy countries, had a pyramidal or wedge-formed roof. These huts were from time to time improved in their construction, until sundried bricks, and at length such as were hardened by fire, began to be used for the walls of houses. As the art of building advanced, stone was used for public erections, and, in the interior, the skilful work of the joiner was added to the rude operations of the carpenter. The temple and the palace were also enriched with a variety of decorations, and even private houses were ornamented, both within and without, by those who were inspired with a taste for beauty or elegance.

The first architectural works formed on a magnificent scale, are supposed to have been those of Egypt. They were not, however, so beautiful as they were grand. The pyramids now remaining must be considered as tasteless structures, while they excite astonishment by the difficulty of conceiving how the builders, in the infancy of science, could elevate and arrange the huge materials which they employed. The temples appear to have been much finer buildings; and some of the gates, porticoes, and colonnades of these stately structures, are still viewed with pleasure and admiration. The ancient Persians seem to have borrowed architectural hints from the Egyptians, if we may judge from the ruins of Persepolis.

The Assyrians and Babylonians are

said to have excelled in the art of building; but we have no certain knowledge of their modes of practice. They aimed at grandeur of effect; but there is reason to believe that their structures were not graced with pre-eminent beauty.

The people of ancient India rivaled (and, as some think, surpassed) those of Egypt in architectural skill. The wonders and beauties of Elora were noticed in our review of Mr. Seeley's work; and remains have been found in other parts of India, of less antiquity and inferior grandeur, yet striking and venerable.

The Greeks are supposed to have derived, not indeed their knowledge of ordinary building, but their skilful proficiency, from the Egyptians, whom, however, they subsequently excelled, as their feelings seem to have been strongly susceptible of beauty in this as well as in other arts. They formed the first (or Doric) order in architecture, by making columns of stone in imitation of the wooden posts of the hut. These pillars consisted of an entablature, a fluted shaft, a capital adorned with fillets and mouldings, and a basement of three steps. Speaking of a temple of the Doric order, a writer who is not deficient in taste observes, that "the sublimity of the basement, the sweeping lines of the flutings, the different proportions and contrasted figure of the outline of the column, and that of the intercolumniation, and the grand straight lines of the entablature, crossing in their directions the graceful ones of the flutings, together with the gently-inclined pediment, have a grand and striking effect. The column and intercolumniation approach each other more nearly in apparent superficial quantity, while they contrast more decidedly in form than in any other order. There is a certain appearance of eternal duration in this species of edifice, that gives a solemn and majestic feeling, while every part is perceived to contribute its share to its character of durability."

The finest extant specimen of the Doric style is the Parthenon at Athens, which has a noble portico, massive architraves, and other attractions for an eye that delights in grandeur of effect.

The Ionic order next arose, in which the capitals of the columns exhibited decorations resembling women's locks of hair and curls. The remains of the temples of Erechtheus, and Minerva Polias, at Athens, constructed according

to the rules of this order, are viewed with admiration; and a temple at Teos, and one at Priene, display entablatures which are remarkable for beautiful proportions and elegant decorations. At Sardis, also, the remains of the temple of Cybele are magnificent, and the capitals of the two existing columns surpass every other specimen of the Ionic style, in perfection of design and execution: they are probably anterior to the time of Cyrus, and yet they are as perfect as if they had been very recently erected.

The Corinthian order is generally allowed to be the most beautiful. Callicmachus, an Athenian artist, passing near the tomb of a young lady, observed upon it a tile that covered a basket, round which an acanthus was growing: the tops of the leaves were bent downwards by the resistance of the tile, and the whole had a picturesque appearance which forcibly struck him. He took the hint, and executed some columns with foliated capitals, which gave rise to the third Grecian order. The best specimens of this style may be seen in the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, the Pantheon, and the three columns of the Campo-Vaccino at Rome. The capital of this ancient order exhibits beauty, delicacy, and richness, in so high a degree, that no modern attempts for its improvement have been successful. A more elegant architectural object cannot easily be conceived.

The Tuscan order was introduced by the Etrurians, to whom is generally ascribed the method of building with small stones, and mortar made of calcareous stone;—an opinion which is rendered probable by the consideration, that the oldest vestiges of cementitious structures have been found in the territory of the present Tuscans. This, we may observe, is the plainest and least decorated of all the orders;—it has, indeed, no claim to the praise of beauty, and its simplicity is unaccompanied with taste or elegance.

Etrurian builders were employed by the Romans in many public works, to which they imparted a great degree of strength and substantiality: but, when this rude nation had civilised its manners by the subjugation of the polished states of Greece, its attention was eagerly directed to the architecture of the vanquished people. In the progress of

this study a fifth order arose, styled the *Composite* from its compound character. This style was employed in triumphal arches and in a variety of public buildings, and its parts were more bold and massive than those of the Corinthian order, but not so chastely elegant.

The plans of the Roman buildings were more varied than those of the Greeks, who usually erected their public edifices on a rectangular model.—Circular temples crowned with cupolas, amphitheatres of an elliptic form, theatres and other buildings on miscellaneous plans, exemplified the magnificent variety of the Roman style, which, however, was never so pure as that which prevailed in the flourishing ages of Greece.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTERISTIC
 SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PER-
 SONS LATELY DECEASED.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.—This ingenious lady was born (it is said) about the year 1762, in the north of England. About the age of eighteen years, she came to London as a literary adventurer, and, being introduced to the late Dr. Kippis, was recommended by him to the notice of the public. She soon obtained a considerable degree of reputation by various poems; but her fame has since declined. She injured her character, in the opinion of a great proportion of the community, by her zeal for the French revolution, which she endeavoured, by her writings, to render popular in this country. During its progress, she settled at Paris, and associated with the followers of Brissot.—Her details of the political state of France, though partial, are well written, and her account of the fall of Robespierre is the best that we have seen. As a woman of sense and humanity, she must have exulted in the ruin of that tyrant; and she had a personal motive for rejoicing, for she had been incarcerated by his order. In 1796, she published what appears to have been her chief work,—a *Sketch of the Politics of France*, in four volumes. Her *Tour to Switzerland* appeared in 1798; but it did not excite so much interest as her translation of Humboldt's *Travels in South-America*. As a friend of liberty, she could not approve Napoleon's assumption of arbitrary power; but she

lived peaceably under his sway, and also acquiesced in the restoration of the Bourbon family. She enjoyed the esteem of many friends, to whom she was an intelligent and agreeable companion.

Elizabeth, duchess dowager of Buccleuch and Queensbury.—This lady united to a strong and well-cultivated mind a refined taste for works of art, and her accomplishments were both useful and ornamental; but her chief praise was derived from her benevolence and liberality. She was called, emphatically, “the good duchess.” She was remarkably easy of access, always willing to help, yet solicitous to discriminate the character of all cases, and at once noble and prudent in her donations. Was a respectable tradesman borne down by a large family and adverse circumstances? she was aware that no petty boon would meet the exigencies of the case, and by large sums she averted the horrors of bankruptcy, and so supported the family in their appearance, that a suspicion of poverty never glanced toward them. As it was always her injunction to keep her gifts secret, many were assisted who did not presume to name their benefactress; but there were many hearts that could not contain the swelling gratitude which compelled them to thank the hand which rescued them from ruin.

“To every description of the poor,” says a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, “she was so constant a refuge, that it was well known numbers came to dwell in the vicinity of her seats, for the sake of partaking her bounty. Had a poor man an accident? she paid the surgeon for attending him, and sent to his family every Saturday his usual wages. Was the mother of a family or a child sick? every day restorative food was given by the kind duchess. The widow’s children were educated and apprenticed, and industry was encouraged and rewarded. Her hand, even when aged and tremulous, could always write orders for relieving the distant object not less than that which pressed upon her sight. ‘Give help to all, ask for rent from none,’ were words I once read myself, in a hurried note written to her man of business, when he was sent by her on an errand of mercy. Macneil, in his *Skaihe of Scotland*, in relating the affecting story of a deserted

wife and her babes restored to happiness and virtue by charitable aid, said, almost fifty years ago,

‘Who’s the angel but Buccleuch?’

It is said, that during the life-time of the duke her husband, they jointly gave away no less than thirty thousand pounds a-year in charity, and that, during her widow-hood, she devoted nearly as much to the same purpose.”

Mr. Henry Neele.—He was the son of an engraver of maps and heraldry, and was born in London, in 1798; and, after receiving an ordinary education at Kentish-town, he was articled to an attorney. As he had evinced at school an inclination for poetry, he sometimes, in all probability, “penned a stanza when he should have engrossed;” but we do not find that he so far neglected the duties of his profession, as to deserve reproof or excite censure. He was at length admitted to the privilege of practice, and, if he did not shine among the ablest solicitors, he was at least considered as an intelligent manager of business. Before he acted for himself in this department, he had published a volume of lyrical and other poems, which, though they bore the marks of youth, afforded a promise of future excellence. He afterwards tried his skill in dramatic poetry, but did not excel in it, because he did not sufficiently explore the recesses of the human heart; yet some indications of strong feeling appear in his dramas. Being an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, he wrote some critical essays on the works of the immortal bard, and undertook a pilgrimage to his shrine at Stratford, where a friend read one of these compositions to an admiring audience. A series of lectures on English poetry in general, being prepared by Mr. Neele with great pains and study, were delivered by him, in 1826, at the Russell Institution, and produced both emolument and fame. His *Romance of History* we lately reviewed with approbation.

He was short in stature, but his features were expressive, and he had “an eye of fire.” He was good-tempered and cheerful, kind and generous; his manners were easy and agreeable; and he had a turn for conviviality which is said to have sometimes led him beyond the strict limits of temperance. We

are sorry to add, that the over-working of his brain, or the irritability of his nerves, produced a derangement which terminated in suicide, at a time when he had no apparent incitement to melancholy or despondence.

PHILOSOPHIC LOVE.

AMONG the philosophers who flourished under the first James and his son, Sir Kenelm Digby held a dignified, if not the highest rank; and he was not only a sage, but a man of gallantry and address. His private memoirs have been lately published from the original manuscript; and it appears, from his own account, that his philosophy did not preclude the most ardent and persevering attachment to a lady whose honor was publicly questioned and impeached.

Venetia Stanley was a young lady of high descent and of great attractions; and a frequent interchange of visits, between her guardians and the mother of young Kenelm, led to the passion of which the lover is the historian, and which he paints with enthusiastic and unaffected feeling. His motive for having composed the picture at all, is curious, and is frankly avowed.—“If these loose papers should have the fortune to fall into any man’s hands, to which they were never designed, I desire that this last scrawl may beg pardon for the rest; all which I am so far from justifying, that I know the only way to preserve me from censure, is the not owning of them. But since the remembrance of the original cause that hath drawn these lines from me, is so sweet, that I cannot choose but nourish whatsoever refresheth it in me, which appeared in that I had not the power to sacrifice these trifles in the fire, wherunto my judgement had condemned them; and that, if ever they come to be seen by any, their author and scope cannot choose but be known, my follies being therein so lively expressed, that no hand but my own could have traced them so exactly, I will ingenuously confess how I came to spend any time upon so vain a subject, hoping that I may in some measure be excused when it shall be known that in the weaving of this loose web, which was done without any art or care, I employed only the few empty spaces of tedious

hours, which would have been in danger to have been worse filled if I had not taken hold of this occasion of diversion, which my continual thoughts administered to me. You that read, then, may take notice, that after a long and violent storm, which took me between Rhodes and Candia, and separated from me all the vessels of my fleet, it was my misfortune to fall in with the island of Milo, where, while I stayed to mend the defects of a leaky ship, and to expect the relics of the tempest’s fury, I was courteously invited ashore by a person of quality of that place; whereunto, when I had settled my important business in a good train, I willingly condescended, being very confident of the friendliness of that people, but more in the strength that I had there, which was such, that they had more reason to beware doing me any displeasure, than I to fear any attempt of theirs; and hoping that through the pleasantness of that place and the conveniences of the shore, I might somewhat refresh myself, who was then much distempered in body and suffered great affliction in my mind. But more time passing before my other ships came thither to me than in reason I could expect, and my books (which used to be my faithful and never-failing companions) being all left abroad through the negligence or rather mistake of my servant, who thought I would not have stayed longer than one night ashore, I passed my time there with much solitude, and my best entertainment was with my own thoughts; which being contrary to the manner of most men, unless it be when melancholy hath seized their minds, who deem no state delightful that is not quickened by exterior pleasures. I soon perceived that my courteous host was much troubled at my retirement, omitted nothing that might avail to divert me from it, and, among other things, made me a liberal offer to interest me in the good graces of several of the most noted beauties of that place, who, in all ages have been known to be no niggards of their favours, which might, peradventure, have been welcome accepted by another that, like me, had youth, strength, and a long time of being at sea, to excuse him if he had yielded to such a temptation. But I, that had fresh in my soul the idea of so divine and virtuous a beauty, that others. in

balance with her's, did but serve to show the weakness and misery of their sex, thought it no mastery to overcome it; but yet was in some perplexity how to refuse my friend's courtesy, without seeming uncivil. In the end, after some debate with myself, I concluded that the best way for me would be to pretend some serious business, which of necessity did call upon me to write many despatches, and into several places; and thus, without his offence or suspicion, I might enjoy solitude and liberty. Indeed, my pretence was not altogether a feigned one, many extraordinary accidents having involved me in several intricacies; but, my facility of setting down on paper my low conceptions having been ever very great, I soon made an end of what concerned business, and then continuing my former method of contemplation, which I did with the more devotion, having overcome the late assault, I soon found that one's thoughts and mind may out-work themselves by being too eagerly and too long fixed upon one object, and withal, many times the memory of some passages which afforded me great delight, stole unexpectedly upon me, I having of long time before forgotten them, and being then fearful of doing the like again; which was the cause that, having pen, ink, and paper by me, I deemed it both a good diversion for the present, and pains that would hereafter administer me much content, to set down in writing my wandering fantasies as they presented themselves to me; which I did suddenly in loose sheets of borrowed paper, and that in not so full a manner as might be intelligible to any other; but so that to me, who was thoroughly acquainted with all the dependencies of them, it might serve for an index to reduce the rest into my remembrance. Wherefore I give warning beforehand, that no man hath reason to lose any time in perusing so trivial a discourse of a young and unstayed head as this is, which was at the first begun only for my own recreation, and then continued and since preserved only for my own private content."

While Sir Kenelm was on his travels, an attempt was made by a nobleman to seduce the affections of Venetia. Unsuccessful in the customary mode of proceeding, he managed, with the assistance of her governess, to carry her

into the country; but, by the aid first of sheets, and then of her garters, she contrived to escape from the chamber to which she had been conveyed, and wandered about the fields and woods. When she was in danger of being attacked by a wild beast, she was opportunely rescued by another gallant, who propagated a report of the death of her first lover. Although she rejected the addresses of her third suitor, it was rumored that an improper intercourse existed between them, which Kenelm partly attributed to his speaking more lavishly of her favors than he had ground for. This report induced her, at the earnest request of her friends, to consent to marry her defender, who caused splendid preparations to be made for the nuptials, and had her portrait painted by an excellent artist, which he used to show as a glorious trophy of her conquered affections.

Hearing of the imputations which "prejudiced the lady's honor," and also of the proposed marriage, Kenelm was so shocked, that he gave unrestrained indulgence to his resentment and rage: but the intelligence of the rupture of the matrimonial treaty, on the part of the new lover, restored the philosopher to composure, and he at length, in defiance of the remonstrances of his friends, gave his hand to Venetia. His vindication of his conduct is eloquently spirited:—"I must acknowledge that I have studied so much as to be very well informed that no knowledge is comparable to the knowledge of one's self, and that all other learning is vain which teacheth not to better the mind, and that the deepest speculations are but difficult trifles, if they be not employed to guide men's actions in the path of virtue, and directed to gain peace and tranquillity to the soul; and that their labour is very ridiculous, who strive to make their memory the storehouse of many infructuous notions. And for being cold in thrusting myself into great actions, such as usually entice away the affections of young men, whose spirits are unstayed through the intemperate heat of their boiling blood, I hope I shall be pardoned at the least by those that know how happy a thing it is to live to one's self; for, certainly, no exterior thing in this world is worthy the exchanging one's leisure for it; and, when we depart from the inward contentments that we may always enjoy at our own

pleasure, we are tormented with the desire of future things, and are glutted with the present, so that our life becometh tedious, and we taste nothing but vexations. I conceive that all men naturally desire to live happily, as being the greatest blessing this life can afford us; but in the chase of this state most men steer different courses, and the greatest part lose it in seeking it: for my part, I esteem that life blessed, which is led according to nature; which cannot be, unless a man's mind be vigorous and sound, so as to know no greater good than what he can give himself; the contrary to which is, when we let rumours take so deep impression in us, as to cause us to alter our resolutions and curb our desires, whereby we come to live not by reason, but according to example and to the opinion that will be entertained of us; which of all servitudes is the greatest, men obliging themselves to believe the most voices, and enthralling their understandings and judgements to others' errors. And when the world shall know how little I value their censures, I believe they will soon grow weary of persecuting me with them; which I do not through obstinacy or stupidity of nature, but for the vanity that I observe in all their proceedings, and because I know that he is not happy or unhappy that is thought so, but he only that feeleth and thinketh himself so. But I wonder much that you, who have so elevated a soul, should judge according to their rule, and so heavily condemn the affection in me which you take notice of, and is not possible for me to disguise. I feel this in it, that, besides the settling of a young man's straying and wandering courses, it polisheth the mind and refineth it by causing it to work upon itself, and to neglect all things that conduce not to the bettering or to the quiet of it, which far exceedeth all the favours that fortune can heap upon me, for they are always in her inconstant hand to take away again, but nothing can touch or disturb this, if one betray not one's self. This diverteth the mind from weaker and meaner passions, and filleth it with excess of joy; only one ought to be cautious in choosing upon whom to place it, and then it is the true office of a wise and honest man; for I think I can prove that love is the noblest action that human nature can ex-

tend itself unto. I am sure this hath corrected many infirmities and natural imperfections which had deep seeds in me; and will do the like in any one that desireth to appear worthy to her that he so highly affecteth, and, therefore, calleth often his passions to a strict account before the tribunal of reason.— But, setting aside all other arguments, I will confess ingenuously that I love Venetia, and cannot but love her; her perfections merit it: but for the present let those pass, and be not displeased with me that I say I love her because she is she, and I am I. The stars that are above us, and our reason, have a great stroke in our affections, how free soever our wills may be; but, withal, add her extreme affection to me, and then suppose I could master my own, and withdraw it; yet how ungenerous should I be, and with what heart could I endure to break her heart that loveth me better than herself, and that hath obliged me to do the like towards her? for noble minds are more touched with the joy and sorrow that happen to their dear friends, than with their own, especially when they are the procurers of it. But why should you or the world so much inveigh against my choosing her? Their judgements are accompanied with vanity; let not your's be so; but examine her actions thoroughly, before you condemn her; for you can give no solid reason why she should be less valued for her former affection, since, looking into the reality of it, and finding it to be on worthy grounds on her side, you must consent that her innocence is not impeached."

JANUARY AND MAY; *from the Novel of Belmour, written by the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer.*

LADY ROSEBERG was at the very pinnacle of fashion, admired and respected. She had been married at sixteen to lord Roseberg, who, beside being above sixty, was in his appearance disgusting, while his understanding and manners were by no means calculated to redeem the faults of his person; but he had an immense estate, entirely in his own power, no children by a former marriage, and offered *carte blanche* as to settlements. Miss Rayfield had not sixpence in the world, and the affairs of

her father were so involved in some India transactions, not much to his credit, that from him she had nothing to expect, and his only hopes for her future establishment were to be derived from the bargain made in consideration of her youth and powerful charms. She had so well profited by his maxims, assisted by certain intuitive principles, inherent in her own breast, that she saw in perspective all the advantages she might derive from a marriage with a rich peer, and was little less anxious for its accomplishment, on the first overtures made by his lordship, than her prudential and calculating father. The marriage was therefore shortly concluded: and, as the whole of the business had passed in the country, where at a race-hall she had been seen, admired, and followed by the enamoured peer, she made her appearance for the first time on the theatre of fashion in London, in the character of a *victim*, cruelly sacrificed to age and ugliness, and was almost as universally pitied as she was universally admired.

She was received with kindness and attentions even by lord Roseberg's family: for, though they would rather he had not married at all, they were at least pleased that he had not fallen a prey to something much worse, as he was well known all his life to have been led by *some* woman, and indeed to be the certain dupe of almost *any* woman that would take the trouble to impose on him by cajoling and flattery: yet the task was not easy, as the narrowness of his mind rendered him suspicious, and his total dependence on others for amusement and occupation, fretful and discontented. But once thoroughly lulled into a security, in which he found his own ease, and constant attention to humor his every trifling caprice and fancy, there was little to fear from his penetration.

Lady Roseberg had not naturally a vicious character; she was good-natured and compassionate; and, perhaps, under other circumstances than those in which she was placed, might in some measure have really merited the respect and consideration she for a long time

obtained from the world; but an excessive love of pleasure, and a too great facility in its gratification, proved her ruin, and finally overset all the barriers her good sense, prudence, and judgment, had opposed to its violence. She ceased wholly to respect herself, and shortly after lost the respect she vainly hoped by art and duplicity to extort from others. When Belmour became attached to her, she was in the zenith of her charms; her conduct to her lord had appeared exemplary, and scarcely was the voice of calumny heard louder than a whisper against her. Young men, it is true, were always of her society; but her manner to them was easy and unconstrained, and the first step to admission into her house was by proper attentions to her husband; and, though she followed the full torrent of fashionable amusements, went late to every place, and came late from every place, it was always in company with women of approved character and reputation, near relations of her lord, or such as in themselves, according to the opinion of the world, must be of advantage to her. In private society, she was never known to show even a shadow of disgust or contempt for her husband.—Some, indeed, were of opinion that in her manner to him she carried this forbearance too far the other way, and *must* have reasons for thus affecting what could not be sincere. Be this as it may, she had by her prudence gained a degree of consideration which, united to her youth, beauty, and captivating manner, rendered her the most followed and most admired woman in the bright circle of fashion.

LOVE FANCILFULLY DESCRIBED:

with a fine Engraving.

AMONG the national airs selected by Mr. Bishop from various sources, and furnished by that able composer with symphonies and accompaniments, we meet with a pleasing Florentine melody, for which Mr. Moore has supplied the following appropriate words:

When night brings the hour of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower a fairy-wing'd boy:
With eyes so bright, so full of wild arts,
Like nets of light, to tangle young hearts.

With lips in whose keeping love's secret might dwell,
Like zephyrs asleep in some rosy sea-shell.

Guess who he is;
Name but his name;
And his best kiss
For reward you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground he prints his light feet.
The flowers are found most shining and sweet;
His looks, as soft as light'ning in May,
Though dangerous off, ne'er wound but in play;
And oh! when his wings have brush'd over my lyn
You'd fancy its strings were all turning to fire.
Guess who he is, &c.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS, by J. Cradock, M.A. 1828.

MR. CRADOCK, formerly a member of the Johnsonian club, published, two years ago, an entertaining volume of anecdotes and recollections; and, as the work was favorably received, he gratified the public with another volume, not long before his death. Mr. Nichols the printer, being one of his executors, has now brought forward two additional volumes, consisting of selections from the papers of his deceased friend. Various parts are trifling, and some of the communications are not new; but many parts may be read with pleasure and interest.

The Earl of Sandwich and Miss Ray.—His lordship had a way of what Mr. Bates and I termed badgering, which was not quite pleasant to all; I have seen even his friend lord Denbigh excessively annoyed. As for ourselves, we always fought again; for example, in a large company, he said, 'Now here is Cradock; he makes the strangest assertion that you can possibly think of; he says, if a man wears a wig, he ought to be punctual; but punctuality ought to be dispensed with, if he wears his own hair.'—'My lord, my assertion is, that, if your lordship has walked out, you have only to change your scratch for your full-dressed wig; but, if I am to dine out, I must sometimes wait half an hour for my hair-dresser.'—'Oh! very well; then the hair-dresser is to be the regulator of your time.'

'Lord Sandwich was a steady friend; never kept any one in unnecessary suspense; was exceedingly clear in his answers to all letters, mostly written

with his own hand; and I once recollect his receiving one day seventy when at Leicester. Few could have preserved such temper during his eventful and vexatious administration; for he then was the most assiduous and active of all the ministers.

* * * * *
'When dressed, he had a dignified appearance; but, to see him in the street, he had an awkward, careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him, one of them remarked, 'I think it is lord Sandwich coming;' the other replied, that he thought he was mistaken.—'Nay,' says the gentleman, 'I am sure it is lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once.' But the earl gave a better anecdote of himself: 'When I was at Paris I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him I offered him any service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, 'I should take it as a particular favor if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance.'

* * * * *
'I did not know his lordship in early life; but this I can attest, and call any contemporary to ratify, who might have been present, that we never heard an oath or the least profligate conversation at his table in our lives. Miss Ray's behaviour was particularly circumspect. The elegant Mrs. Hinchcliffe, lady of the bishop of Peterborough, attended one night with a party. She had never seen Miss Ray before, and she feelingly said afterwards, 'I was really hurt to sit directly opposite to her, and mark her discreet conduct, and yet to find it improper to notice her.' She was so as-

siduous to please, was so very excellent, yet so unassuming, I was quite charmed with her; yet a seeming cruelty to her took off the pleasure of my evening.'—At that time a good anecdote was in circulation. A certain witty lady of quality, at the opera-house, curtsied to a lady of rather equivocal character; when another, much more discreet, immediately addressed her; 'I was surprised to see your ladyship notice that person; you surely cannot exactly know all about her.'—'Not I,' said the lady of quality, carelessly: 'perhaps you do, madam; is it catching?'

Dr. Hawkesworth and his Lady.—“I became intimate with Dr. Hawkesworth at lord Sandwich's table at the Admiralty, where I constantly met him about the time of his publishing Cook's Voyages. He was a most agreeable companion; but he became careless and luxurious, hurt his constitution by high living, and was consequently very unhappy. His excellent and intelligent wife was always discreet; and had the management of his great work, the Voyages, been left entirely with her, nothing either immoral or offensive would have appeared in it. I never knew till lately how much merit in former publications was due to her. She was an unassuming woman, of very superior talent. The doctor never 'sinned' but against himself. He was quite finical in his dress, by which he sometimes rendered himself subject to ridicule, though a favourite with all.”

The duke of Newcastle, the Minister.—He appeared sickly and emaciated. It was unaccountable to me, that, so much as he had been ridiculed by Foote on the stage, he could not restrain himself, even in the street, from seising your head and holding it between his hands, whilst perhaps he would ask the most unmeaning and trifling questions. His table was the most splendid and luxurious that could be conceived, yet he almost always confined himself to the plainest food. There might be vanity, and some strange external inconsistencies; but there always appeared to me to be a steady disinterested integrity about him, and I shall always with the utmost gratitude revere his memory.”

Dr. Johnson and his Imitators.—“Of Dr. Johnson's manner Garrick was a great mimic, and by imitations at times rendered him abundantly ridiculous. Tom Davies monopolised his

laugh, and his laugh was that of a rhinoceros; but, in a plain, dictatorial style, Mr. John Nichols, from a long acquaintance, could generally speak most like the venerable Innuary.”

The Biographer of Socrates.—Mr. John Gilbert Cooper was an extraordinary man. He possessed a fine person, was an excellent classic scholar, and no man was admitted into loftier society; he was bred at Westminster, was a gentleman by birth and fortune, and a man of the most brilliant wit and ready conversation I ever knew.

Satirical Propensity of the Poet Gray.—As Mr. Gray was very shy and distant, few guessed at his 'peculiar humour,' as Hurd was pleased to term it; he was generally seen through the melancholy medium of his own Churchyard Elegy. From recollection, I am sure lord Sandwich was aware of him; for, about the time he offered himself as high steward, contrary to his usual maxim of not seeing an enemy on public occasions, he once said to me, I have my private reasons for knowing of his absolute inveteracy. Of this I have now seen proof in the poem of Jemmy Twitcher, published by Mr. Mitford, and directly applying to that contest.—His Long Story indeed had been printed; but the world in general did not see the meaning of it, and it was every where disputed whether there was in it any humour or not. Many light satires perhaps have since been given to him that he did not write, but certainly very like him: take that, for instance, on the Cambridge Condolence and Congratulation on the Death of King George the Second, and the Accession of George the Third.

'The Old One's dead,
And in his stead
The New One takes his place;
Then sing and sigh,
And laugh and cry,
With dismal cheerful face.'

Different Characters of two Bishops.—“I have mentioned that Hurd and Warburton were totally dissimilar.—Hurd could read none but the 'best things.' Warburton, on the contrary, when tired with controversy, would send to the circulating libraries for all the trash of the town, and the bishop would laugh by the hour at all the absurdities he glanced at. The learned world could never guess whence he obtained

so many low anecdotes; for his conversation and some of his letters were at times complete comedy. Another instance of contrast between the two bishops:—one would have gone to Bath from Prior-Park on a scrub pony: the other, when he went from Worcester to Bristol Hot-Wells, was attended by twelve servants, not from ostentation, but, as he thought, necessary dignity annexed to his situation and character."

The Explorer of the Nile.—"I became intimate with Bruce at admiral Walsingham's. 'Who,' says the intelligent Dr. Dibdin, has not heard of Bruce? His tale was once suspected, but suspicion has sunk into an acquiescence in its truth." His accounts militated against some more favored voyages, of which great pains were taken to promote the sale. The friends of Bruce indeed produced many proofs of the prejudices that had been excited against him; and I rather felt that some facts were industriously dwelt upon before me, as being intimate with lord Sandwich. I made a direct reply, that I knew that the earl always mentioned the Abyssinian travels in terms of admiration. Bruce and I became afterwards much acquainted, and he showed me the fine gold medals of many of the Ptolemies. He was a large man, and in an evening rather splendidly dressed; he had a most extraordinary complaint, which could not be well accounted for: when he attempted to speak, his whole stomach suddenly seemed to heave like the bellows of an organ. He spoke of it as having originated in Abyssinia, but that it since remained (under various advice) much the same in every climate. One evening, when he appeared rather agitated, it lasted much longer than usual, and was so violent that it alarmed the company."

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1828.

February 22.—Alleged Seduction of a Boy by a Lady and her Confederates.—This case excited great interest in Ireland. Mr. Grady, the barrister, indicted Mrs. Richards and several accomplices for a conspiracy to carry off his son, a simple school-boy, with an intent that he should contract marriage with her daughter Ellen. It was stated that the boy had fallen into the snare,

and that a Gretna-Green marriage was the consequence. Such a letter was produced on the part of the prosecutor, as showed that Ellen was a bold loose girl; but its authenticity was denied by the defendants, who not only vindicated her character and conduct, but maintained that the youth, far from being inveigled by art, was particularly forward and active in the business, "knew what he was about, and had his eyes open." The imputed offence, therefore, was thought not to be within the statute of queen Anne, and the indictment became nugatory.

28.—The arrival of the Turkish manifesto excited a strong sensation. It breathed resentment and defiance against all the enemies of the Moslem faith: but its hostility was principally directed against the Russians, who were accused of having systematically aimed, for the last fifty years, at the ruin or dismemberment of the Turkish empire.—"At length (says the sultan in this curious state-paper) the Russians drew the English and French into an alliance, under the pretence of rescuing the Greeks from oppression, and it was arrogantly proposed that the Porte should relinquish all interference in the affairs of those rebels, and give up its lawful authority over them in return for a trifling tribute. As these proposals tended to draw gradually into the hands of the Christians all those parts of Europe and Asia in which the Greeks were mingled with the Moslems, and (O horrible profanation!) to convert mosques into churches, they could not be accepted consistently with a due regard to reason, law, policy, or religion; but, as it was expedient to temporise, while preparations were made for war, evasive replies were made, and the negotiations were protracted." (*This is a plain confession of insincerity and duplicity on the part of the grand signor.*)—"Proud of their naval superiority, the confederates obstinately insisted on the acceptance of their offers, and prevented the Turkish and Egyptian fleets, sent to chastise the insurgents, from attacking the islands and the fortresses. The two squadrons, having entered the port of Navarino, were quietly expecting new instructions from the Porte, when the Christian fleets, which unexpectedly entered the same harbour as friends, began to fire all three together, and thus perfidiously made war without declaring

it. The sultan's moderation, however, induced him to listen to those allegations which imputed the blame of the action to his commanders, and to promise that the Greeks, on their submission, should be pardoned and even favored: but, as the three powers still peremptorily required that Attica, the Morea, and the isles of the Archipelago, should be pronounced independent, no agreement with such determined enemies could be expected. As war therefore was unavoidable, all the faithful were called upon to exert their most strenuous efforts in the defence of their religion and their country, being well assured that, if they should fall in so holy a cause, eternal salvation would be their reward."

This manifesto furnished the Russian potentate with a pretext for attacking the Turks in his own name. He was pleased at the opportunity of aggrandisement, and prepared for an invasion of the Turkish provinces, vindicating his intended hostilities by a reference to the sultan's violation of the treaty of Ackerman, and also by an allegation of recent injuries. We do not see how this conduct, on his part, can justly excite the alarm with which it has filled our cabinet. If he and Francis and Frederic should severally take a *slice of Turkey*, the balance of European power will remain nearly the same; and, with regard to the Greek contest, the czar is not released, by the new branch of hostility which he meditates, from the obligations of the treaty of London; or, if he should not adhere to his engagements in that respect, Great-Britain and France may settle without his aid the affairs of Greece. Let our bold minister remonstrate with him; but to attack him by arms would be unnecessary and impolitic.

28.—*A calamitous Accident.* On the spot where the Royalty Theatre stood, which was some years ago destroyed by fire, a new and elegant structure (the Royal Brunswick Theatre) had rapidly risen, which was opened, on the 25th, with a respectable company; but mischief lurked under a fair exterior. The eagerness of the proprietors (Mr. Maurice and Mr. Carruthers) for its speedy completion, had induced them to announce that it would be opened so early as the 31st of January; and, when they found the performance of that rash promise impracticable, they still precipitated

the grand display of their histrionic and scenic attractions. Before the day of opening, doubts were entertained of the substantiality and security of the building; but these suspicions were over-ruled and silenced by the authority of the masters of the theatre, and a rehearsal of *Guy Mannering* was ordered. This business was on the point of commencing, when a strange noise was heard. It was not a cracking, but a rumbling sound, which continued for many seconds. One of the lustres then fell; an awful crash immediately ensued, and the roof fell with destructive weight. Many were buried under the ruins, while some escaped by great presence of mind and fortunate circumstances. Mr. Maurice, the Misses Fearon and Freeman, and eight other persons, lost their lives, and others were bruised and severely injured.

An inquiry into the cause of this dreadful misfortune was regularly instituted by the coroner. In the course of the examination it appeared, that even some of the common workmen, who are not very quick-sighted on these occasions, considered the building as unsafe, and those who superintended their operations were still more impressed with ideas of danger. Mr. Pound, a director of the brick-work, said, "he always thought that the hanging of great weights from the iron roof would endanger the house; but he had never expressed that apprehension to any person, and indeed did not trouble his head about the matter, *because it was not his business.*"

Here we may remark, that this sort of delicacy, which avoids intermeddling in the particular departments of others, in a case which may affect human life, argues a great want of feeling. It reminds us of an officer of the royal household of Spain, who, when the king was seriously incommoded in a close room by a very fierce fire, suffered his master to catch a fever which proved fatal, rather than offer any aid or service which did not fall within the circle of his ordinary duties.

Mr. Whitwell, the architect, taking notice of the objections of many persons to a metal roof, said that this, which was of wrought iron, was lighter than one of wood, and sufficient in every respect for all the purposes for which it was constructed; but he added, that he had frequently remonstrated against the im-

proper use of the roof; for a large floor, extending over a great part of the house, likewise all the floors over the stage, and all the machinery, were supported chiefly by being suspended from the roof, in repugnance to the object of that part of the building. Notice of the probable failure of the roof under its enormous load was given, he said, above 24 hours before the catastrophe; but he was kept in utter ignorance of this most important circumstance.—Hence it appears, that the negligence, blindness, and precipitancy of the proprietors, led to all the mischief.

Accident at Manchester.—On the same day, thirty-seven persons were hurried into eternity by the alleged mismanagement of the conductors of a ship-launch. When this misfortune was mentioned to some intelligent ship-carpenters at Liverpool, one of them remarked, “that it was in the highest degree dangerous to suffer so large a number of persons (about 200) to be on the deck of the flat during the launch, more especially as the vessel was launched with her masts and rigging up. A vessel without ballast is peculiarly liable to be swayed on one side by any weight on the deck, and that liability is of course much increased when the masts are up. At our port it is customary not to allow more than forty persons to be on deck, even at the launching of a large ship without its masts.”

March 17.—A Clown's Farewell.—A merry fellow was Joe Grimaldi before his illness; and, when he lately acted the part of a drunken man at Sadler's Wells, he showed that he had some remains of mirth and pleasantry. At the close of the performances, he advanced to the front of the stage, while the players silently arranged themselves on each side, and thus addressed the audience.—“Ladies and Gentlemen, many persons here present—judging from my appearance—no doubt look upon me as a very aged man. I will convince them of the contrary. I was born on the 18th of December, in the year 1779—consequently, on the 18th of last December, I completed my forty-eighth year. It is not age, therefore, that has thus bowed me down, but disease; and I humbly submit to the affliction. Before I was three years old, I was engaged to perform at this theatre; and I have remained its constant and faithful servant even until now,—a period of

forty-five years. In the course of that time, I have arrived—I hope I may say it without being accused of vanity—at the very top of my profession (*applause and cries*,—‘You have! you have!’)—and my path thereto has been continually cheered, and my humble exertions fostered and encouraged by your kind indulgence and liberal support.—But my race is ended—(No! no! no!)—for these four years past, I have laboured under serious and continual indisposition, and I have no hope left that I shall ever again be able to appear before you—I feel that it is impossible; but that you may enjoy uninterrupted health—that blessing which alone can make this life comfortable—shall be the earnest prayer of Joe Grimaldi to the last hour of his existence. Before I conclude, permit me to say, that the proprietors of this establishment have, in the most handsome manner, given me the use of the theatre for this night gratuitously (*they ought to give you a pension for life!* cried several voices.) My kind friends the performers, by whom I am now surrounded—the gentlemen of the orchestra—all—all have freely given me their services to enable me to appear before you this last time, and for my own exclusive benefit. To you—to them—I offer my heartfelt thanks, and I—I can only say, God bless you all!—Farewell!”

A MEMOIR OF MR. BISHOP, *the Composer; with a Portrait.*

THOSE who contribute to the “stock of harmless pleasure,” deserve the respect of society. In this point of view, the able and successful cultivators of the science of music are entitled to distinct and honorable notice. We therefore embrace the opportunity of tracing the public progress of Mr. Henry Rowley Bishop.

He was born in London, and in his early youth was placed under the musical tuition of the celebrated Francesco Bianchi. In the year 1806, he commenced that course by which he is still distinguished, by composing some of the airs for the ballet of Tamerlane and Bajazet. Another piece of the same kind soon followed, called Narcissus and the Graces, for which he furnished the music. About two years afterwards, he appeared to greater advantage in the

grand ballet called *Caractacus*, and, in 1809, the opera of the *Circassian Bride*, performed at Drury-lane Theatre, placed his abilities in a conspicuous point of view. On the next night after the first representation of this piece, that house was destroyed by fire, and the scores of the new opera were entirely consumed in the flames. This music had been received with enthusiasm by those who were qualified to criticise it, and there are specimens still occasionally performed, such as the duet of 'I'll love thee,' which amply communicate the extent of the loss. It was not, however, an irreparable misfortune, and Mr. Bishop's tide of fortune was not to be turned by such a loss; for the proprietors of Covent-garden theatre, seeing his merits and knowing how to employ them, formed an engagement with him for three years, to compose and direct the music of that establishment. He entered on this important office in 1810. The first piece, in consequence of this arrangement, upon which Mr. Bishop's talents were employed, was a musical drama in three acts, by Norton, selected from Scott's poem of the *Lady of the Lake*, with some unimportant variations, and produced as the *Knight of Snowdon*. In the music of this piece he displayed a degree of talent seldom surpassed by British composers. Before the expiration of this engagement, the *Virgin of the Sun*, the *Æthiop*, and the *Renegade*, were produced; and the great musical picture of a storm and earthquake, which enriched the first of these pieces, will be long and rapturously remembered. A fresh engagement, for five years, was now concluded; and when we say that Mr. Bishop signalled it immediately by the *Miller and his Men*, no ampler proof can be given of the indications with which it

commenced. A melo-dramatic piece, styled *For England Ho!* next enabled him to maintain the impression which his prior works had made; and, during the five years, he composed a variety of pieces, some of which reflected high credit on his talents.

In 1819, he became a joint proprietor of the oratorios with Mr. Harris. The next year, a separation of interests occurred, and these splendid performances were conducted by Mr. Bishop upon his own responsibility, and under his entire control. Arrangements had been made which invested him with the same degree of power for seven successive seasons; he profited, however, by a clause in the contract to relinquish them at the end of the first, and withdrew to the continuance of those theatrical avocations which they had too sensibly interrupted.

A great public honor was paid to Mr. Bishop in the autumn of 1820, when he visited Dublin, and received the freedom of that city by an unanimous vote. On the institution of the Philharmonic Society, he was appointed one of its directors. He also belongs to the royal academy of music, as a professor of harmony; and he now conducts the musical establishment at Drury-lane Theatre.

He is said to have been concerned in the production of more than seventy theatrical pieces; of this number, more than half are his own unassisted compositions. He also supplied the music of three tragedies, the *Apostate*, *Retribution*, and *Mirandola*, and a *Triumphal Ode*, performed at the oratorios; and he has published a multiplicity of single songs, duets, and glees. He arranged the *Melodies of various Nations*, and the *National and Popular Airs*, now in progress, are adjusted and harmonised by his skill and experience.

Fine Arts.

The British Institution.—Our artists certainly do not degenerate, if we may judge from the new exhibition of their works. We perceive many pieces of great merit, and there are very few, if any, that deserve either severe censure or absolute contempt.

Among the most striking pictures we may rank the *Amphitrite* of Mr.

Hilton. The sea-goddess is a beautiful figure, escorted amidst the waves by Tritons, whose swelling conchs attest her joyful progress. To a classical scholar the subject may be more interesting than to an ordinary observer; but even the latter will be pleased with the elegance and spirit of the representation.

The Beheading of the Doge of Venice, Marino Faliero, by Delacroix, though an unfinished piece, displays considerable merit. A critic properly observes, that "it makes a direct appeal to the imagination, the feeling, and the judgement, without any commonplace trick or affectation. On the landing-place of the staircase is the scene of execution; and above, in a raised gallery, are collected the members of the senate, one of whom, having received the sword from the executioner, is holding it up, and exclaiming to the populace below, "Justice has punished a traitor." The attitude of this figure is simple and natural. But the scene of death itself is (as it should be) the most important feature in the picture. It is conceived with power and originality, and with a correct feeling of the appalling and the dreadful. The headless body of the doge is stretched upon the ground; a cloke covers the ghastly object, leaving the imagination to dwell in surmise upon that which would only give disgust by being made too palpable; and, at a distance from the trunk, the cloke betrays the situation of the head, which has an awful effect. But the most clever object is the figure of the executioner; and we cannot but think the conception of this character a touch of genius. There he stands, in a simple and untheatrical attitude, like a living mummy, as hard in feature as in limb. His gaunt figure, and unyielding, unmoved, and shockingly unfeeling face, stood before us nearly the whole of the night, in the full size of life, with all the appearance of reality, and with a very strong intensity of purpose. Another circumstance we would notice; that is, the judgement which the artist has shown in selecting the class and character of countenance in the groupe collected in the raised gal-

lery; they are not French or English men, but they are the national faces we meet with in the old paintings of the Italian school."

Mr. Etty, who has succeeded Mr. Flaxman as a royal academician, exhibits two new pieces,—Cupid pleading for Psyche, and Love now wakes, and wakens Love; but we cannot speak, in very high terms, of the merit of either, though we certainly do not say that they are below mediocrity.

Mr. R. T. Bone displays several pleasing pictures. His Titian in his Study combines an imitation of that great artist's tone of coloring with an approach to the manner of Rembrandt.

Who'll serve the King? by Mr. Farrier, may be adduced as a proof of his increasing skill. Nothing can be finer than the gay, swaggering air of theurchin who is endeavouring, by the offer of a gilt button, to enlist a poor little fellow, who appears half alarmed, and yet half tempted to join the infantile band, marching up in "most admired disorder," with shouts of merriment, which are almost audible.

We admire Mr. Gill's Young Draught-Players. The piece is well colored, and very neatly finished; and the figures are natural and characteristic. To the Dancing Dogs of the same artist we must also allow the tribute of praise.

A strong though transient interest is excited by Mr. Parker's Smugglers alarmed. The alarm is well expressed, and not in such a mode as to detract from the general spirit of those characters.

Mr. Edwin Landseer's Deer fallen from a Precipice cannot be viewed without feeling for the eventual fate of a fine animal, exposed to the attacks of ferocious birds. The subject is treated in a masterly manner.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE star of this house continues to shine brightly. Madame Pasta exerts her talents so effectually, that the enraptured amateurs say, "No person of taste can grudge her the five thousand pounds which she will have for the sea-

son:—ten thousand pounds would not be too great a recompence for her superlative merit." It might be deemed a sort of musical heresy to say that she is overpaid. Her recent performance, in *Il Crociato in Egitto*, was admirable. The manner in which she threw feeling, soul, animation, and tenderness, into

her character, forcibly struck every observer. Perhaps the finest thing that she executed was her solo in the second act, where she lamented the wretched state of her heart, and evinced anxiety at the absence of her son. The contrast between this poignancy of feeling and the lightness of heart displayed when she imagined to herself the approach of the youth, was exquisite, and produced a most thrilling effect on the house.—Madame Schutz lately made her first appearance in this country. She performed the part of Sesto in Mozart's fine opera the *Clemenza di Tito*, and Madame Caradori resumed the part of Vitellia. The voice of the former lady is a *mezzo soprano*, possessing sufficient compass and flexibility to give effect to the execution of the most difficult passages.—Her duet with Caradori in the first scene, *Come ti piace, imponi*, was much applauded and encored, as well as the celebrated *Deh perdona al primo affetto*, in the second act, which was sung in a truly excellent style by both ladies. At the conclusion of the opera, Madame Schutz, being loudly called for, presented herself to receive the congratulations of the audience.

As we ought not to speak exclusively of the singers, let us pay some attention to the dancers. The ballet of *Le Sicilien, ou l'Amant Peintre*, was reproduced with a view of introducing Mademoiselle Albert (daughter of the celebrated dancer of that name) to the acquaintance of a British audience. She was received with great applause. This young lady possesses a very good figure: all her attitudes are graceful, and all her steps bespeak an intimate acquaintance with her art. This ballet is lively, and the music is excellent.—Almost every instrument, except the violin, performs an agreeable solo.

A new ballet, called *Philis et Mèlibée, ou l'Amour Constant*, serves to show to advantage the grace and agility of Mademoiselle Brocard; but there is nothing striking in the subject.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A tragedy entitled *Don Pedro*, from the pen of lord Porchester, has lately been brought forward in the absence of the noble author, who is now wandering over Spain.—The plot is partly historical, and partly fictitious.—Pedro and his illegitimate brother, Henry of Trastamara, are rivals for the crown of Spain.

The former, who is surnamed the Cruel, gains possession of it, and also obtains the hand of Blanche of Bourbon, which had previously been promised to Henry, to whom she was strongly attached, and who was as warmly devoted to her.—At the opening of the tragedy, Pedro has discarded his queen (who remains in seclusion), and has resigned himself wholly to the influence of his mistress, Maria de Padilla, who employs herself in plans to destroy Blanche, in hopes of succeeding her on the throne. In this project she is aided by Rabau, a Jew, whose deadly enmity to the queen is produced by certain indignities which were offered to him in her presence chamber. This in itself is an insufficient motive, but he has no other, while he has much stronger grounds of hatred toward Maria, as he finds his own name in her list of devoted victims. Henry invades Spain for the seizure of the throne; and in the second act, under the disguise of a confessor, contrives to obtain an interview with Blanche, and learns that her affection for him is unchanged. The third act opens with a long scene between Pedro and Daniot, a wretch who is employed to poison the queen and throw her body into the river. We infer that this event is postponed by the rapid approach of Henry's forces, and we next find Maria borrowing money of Rabau, to sustain the expense of the war. During a banquet, at which the minstrels sing various appropriate songs, Henry learns that Blanche is closely confined by the order of Pedro, and that her life is in the most alarming danger. He accordingly proceeds with all haste to Seville; and while he is on the way, and at the moment when Blanche is expecting death, a sudden rescue arrives, as she imagines, in the person of Henry. It turns out to be no other than the Jew, disguised as a knight-errant, who thus endeavoured to gain possession of the person of Blanche, that he might wreak his vengeance upon her. The fifth act is full of business; in the interval a battle has been fought and Pedro defeated; and after an interview with Maria, who in vain endeavours to persuade him to fly, Henry enters and kills his brother, who dies with curses in his mouth. Maria takes poison just before Henry assails and captures the palace, and she informs him that she has taken care that Blanche shall not survive her,



Evening Dress.

Designed by Miss Parpington, & Engraved for the Lady's Magazine N^o. 3.



W. H. P. C. 1865

115 N. 10th St. N. W. W. H. P. C. 1865

having administered to her also a deadly draught. The queen enters at this moment, and dies in the arms of Henry.

The part of Maria de Padilla was judiciously assigned to Mrs. W. West, whose tragic powers are unequal to the passion and energy of such a character; and Miss Ellen Tree did not particularly distinguish herself in the representation of the injured queen. Cooper did not act as if the part of the tyrant pleased him, and Macready, as Henry, had few opportunities of shining.—Wallack's character (that of the Jew) was the best sustained both in the writing and in the performance. The tragedy was nearly condemned on the first evening, and the second seemed to consummate its ruin.

An actress of the name of Duff has appeared at this house, in the character of Isabella. This lady has a pleasing countenance and an elegant figure, and seems to possess a great knowledge of the business of the stage, with which she had opportunities of becoming familiarly acquainted on the boards of the Dublin theatre. The graceful ease of her deportment, her proper conception

of the author's meaning, and her impassioned manner in the delivery of the text, made a considerable impression upon the audience, which was very numerous. In portraying the various emotions which by turns afflict and excite the feelings, she displayed no ordinary share of talent. Biron was played by Macready, Villeroy by Cooper, and Carlos by Wallack. These performers did ample justice to their respective characters.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MR. KEAN having in a great measure recovered from his indisposition, his co-operation with Mr. C. Kemble and Mr. Young in the tragedy of Othello formed such an attraction, that the house soon contained many more persons than it could conveniently hold; and such a clamor arose during the first act, that it became expedient to allow, to those who complained, a return of the price of admission, or an order for another evening. Many accepted this offer, and retired; and the play proceeded with scarcely any other noise than the applause of the audience.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS is a dress of pink crape, with a broad border, *bouillonné*, over which are three detached full-blown roses. The body is plain, with a very broad falling tucker of blond; the sleeves are short and full, finished round the arm by a frill of blond. The head-dress is very much elevated on the summit, and puffs of white and silver riband, edged with pink, are intermingled with the bows of hair. The necklace is formed of two rows of pearls, with a girandole ornament in front, of three pear-pearls. A *bouquet* is worn on the right side of the bust, of a full-blown white rose, with its green foliage. The reticule is of brocaded silk, light green and silver, with superb tassels.

WALKING DRESS.

THE new costume for the promenade consists of a high dress of *gros de Naples*, of a light shade of barbel blue, with two very deep flounces, cut in points, and bound and headed by narrow *rouleaux*. The body is *en gerbe*, with full sleeves, confined at the wrists by bracelets of cameos, set in gold. The throat is surmounted by a muslin falling collar, edged and frilled with fine lace. The bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with black satin, bound with pink *rouleaux*, and the border of the brim is bound in the same manner, with two rosettes under it. Strings of broad black riband, edged with a rose-colored stripe, float loosely. A Thibet shawl of Indian-red, with a variegated border, is generally worn with this dress.

N. B.—We are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square, for these dresses.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

BALLS, concerts, and evening parties, together with the Italian opera, now present a charming variety of novel and elegant fashions to the eye of taste.—The evenings in London, at this time, form the most delightful epoch in the life of a modern and youthful *belle*: her still handsome mother, just arrived at middle age, finds improvement both in the manners and style of the present day, while the grandmothers sigh at the late hours, the extravagances and luxuries of dress, and the want of comfort in modern squeezes, and reflect that, in their youth, all was not as it is now.

Among the new silk pelisses, which are rather more in favor than the cloaks, is one of a fine claret-colored taffeta. It is trimmed with *rouleaux* of the same, round the border, and also where it closes in front. Shawls also are now much in request. Some of a beautiful kind have made their appearance; they are called Thibet shawls, although they are of English manufacture; they are warm, and at the same time light and delicately soft; their colors are very fine, and the patterns of the borders superb. Mantles are yet worn, both for the carriage and the promenade; there is nothing new in their make.

The bonnets, which are still large, are chiefly of black velvet, with blond at the edge of the brim, though several black and colored satin hats have appeared, particularly in carriages. The hats still continue to extend very wide from each temple, and being placed very backward, seem to give to the wearers a crazy-looking appearance.

Morning dresses are often of dark-colored cambric, trimmed with two broad flounces, each bordered with Indian chintz of the most lively colors. A favorite afternoon-dress for home costume is of *gros de Naples*, the color *fumée de Londres*; it is finished at the border by a broad layer of black velvet. Gowns of *gros de Naples*, of various colors, are much in request at dinner-parties; and, for the evening, satin prevails more than velvet among our matronly belles. Young ladies wear dresses of *crêpe-aerophane*, either white or colored; and those of gauze or tulle are most in favor for the ball-room.—The trimmings of ball-dresses are very slight, as they ought always to be, both

for their light appearance, and the comfort of the fair dancer. The bodies of ball and evening dresses are low, are chiefly *en gerbe*, and finished across the upper part of the bust with a drapery *à la Sevigné*.

The elegant little *fichu*, placed very backward, still constitutes a favorite head-dress for the social party; but we are sorry that the love of novelty has destroyed the once chaste simplicity of this becoming *coiffure*: it is now too much loaded with gay bows of riband or large flowers, instead of its being of rich and beautiful blond, with, perhaps a few moss rose-buds: now all the elegance of the blond is lost by a profusion of ornaments, which destroy its effect. Turbans and turban caps are still worn in half-dress, with few decorations: the beret seems rather on the decline, but it is still worn at the opera-house, as is that most beautiful of all opera dress-hats, black velvet, ornamented with pearls and white plumage. The turban cap, and the blouze cornette, of exquisitely fine blond, are the most fashionable head-dresses in home costume.—Flowers are scattered sparingly; but the deficiency is filled up by bows of richly figured gauze ribands. Turbans of all kinds, white as well as colored, form a favorite *coiffure* in the dress circles of our theatres.

Never did jewellery claim a more distinguished place in dress than at this period. Every precious gem is now seen decorating the fingers, wrists, necks, ears, and busts of our fair countrywomen. The fashion of odd bracelets still prevails; on one wrist is a superb cameo head, clasping a band of dark braided hair; while the other wrist is distinguished by fine oval pieces of onyx or agate, distinctly set in wrought gold.

Emeralds and brilliants display their lustre in the rings worn by our ladies of rank; rubies, pearls, and diamonds, by turns adorn their bosoms, and depend from their ears.

The colors most in esteem for mantles and pelisses, and general dresses, are Macassar-brown, myrtle-green, lavender, Indian red, slate, and violet; for turbans, hats, berets, and ribands, scarlet, jonquil, spring-green, Chinese-rose-color, and celestial-blue.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Very little change has taken place in

out-door costume. since the last month. One new kind of pelisse only has been remarked, which was of *gros de Naples* of pearl-grey, with a slight embroidery of black down the front and round the cape. Fur tippets are worn over high dresses, and are chiefly of the *boa* kind.

Colored satin hats, of light hues, have made their appearance; they are generally lined with white satin, and simply trimmed, with a few straps put on in crescents. Hats for the morning exhibitions are either of white or colored *gros des Indes*; they have very large brims, and are ornamented with a long weeping-willow feather, fixed on the crown by a bow of riband. The feathers on almost all hats which are of satin, are fancifully cut; the most in favor are those which resemble the leaves of a pine-apple. The crowns are surrounded by long puffs of riband. On hats for the morning walk, it is customary to have a demi-veil.

A very beautiful evening-dress has appeared of emerald-green satin; the border of which was ornamented by a gold lace. The corsage was in the *Mary Stuart* style, and was laced across the stomacher part by rows of pearls; rows of which, placed close together, formed a belt round the waist, which was terminated by acorn-tassels. Long sleeves of white blond were separated by two bands; one in the centre of the arm, the other just below the elbow.—Another novel dress was worn lately by a celebrated French *belle*. It consisted of a skirt of lilac gauze, with a satin body, from which depended several broad ribands of straw-colored satin, which fell as low as the hem round the border of the skirt.

Gowns of black satin are only now worn in half-dress; they have a broad hem round the skirt, next to the shoe, and no trimming; they are set in full plaits round the waist. A pelerine, trimmed round with black blond, is worn over these dresses, and the sleeves are finished by a narrow ruffle. This is reckoned the most elegant *demi-parure* of the present day. Some dresses are surrounded by trimmings so broad and complicated, that the skirt has a marked rotundity, and seems to stand alone. Madame la Dauphine was lately seen in a velvet dress of an auricular brown, with a plain low body, the sleeves short and very full. The sleeves of some evening dresses are slashed in the Spanish fashion; the slashes filled in by tulle or *crêpe-lisse*. Dresses of *gros des Indes* have the corsages made in the form of a heart before and behind; the skirt is set on in double full plaits. The trimming at the border consists of a bias fold, headed by a rouleau. On the bias are leaves of velvet or of satin.

Dress hats are often seen with a broad blond fluted over the brim, and on the lining under the brim. Seven feathers adorn these hats; one white, the others of different hues: they are fixed all round the crown; wreaths of flowers are placed rather low over the forehead, and ascend in an arch on each temple. Blue and white marabouts, supported by a diamond comb, form a favourite *coiffure* for full dress: the ornamental part of the comb represents a large crescent, on one side of which are seen ringlets of hair. Small caps of blond, the borders supported by little bunches of blue-bells, or wild roses of a very pale color, are also much in request.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to the ladies Milton and Ellenborough, and to the wives of Sir T. W. White, Sir Sandford Graham, Sir John Urmston, Mr. H. E. Waller, Mr. E. Blore, F.S.A. Dr. Camidge, Dr. Seymour, Dr. H. Davies, the colonels Carmichael and Mac-Creagh, Mr. Kindersley the barrister, Mr. Shephard the proctor, and Mr. W. Gray of the Inner-Temple.

Daughters to lady Georgiana Agar Ellis and lady Shadwell, and to the wives of archdeacon Parry, Mr. H. Collingwood, Mr. E. Levien, Mr. J. Taylor of Furnival's-Inn, captain Sir W. G. Parker of the navy, and Mr. Keith Douglas.

MARRIAGES.

The marquis Donato Guadagni, to the daughter of lieutenant-colonel Lee.
Sir W. Davison, to the baroness Ro-

salle of Lestzow. Mr. W. J. Mac-Guire, to the daughter of the earl of Annesley. Mr. E. B. King, to the youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Knight, M.P.

Mr. R. Stafford and the rev. C. Dupuis, respectively, to Caroline and Emma, daughters of the rev. Dr. Crane.

The rev. R. L. Adams, to the fourth daughter of the late lord Lilford.

The rev. J. Smith, Missionary to India, to Miss Marsden of Southwark.

At Cirencester, Mr. H. E. Rutherford, to Miss Emma Masters.

Mr. A. Sanderson, M.P., to the daughter of the rev. H. Maxwell.

The hon. captain Molesworth, to Miss Tomkyns.

Mr. J. Kirkland, of Whitehall, to the fourth daughter of the late Mr. C. Bishop, the king's procurator-general.

Sir H. Browne, to Miss Brandling.

Mr. J. Wellington the younger, of Bristol, to the eldest daughter of the rev. Dr. Booker.

The rev. J. Delafield, to the fifth daughter of the earl of Limerick.

Mr. F. Stocken, coach-maker, to Miss Eselby.

The son of rear-admiral Cooke, to Miss Harriet Bignall.

The second son of the late Mr. T. Tyndale, to the daughter of the late colonel Bruce.

DEATHS.

Charles earl of Haddington, in his 75th year.

Mr. W. Wilkins, M.P.

Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. president of the Linnæan Society.

Mr. F. M. Van-Heythuysen, barrister.

Vice-admiral Sir T. B. Thomson.

Lieutenant-general Burr.

Mr. James L'Homme, of Margate.

At Cambridge, Mr. Deighton, bookseller.

Mr. J. C. Bond, son of the dean of Ross.

Mr. W. Lowndes, first commissioner for the affairs of taxes.

The countess of Lanesborough.

The wife of Mr. Horace Twiss, M.P.

At the age of 86 years, the countess Macartney.

The relict of admiral Calmady.

The wife of admiral Losack.

The only daughter of Sir J. Isham.

The wife of Mr. Shephard of Doctors'-Commons.

At Lewes, in her 89th year, the wife of Mr. Lloyd, gunsmith.

At Wells, at the age of 88 years, Mrs. Tudway.

At Bath, the relict of Dr. J. T. Murray.

At Hastings, in her 101st year, Mrs. Anson.

At Westfield-Lodge, near Kingston, Mrs. Glover.

The duchess of Duras, an ingenious French novelist.

At Woolwich, Mr. W. Breeze.

At Lewisham, Mr. W. Hollier.

At Rotherhithe, the wife of Mr. Gaitskell the surgeon.

Suddenly, Mr. J. Herbert, of Queenhithe.

Mr. J. Moseley, of Mill-Hill.

Delpini, formerly a celebrated theatrical clown.

Mr. H. Carr, architect.

The rev. Dr. Marlow, president of St. John's-College, Oxford.

The youngest brother of the earl of Egremont.

At Malta, the rev. G. Maturin.

By falling out of a vessel into the river at Canton, Henry, brother of the notorious John Thurtell.

At Penang, in India, the eldest son of counsellor Robinson.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to witness the rise of a rapacious spirit among juvenile writers. Formerly, the correspondents of periodical publications thought only of the honor of seeing their little works in print; but now mere school-boys, self-conceited clerks, and pert girls, expect a remuneration for whatever they write. To able and experienced authors rewards may occasionally be allowed, but not to contemptible scribblers, or to dabblers in literature.

Sylvia has sent an Ode on the Return of the Spring. Pope says, "Sylvia's like autumn ripe." Let our correspondent take the hint, and wait until the autumn: she will have time to improve in the interval.

Referring to the first article in our present number, we take this opportunity of stating, that the *Cummer* of our novelist is styled *Kemmer* in the deed of monastic endowment, and *Cymmer* in the Welsh dialect.



Drawn & Engraved by B. Holt

Madame Lottag

Published by S. Robinson, Chapter House, Popes Court, Paternoster Row May 1. 1818



Designed by J. Meadows

Engraved by C. H.

NATIONAL AIRS.

THE HOSTS WERE GATHERED BY THAT GARDEN GATE,

WHERE OUR MEETING, THO' FAIRLY SEEMED ALWAYS TOO LATE

Moore's National Airs, p. 1

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

APRIL 30, 1828.

MARRIAGE, AND THE POOR-LAWS.

THE sacred ordinance of matrimony, and the duty of providing for the poor, may not seem to be sufficiently connected for a joint investigation; but, in the opinion of political economists, they are closely united. The precipitancy with which young men seek a help-mate, frequently involves them in such difficulties, that they are glad to escape from the trouble and expense of their own imprudence, by leaving their wives and children to the fostering care of the parish; an increasing custom, which concurs, with the want of employment, to swell the number of our paupers to an alarming amount. It has been proposed that this grievance, which threatens the ruin of those who are now solvent, should be checked, if it cannot be altogether prevented, by new and strict regulations. But, in a case of such delicacy, it may not be just or proper to interfere. It certainly is a great hardship that the community should suffer by the wanton indiscretion of rash young men, who, when they cannot even maintain themselves in ordinary comfort, multiply their wants and exigencies by marrying.—We know that there are many instances of the industry of wives, and of their successful labors for the support of a family: but we also know that wives in general cannot find employment,

and, even if they could, the superintendence of domestic affairs, and the care of a rising family, are considered as sufficient occupations for them. Some political economists have therefore recommended a prohibition of matrimony, unless the suitor should be able to show a probable prospect of his continued ability of supporting a family: but such a restriction would lead to vice, and would at the same time be an insult to the poor, who, as our fellow-creatures and countrymen, have as good a right as any of their superiors to enter into that state which is deemed the most natural of all conditions in life, and the most conducive to human comfort and happiness.

The advisers of this unnatural restriction are as hostile to the prevailing system of public provision for the poor, as they are to the contraction of marriages in humble life; but, while we lament the extension of pauperism, we have no hesitation in saying, that we are bound, as social beings, and as Christians, to contribute to the support of all the indigent members of our own community. A writer in the North-American Review has discussed both these subjects with some ability, and also with a degree of pleasantry which does not injure the cause that he supports. As we concur with him in opinion, we will transplant his observations into our pages.

"On the side of the new school, the whole of labourers may be regarded as clinging to the sides of a rocky precipice, overhanging the bottomless gulf of starvation. Into this their children above a certain number, by the kind laws of an overruling Providence, regularly fall. The rest, with their parents, sustain themselves painfully upon two or three ledges, of which the upper ones correspond with a bread and beef diet, and the lower with a potatoe one. If a labourer habitually occupy bread and beef, and be accidentally pushed off, he alights on potatoes and avoids the gulf. If he habitually occupy potatoes, and meet with the same accident, there is no salvation for him, and he goes to the bottom for ever. Such is the doctrine of these gentlemen*, and in consequence of it their first and very natural advice to the labourer is to adhere firmly to bread and beef. With what appearance of consistency or humanity, then, can they afterwards turn round upon him, and exhort him to descend from bread and beef (without which he cannot even attempt to economise), and take a permanent post on potatoes? If Mr. McCulloch can furnish us with a satisfactory reply to this query, we shall cheerfully give him credit for more ingenuity than he has exhibited in any passage of his works, with which we are acquainted.

"The liberal exhortation to live well and spend all his wages, which is addressed to the labourer by Mr. McCulloch in the first instance, is naturally dictated by his theory on the subject of wages. The system furnishes, however, an additional motive of a different kind for giving this advice; and, if we look a little more nearly into the matter, we shall perhaps be able to account for, though not to reconcile, the inconsistency alluded to above. He exhorts the labourer to live well, evidently for the purpose of preventing him from marrying, and, having carried this point, he then exhorts him to live poorly and economise, in order to prevent him from becoming a burthen upon the community, when disabled by old age or accident. Marriage and the poor-laws are, as is well known, the two great bugbears of the new economical school.—

Our ancestors, simple souls, thought it a vastly fine thing to promote marriage; but, like the man in Molière who had reformed the position of the great vital organs, *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Our readers are not so ignorant as to require to be told, that it is considered at present the great object of political economy to bring about a state of things, in which there shall be the fewest possible marriages, and to each marriage the fewest possible children. Since the publication of the work of Mr. Malthus, the sages and statesmen of the mother country are continually beset with the apprehension of being eaten out of their homes by a hungry population, which, as they say, is pressing hard every where against the limits of the means of subsistence. In vain you tell them that there is no appearance that the earth, or any part of it, is, or ever was, or will be overpeopled; that if we cast a glance over the surface of the globe, from Kamtschatka westerly, till we come back again to the other side of Behring's straits, we find nothing but immense tracts of uncultivated land, with the exception of some small spots which are precisely those where provisions are most abundant; that the population of the earth is not greater than it was two or three thousand years ago, and will probably not be greater two or three thousand years hence than it is now.—All this gives them no satisfaction, and they still insist, that the earth, indeed every part of it, always has been, is, and always will be, by a necessary result of the laws of Nature, encumbered with an excess of inhabitants; and that every new marriage, and every birth occasioned by such marriage, have the effect of making bad worse. Under the influence of these terrors, they are constantly exerting their eloquence to discourage people from marrying. To the higher classes they hold out the prospects of easier circumstances, greater consideration, and a more rapid progress in the career of professional or political advancement, which, they say, are among the advantages of celibacy. They quote with approbation the opinion of a gallant Scotch general, who in his youth abandoned his mistress to go to the wars and acquire military glory:

Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love;

* Mr. Mac-Culloch and his followers.

and they remember to forget to add the recantation of the same song :

Ah ! what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Aminta ? why broke I my vow ?

"To the labouring classes, who have no pretensions to political advancement or military glory, they offer the solid attractions of a heartier and more substantial diet. When the Hercules of humble life is to make his choice, they paint to him vice and poverty in the form of a young wife and a dish of potatoes, while virtue and success are depicted under the seducing image of celibacy, and a smoking beef-steak properly garnished with bread and porter. "Beware what you do," they say, "the moment is critical. If you marry young, you will inevitably have more children than you will be able to maintain, your wages will not support you as you have been accustomed to live, and you will be compelled to drag out a miserable existence on poor potatoe diet ; but, if you will consent to live single, you may revel all your life on beef and beer." Thus placed, like the long-eared animal, between his two bundles of hay, our laborer, we will suppose, in a hungry moment decides for celibacy, bids adieu to fair eyes and tempting looks, and fixes his gaze resolutely on the air-drawn vision of the steak. But now comes the hardest part of the case. No sooner has the disinterested and liberal monitor carried this point than the scene shifts at once.—He flourishes his pen, more potent than the wand of the famous Dr. Snatchaway, court-physician of the island of Barataria ; and lo ! the pretty young wife disappears—the steak goes off in its own smoke—and our prudent laborer, recovering from his day-dreams, finds himself clinging as before to the fatal precipice, with a lonely potatoe before him, and the gulf of starvation yawning under his feet. After exercising every species of moral restraint and prudence, after sacrificing his future spouse to a mess of pottage, and then the mess to the hopes of a provision for old age or accident, he sees himself fixed precisely in the worst position in which he could ever have been placed, without exercising any prudence at all—with no provision for old age—no food for life but potatoes—and not even the satisfaction of eating these in company.—"Poor moralist!" as we may well address him with the poet,

Poor moralist ! and wilt art then ?

A solitary W !

Thy joys no glittering female meets,
Thou hast no hive of hoarded sweets,

No painted plamage to display ;

On hasty wings thy youth is flown.

Thy sun is set—thy spring is gone.

"Now we say, that to reduce a poor man to this situation, under pretence of teaching him how to better his condition, is not dealing fairly with him. Indeed, the whole theory is without foundation ; and an honest, industrious, and temperate laborer (having accidents which may happen to great as well as small) may, we think, always earn enough not only to support his family in a comfortable manner, but to lay aside a hoard against old age. But, be that as it may, the strange inconsistency of advising a man to live single in order that he may live well, and then exhorting him to economise out of his wages—which on this theory must necessarily force him to live meanly, without enabling him to lay up any thing after all—is sufficiently obvious.

"A strong aversion to the poor-laws is another favorite tenet with the writers of this new school. A public provision for the disabled members of society has no other effect, they say, than to create the very wretchedness which it afterwards imperfectly relieves, without in any way diminishing the amount which would otherwise exist. Private charity is less mischievous, because it operates less systematically and extensively ; but, in principle and as far as it goes, it is no better. Therefore steel your heart, and shut your hands. Let the poor-laws be repealed without delay, and let it be understood, that the supposed right of the indigent or distressed to relief, either public or private, is wholly inadmissible. Such doctrines, like the antimatrimonial system which we have just been considering, are so completely abhorrent from all common notions and common feelings—from the text and spirit of Scripture—the traditions of the fathers, and the consent and practice of all nations and ages, that we hardly know in what manner to treat them.

"One is tempted to think, that the writers who support these monstrous propositions cannot be really serious, and that they are imposing upon the public a sort of *melancholy humbug*. At all events, their language, addressed to a civilised and Christian community,

carries its own refutation with it. When we are told, that we are no longer to perform the duties of chivalry, noble and private, because of this or in political economy, we may well answer, without examining at all the value of the supposed new lights, that our own hearts (to say nothing of Scripture) furnish us with stronger evidence of the reality of these duties, than we can have of the truth of any metaphysical theory. If then the new system be at variance with our strongest natural sentiments and the conduct which they prescribe, it follows not that these sentiments are of injurious tendency, and this conduct immoral, but that the system is false, were it even impossible to detect a flaw in the argument. This, however, is so far from being the case, that the argument in support of this theory is as singularly flimsy, as the theory itself is unnatural and inhuman."

A FASHIONABLE PARTY, WITH THE PORTRAIT OF A COQUETTE; from the *Novel called De Lisle, or the Distrustful Man.*

LADY DE-LISLE, who soon became weary of the society in her house, extensive as it generally was, invited half of the neighbourhood to dinner. Three of the families were musical, and as such welcome to her son Hubert, who in the bustle of an election had found no time for sweet sounds. There was a youthful group assembled after tea in the music-room, and De-Lisle heard with pleasure that they all sang. By degrees, trios, duets, and single songs, were gotten through, interlarded with those alterations that always take place among young persons not accustomed to play or sing together. There were some sweet voices, and some powerful ones; but they blended but indifferently; there was some science, and some taste; but unluckily they did not meet in the same performers; and Hubert, who loved music, but could not be content with the mere jingle of cheerful sounds, was turning disappointed away, when his foot struck against a box on the floor. Lady De-Lisle inquired what it could be, and her son held it up to view.

"That," said Mrs. Parry, a quiet, benevolent-looking woman, near whom Hubert generally stationed himself, "is

Augusta's guitar; but, as there seems no want of instruments or performers to-night, I did not think of mentioning it."—"Oh! but I never heard Miss Parry's voice to the guitar," said lady de-Lisle; "so pray, Hubert, take it out of its box, and carry it to her."

Hubert did as he was bidden; and, as Augusta was extremely pretty, and sang well, he rather looked as if he wished what he asked. Augusta smiled, and laid her finger on her lips; for, though she liked to be listened to herself, she was too good-natured not to listen in her turn to others; and, taking the guitar, she placed it on the table, while Hubert quietly walked back to the place he had quitted. When the song was over, her companions surrounded her to gaze on the instrument, which was a novelty to them, and ask questions, sensible or frivolous, according to their dispositions. All united in desire to hear it, and Miss Parry was perfectly willing to gratify them. As she slung over her shoulder the riband which was attached to it, and stood among her young compeers in a graceful and picturesque attitude, Hubert thought he had never seen a fairer form, or a more interesting actress. She sang several Spanish and Portuguese airs, with all the spirit and softness which national ballads require; and there was something in the wild and simple tone so true to nature, that those who understood least of music were ready to be delighted—perhaps more ready than the others.—The effect, however, was great on all, and even Hubert drew near to add his word of praise. Augusta's bright eyes sought the ground, to conceal their increased brilliancy, at the unexpected encomium of the tranquil De-Lisle.

Miss Parry was so very young, that many prudent mothers wondered at her being let out of her nursery.—Mrs. Parry listened to various friendly suggestions upon this topic, and her neighbours sometimes thought they had prevailed upon "dear good Mrs. Parry" to imitate their superior watchfulness; but Augusta's beauty and her singing made her at once so useful and ornamental, that no one thought of a dance or a musical party without relying upon her, and finding excellent reasons for their being the only house to which in prudence so young a girl might come. The result was, that she went to all; and, as long as their county afforded not suffi-

cient dissipation to steal the bloom from her cheek, Mrs. Parry was content. So too was Augusta, who to a playful childish manner united not merely the spirit of coquetting, but its system.—Girls, in general, rejoice (springing out as an indulgence, and find pleasure enough in novelty: not so the beautiful daughter of general Parry. She did not try flirtation as an excitement to destroy the weariness that attaches to dissipation—she thought of *that only*, and all other things were made subservient to the ruling passion. There was so much cheerful urbanity in her manner, so much good-nature in her open countenance, something so airy and comic in her natural way of expressing herself, that she was an universal favorite, and could make advances, or glance sarcasms, in any quarter she chose, unsuspected and unreprieved. It was not likely, in her rage for conquest, that Hubert should be overlooked. Augusta was no contemptible observer of character, for on that depended her success; and vanity, in some cases, is very clear-sighted. She had known the De-Lisles from her childhood, and was perfectly aware that Hubert was not to be taken by storm. Open flattery, and the undisguised wish to please, have charms for most men who have lived long enough in the world to have sometimes met with unexpected neglect, and oftener with attention, sufficient to blunt their perception of a more reserved good-will. But the youthful spirit, refined and delicate, likes to make discoveries in sentiment—not to have all the trouble taken away, and all the mystery destroyed.

Augusta, perhaps, did not say all this to herself; but instinct in young minds, where every thing is fresh, and each impression stands separate and unconfounded with another, will bring as accurate a result as experience and calculation. She resolved first to pique the self-love of Hubert by extreme carelessness, and then to find some way to impress upon him the conviction of a preference she chose not to betray. She well knew, that, with a countenance and manner so flexible, she had it always in her power to attract, were it only by inspiring curiosity; but this was not her cue with Hubert. So slight a feeling might give way, as soon as a handsomer or more skilful person appeared on the stage to dispute

him with her. No; she determined, if he was to care at all for her, to bind him by a chain that could not be broken at will. There was something so undesigning, to all appearance, in the careless good-humor with which she now replied to his observations, and she seemed so engrossed with her songs and her female companions, and so unconscious of his being still there, except when he actually addressed her, that he felt both surprised and amused. There was a sort of charm in this artlessness; and he almost thought with regret, that it could never last. Once in the world, he thought, how soon will all this vanish! Whatever she may feel, good-breeding will prevent her from showing how entirely she forgets the existence of those who are standing before her! With all his distrust, he dreamed not of fraud in one so young and natural; thus was he as effectually deceived as the most ardent, generous, and confiding of men could have been.

The folding-doors at the end of the music-room were now thrown open, and displayed the supper-table in the adjoining apartment, round which, by degrees, every one gathered. Augusta lingered to collect her songs and put up her guitar. Hubert assisted her.

"Will you not sing this *one* song to me, Miss Parry," he said, as she was closing her book, and his eye caught a particular favorite.—"I never did sing it as it is set there," she replied, "or alone; but, if you will sing with me, I will play it in my own way."

Augusta saw him hesitate; she knew his shyness, and, getting up, she closed the doors. Laughingly resuming her seat, she said, "The song is rather too much for me, and I could not bear to frighten every one with the ugly faces I must make."

Hubert thought it would be difficult to distort her handsome features, and half smiled at her caring so little whether he saw them or not. They got through their song; and Augusta nearly forgot that she did not mean to praise him, so much was she pleased with his voice and style.—"I had no notion," she said, "you liked music." Had Hubert been in the Palace of Truth, he might, with all the simplicity of self-love, have expressed his wonder; but he was only in his own house, and, smiling, replied, "I can just fancy the

whether beneficent or not, I cannot call to my recollection. Our hostess was just in the same place, and on the same satin damask settee, receiving her company, as we last saw her five years ago; that memorable night I do not remember it, Fred? I do not. Her diamonds and her rouge seemed as though they had never been misplaced since, except indeed that there might be a little more of the latter to hide the five additional wrinkles in which the five additional years are recorded in that face, which, instead of being called the index of the mind, should rather be termed the index of time, for it is there he keeps his score; and, as though the old gentleman could not write, he never settles an account with us that he does not make his mark; and putting his "crow's foot" upon it, "delivers it as his act and deed."

"I bowed upon the old lady's hand, with the "How d'y'e do, marchioness?" of a day's separation, and sailed into the saloon. Had I really dropped from the clouds, the sensation could not have been much greater. The awkwardness of Icarus was, that he fell upon his head; but I, as usual, lighted on my feet. 'How did he come? where from? when did he arrive?' met my ears in whispers in every direction; and I was not quite deaf to the little *addenda* to these whispers of 'How well he looks!'—'Just the same *treasure* as ever!' 'When a woman calls one a *creature*, one is always sure to be well with them; they go a step farther when they call one a *wretch*, though they sometimes, very unjustly, accuse us of entitling them to this mono-cognomen.

"The quadrillers, those who knew me, nearly stood still. Children bawled out *chasses-quatre*, and settled their wonder. Then there were little coteries of old women drawing up their prim countenances in corners, that were smoothed down by my address to them, and by all my bland enquiries after each of their favorite propensities. My memory flowed full upon me, and I was blessed with a perfect recollection of all their little peculiarities; so I pressed them into my immediate service as pioneers to clear the way before me.

"Here and there were half-dozens of young ladies, come out since we left England; these were peeping at me from behind screens, fans, and window-

curtains, evidently showing that they had heard of me, and regarded me with a curiosity, which seemed more than gratified. 'Poor souls, they don't know yet what they are come out for!'

"The men of course welcomed me, all except one; and, as you know the last time we parted he had a fair shot at me, I think he ought to have welcomed me too; but the fellow looked only as though he cursed himself for being a bad shot, which is very ungrateful, since he cannot but remember that I had my choice of firing at him at ten paces, or at an oak-tree at thirty; and chose the latter to the utter demolition of a complete dose of bark, and to the safety of the third button of his waistcoat.

"Well, I was soon perfectly at home with every body: lady D—— looked very doubtful, but I settled her with a waltz; Mrs. T. turned up her little black eyes, and lifted up her pretty hands; you must remember those taper fingers, because I have seen them within your own, when she little thought that you merely pressed her hand to convince me how well you were with her. Oh! Fred, you are a sad dog, and there is no reforming you; I brought her over in a quadrille, and before the *grand rond* she had made the grand tour with me in imagination, and with a little hesitation, and a softened voice, asked after 'my friend'; she has not forgotten you, Fred.

"At supper, two or three of our married ladies, who since our departure have taken to cards instead of quadrilles and *tête-à-tête*, looked very grave; but I know it was only because they were not our choice, instead of those that were. All went off well. I was received at other parties just in the same way: I knew it would be so.—*Veni, vidi, vici*, was my motto; and every thing was overcome. Depend upon it, that impudence is the best friend a man can have in this world; and I no longer wonder at the French author who wrote an octavo volume in its praise, but think that he showed a clearer knowledge of human nature than has been exhibited in all the profound philosophy of those who have speculated upon virtue and morality. Here, therefore, I am, as usual, with a regular levee of all the young men who have any regard for their characters with

women; and with my table covered with visiting tickets of every sort and kind, from the duchess of three counties standing to the parsonage of yesterday; and thus much, Villars, "for the resolutions of this vacillating world."

Without giving the substance of the story, which has nothing particularly new in it, we extract the contrasted characters of two sisters,—one studiously schooled in the routine of fashionable coldness and artificial formality, the other not yet taught to conceal or repress the feelings of her heart.

"For shame! for shame, Agnes! to come bursting into the room so rudely, and with your hair all hanging about so negligently—is that like a lady?" exclaimed lady Pomeroy, as her niece, a lively dark-eyed girl about ten years of age, with a profusion of black curls waving in natural ringlets over her dark but clear forehead, came jumping and laughing into the dining-parlour, to partake of the dessert, and of a parental kiss after dinner.—"Why do you not imitate your sister Amelia?—you see she does not come in such a hurry," pursued the same lady, as her eye turned toward the door with an approving glance at a fine fair-haired girl of eleven, who walked quietly and demurely into the room, and, dropping a D'Egville curtsy at her entrance, made the round of the table, turning first one cheek, and then the other, to her parents and her aunt, without the possibility of decomposing either the economy of her own ringlets, or, like her sister, disturbing any body by her boisterous caresses.—"Your aunt speaks truly, Agnes," said her father; "you are growing too old to give way to this childishness, and you will indeed do well to begin to imitate the manners of Amelia."

"The buoyant spirit of the youthful Agnes was, for a moment, checked by the reproof of her aunt, and by the severe glance of her father; but it soon revived, when she looked timidly into the face of her mother, who gazed tenderly and half playfully on her, as she pressed her warmly to her bosom, when she came to her end of the table, a place she invariably sought the last, because there she was sure to gain a small portion of her mother's chair and fruit; and with her she could chat and laugh, and give vent to all the childish and volatile spirits with which nature had blessed her.

"You should consider, my dear," said the mother in an apologetic tone, "that Agnes has not had the advantage that Amelia possesses in living so much with her aunt, and consequently her spirits are not so much under control; neither has she enjoyed the tuition of D'Egville, to regulate her movements, nor of Criville to modulate her voice, nor a number of other privileges which the kindness of lady Pomeroy has procured for her sister."

Those words were accompanied with a glance which almost bespoke an admiration and a love of the little being who was the subject of her apology, greater than that which she felt for her whose superiority her words acknowledged.—"It is time, Mrs. Fleming," said her husband in his formal and imperative manner, "that Agnes should enjoy the advantages you speak of. Nature may do well enough for the *casailla*; but I would have my daughter well taught, and well bred, and we cannot be too much obliged to my sister for the infinite pains she has taken with Amelia. Lady Pomeroy, will you send D'Egville to Mrs. Fleming to-morrow?"

"It had been fixed that they should this evening visit the theatre; and, notwithstanding all her mother's coaxing and flushing, Agnes could not restrain her impatience at the delay of the carriage; she started at every sound, with an exclamation of, "There it is!" and, on each disappointment, rather vehemently expressed her fear of being too late. All this was frowned at by her father, and nodded down by her aunt, while Amelia felt, or at least betrayed, no impatience or anticipation of pleasure.

"At length the carriage was announced. Agnes sprang from her mother's knee; her shawl was thrown hastily round her shoulders, without any regard to appearance or form; and she was in the hall and ready to depart, while her sister's maid was still folding a cashmere gracefully on the neck of Amelia, under the superintendence of lady Pomeroy. In spite of the delays occasioned by the ceremony of dressing out her sister, and by her father's methodical movements, which, to the imagination of poor Agnes, seemed to proceed in doubly-slow time this evening, they arrived at the theatre just as the curtain was rising.

"Agnes could scarcely repress her

delight as she first caught a glimpse of the stage from the private box. Mr. Fleming's ideas of propriety would not permit the close contact with strangers, which is occasioned by the occupation of a public one; though Agnes could not help fancying that she should see much better in the front than from one of the sides, where she was perpetually stretching her neck out of the box, to the great discomfort of her father, and to the horror of her well-bred aunt. To her, the scene was a new one, and every part of it afforded her pleasure; the people—the chandeliers—the house—the scenery—by their assorted exclamations of childish delight; and she was perpetually directing her mother's attention, who alone headed her, to one or other of the objects which excited her admiration.

"In the mean time, Amelia sat in the front of the box, with the folds of her cashmere undisturbed—the pride of her father and aunt, and certainly very beautiful. As the play proceeded, the raptures of Agnes subsided: she became silent and attentive, and her whole soul seemed absorbed in the horrors of the tragedy before them; when, to the consternation of lady Pomeroy, at a moment when the whole audience silently admired the powers of Mrs. Siddons, poor Agnes burst into a convulsive fit of tears, which were beyond her power to restrain or control, and her tender mother was obliged to hush her tranquillity in a retired part of the box, by repeated representations that the scene was fictitious. It was some time, however, before she could imagine that all which she had seen was not real; nor did she quite overcome her feelings of terror and regret at the catastrophe of Isabella, until the humours of the harlequinade which followed, absorbed her attention. Here her laughter at the tricks of the clown and pantaleon, her surprise at the agility of Harlequin and Columbine, and her childish exclamations of wonder at metamorphoses which seemed to realise all that she had read in the *Fairy Tale*, offended the puerilities *bienséances* of lady Pomeroy.

"During the whole exhibition, Amelia sat apparently an attentive spectator; but her cold and beautiful blue eyes denoted no sympathy with the scene; her countenance betrayed no wonder at the tricks of the pantomime; nor could all the contortions of the clown produce

more than a quiet smile upon her well-formed lips. And yet she had not witnessed the tragedy without feeling, nor did she now contemplate the wonders of the pantomime without pleasure; but she had been schooled into a repression of all its appearances. She had been taught that expressions of wonder and a show of sensibility were unpolite and unlady-like; and the outward ease which she was thus compelled to wear, was gradually indurating the heart beneath it. It was already acting as a frost upon the stream of her youthful disposition, and nipping the generosity of her nature in the bud.

"At length the curtain dropped, and shut the magic scene from the still-straining eyes of Agnes. And do we not all remember the regret with which we in childhood saw the dark-green curtain descending, and covering the splendours of the temple of pantomime, its tinsel waters, and its glittering canvas pillars?"

"A medium, we may observe, would be admissible in this case. The warm feelings of youth ought to be in some degree checked by the prudence of parents or guardians, as they might otherwise proceed to the extent of gross indecorum or culpable indiscretion; and, on the other hand, that affected preciseness which prevents the effusions of innocent cheerfulness, or the display of ingenuous candor, ought to be avoided, as it rather encourages hypocrisy than leads to virtue.

THE ODD VOLUME.

THIS is an odd title; but, if it should be the prelude to a pleasing work, we have no reason to object to the denomination. *Much Ado about Nothing* is a discouraging title; yet few, we believe, were ever deterred by it from the perusal of the entertaining comedy which it serves to introduce.

The Odd Volume comprehends four teen pieces, some of which are humorous, while others are pathetically serious. The story of *Emily Butler*, the first in the series, is one of the best.

Colonel Butler and his daughter are taking a rural walk, when a stranger appears before them. It is a matter of course, that he should have a fine form and an elegant address, and should particularly attract the attention of the young lady. This is a sort of cant which we

do not admire;—but let us proceed without antediversion.—The colonel, on his return to his home, receives a packet of letters, and is obliged by their contents to undertake an immediate journey to London. During his absence, his daughter, at a friend's house, the stranger (Howard Pembroke) whom she had met in his walk. It appears that he feels a violent passion for her before she knows what love is; but she gradually acquires that knowledge, and at length listens "with heartiest tenderness to vows breathed with deep devotion." But her father, when his consent is solicited, becomes so deeply agitated, that the lover retires without importuning him on the subject. Another interview is equally abortive, and Emily cannot conjecture the cause of the refusal. The colonel now informs her that he had, before he was of age, eloped with a young lady, and received her hand from a pretended clergyman; that, while he was employed abroad in the military service, the lady, ill-treated by her father, and shocked at her lover's baseness, died soon after she had given birth to a daughter; that an estate which had devolved to him could not be enjoyed by her, as it was to go to a legitimate heir; and that his sense of honor would not allow him to give her hand to an honorable man, as her birth was in the eye of the world disgraceful.—We are not so immoral as to vindicate or excuse the conduct of a base seducer; but it is unreasonable and absurd to bring forward his guilt as a bar to the union of his innocent offspring with a respectable youth, on whom no disgrace can justly fall from such a connection.

The effect of the father's story upon the daughter's feelings ought not to have been so violent as the novelist represents it. Her mind (it is said) "was a chaos of conflicting emotions." At one moment she viewed her father as the author of all her misery; in the next she wept over his sufferings, recollected his repentance, his contrition for one fatal error, his never-ceasing love for her, his unwearied care. Renouncing all the pleasures of the world, he had devoted himself to promote the happiness of his daughter. Emily deeply felt his kindness, and her heart melted with sympathy. But the recollection of Pembroke turned again the current of her feelings. She loved, and was beloved; but an insuperable bar was now between them.

She never could be his. At this terrible reflection, with difficulty could she repress the cry of agony which rose to her lips. New to affliction, she writhed and struggled under the anguish which pressed her. In this state of mind was the evening find her, and then came Pembroke. His countenance was pale, and bore marks of recent suffering; but he was calm, until he saw the ravages which care had already made on Emily: then, approaching her, he suddenly caught her to his breast, passionately kissed her, and exclaimed, "My own Emily!" Overcome by his emotion, her fears flowed without restraint. He tried to compose her, and, by the tenderness of his looks and words, proved that his affection had suffered no diminution. He implored her to pardon a seeming instance of unfeeling conduct, saying, he was so much overwhelmed by the communication made by the colonel, that he lost all command of himself, and was scarcely conscious of his actions. Gradually, however, he had become composed, and able to reflect on all that had passed, and he had now returned to claim her love, and her promise to be his for ever.

"At the generosity of her lover the distress of Emily redoubled. Now only did she feel the value of what she had lost; now only did she taste the full bitterness of her trial. There was no room for hope; her calamity was irremediable; no human power could remove the cause of her grief.

"The pure disinterestedness of woman's love marked out the path which she must pursue. She must resign him; but every pulse of her bleeding heart witnessed how firmly his image was fixed there. His generosity was a balm to her wounded mind, but honor forbade her to take advantage of it.—Impetuous duty called on her to crush the passion, which even now she felt more deeply than ever. Acquainted with every turn of his mind, she was perfectly aware, that even feeling for her, as he did, a passionate affection, it must have cost him many struggles to bring himself to resolve on fulfilling his engagement; and she thought she could bear any evil but his repentance. The stain on her birth never could be removed. She could, perhaps, have borne the slights of an unfeeling world; but Pembroke, sensitive of a generous but quick spirit, would be perpetually

fancying insult and contumely, and perhaps, regarding her as the unhappy cause, might mourn in the bitterness of wounded pride his youthful folly. This reflection steeled Emily against every argument urged by her lover. He offered to settle abroad with her: all places would be alike to him. She had lived so long on the continent, that she would feel as if returning to her native land; and wherever she found happiness, there would he find his country. For one short moment Emily gave herself up to the happiness this vision inspired, but it passed rapidly away;—it could not be. Pembroke had parents who merited his love; a country of which he was justly proud, claimed his services; and from his tenants and dependents he could not with justice withdraw his protecting care and virtuous example. Emily listened to him with the calmness of despair. She dwelt upon his accents with unutterable affection; for she felt that she was to be separated from him for ever."

The struggles which agitated the minds of the two lovers are described with spirit and feeling. Both are on the point of yielding to the powerful influence of love; but, in another moment, the stern voice of honor seems, in the opinion of each, to forbid the desired union. Love so far resumes its sway in the breast of Emily, as to incline her to disregard her father's objections, and propose that Pembroke should endeavour to secure the consent of his parents. He eagerly catches at this hope; yet delays the disclosure of his secret to them, until they should have an opportunity of perceiving and appreciating the beauties of her person and mind in a friendly interview. They now hasten to the colonel's cottage, but find it occupied only by a servant, who informs them of the sudden removal of its late inmates, and produces a letter addressed to the anxious and enamored youth.

"Pembroke, tearing open the letter, found it was from Emily. It was a farewell; and the anguish which she unconsciously betrayed, deeply affected him. A regard for his honor, his happiness, had alone dictated her conduct, for her attachment was undiminished; but, as she was convinced that an union with her would make him miserable, nothing on earth could induce her to accept his hand. She prayed for his happiness, and conjured him to look upon her as

one dead to him, and, by turning to some other object worthy of his love, to bestow and receive that happiness which he so justly merited.

"As soon as Pembroke recovered from the shock which the perusal of this letter occasioned, he wrote an almost incoherent note to his mother, declaring that sudden and urgent business forced him to absent himself for some time from her. This duty being completed, he had now to think only of recovering Emily. Recollecting her partiality for that part of the continent where she had passed her early years, he first proceeded there;—but there she was not. Aware of the probability that Pembroke would follow them, the colonel had used every precaution to conceal their route; and, while the lover was traveling rapidly in one direction, Emily and her father were proceeding in another.

"With that restlessness which is common to the unhappy, Emily hurried from place to place; but at length her strength was exhausted, her frame weakened; a violent illness followed; and the miserable father for many days dreaded that every hour would be her last. But she recovered, and tried to be grateful that her life had been spared. While stretched on a bed of sickness, in almost momentary expectation of being called to her great account, she had examined her life, her heart; and when the world seemed to be fast fading from her view, she had condemned herself for that excessive attachment to earthly things, the disappointment of which had brought her to the brink of the grave. She had mourned too deeply over her unfortunate situation—her lot was appointed to her—she must submit in silent resignation.

"In consequence of these salutary reflections, Emily became serene and composed, and with the purest joy did her attached father hail her convalescence. She resumed her usual employments. Once more did her enchanting voice pour forth strains of sublime beauty; again was her pencil employed in tracing the scenes of matchless loveliness with which they were surrounded. She conversed too with her father, and sometimes tried to smile; but such smiles, so full of woe, so lifeless, pierced him with unutterable grief. He saw too plainly that the blow was struck; she might be spared to him for a little while, but she could not long survive the

sudden deprivation of all she had loved and valued most.

“His fears were too prophetic;—symptoms of decline appeared. He anxiously watched her looks, lived upon her words, and surrounded her with every enjoyment for which she expressed the slightest wish. Deeply moved by his parental fondness, picturing to herself his desolate state when she should be taken from him, it was now only that she really wished to have her days prolonged. But it could not be:—the *flat* had gone forth, her hours were numbered; they both felt it to be so; and, when her father gazed upon the wreck of that once joyous being, and remembered that it was his work, his sufferings would often become too great for concealment; he would rush from her presence, and in solitude give vent to the agony which tore his heart.

“Pembroke’s search was long unsuccessful; but, determined never to return without Emily, he visited every place where there appeared to be the least probability of finding her. At length he arrived at Naples, where he had just alighted, when he saw the colonel enter a house near which he stood. Surprise and joy rendered him for a few moments immovable; but, suddenly recovering, he quickly followed him, and found himself in the presence of Emily, whose piercing shrieks bore witness, that, in the baggard and faded form before her, she recognised that lover from whom a cruel fate had separated her. He looked on the countenance of his beloved: death was busy there. He advanced to the couch, knelt beside her, and laid her head on his bosom. No words were uttered by either; loud and convulsive sighs alone attested the existence of Emily. She raised her head,—her lips moved;—her lover bent over her to catch the sound:—“Be kind to my father.” He clasped her more ardently to his breast;—she faintly smiled, and her sorrows were hushed in death.”

sion. Appealing to the prevalent taste, a young Spanish emigrant has presented to the English, in their own language, an ingenious and interesting work of this description, which has already attracted, in a high degree, the attention of the public. It exhibits some well-drawn characters; the plot is skillfully adjusted; and the inventive portion of the tale is well connected with the historical part, though the latter (injudiciously, we think,) has been made subordinate to the former.

Gomez Arias is employed by queen Isabella of Castile in quelling a revolt of the Moors. He serves under Aguilar, to whose daughter Leonora he is betrothed; but, when he has wounded a rival in a duel, he retires from the camp, and makes amorous professions to Theodora, who returns his supposed love with ardor. This young lady elopes with him to a place of concealment; but, on his rejoining the army, he suffers her to fall into the hands of a rebel chieftain, who, being defeated by Aguilar, is obliged to resign his fair captive. Leonora is now ordered by her father to prepare for her marriage with Gomez; but, when this officer finds that Theodora, in a fit of jealousy, is on the point of murdering him, he promises to relinquish his pretensions to the hand of the other lady. A renegade, named Bermudo, who is deeply incensed against Gomez for an atrocious injury, offers to assist him in getting rid of a troublesome woman, and engages to give up Theodora to the Moors. He then reconciles her to her offended father, with whom he concerta a scheme calculated to bring Gomez to justice for his various enormities. The delinquent is tried and condemned, but is pardoned at the intercession of Theodora, to whom, by the queen’s command, he gives his hand in due matrimonial form. Still intent upon revenge, Bermudo suddenly stabs him with a poisoned dagger, and the young widow is so shocked at this act of violence, that she does not long survive him.

That Don Telesforo is pleasant in the midst of his characteristic gravity, appears from the following quotation.—“What is to be the wonder now?” asked Gomez, as he observed his valet and confidant, Roque, approaching with an unusual expression of gravity upon his countenance, such, indeed, as was seldom discernible in the features of the

GOMEZ ARIAS, OR THE MOORS OF THE ALPUJARRAS; a *Spanish Historical Romance*; by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío. 3 vols. 1828.

THIS is the age of novels and romances. No works are more generally read, or make a more forcible impres-

merry buffoon. 'What is it you want?'—'I wish to leave your service, *senor*.'—'Leave my service! Surely, *Roque*, you are not tired of so indulgent a master?'—'Yes, sir,' answered *Roque*, 'I am; and what is more, I have been so these three years—may I speak out?'—'Why,' said *Don Lope*, 'you never till now asked leave to be impertinent; but let me hear your complaints.'—'In the first place, you are not rich—a grievous fault.'—'How can I help that?' demanded *Gomez*.—'*Senor*, you could have helped it once; but that is passed. Then you play.'—'Here's the devil preaching morality!' exclaimed his master, with a laugh.—'Oh! most conscientious *Roque*, what are thine objections to this amusement?'—'To the amusement in itself, none; I am only discontented with the consequences. If you gain, you very composedly enjoy the whole fruits of your success; if, on the contrary, you lose, I get more than a reasonable share of your ill-humors, with which you most liberally indulge me. Now, *Don Lope*, I should like fair play, if play you will; to feel a little more the effect of the first, and not quite so much of the second.'—'Thou art a pleasant sort of a fool, *Roque*,' said *Gomez*, as he leisurely twirled round his curling jet-black mustachios, and with much complacency eyed his fine figure in a mirror. 'Thank you, Sir,' replied the valet, with a low bow; 'but be pleased to consider, that the good opinion you entertain of my talents is unfortunately no adequate compensation for the privations and numberless perils which I undergo in your service. To continue, then, the list of——'—'My faults!' interrupted his master.—'I only say of my complaints,' returned the valet: 'next to your being a gamester, what I most deprecate is your military profession, and the fame which you have acquired by your bravery.'—'Good Heavens!' cried *Gomez*, 'thou art precisely complaining of the qualities that most become a gentleman.'—'But I am no gentleman,' pertinently observed *Roque*; 'and I cannot imagine why I should be exposed to the dangers attendant on heroes, without likewise reaping their rewards.'—'I glory in being a soldier!' exclaimed *Don Lope*, a sudden burst of martial enthusiasm glowing on his manly countenance. 'Yes, I have laid low many of the enemies of my country; and, before I die,

I hope often to try my good sword against those accursed and rebellious Moors of the Alpujarras.'—'All that is very fine, certainly,' said *Roque*: 'but do you know, *senor*, that I do not consider the country so much indebted to you as no doubt you most complacently imagine.'—'What!' cried the cavalier, with looks of displeasure. 'Pray be temperate, *Don Lope*; I do not mean to offend. You have unquestionably done great services to Spain, by ridding her of many an unbelieving Moor; but reflect, Sir, that your sword has not been less fatal to Christian blood. In battle you hew down infidels to your soul's content; and in the intervals of peace, to keep you in practice, I suppose, you take no less care to send the bravest of her majesty's warriors to the grave. Now put this in the balance, and let us consider whether the country does not suffer more by your duels in peace, than she gains by your courage in war. But now comes the most terrible of all your peccadilloes—of all my complaints, I mean.'—'And which is that, pray?'—'The invincible propensity you have for intrigue, and the no less unfortunate attendant upon it—inconstancy.'—'Inconstancy!' exclaimed *Gomez*. 'How should it be otherwise? Inconstancy is the very soul of love.'—'I will not attempt to argue that point with so great an adept; my remonstrances are merely limited to the results, and I can truly aver that my life in time of peace is, if possible, more miserable than in war; for what with carrying love-letters, bribing servants, attending serenades, watching the movements of venerable fathers, morose duennas, and fierce-looking brothers, I cannot enjoy a moment's rest.'—'Why, 'tis true,' said *Don Lope*, 'my life is solely devoted to love and war.'—'I rather think it a continual war,' retorted the valet. 'It may be much to your taste, Sir; but I, that am neither of so amorous a temperament, nor of so warlike a disposition, cannot enjoy the amusement so well. Instead of passing the nights quietly in bed, as good Christians should do, we employ them in parading the silent streets, putting in requisition all the established signals of love, and singing amorous songs to the tender cadences of the love-inspiring guitar. Even this I might endure with Christian resignation, were it not for the disagreeable results which generally terminate our laudable occu-

pations. It often happens, that whilst you are dying with love, and I with fear and apprehension, we meet with persons who unfortunately are not such decided amateurs of music. Some surly ill-disposed brother, or unsuccessful lover of the beauty, is invariably sure to come and disturb our harmony; then discord begins—swords are drawn—women scream—alguazils pounce upon us, and thus the sport goes on, till the alguazils are so strong as to render a prudent retreat advisable. Then by some ill fortune I am sure to be collared by the brother or the alguazils in question; and without farther ceremony, by way of remunerating merit and encouraging a servant for faithfully serving his master, I am entertained with sundry hearty cudgelings, liberally bestowed on my miserable hide. When they have not left a single sound bone in my skin, they kindly permit me to go, telling me, for consolation, to thank my stars, and that another time I shall not escape so easily. With this pleasing assurance, I creep home as well as I can, and then my humane and grateful master, by way of sympathising with the misfortunes I suffer on his account, fiercely demands, 'Roque! where have you been loitering, Sir?' He calls me a most negligent rascal, and other names equally gratifying, and upon the recital of my tragical adventure, very coolly, and as he thinks, very justly, observes, 'It serves you right—'tis all your fault—why did you not watch better?'—'Roque,' said Gomez, 'you have told me the same story over and over again, and I do not see the necessity of your repeating it now.'—'I beg your pardon,' responded the valet; 'but I am firmly resolved to quit your service in good earnest: for I perceive you are bent on getting into new difficulties, and I feel no inclination to go in search of fresh adventures.'

On another occasion, when Roque had made an eloquent and moral remonstrance, Gomez turned round, took up a cane that lay near him, and said, 'Now, Roque, you must allow I have listened very attentively to your prosing. I have had quite enough of your nonsense for this morning; so I beg you to close your arguments, unless you really wish that I should honour them with a most unanswerable reply.' Here, to illustrate his meaning, he very expressively shook the cane, and Roque as prudently

retreated; for he knew that his master strictly adhered to his word on occasions of this nature. 'With respect to your quitting my service,' continued Don Lope, 'I have no sort of objection, provided that, when you part with me, you are likewise disposed to part with your ears, for I have taken such a fancy to you, my dear Roque, that I cannot allow you to quit me, without leaving me behind a token of remembrance. And now,' he added in a more serious tone, 'withdraw immediately, and mind your business.' Roque made a humble bow and retired. Gomez in this instance, as well as in many others, took advantage of that uncontrollable authority which strong minds generally assume over their inferiors. The valet had indeed resolved several times to leave his master; for it happened that this same Roque had no particular relish for canings and other favours of the kind which were liberally administered to him, as a remuneration for his master's achievements. Moreover, he had the nicest sense of justice, and he could not but feel the shocking impropriety of accepting a reward that was unquestionably due to his superiors. Indeed, it is but fair to add, he never acquiesced in the obligation, until it was actually forced upon him. Roque was moreover blessed with a conscience—that sort of prudential conscience which must be considered as a most valuable acquisition. He certainly was not so unreasonable as to expect a spirited nobleman to lead the life of a sequestered monk, nor could he object to his master's intrigues; but he nevertheless found it extremely objectionable that these should not be kept within the bounds of common prudence. Now, could Gomez have limited his gallantries to the seduction of farmers' daughters, or debauching tradesmen's wives, Roque would most implicitly have approved the practice, inasmuch as, in this case, his master would only be asserting a sort of hereditary right attached to those of his class. But to be deceiving two ladies of distinction was really too much for the delicate feelings of the conscientious menial. Again, Roque could not urge any thing against the courage of his master; he only objected to the effects of its superabundance; for this superabundance, and Don Lope's unusually amorous disposition, were constantly in opposition to the nicety of Roque's conscience, by reason of the

difficulties they gave rise to, in the fulfilment of the natural law of self-preservation. It is an avowed fact, that Roque never wilfully put himself in the way of infringing so rational a precept, and most fortunately he was endowed with a quality highly favourable to the observance thereof;—a quality which other individuals, not blessed with the same scruples, would denominate cowardice. This is not all: the valet was far from being of a romantic turn of mind; he evinced no taste whatever for moon-light scenery and nocturnal adventure; and he was vulgar enough to prefer the gross advantages of a sound slumber to all the sentimental beauties of the silvered moon and its appendages. These considerations dwelt strongly on his mind, and he had accordingly several times resolved to quit his master; but such was the dominion which Gomez held over him, that the valet's resolutions fell to the ground whenever he attempted to put them in practice."

The character of Bermudo is not destitute of good points: though vindictive, he is generous, and virtues are mingled with his vices. When he has Theodora in his power, he seeks an interview with her for the purpose of explanation.—'Renegade!' she cried, 'what means this intrusion? Were then all thy former marks of regard but the insidious means to cover the real intentions of a miscreant heart? Away!—begone!—I will alarm the place,—yes, I will call on the protection of the Moor Caneri himself; for, odious as he is to my eyes, I can never look upon him with the same degree of abhorrence and contempt as I do on a renegade to his faith, a traitor to his country, and the vile minister to a despot's pleasures.'

"Bermudo heard these bold and severe rebukes without attempting an interruption. Calm and unmoved he suffered the first ebullition of resentment to evaporate, and for some time deigned to make no other reply than a bitter smile of disdain. At length he broke that dismal pause, and, in a slow and deep-toned voice, said, 'Woman, thy taunts I will not resent, for partly they are just, and the rest I excuse in consideration of thy forlorn state, and the many sufferings thou hast undergone.'—'Oh!' cried Theodora, with a sad smile: 'it well becomes you to condole for misfortunes to which you have so largely contributed:—approach me not

—begone—I cannot trust a traitor; there is guile in the very offer of thy kindness;—hence,—or —' 'Hush, lady,' interposed the renegade, with indignant pride, "you surely mistake my character. Threats and fears are strangers to this heart. Even when it is in some weak moments attuned to virtue, a threat, a solitary threat, would banish hence the heavenly inspiration, and the fiend again triumph in its natural dwelling. Therefore, lady, threat me not, for the man is inaccessible to fear, who, like myself, is a beggar in happiness. Rest, lady, rest, and do not, by an imprudent act, neglect the opportunity which fortune affords you of escaping the fate with which you are threatened—I do not pretend to command your implicit confidence; I only counsel you to rely on your own judgement and discretion. My character you have drawn in colours dark and glowing, but, perhaps, too true. Yet I must correct an erroneous impression under which you labour; 'tis true I am an apostate—a traitor—and, if in the catalogue of accursed crimes there is a name still more horrid and abhorred, I claim it; but to be subservient to the pleasure of a despot—no, no, you must know me better. No,' he added with warmth, 'my deeds have been dark, but not dastardly or contemptible; I have drunk deep of the cup of crime—yes, I have quaffed it with avidity, but my palate has always been nice enough to scorn the dregs.—Had any other than a woman dared to give utterance to the base thought, ere this he would have added one more to the list of those who have fallen by this arm. You are a woman in distress; the only consideration that could have restrained my indignation for such an insult.'—'What then would'st thou with me?' demanded Theodora, somewhat re-assured by his words and manner.—'To befriend you, not to harm you, for I war not with women; the solitary being that showed the feelings of humanity toward Bermudo belonged to womankind, and the recollection of her virtues and her love for me, would secure her whole sex from the effects of my wrath.'

"Theodora was struck with this asseveration. She could not reconcile these symptoms of feeling with his previous acts, and his acknowledged character for crime.—'Theodora,' he resumed, and his austerity of tone and manner seemed

momentarily to acquire a tint of softness uncongenial with his habitual nature; 'Theodora, I am a man of guilt; yea, one who plays his part in this detested world without a feeling of remorse; but I cannot harm a woman—and you less than any other of your sex. She, like you, was innocent and beautiful—like you, unfortunate—like you,' he added, with agitation, 'the victim of Gomez.'—'Heavens!' exclaimed Theodora, 'what mystery is this? Oh, speak! I am already but too low sunk in misery, and yet I fain would learn the full measure of the crimes of one who has undone me.'—'It would be a difficult,' replied the renegade, 'an endless task, to satisfy your desire; but you may, perhaps, from your own experience, draw a just inference of his conduct to others. Beauty, innocence, and youth, and unlimited affection, could not save you from his barbarous acts; the rule has been the same for those who like you had charms to captivate his attention, and an unsuspecting, a genuine heart, to inhale the poison of his persuasive tongue. But still the fate of poor Anselma surpassed in horror her many rivals in misfortune.'—'He loved her once,' said Theodora despondingly, 'and then forsook her, like me.'—'He loved her,' darkly returned Bermudo, 'with the affection of one who centres his whole bliss only in the enjoyment of his selfish and degenerate passion. But she spurned him; stratagem and force prevailed. Madness—despair—must I say it? death ensued. Enough—the circumstances of the horrid tale 'tis needless to relate: I have said thus much to convince you of the impossibility of my harming a woman whose fate bears so strong a resemblance to that of my own unfortunate Anselma. Dispel then your apprehensions, and look upon me now not as a foe, but as your sole friend and protector.'

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA. 3 vols. 1828.

NOTWITHSTANDING the length of time which has elapsed from the erection of our empire in India, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the manners and character of the natives, or with the modes of life prevailing among the European inhabitants. The present volumes tend to throw some light upon the latter subject, if not on the former;

VOL. IX.

and the author has presented us with an amusing sort of work, between a history and a novel. He has endeavoured to render the detail of Anglo-Indian life more attractive, by the introduction of a hero and a heroine, and by such other circumstances as were thought likely to create an interest in the reader's mind: but he has not shown, in this performance, the abilities which he displayed in his *Pandurang Hari*; for, though it is occasionally lively and pleasant, it is certainly not very interesting.

A young lady is sent to reside in India with one of her guardians, a colonel in the company's service. During the voyage, a "fine handsome" young officer falls in love with her, and, after various difficulties and dangers, and proper explanations on both sides, they are at length united in holy wedlock.

The inconveniences of an adventurer who goes to India in no decided service, and without recommendation, would form a suitable addition to the well-known account of the miseries of human life. Far different is the predicament of one who is armed with credentials.—"Harcourt and Wiffen, on landing at Madras, proceeded to the residences of the gentlemen to whom they were specially recommended; the former to Mr. Riddlesworth, an agent, and the latter to Mr. Brasswaith, second member of the council. Harcourt was at once plunged into luxury and extravagance. Mr. Riddlesworth's house was filled with company; gaming and feasting formed their chief amusements. Billiards, chess, back-gammon, and whist, were strong temptations to a young man, especially when all the party were engaged therein. In short, it appeared to Harcourt, as if every one was striving to get rid of an already acquired fortune, instead of endeavouring to secure one. Mr. Riddlesworth kept race-horses, devoting much attention to the delights of the turf: he was a bachelor, and intended to remain so, notwithstanding half the young ladies of the place had endeavoured to captivate him; his partner, Mr. Stonehurst, lived with him, and, though he kept no horses for the turf himself, entered most cordially into the sports thereof. If Harcourt was astonished at the constant rattle of the billiard-balls and back-gammon-board on the Saturday, how was he surprised and shocked at the recom-

mencement of the games on the Sunday! As early as ten in the morning, Mr. Riddlesworth's friends appeared, and, stripped to their shirt-sleeves, began a match of billiards; then followed the back-gammon and chess, every one calling for beer and brandy *ad libitum*; such rattle, noise, and drawing of corks, Harcourt had never before witnessed. At first, he imagined Mr. Riddlesworth kept low company; but he was soon undeceived, by learning that the guests were composed of the principal people in the settlement, civil and military. The important *tiffin*, or luncheon, caused a cessation of the sports: at this moment a few more friends dropped in; there was Bob Lugin, the store-keeper, a celebrated character on the turf, and right-hand man of Mr. Riddlesworth; he was hailed and welcomed most cordially.—‘Oh, Bob, how are you, old fellow? Sit down, Bob; here is some rare Hodson for you.’—And Bob did as he was desired.

“The conversation soon turned on horses, and bets were made and taken on Riddlesworth's grey Arab horse, against Mr. Manning's bay, and the merits of each animal as to speed, wind, and bottom, were scientifically discussed, until the beer began to confuse poor Bob, who assented to every thing that was said, and rolled to a bench, whilst the gamblers continued their billiards and back-gammon.”

The mode in which the heroine usually passed her time in India, is thus loosely noticed.—“On arising from her couch in the morning, languid and less refreshed than when at night she sought it, the heated air sent forth no fragrance, no exhilarating sensations. The sun, as if by one mighty effort, started from its abode, fiery and blazing, increasing every moment its scorching influence, so that exercise in the morning became not only a task, but a dangerous one. From her window, however, Eleanor could perceive a few constitutionalists, taking their morning ride, with pale faces and languid eyes, more fit for bed than the saddle.

“At breakfast Eleanor sat a silent spectator; appetite was banished, leaving nought but languor and inertness; such is the debilitating influence of heat over the faculties both of mind and body. The colonel and Mrs. Hawes ate little, although the table was spread with fish, eggs, ham, rice, tea, coffee,

and every dainty possible to tempt them.

“The ladies retiring, Eleanor attempted to read; but she was often summoned to appear before visitors, either male or female, the first set of which were gentlemen who were obliged to attend at their offices at eleven, and who employed themselves in making a round of calls immediately after breakfast: these retailed the news of the preceding day, offered their services to procure any article required by the ladies from the town, and then retired. After them, about twelve, came a fresh class of idlers, who, having no offices to go to, lounged about till *tiffin*, when, in fact, the real dinner was eaten, and strong beer and wine freely circulated. Beauclerk was one of the idle gluttons, who, having tasted *tiffin* at every house in the settlement, declared none equal to his own set-out of anchovy toast and mutton hams.

“After this mid-day meal, the languid Eleanor once more retired, to seek rest upon her couch; when lo! a myriad of mosquitoes spring from behind the pillow, and sting and craze her with their hum. Many ladies invariably went to bed, and thus, with closed curtains, secure from the envious gnats, slept until five; when to see and be seen on the Mount Road is indispensable. On returning thence, they once more dress for dinner. In short, Eleanor felt as if her whole time was taken up with dressing and undressing, sitting down to meals and getting up again*.

“When no party or ball engaged Eleanor, she sauntered in the garden till dark, and then prepared for bed, which might be supposed, after the fatigues of the day, an agreeable prospect; alas! how contrary is it! the oppressive heat, the hum of the mosquitoes, the alarming flutter of the bats which obtain entrance through the open windows, the noise of natives singing, accompanied by their incessant tapping on their toms or small drums, the yell of parish dogs, together with the howl of the jackalls, combined to banish sleep from the couch of poor Eleanor. These, thought she, are the famed luxuries of the East!”

* This is not a correct statement of the mode of passing the day. Not more than two dressings and three meals are mentioned; and these must be very far from employing the whole day. In fact, a lady's time in the East is passed chiefly in a state of indolence.—EDIT.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM CALCUTTA TO BOMBAY, AND ALSO OF A JOURNEY TO MADRAS AND THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES OF INDIA, by *Reginald Heber, D.D.*

THE learning, piety, and virtue, of the late bishop of Calcutta, were calculated to recommend Christianity in the strongest manner to the Hindoos, if they had not been steeled against it by deep-rooted obstinacy. When the monk Augustin was sent from Rome to Britain, to aim at the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, he met with few obstacles in his career; for the people in general, even before the peace of the country was fully restored, had suffered their original ferocity to be mitigated by progressive civilisation, and were not very unwilling to adopt the faith of foreign missionaries, whom they supposed to be more enlightened than the priests of Odin. But the Hindoos, being less rational, are much more prejudiced, and much less tractable, than our Gothic ancestors. Yet some progress has already been made in the task of conversion by our missionaries, and the establishment of episcopacy in British India has stimulated, and more fully organised, the efforts of these zealous Christians. The exertions of bishop Heber in superintending this holy work, and his attention to all the duties of his function, reflect great honor on his memory.

In visiting his extensive diocese, the bishop had many opportunities of seeing remarkable towns, witnessing romantic and picturesque scenes, and observing strange manners and curious customs. His account of Jyepour has some features of novelty.—“This city, being all the work of one sovereign, Jye Singh, is on a regular plan, with one very wide street, crossed at right angles by three others, with a square in the centre of the town, which serves as a market-place. The houses are generally two stories high, but some three and four, with ornamented windows and balconies, and many of them finely carved. They are interspersed with some handsome temples in the same style with those of Benares, and in the centre of the town, and adjoining the palace, is a very noble tower or minaret nearly 200 feet high. The town is tolerably clean, but a great part of the houses are in a state of decay. Still, however, it has a population of 60,000 souls. The palace, with its gar-

den, occupies about one-sixth part of the city. It presents, to the streets, an extremely high front of seven or eight stories, diminishing in the centre to something like a pediment, and flanked by two towers of equal height topped with open cupolas. Within are two spacious courts and many smaller ones, surrounded by cloisters of stone pillars, except in the verandas leading to the principal rooms, which are of marble. The gardens are extensive, and, in their way, beautiful; full of fountains, cypresses, palm-trees, and flowering shrubs, with a succession of terraces and alcoves, none of them, singly taken, in good taste, but all together extremely rich and striking. Two very large and handsome tanks terminate the grounds toward the north. The garden is surrounded by a high embattled wall, having a terrace at the top, like that of Chester, and beneath it a common passage for the ladies of the zenana to walk in.

“I was introduced to some of the ministers of state during my progress through the palace. Most of them were tall good-looking men, in very handsome and becoming dresses. The whole establishment of the palace and gardens seemed well kept up, considerably better than that of Lucknow, and every thing much exceeded my expectation, except the military show, which was absolutely nothing. There were two or three police-men at the gate of the city, and four or five lounging fellows with shields slung over their shoulders, and lances lying near them, in different parts of the out-buildings. I was surprised at so poor a muster among the warlike and turbulent Rajpouts, but recollected, that, in a country where all the citizens and cultivators are soldiers, on ordinary occasions every soldier will be a cultivator or citizen. The resident’s suawars and my own five men, together with a little guard of seven orderly sepoys, who, as usual on state occasions, followed me, and as many of my servants as chose to witness the sight, were permitted to attend us through all the gardens and most of the lower apartments of the palace, till, on ascending to an upper story, those who had swords or other arms were requested either to stay below or to surrender their weapons. The ascents throughout the palace are not by stairs, but by inclined planes of a very easy slope, and certainly less fa-

tiguing than the European style. The passages are all narrow and mean, and the object in the whole building seems more to surprise by the number, the intricacy, and detail of the rooms and courts, than by any apartments of large size and magnificent proportions. A great part of the windows are glazed with small panes of stained or plain glass in latticed frames of white marble. The stained glass was said to be from Venice. These upper rooms, which are in fact a part of the zenana, have their floors chiefly covered with stuffed white cotton quilts, over which, in certain places, sitrings are placed, and, in the more costly rooms, small Persian carpets. There are very strong wooden doors in different parts of the building, whose hinges and locks are as rude as those of a prison; but the suites of apartments themselves are only divided by large striped curtains hung over the arched door-ways. The ceilings are generally low, and the rooms dark and close; both the walls and the ceilings are, however, splendidly carved and painted, and some of the former are entirely composed of small looking-glasses in fantastic frames of chunam mixed with talc, which have the appearance of silver till closely examined. The subjects of the paintings are almost entirely mythological, and their style of colouring, their attitudes, and the general gloomy silence and intricacy of the place, reminded me frequently of Belzoni's model of the Egyptian tomb.

"After a long suite of these strange rooms, we were taken into a very striking and beautiful apartment, where breakfast was prepared for us. It was a small pavilion with arches on each side, opening into two small cloistered courts, one filled by a beautiful cold bath about thirty feet square, the other by a little flower-garden divided, *parterre*-wise, with narrow winding paths of white marble, with a *jet d'eau* in every winding, to the number (I should think) of fifteen or twenty, which remained playing all the while we were at breakfast. Nothing could be prettier or more refreshing than the sight and sound of these fountains, though I did not think the effect improved when all at once several of the principal ones began to throw up water tinged with some yellow dye. It was evidently much admired by the natives, and reminded me of "the golden water," which, together with

"the talking bird" and the "singing tree," cost the princess in the Arabian tale so many labours to obtain. For our breakfast colonel Raper had sent the usual requisites; but the *Maha-Rance*, (or great princess) sent us some specimens of Hindoo cookery, abundant in ghee, spice, and sugar, but without the garlic, which forms so essential a part of Mussulman luxury. I tasted one mess, which was of rice, raisins, and some green sweet-meat, strongly scented with rose-water and seasoned with cinnamon, and thought it very good. The others were, apparently, kid or mutton minced small with rice, and covered with a very rich brown sauce, 'a thing to dream of, not to tell,' and which, if eaten at night, one should scarcely fail to dream of.

"After breakfast, and till the hour of durbar arrived, we visited more of the buildings. In passing along the garden wall, I ought to have observed before, we were shown five or six elephants in training for a fight. Each was separately kept in a small paved court, with a little litter, but very dirty. They were all what is called *must*, that is, fed on stimulating substances, to make them furious, and all showed in their eyes, their gaping mouths, and the constant motion of their trunks, signs of fever and restlessness. Their mobouts seemed to approach them with great caution, and on hearing a step they turned round as far as their chains would allow, and lashed fiercely with their trunks. I was moved and disgusted at the sight of so noble creatures thus maddened and diseased by the absurd cruelty of man, in order that they might for his diversion inflict fresh pain and injuries on each other. Two of them were very large, and all sleek and corpulent.

"The other apartments through which we were conducted nearly resembled those we had seen before breakfast. We had, however, a noble panoramic view of the town from the top of the palace. Indeed I have seen few places of which a finer panorama might be made. Thence we returned to a lower court, in the centre of which, raised by a few steps, is a noble open pavilion, with marble pillars richly carved, rather inferior in size, but in other respects fully equal to the hall of audience in the castle of Delhi. The interior contains an oblong vaulted hall, surrounded by a very spacious verandah, and its pavement covered with sitrings and carpets, where we found all the

ministers seated in a semi-circle. Among these we saw the Gooroo, or spiritual adviser of the raneé, a man extremely blamed for all the outrageous and absurd conduct which she has pursued, and a very remarkable person, at whom colonel Raper looked with some surprise. He was apparently a Mussulman, a very tall hard-featured man, with a dark and gloomy expression of face, which made me think of Captain Rolando in *Gil Blas*. He was armed with a sword, shield, and dagger, all splendid in their way; his clothes were handsome but plain, and his whole figure and equipment made me set him down as a Patan mercenary leader, for whom these troublesome times had obtained employment. The *mouchtar*, or prime minister, is a shortish man, but very stoutly built, with what I thought a good countenance and frank rough manners."

The palace of Umeer is well described by the admiring prelate.—"We passed along a billy and rugged road, till we reached a town which almost entirely consisted of temples, and had few inhabitants but grim and ghastly Yogis, with their hair in elf-knots and their faces covered with chalk, sitting naked and hideous, like so many ghouls, amid the tombs and ruined houses. A narrow winding street led us through these abodes of superstition, under a dark shade of peepul-trees, till we found ourselves on a steep ascent paved with granite and leading to the palace. We wound along the face of the hill, alighted in a large moss-grown quadrangle surrounded by what seemed to be barracks and stables, and followed our guides up a broad and long flight of steps, through a richly-ornamented gateway, into the interior courts of the building, which contain one very noble hall of audience, a pretty little garden with fountains, and a long succession of passages, cloisters, alcoves, and small and intricate apartments, many of them extremely beautiful, and enjoying from their windows, balconies, and terraces, one of the most striking prospects which can be conceived. The carving in stone and marble, and the inlaid flowers and ornaments in some of these apartments, are equal to those at Delhi and Agra, and only surpassed by the beauties of the *Tage-mahal*. My companions, none of whom had visited Umeer before, all declared that, as a whole, it was superior to the castle of Delhi. For myself, I

have seen many royal palaces containing larger and more stately rooms;—many, the architecture of which is in purer taste, and some which have covered a greater extent of ground (though in *this*, if the fortress on the hill be included, Umeer will rank, I think, above Windsor); but for varied and picturesque effect, for richness of carving, for wild beauty of situation, for the number and romantic singularity of the apartments, and the strangeness of finding such a building in such a place and country, I am able to compare nothing with Umeer; and this, too, was the work of Jye Singh! The ornaments are in the same style, though in a better taste, than those of his palace at Jyepour, and the size and number of the apartments are also similar. The building is in good repair, but has a solitary and deserted aspect; and as our guide, with his bunch of keys, unlocked one iron-clenched door after another, and led us over terraces and up towers, down steep, dark, sloping passages, and through a long succession of little silent courts, and dim vaulted chambers, seen only through coloured glass, and made more gorgeously gloomy by their carving, gilding, and mirrors, the idea of an enchanted castle occurred, I believe, to us all; and I could not help thinking what magnificent use Ariosto or Sir Walter Scott would have made of such a building.

"Our conductor having asked us if we wished to see the temple, I answered, of course, 'any thing more that was to be seen;' and he turned short and led us some little distance up the citadel, then through a dark low arch into a small court, where, to my surprise, the first object which met my eyes was a pool of blood on the pavement, by which a naked man stood with a bloody sword in his hand. The scenes through which we had passed were so romantic, that my fancy had almost been wound up to expect an adventure, and I felt, I confess, for an instant my hand instinctively clench more firmly a heavy Hindoostanee whip I had with me, the butt end of which would, as a last resource, have been no despicable weapon. The guide, however, at the same instant, cautioned me against treading in the blood, and told me that a goat was sacrificed there every morning. In fact, a second glance showed me the headless body of the poor animal lying before the steps of a small

shrine. The Brahmin was officiating and tinkling his bell; but it was plain to see, from the embarrassment of our guide, that we had intruded at an unlucky moment, and we therefore merely cast our eyes round the court without going nearer to the altar and its mysteries. The guide told us in our way back that the tradition was that, in ancient times, a man was sacrificed here every day; that the custom had been laid aside till Jye Singh had a frightful dream, in which the destroying power appeared to him, and asked him why her image was suffered to be dry? The rajah, afraid to disobey, and reluctant to fulfil the requisition to its ancient extent of horror, took counsel, and substituted a goat for the human victim, with which the

Dark goddess of the azure flood,
Whose robes are wet with infant tears,
Scull-chaplet wearer, whom the blood
Of man delights three thousand years,

was graciously pleased to be contented."

The tribes of Central India were scarcely known to Europeans when Sir John Malcolm favored us with sketches of their country and character. The bishop says; "I was prepared to expect a much greater simplicity and homeliness of manner in the Rajpouts and tribes of Central India, than in those who had been subjects of the Mogul empire, and, even at the court of Jyepour, I was struck with the absence of that sort of polish which had been apparent at Lucknow and Delhi. The Hindoos seem every where, when left to themselves and under their own sovereigns, a people of simple tastes and tempers, inclined to frugality, and indifferent to show and form. The subjects of even the greatest Malhratta prince sit down without scruple in his presence; and no trace is to be found in their conversation of those adulatory terms which the Mussulmans introduced into the northern and eastern provinces. Europeans, too, are very little known here; and I heard the children continually calling out to us as we passed through the villages, 'Feringee!' It was whimsical, however, and in apparent contrast with this plainness of speech, that the term Maharajah, or sovereign, is applied by them to almost every superior."

With all their plainness of manners, the nuptial processions of the Hindoos are often splendid.—"At Mirsowlee we

were amused by the sight of a procession, on account of the betrothal of the son of a neighbouring rajah. The little boy passed on an elephant, with a long array of kettle-drums, trumpets, and standards before him, as well as a very handsome palanquin, in which two brothers, still younger than himself, were conveyed. In his passage through the streets of the town, fire-works were let off at intervals, and all the roofs of the houses, as well as the ramparts of the fort, were covered with spectators.—The towns-people were very civil in securing us a good place, and seemed pleased with the interest which I felt in the show, and with my wishing the little bridegroom 'good luck.' They told me that he was to be taken for that evening, to the house of his new father-in-law, where the ceremony of affiancing took place, but that he and the little girl were to remain for some years with their respective parents, when the second and real marriage would be celebrated."

The Rajpout bards are famous throughout Central India.—"I desired a *Bhat* or bard to give a specimen of his art; on which he repeated some lines of pure Hindoo, in praise of the vast conquests of the British. He only repeated a few lines, and seemed unwilling to go on; on which one of the bystanders, a Dak peon, reproached him for his idleness, and rattled off twenty lines of the same language in high style, and with much animation, as a sort of challenge to an Amœbian contest. He spoke so rapidly, that I caught even less of his meaning than of the bard's before; but the measure struck me as very nearly approaching to the hexameter. The bard rejoined with considerable vehemence; and I perceived that, like the correspondent contests of the shepherds in Theocritus and Virgil, the present trial of skill would soon degenerate into a scolding match, and therefore dismissed both parties (according to the good old custom of *Daphnis* and other similar arbiters) giving each a small gratuity. The *Bhats* are a sacred order all through Rajpoutana. Their race was especially created by Mahadeo, for the purpose of guarding his sacred bull; but they lost this honourable office through their cowardice. The god had a pet lion also; and, as the favourite animals were kept in the same apartment, the bull was eaten almost every day, in

spite of all the noise which the Bhats could make, greatly to the grief of Siva, and to the increase of his trouble, since he had to create a new bull in the room of every one which fell a victim to the ferocity of his companion. Under these circumstances, the deity formed a new race of men, the Charuns, of equal piety and tuneful powers, but more courageous than the Bhats, and made them the wardens of his *menagerie*. The Bhats, however, still retained their functions of singing the praises of gods and heroes, and, as the hereditary guardians of history and pedigree, are held in higher estimation than even the brahmins themselves among the haughty and fierce nobles. In the wild districts to the south-west, the more warlike Charuns, however, take their place in popular reverence. A few years back, it was usual for merchants or travellers going through Malwah and Guzerat, to hire a Charun to protect them; and the sanctity of his name was generally sufficient. If robbers appeared, he stepped forwards, waving his long white garments, and denouncing, in verse, infamy and disgrace on all who should injure travellers under the protection of the holy minstrel of Siva. If this failed, he stabbed himself with his dagger, generally in the left arm, declaring that his blood was on their heads; and, if all failed, he was bound in honour to stab himself to the heart—a catastrophe of which there was little danger, since the violent death of such a person was enough to devote the whole land to barrenness, and all who occasioned it to an everlasting abode in Padalon. The Bhats protect nobody; but to kill or beat one of them would be regarded as very disgraceful and ill-omened; and presuming on this immunity, and on the importance attached to that sort of renown which it confers, they are said often to extort money from their wealthy neighbours by promises of spreading their great name, and threats of making them infamous and blasting their prospects. A wealthy merchant in Indore, some years since, had a quarrel with one of these men, who made a clay image, which he called after the merchant's name, and daily in the bazaar and in the different temples addressed it with bitter and reproachful language, intermixed with the most frightful curses which an angry poet could invent.—There was no redress; and the mer-

chant, though a man of great power and influence at court, was advised to bribe him into silence; this he refused to do, and the matter went on for several months, till a number of the merchant's friends subscribed a considerable sum, which, with much submission and joined hands, they entreated the Bhat to accept. 'Alas!' was his answer, 'why was not this done before? Had I been conciliated in time, your friend might yet have prospered. But now, though I shall be silent henceforth, I have already said too much against him; and when did the imprecations of a bard, so long persisted in, fall to the ground unaccomplished?' The merchant, as it happened, was really overtaken by some severe calamities; and the popular faith in the powers of the minstrel character is now more than ever confirmed."

A VISIT TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA, *by the Rev. Mr. Arundell.*

In the time of the apostles, churches were founded at Smyrna, Pergamos, Ephesus, and four other cities of Asia Minor, and they became, if not the cradles, the nurseries of Christianity. The first is now a flourishing emporium, and the second is still a populous place; Thyatira and Philadelphia are also considerable towns; but the others are little better than wretched villages or heaps of ruins. The present state of Ephesus is indeed deplorable.—"When I was there (says Mr. Arundell) in 1824, the desolation was complete: a Turk whose shed we occupied, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, composed the entire population, some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among the ruins. The Greek revolution, and the predatory excursions of the Samiotes, in a great measure accounted for this desertion. There is still, however, a village near, having four hundred Greek houses.

Pergamos also excited both his curiosity and his regret.—"On entering the town, I was struck by some enormously high masses of walls on the left, strongly contrasted with the diminutive houses beneath and around them: they are the remains of the church of St. John. I accompanied a Greek priest to his church, the only church at present in Pergamos; it lies on the ascent of the castle-hill, and is a poor shed covered

with earth. Though the sun was blazing in full splendour on all the scene without, this poor church was so dark within, that even with the aid of a glimmering lamp I could not distinctly see the figures on the screen. On one side of it another priest kept a little school. I gave him a Testament. The contrast between the magnificent remains of the church of St. John which lay beneath, and this its poor representative, is as striking as between the poverty of the state of religion among the modern Greeks, and the rich abundance of Gospel light which once shone within the walls of the church of St. John.

"For a small bac-hish (he says) I was permitted to go into the bath, in which stands the celebrated vase. I had despaired of seeing it, as the bath was occupied by females during the morning, and subsequently by men: the evening, I was told, was the only time in which it could be shown. But a little money will sometimes open the doors of any bath; and I was actually admitted while a number of females were reclining on the marble benches around the vase.—Most exaggerated accounts were given by the keeper of the bath of the sums offered by Englishmen for this vase; one was said to have offered forty thousand piastres, and another engaged to fill it with sequins."

Philadelphia is at least entitled to a transient notice.—"We entered the town through chasms in the old wall, which, being built of small stones, did not appear to be much older than the last days of the lower empire; the passage through the streets was filthy in the extreme, though the view of the place as we approached it was exceedingly beautiful. We walked to the hill on which formerly stood the Acropolis; the houses in general were mean, and we saw nothing on the hill but some walls not very ancient. From this spot the view was magnificent in the extreme; highly cultivated gardens and vineyards lay at the back and sides of the town, and before it one of the most extensive and rich plains in Asia. We returned through a different part of the town, and, though objects of much curiosity, were treated with civility, confirming Chandler's observation, that the Philadelphians are a 'civil people.' It was very pleasing to see a number of turtle-doves on the roofs of the houses; they were well associated with the name of *Philadelphia*

(brotherly or sisterly love). The storks retain possession still of the walls of the city, as well as the roofs of many of the houses."

Although Mr. Arundell is a well-wisher to the Greeks, he seems to consider the Asiatic Turks as preferable to the former people, both for honesty and friendliness: but, even if the Greeks were much worse in those respects than they really are, there would be no excuse for the brutal barbarity with which they are treated by the ruling power.—An instance of this cruelty, and also of the zeal with which the Greeks adhere to their religion, recently occurred at Denizli. A man was accused of adultery with a Turkish woman, and, refusing to purchase pardon by becoming a Moslem, received (says our author) "two thousand strokes of the bastinado, and, after lingering for three days in a horrible state of suffering, died."

As the zoology of this part of Asia is little known, we will extract some particulars connected with that subject.—"The neighbourhood of Sedikeuy abounds with jackals; wild boars are also numerous; and about two years since a hyena was killed between that village and Boujah. Lions have, I believe, never been heard of near Sedikeuy; but one was seen a few years ago on the road to Nymphæum. Near Ephesus, wolves are frequently met with.—The lynx has at times been seen in the mountains of Sedikeuy; and a wild beast represented by the peasants as high as a mule, lately committed dreadful ravages among the flocks and dogs of the shepherds. Its abode was at the summit of a very lofty rock, south-east of the village. On the opposite mountain of Tartalee, two species of bears, one reddish-brown, and the other black, are not unfrequently seen. When the above-mentioned beast renewed its ravages, it was found to be a leopard. It came down on the flock of an old shepherd, who, having no arms, depended for his safety on a family of dogs. The mother commenced the attack, but the leopard placed her quietly between his forelegs; a young dog was served in the same way; but a second fixed his teeth on the eye and lip of the beast, and kept so determined a hold, that the others were liberated, and after a fierce contest succeeded in killing their adversary."

A JOURNAL OF A MISSION TO NEW-BRUNSWICK, NOVA-SCOTIA, AND UPPER-CANADA, *by John West, A.M.*

MR. WEST is a good Christian and a zealous missionary. Visiting New-Brunswick with the best intentions, he proceeded from the town of St. John to the Vale of Sussex, where an establishment was formed by the New-England Company, soon after the settling of the province, called "The Academy for instructing and civilising the Indians." This was placed under the management of a board, consisting of the leading provincial authorities; but its efforts proved of little use, the Indians returning to their migratory habits, and again falling under the influence of the Roman-catholic priests. One part of the plan was to apprentice the children of the Indians at an early age to different settlers.—"It is not by such means," says Mr. West, "or by any similar forced process that has been acted upon, or any means that compel them to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' in a menial capacity, that a just expectation can be raised of any conversion in their state. Their naturally high and independent spirit must be consulted in the attempt to do them good; and this is best done by encouraging them, on all favourable occasions, to become settlers on their own lands, or lands which in common justice should be assigned to them, as the original proprietors of the soil. An Indian sees acutely all the relative stations in society, and feels keenly the contempt with which he is often treated by white people, on account of the colour of his skin. A short time ago, Saccho Beeson, a chief of the Passamaquoddy tribe, ac-

companied a deputation of Indians to a convention in the state of Maine, for the purpose of asserting their right of property in the land where they were located. At the house of accommodation they were put into a back-room for the night, with a small candle, where the boots of a considerable number of persons, who had arrived for the meeting, were left. The next day the chief complained to the assembly, how badly Indians were accommodated; and being desired to state what he had to complain of, said, 'Boots too much, and light too little.'

"The Indians (Mr. West adds), not being encouraged to inter-marry or mix with white people on terms of equality, have receded as a distinct people, or have been driven before those who have carried commerce, with civilisation, far into the wilderness and lands of their forefathers; and it cannot be otherwise than affecting to an honest and feeling mind, to recollect the way in which Europeans first obtained a footing in their country, and the possession of their patrimony."

Proceeding to the province of Nova-Scotia, Mr. West found the descendants of the original natives in an uncomfortable state, not indeed oppressed by the colonists, but certainly not well treated. They wander about the country (he says) in detached parties, in extreme wretchedness, and are fast diminishing in number. He not only advises that they should be encouraged in agricultural pursuits, but that religious and scholastic instruction should be systematically afforded to them: and such advice is too judicious to be neglected or disregarded by just and upright provincial governors.

STANZAS,

written immediately after hearing a most impressive Sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, at Foxearth, in Essex, in the Summer of 1827, from the following text: "The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all."—PROVERBS.

THE poor man look'd with envious eye
Upon the rich man's store;
His bosom harbour'd envy's sigh:—
He wish'd his pittance more.

But he had health, and soundly slept,
Though hard his couch might be;
For fancied woes he never wept;
And children press'd his knee.

The rich man, though a common eye
Might envy him his state,
Mourn'd his lost health with many a sigh,
And murmur'd still at fate.

He fancied griefs in pleasure's arms,
Where grief should never be;
He long'd for children, and their charms;
But childless still was he.

Though clad in splendor, though his fare
Was sumptuous ev'ry day,
Though downy beds 'twas his to share,
Sleep would not with him stay;

And in his heart, though pride would not
The bitter truth unfold,
He often thought the poor man's lot
Better than all his gold.

Poor man! for wealth then ask no more;
It has not pow'r to save;
And, oh! remember, rich and poor
Shall meet within the grave!

J. M. LACFY.

A SCENE IN AN AFRICAN DESERT,

poetically described by Mr. Pringle.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past:
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead;—
Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon,
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon,
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft,
Companions of early days lost or left,
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame!
The home of my childhood, the haunt of my prime,—
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone!
And I—a lone exile remember'd of none—
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone,
Quite weary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively:

Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
 In fields seldom cheer'd by the dew or the rain,
 And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
 Undisturb'd by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
 And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at fall of day;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
 For she hies away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
 In the pathless depths of the parch'd Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
 Away—away in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,
 And the quiver'd Coranna, or Bechuan,
 Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan;
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandon'd, from famine and fear:
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the old hollow stone:
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub, takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
 And the bitter melon for food and drink
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink:
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides;
 Where reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
 Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capt mountain,
 Is found, to refresh the aching eye;
 But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
 And the blank horizon round and round,
 Without a living sight or sound,
 Tell to the heart in its pensive mood,
 That this—is Nature's solitude.

And here,—while the night-winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
 And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
 That spread the heavens and heaved the land,
 A 'still small voice' comes through the wild,
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
 Saying,—*'Man is distant, but God is near!'*

THE PAINS OF GENIUS,

by Mr. Robert Montgomery.

ENVY not the poet's name,
 Darken not his dawn of fame;
 'Tis the guerdon of a mind
 Above the thralls of earthly kind:

'Tis the haven for a soul
 Where the storms of genius roll :
 It often lights him to his doom,
 A halo round an early tomb !

The whirling brain and heated brow,
 Ideas that torture while they grow ;
 The soaring fancy over-fraught,
 The burning agonies of thought :
 The sleepless eye and racking head,
 The airy terrors round him spread :
 Or freezing smile of Apathy,
 Or scowl of green-eyed Jealousy ;
 Or haggard Want, whose lean hands wave
 Unto a cold uncover'd grave ;
 Oh ! these must win a poet's name ;
 Then, darken not his dawn of fame.

THE HELIOTROPE,

by Mr. Gent.

THERE is a flower whose modest eye
 Is turn'd with looks of light and love,
 Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
 Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
 Her fond idolatry is fled ;
 Her sighs no more their sweets exhale :
 The loving eye is cold and dead.

Can'st thou not trace a moral here,
 False flatt'rer of the prosp'rous hour ?
 Let but an adverse cloud appear,
 And thou art faithless as the flower !

THE LAY OF THE MOURNER,

by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

It is not 'mid the busy throng,
 When all around from care are free,
 That tender thoughts come stealing on,*
 Mingled with fond regret for thee !
 It is not in life's giddy round,—
 The crowded scene,—“the hum of men,”
 My heart is conscious of the wound,
 That ne'er on earth shall heal again !

* Rhyme is not essential to poetry ; but, when it is used, it ought to be better than this.
 —EDIT.

No!—it is when the busy day
Is o'er, and night, in sable pall,
(Chasing each worldly thought away)
Veils lowly cot and lordly hall;
When sleep sits close, on happier eyes,
On lids from sorrow's tear-drops free;
That phantoms of the past arise,
And mem'ry's vision turns to thee!

Yes! oft thy smile's remember'd light
Illumes the darkness of my soul,
In the calm hours of "stilly night,"
When fancy reigns without control!
Oft do the morning stars surprise
(Those ling'ring gems pale daylight knows,)
My vigils,—ere these wakeful eyes
Have tasted slumber's brief repose!

They bear me on from place to place,
From rustic scene to lighted hall;
And, if joy's sunshine cross my face,
Deem that I have forgotten all;
But wrong they deem!—unquaff'd by me,
Lethe's oblivious wave may flow;
I would not lose one thought of thee,
For all that pleasure can bestow!

Thy mem'ry!—'tis the light that flings
Radiance, where darkness else had been;
The link to which my spirit clings,
To draw it from this mortal scene;
It is the one inspiring thought,
From all earth's grosser passions free;
The whisper'd hope, with rapture fraught,
That where thou art—I yet may be!

They who would bid my fancy range,
From dwelling on thy mem'ry here,
What do they offer in exchange,
That I could cherish half so dear?
My guide on earth,—my hope in Heav'n,
The pilot of life's darken'd hour;
Oh! say—what bliss has pleasure giv'n,
To equal sorrow's hallowing power?

THE GAY WIFE, AND HER GALLANT;

from a new Satire, called the Man of Ton.

To her, a kind of loveliness belongs,
Which painters cannot give, or poets' songs;
Not quite commanding beauty, but below
The scale that critics fix, and artists know;
Something not soon forgotten, and which leaves
That image on the heart the eye receives,
Of strange mysterious pow'r,—a form and face
Where careless negligence seems studied grace;

An eye of liquid blue, whose wand'ring beams
 Haunt all our thoughts, and rule us in our dreams;
 A nameless witchery, that wins and blinds
 The wise, as firmly as the weakest minds;
 Not arm'd with talents rare, and not a wit,
 Made when dame Nature was in playful fit:
 Her—prudence would not win, nor wise men have,
 Nor he that boasts he would not be a slave.
 Ye witless, fear her seeming want of art;
 Be doubly watchful, wise ones, of your heart;
 Her pow'rs are every wheré; your eye and ear
 Are traitors to your peace, and cost you dear.

Ill chance it is when charms like these are sold,
 In fashion's mart, for all-commanding gold;
 When pair'd, not match'd, to an unequal mate,
 She has, the world declares, the happiest state,
 Rich, young, and handsome—what is more in life:
 And free to flirt—neglected—and a wife!
 Just such was fair Selina: her's the taste
 To name a toque, add inches to a waist,
 Reduce a bonnet, or exalt a curl,
 Make feathers flow'rs, change amethyst to pearl.
 Winds chang'd less often than her will, and she,
 To rule with tyranny, had still kept free:
 She laugh'd at love, for her unwounded heart
 “Could jest at scars that never felt a smart.”
 She held at Almack's an inferior court,
 Laugh'd at the queens, and of their laws made sport
 Full many an angry duchess frown'd in vain
 On men, fine men, she number'd in her train:
 Though all confess'd she held a sov'reign sway,
 None knew what charm specific won the day.
 And could this Cynosure so wholly fill
 The world with envy thus, and Jack be still?
 “Win her, and something's done; but how can I
 Through this gay garden chase this butterfly?
 I'll give a fête,” Jack cries, “nor heed the cost:
 And fair Selina rules it—or I'm lost.”
 Caught by his open front, his air of truth,
 Selina more than once had mark'd the youth;
 Heard of his losses—honor in his play;
 And lik'd the thoughtless Timon of the day;
 Heard him run down, and, in her giddy way,
 Vow'd to assist him, and her taste display.
 Thus chance supplied what not e'en gold could buy.
 And Jack's flag wav'd on fashion's topmast high.

A NEW BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF BURNS, THE POET.

THE fame of the northern bard may be said rather to have increased than declined since his death, and his countrymen are particularly eager to pay respect to his memory. Mr. Lockhart, son-in-law to the author of Waverley, has diligently endeavoured to extend

our information respecting the poet whom he admires; and, if we do not learn from him all that we could wish, we at least know more than we did before.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the Kirk of Alloway, and the “Auld Brig o' Doon.” About a week afterwards, part of the frail dwelling, which

his father had constructed with his own hands, gave way at midnight; and the infant poet and his mother were carried, through the storm, to the shelter of a neighbouring bovel. During his boyhood he displayed no precocious indications of poetic genius; on the contrary, his brother Gilbert was, at school, his superior in intelligence and talent. Both brothers spent their early youth in rural toils; and, at the age of fifteen, love for a *bonnie lass*, with whom he was engaged in the labours of harvest, was the first inspiration of Robert Burns.—“Among her other love-inspiring qualities,” he tells us, “she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel, to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird’s son, on one of his father’s maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could snear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry.”

Instead of following the biographer in his whole course, we shall select the most striking passages. In 1786 Burns visited the Scottish capital; and, referring to this important epoch in his life, Sir Walter Scott says, “As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father’s. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable professor Ferguson’s, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened.—The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns’ manner, was the

effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury’s, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

‘Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden’s plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bènt o’er her babe, her eye dissolv’d in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
‘The child of misery baptiz’d in tears.’

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne’s, called by the unpromising title of ‘The Justice of Peace.’ I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure. His person was strong and robust; his manners rustie, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one’s knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth’s picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i. e.* none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude-man* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption.—Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forward-

ness; and, when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh; but considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling. I remember on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns' acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited, and also, that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate. This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information, more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late duchess of Gordon remark this."

Speaking of the poet's rise, Mr. Lockhart says, "Darkly as the career of Burns was destined to terminate, there can be no doubt that he made his first appearance at a period highly favourable for his reception as a British, and especially as a Scottish poet. Nearly forty years had elapsed since the death of Thomson:—Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, had successively disappeared:—Dr. Johnson had belied the rich promise of his early appearance, and confined himself to prose; and Cowper had hardly begun to be recognised as having any considerable pretensions to fill the long-vacant throne in England. At home—without derogation from the merits either of the tragedy of Douglas or the poem of the Minstrel, be it said—men must have gone back at least three centuries to find a Scottish poet at all entitled to be considered as of that high order to which the generous criticism of MacKenzie at once admitted 'the Ayrshire

ploughman.' Of the form and garb of — composition, much, unquestionably and avowedly, was derived from his more immediate predecessors, Ramsay and Ferguson; but there was a bold mastery of hand in his picturesque descriptions, to produce any thing equal to which it was necessary to recall the days of Christ's Kirk on the Green, and Peebles to the Play; and, in his more solemn pieces, a depth of inspiration, and a massive energy of language, to which the dialect of his country had been a stranger, at least since 'Dunbar the Mackar.' The Muses of Scotland had never indeed been silent; and the ancient minstrelsy of the land, of which a slender portion had as yet been committed to the safeguard of the press, was handed from generation to generation, and preserved, in many a fragment, faithful images of the peculiar tenderness, and peculiar humour, of the national fancy and character—precious representations, which Burns himself never surpassed in his happiest efforts. But these were fragments: and, with a scanty handful of exceptions, the best of them, at least of the serious kind, were very ancient. Among the numberless effusions of the Jacobite Muse, valuable as we now consider them for the record of manners and events, it would be difficult to point out half-a-dozen strains worthy, for poetical excellence alone, of a place among the old chivalrous ballads of the Southern, or even of the Highland Border. Generations had passed away since any Scottish poet had appealed to the sympathies of his countrymen in a lofty Scottish strain.

"It was reserved for Burns to interpret the inmost soul of the Scottish peasant in all its moods, and in verse exquisitely and intensely Scottish, without degrading either his sentiments or his language with one touch of vulgarity. Such is the delicacy of native taste, and the power of a truly masculine genius."

Among the enlarged enjoyments which his first success afforded to Burns, was an opportunity of traveling over many parts of his native country. He went to the southern border, where every hill is sacred to the Muse, and every stream made sacred by song. He was, it may well be supposed, delighted with the picturesque and memorable scenes offered to his imagination; and we are told that he ranged with parti-

cular pleasure through the localities celebrated by the old minstrels, of whose works he was a passionate admirer.

Burns had a sensitive temperament, and his feelings were soon hurt by real and even by fancied neglect. In a fit of gloomy discontent, he thus wrote to a friend:—"There are just two creatures that I would envy—a horse in his wild state traversing the forests of Asia, or an oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe. The one has not a wish without enjoyment; the other has neither wish nor fear." * * * These have been six horrible weeks. Anguish and low spirits have made me unfit to read, write, or think. I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer does a commission; for I would not *take in* any poor ignorant wretch by *selling out*. Lately, I was a sixpenny private, and God knows a miserable soldier enough: now I march to the campaign a starving cadet, a little more conspicuously wretched. I am ashamed of all this; for, though I do not want bravery for the warfare of life, I could wish, like some other soldiers, to have as much fortitude or cunning as to dissemble or conceal my cowardice."

"It seems impossible (says Mr. Lockhart) to doubt that Burns had in fact lingered in Edinburgh, in the vague hope that something would be done for him. He visited and revisited a farm,—talked and wrote scholarly and wisely about 'having a fortune at the plough-tail,' and so forth; but all the while nourished the fond dream that the admiration of his country would ere long present itself in some solid and tangible shape. Illness and confinement gave him leisure to concentrate his imagination on the darker side of his prospects; and some of his letters may teach those who envy the powers and the fame of genius, to pause for a moment over the annals of literature, and think what superior capabilities of misery have been, in a majority of cases, interwoven with the possession of those very talents, from which all but their possessors derive unmingled gratification."

The poet was at length *elevated* to a post connected with the excise.—"From the time when he entered on his excise duties, he more and more neglected the concerns of his farm. Occasionally he might be seen holding the plough (an exercise in which he excelled, and was

prond of excelling), or stalking down his furrows, with the white sheet of grain wrapped about him, a 'tenty seedsman;' but he was more commonly occupied in far different pursuits. 'I am now,' said he, in one of his letters, 'a poor rascally gauger, condemned to gallop two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty bonds and yeasty barrels.' Both in verse and in prose he recorded the bitter feelings with which he first followed his new vocation. His jests on the subject are uniformly bitter. 'I have the same consolation,' he tells Mr. Ainslie, 'which I once heard a recruiting serjeant give to his audience in the streets of Kilmarnock: 'Gentlemen, for your farther encouragement, I can assure you, that ours is the most black-guard corps under the crown, and, consequently, with us an honest fellow has the surest chance of preferment.' He winds up almost all his statements of his feelings on this matter in the same strain.

'I hae a wife and twa wee baddies;
They mair hae bro'e and brats o' doddies.
Ye ken yoursel, my heart right prond is,
I needna vaunt;
But I'll sned besom-throw saugh-waule-er,
Before they want.'

On one occasion, however, he takes a higher tone. 'There is a certain stigma,' says he to bishop Geddes, 'in the name of exciseman: but I do not intend to borrow honour from any profession;' which may, perhaps, remind the reader of Gibbon's lofty language, on finally quitting the learned and polished circles of London and Paris, for his Swiss retirement: 'I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my value by that of my associates.' Burns, in his perpetual perambulations over the moors of Dumfriesshire, had every temptation to encounter which bodily fatigue, the blandishments of hosts and hostesses, and the habitual manners of those who acted with him in the duties of the excise, could present. He was, moreover, wherever he went, exposed to perils of his own, by the reputation which he had earned as a poet, and by his extraordinary powers of entertainment in conversation. From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality, then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly-inclined guest to rise from any man's board in

the same trim that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns was seen passing, left his reapers, and trotted by the side of Jenny (his mare), until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle, the largest punch-bowl was produced, and

Be ours this night— who knows what comes to-morrow ?

was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him. The stately gentry of the county, whenever they had especial merriment in view, called in the wit and eloquence of Burns to enliven their carousals."

THE PROCESS OF THE REASONING FACULTY.

INQUIRIES into the mode of employing our reason must be interesting to all who, possessing mental powers, justly boast of their marked superiority to the brute creation. On some former occasions, we called the attention of our readers to the powers of the mind and the right use of reason; but, of the four parts into which we divided the subject (namely, perception, judgement, argumentation or ratiocination, and disposition or arrangement), we only examined the two first. The third part, therefore, now demands our notice and consideration.

In the practice of argumentation, we infer something that is less known from those points and circumstances which are more evident. As judgement joins or disjoins our ideas, and forms a proposition, so reasoning joins at least three propositions, and frames a syllogism.—When we are unable to judge of the truth or falsehood of a proposition in an immediate manner, by the mere contemplation of the *subject* of our remark, and of the *predicate*, or that which we affirm, we are obliged to devise a third idea, that, by seeing how far the two former agree or disagree with it, we may judge whether they agree or disagree among themselves. When we question whether God is entitled to our reverential homage or worship, we introduce

the idea of a creator as a middle term, and say, worship is due to our Creator—God is our Creator;—therefore worship is due to God. Two of these phrases are called the *premises* (or previous assertions), and the third is the logical conclusion or inference. The first, uniting the predicate of the conclusion with the middle term, is called the major proposition, and the second, connecting that term with the subject (*God*), is styled the minor, and sometimes the assumption.

When a syllogism is stated hypothetically or conditionally, the point in question remains to be proved in the following way. "If virtue (says a reasoner) be desirable, it ought to be followed: whatever is good is desirable; therefore virtue ought to be followed." If it should appear, on due investigation, that virtue is not a just object of desire, the conclusion would be false; but, as we find the middle term (or the proviso in this case) to be correct, the inference is just. To syllogisms some rules belong, the observance of which will secure us from false inferences. One is, that particular propositions are contained in universal ones, and may be inferred from them, while, on the other hand, universals cannot be inferred from particulars. Thus, when we say that all human beings are sinful, we include our best friends in the same censure; but, when we affirm that some men are rascals, we are very far from meaning that all men are of that description. Another rule is, that in all affirmative propositions, the predicate has no greater extension than the subject, because its extension is restrained by the subject, and it is therefore deemed a particular idea; but the predicate of a negative proposition is always taken universally, for in its whole extension it is denied of the subject;—for instance, when we say, "no man can fly in the air," we deny all powers of flight to all men. A third rule is, that no two affirmative premises can justify a negative conclusion;—a fourth is, that, if one of the premises be negative, the conclusion must be so too;—and it is added by logicians, that, where both premises are negative, nothing can be concluded, for they separate the middle term both from the subject and predicate of the conclusion, and, when two ideas are not consonant with a third, we cannot logically infer that they either agree or disagree

with each other. This rule, they say, is suspended where the negation is a part of the middle term, or where the two premises look like negatives according to the words, while one is affirmative in sense; as, "What has no thought cannot reason; a worm has no thought; therefore a worm cannot reason." In fact, these negative premises contain only one assertion.

A negative may be so used in a syllogism as to falsify the original proposition. "Nothing is better than virtue; every thing is better than nothing; therefore every thing is better than virtue." This sophistical and ludicrous conclusion arises from the varied position and application of the negative.

A conjunctive syllogism is one in which the major proposition, or the minor, has distinct parts, which are joined by some particle of speech. "If God were not a being of infinite goodness, he would not consult the happiness of his creatures; but God does consult the happiness of his creatures: therefore he is a being of infinite goodness." This is a legitimate conclusion; but, if any one should say, "If a minister were a prince, he must be honored; but a minister must be honored; therefore he must be a prince;"—the inference is inconsequential and fallacious, because it misapplies the middle term,—the honor which is stated to be due.

In a disjunctive syllogism, two or more predicated circumstances do not *both or all* belong to the subject, but one excludes the rest. "It is either the spring, summer, autumn, or winter; but it is not the summer, autumn, or winter; therefore it is the spring." As a year consists of four seasons, we, by naming all and excluding three, quickly determine that to which the conclusion is applicable.—Another syllogism of this class may thus be stated: "The world is either self-existent, or the work of a finite or an infinite being; but it is not self-existent, nor is it the work of a finite being; therefore it is the work of an infinite being." This reasoning, though seemingly complex, is as just as that of the most simple syllogism.

"In the midst of life we are in death," is an alarming denunciation of which most of us have heard. The assertion is not sufficiently precise, because life and death cannot be simultaneous. Let us put it in a syllogistic form, and we

shall soon see its bearing and its force. The middle term or the test which occurs, is the idea of uncertainty. "No one can depend on that which is uncertain; life is uncertain; therefore no one can depend on a continuance of life:"—that is, at one moment we are in the midst of life; at another we are in death. The phrase was intended to refer to life, considered as liable to be suddenly terminated by some casual contingency; and, therefore, when it is applied by the chaplain of a prison to the execution of a criminal, it is not only false reasoning; but, in the case of mere robbery (which, we think, does not call for capital punishment), is a seeming insult to the poor victim. The ruling power closes the life of a subject by an act of violence, the justice of which is at least problematical, and the officiating minister of the church confounds the act with the effect of a sudden accident, a stroke of paralysis, or a fit of apoplexy.

Among disjunctive syllogisms, a dilemma is particularly remarkable, as it sometimes requires a considerable degree of logical acuteness to settle the doubts to which it gives rise. It consists of two or more propositions, which appear to be so discordant, that you do not readily know which ought to prevail in the argumentation. It is like a sword that cuts with two edges.—The celebrated speech of Hamlet, beginning with "To be or not to be," is a striking instance of a dilemma. The Danish prince, shocked at the various ills of life, meditates on the expediency of suicide, as a remedy for those ills; but, after earnest deliberation, he is apprehensive that the remedy may be worse than the disease, and therefore resolves not to "make his *quixtus* with a bare bodkin."

A logician says, "In this life we must either indulge our vicious inclinations, or resist them: to indulge them will bring sin and sorrow; to resist their influence is laborious and painful; therefore we cannot be perfectly free from sorrow or pain in this life." But this is not a just example of a dilemma; for the conclusion is instantly settled in one way, instead of distracting or dividing the attention of the logical student.

A curious instance of a real dilemma is given by an ancient writer. Euathlus, being instructed by Protagoras in the art of pleading, promised that, as soon

as he should gain a cause in the court, he would reward his teacher. The latter, finding the pupil disinclined to grant any recompence, sued him for it, and thus addressed him:—"Either the cause will be determined in my favor or in your's: if it should be settled as I wish, you must pay me according to the sentence of the judge; if the decision should be favorable to you, you must pay me in compliance with your promise; therefore, in either case, you must pay me the reward."—This dilemma was thus retorted:—"Either (said Euathlus) I shall gain the cause or lose it: in the former case, nothing will be due to you, according to the sentence of the judge; in the latter contingency, nothing will be due to you in consequence of the bargain; therefore, whether I gain or lose the cause, I will not pay you, because nothing will be due to you."—In this case, the perplexity arose from the identity of the pupil's first cause with that which concerned both the contracting individuals: if he had succeeded in any other cause, he would have been bound in law to perform his promise; and, indeed, in the alleged case, he was bound to pay both by logic and by equity.

It is impossible to settle every point by argumentation, however acute may be the reasoner. In consequence of the limitation of our faculties and the imperfections even of the greatest mind, we are constrained to stop short in our researches; yet much may be done by patient investigation and deliberate inquiry. We may not only "reason from what we know," but, where we cannot arrive at mathematical demonstration, we may weigh and compare probabilities, detect fallacies, and deduce fair and plausible conclusions.

By animalverting on the most prevalent sophisms or fallacies, we indicate the means of obviating or refuting them. One is a mistake of the question, when a person uses arguments which do not bear precisely upon it. The opponent, in this case, must take care to draw him to the point, and not suffer him to make idle excursions.—Another sophism is that of a disputant, who takes for granted a point that is not proved, and proceeds to argue on such an assumption. You may check him by desiring him to make choice of a stronger foundation, as his argument will otherwise be so futile and

feeble as to be unworthy of your notice.—One argues, that, when a theatre suddenly falls, and many persons lose their lives by this accident, their fate is a judgement upon them for pursuing the sinful life of a player, or for having been employed in the "Devil's House" on the preceding Lord's-Day. This is the assignation of a false cause, and is the dream of a fanatic, not the remark of a truly pious man.—Some argue from the occasional abuse of a thing against its general use. Wine, they say, has frequently occasioned quarrels and serious mischief; therefore it ought not to be used.—Reading and writing, say others, have been perverted to bad purposes; therefore the common people ought to be kept in a state of ignorance.—By an indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures, say the zealous Romanists, heresies have been engendered; therefore none but the clergy ought to read them.—To these fallacies we may add the frequency of inconsistency. Even men of talent and learning fall into this practice. In one part of a work or a discourse, their arguments and observations differ considerably from the preceding course of their remarks. "The true reason of this (says Dr. Watts) is the narrowness of the mind of man, which cannot take in all the properties and relations of one subject with a single view. Whilst they are intent on one part of their theme, they bend all their force of thought to prove or disprove some proposition relating to that part, without a sufficient attention to the consequences which may flow from it, and which may unhappily affect another part of the same subject; and thus they are sometimes led to say things which are inconsistent." This is an unsatisfactory excuse. The mind, however narrow, must know its own ideas, and cannot forget them without extreme carelessness and inattention.

These hints and remarks, we trust, will contribute to convince our youthful readers of the expediency of conceiving clearly, judging accurately, and reasoning well. Every one cannot be expected to possess pre-eminent abilities; but the majority of mankind may be supposed to be endowed with common sense, which may gradually be so cultivated as to rise to the dignity of wisdom.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD MAID.
3 VOLS. 1828.

As we formerly noticed the Confessions of an Old Bachelor, we are bound to find room for those of an Old Maid. We lament the fate of antiquated virgins; yet we wish them well, and entertain a great respect for many of them. A literary lady, speaking of the sisterhood, once expressed her firm conviction that the greater part of these virgins, far from being neglected or undervalued by the men, remained single from inclination. We confess that we have some doubts respecting the correctness of that opinion; but we ought not to question the authority of the fair writer.

The *Old Maid* commences her story at the age of forty-seven years:—she certainly was not then a *young* maid. She takes an early opportunity of introducing us not merely into her parlour, but (start not, modest reader!) into her bed-chamber. Her decency of appearance, however, is still maintained, because her robe is long and her covering ample. She says, “I dare say that my reader, whether lady or gentleman, has often seen (and of course admired, if possessed of any taste) a representation of a lady’s dressing-room by Jan Steen, or some other Dutch artist. The studied delicacy of touch will be remembered—the minuteness and nicety of drawing—the bed-curtains—the pattern of the carpet—the dressing-table—the toilette—all presenting themselves as bright in colouring as they are faithful in delineation; such, shall it be my endeavour to present the description of my own chamber. To exhibit myself then in the morning, just awakening—like Aurora, shall I say? Not exactly. In youth it was another thing, but now I am apprehensive that I might possibly be contemplated by some as not quite so agreeable an object, just emerging from my ‘dowry couch.’ But I can hardly agree with these persons, since I think that if amusement (it might be, admiration) is agreeable, my figure in deshabille would afford it amply.

“To say nothing of the becomingness of the frill and furbelow of my *robe de nuit*, (I like to be becoming, however little I may have proceeded with dressing) my dressing-gown is of India dimity, with a border of fine cambric;

and, when the weather is at all cold, I throw a red Indian shawl over my shoulders. My cap, with its wide lace border, is also agreeably becoming. After having drawn on a pair of pink silk stockings, I slip my feet into my red Morocco slippers. Opposite to me, at the other side of the room, is a large looking-glass which reflects my whole form, shows me my elegant attitude, and really satisfies me so much with myself, that I have now and then had the weakness to delay dressing (*completely*) for the sake of bestowing another glance or two upon its surface.

“It still is, and always has been, a maxim with me, that we ought to enjoy life and limb as long as it is in our power; that we should cheat old age of its decrepitude, if possible—smoothe away, if we can, its wrinkles, and disguise its withered and frosty appearance. Upon this principle, I employ other petty artifices, beside that of darkening my hair, to give my appearance an *éclat*, and to make my glass put me in mind of my younger days; nor is the reward a slight one which I receive for my pains in dressing; I have not only the pleasure of self-approval, but not unfrequently overhear myself called, by persons of taste, ‘*la belle Mirabelle*.’ A long bill which lies half-opened by my pincushion (it is from my perfumer) for a certain pleasantly-smelling white lotion, and perhaps other cosmetics, will speak how much I do for the beautifying of my complexion.”

The maiden has some romance as well as vanity in her character; and, while she endeavours by every artifice to conceal the effects of time on her once beautiful person, and imagines that, with the air and childish manners of seventeen, she possesses the same appearance of youth and bloom, she continues to indulge a hope of the return of a long absent lover. Some excuse for this is to be found in her recollection of what she had once been.

“Sprightly as I may be even at this *certain* age at which I have arrived, yet little do I appear so, in comparison with the light-hearted thing I once was, when the tide of animal spirits was at its height, when the happy season of life was its fifteenth summer—when no foot mounted the hill-side more nimbly than my own, or brushed away its dew more lightly—when there was not one of all

my contemporaries whose locks waned more gracefully in the breeze, whose voice was softer or more musical—whose eye was more arch and sparkling—who was more animated in the dance, gayer at the festival, more engaging in the domestic circle—more cheerfully content when roaming whither happy thoughtlessness might lead, through verdant meadows, or shady coppices, culling the violet at the tree's foot, where it shrank concealed in the wet mosses and wild ivy. No one was there more devoted to the elegant indulgences of the mind; more sincere in the worship of genius, more sensible of the enchantments of poetry, the harmony of measure; more awed too by the precepts of wisdom: none either, whose heart was more alive to the voice of affection, the sympathies of friendship, or the sacred sensibilities of charity."

Under such impressions she receives with satisfaction compliments the most insincere, and believes herself the object of universal admiration, until she is undeceived at a public ball. Here she figures away in high spirits, and mistakes the smile of derision for an expression of delight; but, when she learns that she owes the attention she has attracted to the ridiculous appearance of her head, which from the partial distribution of the coloring wash presents a pie-bald aspect, she retires from all society but that of one favorite companion, and resolves to write her confessions. We thus turn back to the scenes of her youth. At seventeen she lost her mother; and her lover, Albert Conroy, sailed for India, having vowed eternal truth and constancy. Soon afterwards her sisters married, her father died, and she was left with considerable property at her own disposal. Young, handsome, accomplished, and amiable, she had many offers, but rejected all, expecting that Albert would fulfil his promise. Engaged in a round of unceasing gaiety, she grew old almost unconsciously, and still thought herself pre-eminently charming until the night of her disgrace. Reflecting on this denial of her claims to admiration, she became more reasonable and considerate, purchased an estate in the country, and was preparing to retire when she received intelligence of the return of Albert; but he was no

longer her lover, and basely deserted her. Left now to her own resources, without connection and without amusement, she lamented her rejection of so many offers, was driven by a fear of ridicule from a village where she had taken up her residence, and went to a remote country-town, where she joined a sisterhood of old maids. Here she received the addresses of an Irish electioneering poet, who contrived to steal her reputation as well as her purse.—She at length became more wise as age advanced, and now passes her time (she says) in philosophic composure, ease, and comfort, trusting that her confessions will operate to the advantage of young maidens.

MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

National Customs.—Great is the tyranny of custom. Man may be called an imitative animal, as a monkey has long been called. There is no impropriety,—indeed there is some merit,—in imitating a good fashion or practice; but the question is, whether a custom of doubtful expediency, or (to go farther) one which is palpably absurd, ought to be adopted because it is very prevalent in the community to which we belong. A philosopher will reply in the negative, while a man of the world will maintain the affirmative, alleging that, if you reside at Rome, you must act as the people do at Rome. On this subject Mr. Edmunds says, "Woe to the man who shows his contempt, by actions, of his nation's religion or customs! Such a man, in some countries, would be severely punished by the laws; in other countries he would be turned out of society, and, if a dependent, would be deprived of his patrons, and possibly starve. If a civilised man of Europe should make the important discovery, that nature did not put a beard on his chin, in order that he might have the trouble of shaving it every morning; if he should discover that a Turk with a beard is as happy as a well-shorn Englishman, the Turk giving himself no trouble in opposing the designs of ever-beneficent nature; could he act agreeably to his discovery? Certainly not. If he be a man of independent income, he must choose between these evils,—the trouble of shaving his chin every day.

and the pain of being shunned by all his equals in rank. If he depend on others for his income, he must choose between these evils,—the daily shaving of his chin, and beggary. If an Englishman should discover that a large house did not make a man happier than a small one, and that costly dress did not make a man happier than plain dress or clothing, he could not act correspondently, because all his equals in rank would league together against him. He must choose one of these evils,—the spending of his money on such things as in themselves afford him no pleasure, or the loss of the society of his equals in rank. He could not reap the benefit of his discovery, that there are few or no luxuries but mental luxuries, because, by acting as his discovery would direct him, he would be deprived of the chief mental luxuries; namely, those arising from social converse between cultivated minds. Such are the baneful effects of national opinions or prejudices, on personal freedom. But the pernicious effects of national opinions extend still farther.—They not only prescribe the manner of living to each individual, but they intimate what opinions are to be entertained by all the people of a nation; they not only fetter the bodies of individuals, but (what is much worse), enchain the minds of the people. When any one differs from established opinions or prejudices, he is prevented from making his opinions public, by the fear of incurring the hatred of his neighbours, and in consequence losing the pleasures of society: if he be a dependent, he will be deterred from publishing his opinions by the fear of losing the means of subsistence.—National opinion prescribes law not in the moral world only, but also in the physical: not content with declaring what causes shall or shall not be connected with happiness, it takes upon itself to prescribe laws to matter, and to decide, for instance, whether the earth shall go round the sun, or the sun round the earth."

Social Pleasure.—This is far more agreeable than solitary pleasure. Pope speaks of it with a proper warmth of feeling when he says, with regard to Sir Robert Walpole,

"Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for pow'r;
Seen him, unnumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Mr. Edmunds says, "If the whole sum of pleasure enjoyed by a well-cultivated mind during its life, were to be divided into one hundred equal parts, it is probable that ninety-nine of these parts would be social pleasures, or pleasures derived from and shared with other minds. These appear to be of a totally distinct character from solitary pleasures. The former are generally attended by a certain indefinable sensation of inward swelling satisfaction or greatness; the latter seem chiefly to consist in the sensation of pain. The solitary pleasures common to all animals are those of eating and drinking; the getting of money is the chief solitary pleasure indulged in by civilised men; and gambling may be reckoned of this species. I would appeal to the gourmand, the solitary drunkard, the miser, and the gambler, and ask them whether the gratification of their favourite passions ever amounts to any thing more than the momentary cessation of pain? Solitary pleasures depress men to the level of the lowest brutes; those of a social kind elevate men to the level of the gods. There are some pleasures of solitude to which my censures are not applicable; these arise from reflection on past pleasures, and from new combinations of ideas made by the mind, and not immediately communicated to other minds; but they can be enjoyed only by such men as are accustomed to the pleasures of society, either of men or books; the more extensive this society, the greater degree of pleasure from solitude. The pleasure derived from the reading of books may be regarded as a social pleasure, books being the medium through which distant minds hold converse and associate with one another; however, this is far inferior to the pleasure derived from the direct and immediate intercourse between two minds. It may be affirmed, with considerable truth, that the happiness enjoyed by a man is proportioned to the extent of his society."

An Attack, by a Great Man, upon Card-Playing.—Sir Walter Scott, in the character of Mr. Croftangry, says, "Some of my friends stuck to cards, and, though no longer deep gamblers, rather played small game than sat out. This I particularly despised. The strong impulse of gaming, alas! I had felt in my time: it is as intense as it is criminal; but it produces excitation and

interest, and I can conceive how it should become a passion with strong and powerful minds. But to dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted paste-board round a green table for the fiddling concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly, or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, when your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward: it is a kind of mental tread-mill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch."

Card-playing, we think, does not deserve this acrimony of animadversion. It is an amusing practice, and by no means reprehensible, when only small sums are risked, and when the players do not unreasonably prolong the employment; and some games afford exercise to the understanding.

A Compliment to the Ladies.—"Who would abuse your sex that knew it? O woman! were we not born of you? Should we not, then, honor you? Nursed by you, should we not regard you? Made for you, should we not seek you? And since man was made before you, should we not love and admire you, as the last and most perfect work of Nature? Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art. By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the Muses the loves of the learned? Do not all noble spirits follow the Graces, because they are women? Was not the princess and foundress of all good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of the highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O, divine, perfected woman! If thy sex in general be so excellent, what is it, then, to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty! A fair woman is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense:—even the very *summum bonum* of man's existence."—*From a Comedy called Cupid's Whirligig.*

A Satire upon the Ladies.—The following reflections, we hope, are only true in a limited sense.—"The generality of women are brought up to be what is called *useful*, in the first instance, —with as great a display of this useful-

ness as can be played off; and in the next to be—what shall I call them? *Men-Catchers*. Their usefulness, generally speaking, consists in doing that which is useless, often worse; but it is all subservient to the grand end. In middle life, they must be exhibited as notables; that is, in spending three or four hours every day in what the English call *dawdling*, and the Scotch *sysling*; or, in other words, being a nuisance and hindrance to good servants, and vainly attempting to mend bad ones. If in easy or high life, an equal portion of time is thrown away in making themselves butterfly *élégantes*, but with still the same object in view. Their mothers, aunts, and provident elderly female friends, all teach them the arts of catching; and, having little to do that is worth doing, or that can really occupy what was intended for a rational mind, they give a large portion of their attention to the study of man; but alas! not in Pope's sense. What they are chiefly adepts in, is the language of the eyes: not that language which may enable them to trace the wonders of the mind, but that which leads to a knowledge of what they call the heart: that is, of the idle short-lived vagaries which occupy for a few days the fools with whom they are acquainted." *Elizabeth Evanshaw.*

Insanity of a Lover, cured by reasonable Benevolence.—A physician, who occasionally acted as almoner to a peer (said to be lord Byron), appeared before his noble friend with a sorrowful countenance, and stated that a young man had been placed under his care, for whom his anxiety and commiseration were warmly excited. The youth was not only in an ill state of health, but had been driven to madness by hopeless love. A reciprocal attachment had long existed between him and a girl, worthy of the devotion of a good manly heart. But her father, alleging that the youth was not rich enough, was inexorable, *malgré* the high character of the suitor; and he became mad! the peer lost no time in ascertaining the truth of the report; and, under a disguise, he obtained from the girl a confirmation of her lover's worth, and her determined vow to wed no other; also a knowledge of the amount of her dowry. The doctor was then summoned to aid with his advice and opinion, the result of which was, that

he engaged to restore the sufferer to reason and health, under the security which his lordship gave for his happiness! Such a present was made as satisfied the father. The young man recovered, and the lovers were made happy.

The Ferocity of Despair, and a remarkable Escape from Death.—At the siege of Mesolonghi, Sophia Condulimo, whose husband (a Greek officer) had fallen during the siege, precipitately fled with her son and daughter, as soon as the Turks had entered the town. The fugitives (says Mr. Blaquiere) “had not proceeded far, when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming toward them: horrified at the fate which was about to befall her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, she turned to the son, who was armed, and desired him to shoot his sister, lest she should become a victim of Mussulman brutality! The youth instantly obeyed the dreadful mandate, drew a pistol from his girdle, and lodged the contents in his sister’s head, when she fell to the ground, apparently lifeless. Thus relieved from a charge which the mother could not preserve, she and the youth sought refuge in a cavern. Just as they were entering it, a grape-shot struck the son in his leg, and he also fell. Scarcely had the mother succeeded in dragging him after her, *than* (when) a piquet of Turkish cavalry came up: one of the party, drawing forth a pistol, pointed it at Sophia, who, suddenly rising up, looked sternly at the Turk, and exclaimed, ‘Barbarian, do you not see that I am a woman?’ This appeal had the desired effect. The most extraordinary part of this story remains to be told. The lady and her son were sent to one of the islands, and placed with other captives. Judge of the mother’s astonishment on finding that her daughter was among the number! Though the young lady’s wounds had all the appearance of being mortal, she recovered; and, her story having attracted the attention of the ransoming agents, she was rescued from bondage, and restored to the arms of her parent.”

Treasures of the East.—“The eastern hemisphere continues to have a certain venerable air with old men from a belief that the star of knowledge first enlightened its horizon: children delight in it from its containing the enchanting tales of the “*Thousand and one Nights*,” ladies admire its flowered muslins, rich

shawls, pure pearls, and brilliant diamonds; merchants view it as a source of commercial wealth; the naturalist, the botanist, and the geologist, search its plains, its forests, and its mountains, for unicorns, spikenard, splendid specimens of zeolite, and grand basaltic formations; the English soldier looks to its fields for a harvest of reputation; while pious missionaries sally forth with more than military zeal, to reclaim the millions of the East from their errors, and direct them in the path of life.—*Sketches of Persia.*

Oriental Wisdom.—“Noushirwan, deservedly styled the Just, who governed Persia in the beginning of the seventh century, hearing of the fame of a work which a Brahmin of Ceylon had composed, employed a physician named Barzouyah to obtain for him a copy of that production. This was a delicate and hazardous enterprise; for the work, ever since the reign of an Indian king named Dabshileem, for whom it was written, had been guarded with great care and jealousy, lest the profane should learn the wisdom that ought only to appertain to the holy. Barzouyah, confident in knowledge and strong in allegiance, undertook to fulfil the commands of his sovereign. He proceeded toward India, furnished with money and every thing that could forward the object of his journey. When he arrived at the Indian capital, he pretended that the motive which induced him to visit it was the improvement of his mind, by communication with its wise men. Amongst those whose society he courted, he early discovered one Brahmin, who appeared to him the very model of wisdom. His efforts were directed to gain his friendship, and, believing that he had succeeded, he resolved to intrust him with his real design.—‘I have a secret to confide to you,’ said he one day to his friend; ‘and you know, a sign to the wise is enough.’—‘I know what you mean,’ said the penetrating Brahmin, ‘without your sign; you came to rob us of our knowledge, that you might with it enrich Persia. Your purpose is deceit; but you have conducted yourself with such consummate address and ability, that I cannot help entertaining a regard for you. I have,’ continued the Indian, ‘observed in you the eight qualities which must combine to form a perfect man: forbearance, self-knowledge, true

allegiance, judgement in placing confidence, secrecy, power to obtain respect at court, self-command, and a reserve, both as to speech in general society and intermeddling with the affairs of others. Now you have those qualities; and, though your object in seeking my friendship is not pure but interested, I have

such an esteem for you that I will incur all hazards to forward your object of stealing our wisdom." The Brahmin obtained the far-sought hook, and by his aid and connivance a copy was soon completed for the envoy.—*Sketches of Persia.*

THE GARLAND;

with an elegant Engraving.

POETRY and Music are agreeably and harmoniously united in the National Airs with which Mr. Moore and Mr. Bishop favor the public; and, as the arts of design tend to complete the union, we have selected another subject from this popular work. The original air, in this instance, is Italian, and it is well adapted to the style of music which prevails in England.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance to those happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden-gate
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always too late:
Where ling'ring full oft, through a summer night's moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time flew, that Love had no power
To bind in this chain even one happy hour.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Review of the Progress of Religious Opinions during the Nineteenth Century, by J. C. L. de Sismondi.—This writer has acquired reputation on the continent; but he is not a proper judge of religion, and therefore not qualified to trace its progress in a systematic or regular mode. He is not friendly to any particular religion, but merely entertains general principles, which would do as well for one creed as for another. Which faith, we would ask, has the greatest claims on mankind? Assuredly that which makes the greatest discoveries; for no other is worthy of a divine Author. Whatever makes the largest disclosures of corruption in man, and at the same time offers him the best prospects, is most consistent with the

relative situation of the Creator and the creature. Such is Christianity, and every thing else that pretends to the name of a revelation is mere quackery, neither radical in its operations, nor sovereign in its cure.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of Dr. Parr, by the Rev. William Field.—We do not greatly admire this biographer, because he is not an enlightened man, and is too partial to the divine whose merit he celebrates; still less do we admire a silly periodical critic, who attacks both the doctor and Mr. Field in the most incoherent manner.—This learned and sagacious reviewer says, that "the genius of Parr was, in *se*, of Herculean conformation;" and adds, that, "with that frame, he had the affectation of a dancing-master, because he derived from school-habits an indispensable direction to the imitation

of great standards." How could this be a reason for the affectation to which the critic alludes? Indeed, one remark has no consonance with the other. Other observations of the most unmeaning kind are freely poured out by the same reviewer; but upon these we shall not dwell.

The Correspondence of the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, edited from the original Manuscripts, by Mr. Singer.—The letters and other documents here published throw some light on an important period,—namely, that which preceded and immediately followed the Revolution. They show, even by the confession of the friends of the infatuated James, the strange misconduct and impolicy of that prince. Without adverting to the political parts of the work, we shall merely quote two passages, which, after the lapse of much more than a century from the time when they were written, may be considered as applicable to the present time.

"It is sad to see the people (of Ireland) such proper lusty fellows, poor, almost naked, who will work never, but when they are ready to starve, and, when they have got three or four days' wages, will then walk about idly till that be gone; and, if they cannot then presently get into work, as perhaps at that moment their next neighbour has nothing to employ them in, they steal. Their women in the mean time do nothing, not so much as spin or knit, but have a cow, two or three, according to the bigness of their ground, which they milk, and upon that they live; and no sort of improvement made upon the ground. Their habitations (for they cannot be called houses) are perfect pigsties, walls cast up and covered with straw and mud; and out of one of these huts, of about ten or twelve feet square, shall you see five or six men and women bolt out as you (*pass*) by, who stand staring about. If this be thus so near Dublin (as I saw several upon the road), Lord, what can it be farther up in the country?"

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 "The ruinous state of the fabric of most churches is very melancholy; very few of the clergy reside on their cures, but employ pitiful curates, which necessitates the people to look after a Romish priest or non-conformist preacher; and there are plenty of both. I find it is an ordinary thing here for a minister to

have five or six or more cures of souls, and to get them supplied by those who will do it cheapest: some hold five, six, or even 900*l.* per annum in ecclesiastical preferments, get them all served for 150*l.* and not preach once a year themselves."

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by William Hazlitt.—Only a part of this performance has yet appeared, and that is not exactly such a work as would secure the applause of the best judges of history or biography.—"Mr. Hazlitt (says an intelligent critic) is a writer of singular cleverness in a particular way. He has a quaint sort of eloquence, a spirited minuteness of description, and a vein of fanciful or rather whimsical illustration, all of which tell admirably in his treatment of certain subjects. He will paint you some objects charmingly, put a picture into words, present on paper in all the vividness of actual life the very manner and deportment of a man. He can give interest to the most trifling matter: but here his power is at an end. The life of Napoleon is a history, not a piece of light biography. It embraces great and momentous subjects, and this kind of historical and lofty detail, this epic in writing, we do not think Mr. Hazlitt's forte. He is a clever man, but on a different scale, and Teniers or Wilkie might as well attempt the style of the cartoons of Raphael. There are some passages of admirable spirit and effect, especially those which relate to the manners and characters of the French. The campaigns too, and this is what could hardly have been expected, are related with remarkable clearness. With this opinion of Mr. Hazlitt's capabilities, it is unnecessary to say more of the details of his work. Its tone, as to politics, is democratic."

Analysis of the Character of Napoleon, by W. E. Channing, LL.D.—This writer entertains proper notions respecting the character of an ambitious and unfeeling conqueror. He laments that there has always existed, and still exists, a mournful obtuseness of moral feeling in regard to the crimes of military and political life. Men indeed are dazzled by the rank of the offender, and, while success attends his efforts, the illusion is complete. Nothing but this could make men view a mere military nation, having in view conquest alone, with any other feelings than those of hostility and indignation. It is most inconsistent to hate the tyrant who op-

presses by force the individuals of a single community, and to praise the more exalted tyrant who seizes nations in his grasp. Common sense requires that the real friends of freedom should equally detest oppression in every shape. Influenced by these sentiments, the American author examines Napoleon's pretensions with severity. The review of his career is brief and animated. He writes in the genuine spirit of a republican of high moral and religious feelings, and shows that he has no confined views, by condemning the allied monarchs no less decidedly than their antagonist.

The Vicca, a Poem.—This piece was found among the papers of Almon, the bookseller. A comparison of it with the published specimens of Junius' hand-writing, induced the possessors of it to bring it forward as the work of that mysterious author. We are surprised that the editor or publisher should have been so deceived, the style of writing and the formation of the letters being very different from the specimens. As a poem, however, it possesses merit; the ideas are strongly expressed; the satire is piquant, and the construction of the piece not bad.

Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City, by James Bird.—Mr. Bird has here presented us with a pleasing poem, of which the story connects itself with topographical and antiquarian lore, and with the rebellion of prince Henry, second son of Henry the Second, against his unfortunate father. In the prosecution of that unnatural warfare, the earl of Leicester, one of the great barons who united themselves with prince Henry, besieged Dunwich, in Suffolk; and that event is now made the basis of a tale of love and arms.

The site of the city of Dunwich was so much exposed to the inroads of the sea, during the prevalence of east, north-east, and south-east winds, and was so little capable, from the materials of its soil, of withstanding the violence opposed to it, that its old walls, streets, and edifices, long since disappeared, and only a small town at present remains, to preserve the honors of the name. Its history is carried back, by our Anglo-Saxon records, to the time of the heptarchy, when it was probably the seat of government for the kingdom of the East-Angles; and, under Henry II. its importance, as compared with Ipswich,

may be learned from the fact, that it gave to the *aid* to marry Maude, the king's daughter, the sum of 130*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* while Ipswich was charged only 53*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

A MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE SONTAG;
with a Portrait of that distinguished
Lady.

As great attention is paid at the present time to vocalists and actresses, more particularly to the former, we are induced to take notice of a young lady whose fame was so high on the continent, that large offers were made to her to visit our island. Whether the expectations of the public have been fully answered by her subsequent exertions, will appear in the sequel.

Mademoiselle Sontag was born at Coblenz, of parents who were distinguished in a theatrical career. Being by early education destined for the stage, she made her public appearance at Frankfurt, when she was little more than five years of age, in the opera of *La Nymphé du Danube*, in which she performed the part allotted to her with so much grace and intellect, that every body presaged her future excellence. At nine years of age she lost her father. This event took her far from the Rhine. She traveled with her mother through Germany, and every where she met with success. Her voice gradually acquired an extraordinary extent, and its management was so perfect, that the most difficult airs of Mozart were sport to her. After being instructed in the Conservatory or Musical School at Prague, she appeared at the age of twelve years on the stage of that city, and surpassed the hopes which had been formed of her. A short time afterwards she went to Vienna, where her reputation had been already spread. She found in that capital new admirers. The directors of the stage were anxious to engage her for the German Opera, and soon made her appear on the Italian stage. That theatre was then eminent for talent, and Madame Fodor belonged to it. Mademoiselle Sontag chose this French *Philomèle* as the model of her taste and singing.

In the autumn of 1824 her engagement terminated, and she renewed her travels in the interior of Germany. A new theatre had been recently erected at Berlin, and she was engaged at it.—Her first appearance excited an absolute

enthusiasm, and she soon became the idol of the public. Her personal qualities procured her as much esteem as her talents excited admiration. Persons of the most elevated rank sought her acquaintance, and when she left Berlin to repair to Paris, the adieus of the public were an evidence of their attachment, and of their consequent regret at losing her.

Her reception in Paris was very favorable, but not perhaps so enthusiastic as at Berlin. The French critics did not think her equal to Signora Pizaroni in expression or in force; but they allowed that she displayed graceful ease, tasteful execution, and attractive vivacity.

Having accepted the offers of Laurent and La-Porte, she presented herself before a British audience on the 15th of this month, at the King's Theatre, in the character of Rosina, in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. She was then greeted with loud and general applause, and has repeated the character with increased effect.

Her person is rather above the middle size, exceedingly elegant, and delicately formed; her features are also delicate, and the expression of her countenance very pleasing, and altogether characteristic of her native origin. Her carriage is light and graceful. In dramatic expression she does not appear to excel, and she seems to consider its attainment as a matter of secondary consideration. Her voice is a first-rate *soprano*. Its tone, without being uncommonly powerful, is very clear and melodious; but its principal merit is flexibility. Her style of singing, from the extraordinary facility with which her voice is naturally gifted, is more florid than that of any other singer in Europe; and her musical taste is so highly cultivated, that the introduction of ornament, even in the *obligato* passages with which the part of *Rosina* abounds, can in no instance be pronounced inappropriate or overcharged. But, by neglecting the study of expression, she has, in a great degree, sacrificed the soul of melody to the *bravura* style, and the effect of her singing is more calculated to excite astonishment than delight. In this respect she may, in some measure, be compared to Madame Catalani, whom she certainly surpasses in facility of execution, though she is considerably inferior to her in power of voice. The cavatina, *Una voce poco fa*, she sang in

a style which was as exquisitely tasteful as it was new. Two passages introduced by her in this air, executed in a *staccato* manner, could not have been surpassed in perfection by the spirited bow of the finest violin-player. This was thought, by many, to be the *ne plus ultra* of vocal execution. But the part for which she reserved the full display of her great powers, was in the music lesson of the second act, for the original air of which she substituted Rode's violin variations, as adapted to the human voice by Madame Catalani. Her success in this instance was complete.

The age of this lady is about two and twenty years. Her moral character, we believe, is unimpeached;—she is said to be as virtuous as she is amiable. She is usually attended by a female acquaintance, an officer's widow, whom she retains in her service as a companion and a friendly adviser.

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR MARCH AND APRIL.

March 14.—An innocent Volcanic Eruption.—The explosion of a burning mountain is generally a very alarming incident; but a late phenomenon of that kind seemed only to excite curiosity. Perhaps Old Vesuvius, weakened by the effect of time, will become milder in a course of years;—at least some may entertain such an opinion, because many are apt to form judgements from the latest event of the kind.

We are informed that a new orifice, about fifteen feet in circumference, opened in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, from which issued an immense quantity of smoke, in the form of a globe; this burst with a very loud explosion, and scattered around a quantity of boiling liquid.—After some days these explosions ceased; but the new aperture continued to discharge a great deal of smoke, and occasionally some flames until the 20th, when the aperture was increased to sixty feet. Stones were sometimes thrown up, and the explosions continued at intervals of ten minutes. On the 22d, two other openings, larger than the first, were made, and a great shock forced the three into one: a column of smoke and ashes rose from it, and presented to the city of Naples the appearance of a pine-tree of gigantic dimensions. Shocks were felt in Calabria, in the districts of Reggio

and Palmi; but no serious damage ensued. The roads leading to Vesuvius were covered with people hastening to view the spectacle; and, on the first symptoms of an eruption, artists set out from Rome and other parts of Italy, to study it as a subject of art.

25.—The magistrate and the gentleman ought to be united: but there was lately, at Covent-Garden, a striking instance of the temporary separation of those characters. One of the Bow-street magistrates, seeing the chair of the vestry-room filled by a tradesman who did not belong to the select vestry, seized the arm (which had been recently dislocated) of the supposed intruder, exclaiming with great warmth, "Get out, Sir." A dialogue ensued, marked with decorous propriety on the side of the tradesman, and with arrogance and vulgarity on the part of the "man in power." The contest terminated in the appointment of overseers by the arbitrary conductors of the parochial concerns.

In some other extensive parishes, a similar contest is carried on between the housekeepers in general and the select vestry; and indeed the domineering spirit and wanton prodigality of the latter demand a speedy and effectual check.

Progress of Liberality of Sentiment.

—Those acts of parliament which, from the time of Charles II., excluded dissenters from office, unless they should take the sacrament according to the forms of the church of England, were always considered as marks of tyranny and injustice; but the sectaries, however disgusted, were obliged to repress the indignation which they felt. For many years these statutes have been evaded in numerous instances, and bills of indemnity have been occasionally voted by the parliament for the security of those who have intruded into official stations: but, as this did not satisfy the dissenters, they resolved in this session to make extraordinary exertions for the removal of such galling disqualifications. About 1700 petitions, it is said, were presented to both houses for the repeal of the test and corporation acts; and, to the surprise of both parties, a majority of 44 appeared in favor of those concessions which, when proposed at other times, had been discountenanced and exploded by a great superiority of number. But this triumph was not so complete as the petitioners wished; for the friends of the ecclesiastical establishment insisted on

the adoption of a declaration in writing, by which, on obtaining any offices, the dissenters should bind themselves, "on the faith of Christians," not to use, to the prejudice of the church, the power which they might thus acquire. It is remarkable that the second reading of the bill of relief was voted even without a division, with the full assent of the bishops. The catholics are highly pleased at this decision, because they think that it will lead to what they term their emancipation; but we do not think that they will gain their point. Their pretensions are not so well founded as those of our protestant brethren; and their claims cannot prudently be granted without stronger and more effectual securities than they are disposed to allow.

12.—In Portugal, the intrigues of don Miguel seem to hasten to their full development. The military governors of the different provinces have tutored the municipalities to demand an annulment of the constitution, and to propose the immediate elevation of the prince to the throne, without regard to the orders of the emperor of Brazil, who has in effect, if not in form, relinquished his authority over Portugal. The effect of these manœuvres will soon appear. The question is, whether Great-Britain will be passive on the occasion, and suffer the Portuguese to be enslaved,—or, on the other hand, will join Don Pedro in maintaining the constitution which he so liberally offered to them, and reduce his artful and perfidious brother to that state of dependence from which he lately emerged. As it would not be a very difficult task to baffle the views of usurpation, when the *better* (if not the *greater*) part of the nation may be supposed to be friendly to the constitution, it may be *expedient* to interfere beyond mere remonstrances, even though we are not *bound* to take any part in the contest.

15. We are pleased at the regulations which have been made by the College of Physicians, since they have taken possession of their handsome new edifice. Among other arrangements, they have commenced a series of evening lectures and conversations, with a view of affording, to men of science, opportunities of meeting for the discussion of matters connected with their pursuits. By way of giving a beginning to the evening, Sir Henry Hallford read a paper on the *tic douloureux*. In this essay he endea-

voured to prove that the distressing malady which was the subject of it, is produced either by a deposit of bone out of the natural course, or by an exfoliation of bone, the consequence of some disease or injury. He plausibly maintained this notion, and mentioned many cases which tended to support it. Still farther to illustrate his position, he produced a cranium, in the interior of which a most extraordinary deposition of bone had taken place, and the history of which strongly corroborated his theory. The discourse was short, but it excited, as it was well calculated to do, great interest. The rooms were fully attended, and, beside the most eminent professors of medical science in the metropolis, there were many persons of distinction in other professions. A *conversazione* of this judicious kind reflects credit on the medical college.

A Musical Riot.—Several boys and a girl were taken to the police-office in Queen-square, on a charge of disorderly and riotous conduct. It appeared that the defendants came out of the Crown and Sceptre, Vauxhall-road, soon after midnight. They had been at a *select concert* holden in that house, and on their return amused themselves by ringing the bells, and insulted the watchmen on being requested to move on. Miss Frances Taylor declared that she and her companions never rang any bells. The fact was, they were singing Moore's delightful trio of "Those evening

bells," when the watchmen took them into custody.

Mr. White ordered the prisoners to be locked up until the landlord made his appearance. He then said, "Pray, Mr. Ridley, why do you allow such children as those, none of them more than sixteen, to be singing and tipping in your house at unlawful hours?"—Ridley—"Please your worship, there is a singing-club at my house every Tuesday and Friday; the one in question was particularly *select*, I assure you."

—Mr. White—"Indeed! pray how many select persons were present?"—

Ridley—"Not more than seventy, Sir."

—Mr. White—"And that's what you call a select musical meeting? These meetings are highly improper. This is not the first time, Mr. Ridley, that persons frequenting your house have required the interference of our officers; and I now warn you to beware of your future conduct. As for the foolish groupe now before me, I hope that the situation in which they appear (after a night's confinement in a watchhouse) will be a salutary lesson to them, and induce their parents, now present, to prevent their going to any meetings of this sort."—The vocalists were then ordered to pay one shilling each for their discharge; a sentence which seemed to raise their spirits from low G to B in alt; and, as soon as the young lady had left the office, she began humming "I've been roaming" in a melodious style.

Fine Arts.

Second Survey of the British Institution.—A striking picture in this exhibition is that which represents the late pope, Pius VII., receiving an English Roman-catholic family in due form. It contains portraits of cardinal Gonsalvi, Canova, and other distinguished Italians; the composition and coloring are good, and the effect is impressive.

Mr. Webster's pieces, the Committee of Taste and the Cottage Diorama, are in a good style of execution. Both represent juvenile figures, which are well grouped and pleasingly natural.

Mr. Clater has distinguished himself by some neat and well-finished pieces. His Country Comforts, Reluctance, and Intrusion, are truly worthy of a favorable report. The first vies with many

admired specimens of the Flemish school, and the two last show the way in which rural courtship may be brought to a happy issue, when the reluctance of a father is not an effective obstacle. With the Refreshing Pinch we are less pleased, though it is certainly characteristic.

Mr. Witherington's Rustic Wreath is a charming piece, and even excites interest.—Mr. Drummond's Nursery-Maid shows that the artist sometimes casts an eager eye upon young women of that description.—Mr. Newton's Greek Girl evinces taste and displays expression; but his female figures, like those of Stothard, too nearly resemble each other.—Mr. Edmonstone's Maternal Solicitude tends to prove, that he can properly conceive the best feelings of the

heart.—A Domestic Scene, by Mr. Geddes, is faithful to nature, and exemplifies the triumph of art; and Mr. Bell's Domestic Employment displays refined female character and occupation, but without exciting particular emotion.—Mr. Woodward's Hush! Hush! exhibits anxious children in appropriate attitudes, and the picture is finely executed.—Mr. W. J. Thomson's Visit of Consolation to the Sick excels in the expression of sentiment, if not in the inferior beauty of coloring.—A Cottage Scene, by John and Elizabeth Dearman, is finely colored and beautifully finished. The Vain Jack-Daw stripped of his stolen Plumes, by Mr. Lance, can scarcely be praised too highly; the composition is excellent, and the shame and apprehension of the daw, and the indignation and contempt of the peacocks, are very ably represented.

Mrs. Pearson's Chosen Rose unites strength of expression with delicacy of touch.—Mr. Boaden's Musidora is pleasing, but not fully characteristic.—Referring to this piece, a critic says, "Instead of the retiring consciousness of the fair and timid creature of Thomson's imagination, we have a sparkling animation of quite another sort of being—beautiful indeed, but not with the beauty of Musidora. The sudden angle made by the upper and lower arm, detracts from that grace of form which an artist ought never to lose sight of in subjects of this kind.—Edwin, by the same artist, has, as well as the foregoing performance, much to recommend it in point of clearness of color and facility of execution; but we do not consider this as the Edwin of Beattie. It by no means follows that, because he was "no vulgar boy," he is to have the air of "a young gentleman."—A Welsh Peasant, however, and a Boy in a Vandyke Dress, are perfectly in character, and are admirable specimens of Mr. Boaden's versatile talents."

The same amateur, speaking of Mr. Good's picture of Admiration, says, "The models and casts which have here called forth the efforts of this artist have better claims to attention, and have created more interest, than any thing of a similar kind presented to the public on the board of an itinerant dealer. We are not, however, inclined to give more credit to the management and execution of *Admiration*, than what belongs to the mere deceptive in art,—for which

Mr. Good has on so many occasions displayed no ordinary talent. His pictures always remind us of the name of a stage-coach which runs between Stamford and London, called "Truth and Daylight." It must be observed, however, that there is refined truth as well as homely truth. A picture may have too much light as well as too much obscurity: judgement and taste alone can determine the proper medium."

The Society of British Artists.—This exhibition is not, by good judges, deemed equal to some of the former displays by the same society: yet it cannot be denied that many fine works of art appear in the collection.

Mr. Northcote has evinced both his skill and his loyalty, by exhibiting an equestrian portrait of our sovereign: we must, however, observe, that the figure of the horse is better executed than that of his illustrious rider.

Mr. Linton still shines in the use of his classical pencil. He has represented Æneas and Achates guided by Venus, in the character of a Spartan huntress, to Carthage, with that taste and skill which challenge high praise. The composition is as excellent as the execution is correct: the figures are elegant, and the morning sky is very naturally represented.

Mr. Glover's Vale of Avoca has been termed a *failure* by one critic, while another says, "it is a grand and beautiful feature in the present exhibition." One remark is too severe; the other is too encomiastic. The artist has not shown his usual talent in this picture; but the light and shade are well discriminated, and the meeting of the waters displayed with effect.

Some of Mr. Hosland's productions deserve more than slight praise. We admire his Moonlight, given as a study, rather than as a copy of a particular spot. That part of the horizon which lies under the eye of the planet looks like a silver sea, and there is a charming mellowness in the coloring of the whole picture. His coast-scene near Ilfracomb, the view of Matlock High-Torr, and that of Windsor-Castle, are beautiful compositions.

A Cottage Scene near East-Grinstead, by Mr. Nasmyth, manifests a strict adherence to nature; and equal fidelity is evinced by the Dearmans in their representation of a similar scene.—The Love-Tale by Mr. Wood, is an elegant picture;

but the sentiment is not forcibly expressed.—Miss Dagley, in bringing forward the Children in the Wood, has not trusted wholly to her own abilities, but has followed a sketch left by the late Miss Spilsbury; the well-known subject is treated with appropriate simplicity and legitimate expression. The girl weeps in her forlorn state, while the boy bears his sorrows more like a man.

The Fire-King and the Water-King are supernatural subjects; and, in such cases, great latitude is allowed to the adventurous artist. In both pieces, Mr. Egerton has shown a powerful imagination; but the propriety or applicability of his representations may be disputed by many.

There are some very good portraits in this exhibition. That of Mr. Brougham by Lonsdale excels both in resemblance and in finish. The portraits of the rev. Dr. Richards and Dr. Williams,—one the tutor of Mr. Canning, the other the head-master of Winchester-school,—are certainly not equal to those of more experienced artists, but reflect credit on the rising talent of Mr. Leigh, the bookseller's son.

The Society of Painters in Water-Colors.—Before these artists opened their gallery to the public for the present season, a considerable number of the pictures found liberal purchasers on the private view. The landscapes and water-pieces, in this exhibition, seem to be more numerous than other subjects, and many of them possess superlative merit. Robson, Fielding, Prout, Dewint, and other artists, ably sustain their former reputation, and some have even increased it.

Mr. Robson's View of Snowdon seems to claim pre-eminent notice. It is delineated on the largest scale of water-color painting, and is finished with a force and breadth that can hardly be surpassed. The effects of air and distance are the most natural that can be imagined. There are by the same artist above forty pictures, smaller in size, but all exquisitely painted, and not less creditable to his industry and application than to his powers of observation, his quick and pure feeling for the beauties of nature, and his proficiency in his art. They consist of views in Scotland and Ireland, and of some of the drawings which he has made for his work on the English cities. Of the latter there is

VOL. IX.

one which we are particularly induced to mention. It is a View of Westminster, taken from the bridge. The subject is so well known, that in common hands its familiarity would destroy every thing like picturesqueness, and it has some objectionable points, which nothing but great skill could overcome. Mr. Robson has managed this most happily. He has represented the point of time to be that sort of twilight, at which the yellow light of the departing day mingles with the soft cold radiance of a young moon. A more felicitous expression could not have been devised, and the picture is truly beautiful.

Mr. Copley Fielding's distant View of Portsmouth from Spithead is rendered more interesting than it would otherwise be by the following points:—he has caught one of those beautiful effects which are only momentary, but which frequently happen in squally weather. A thick dark scud is behind the vessels which fill up the middle of the picture, and a black cloud is reflected in a line upon their track, while the sea beyond is quite light. The water is admirably painted, and the distance most effectively brought in. The Scene on the Sands at Brighton, and the Entrance to Dover Harbour, by the same artist, are pieces of a similar character, and are also painted with a truly original feeling and conception. These are the artist's best pictures, and are much happier productions than some of his landscapes, which, although they are cleverly executed, have rather an artificial prettiness about them than a bold and broad style.

Mr. Dewint's View of Goodrich-Castle and of Lynn, and his Hay-Field, are as true to nature as is possible. They are in a style very different from most of the other pictures in the collection. They want that warmth of coloring by means of which even bad pictures are made to look brilliant at a very cheap rate, but they have that truth of effect which is worth every other quality.

There is too little variety in Mr. Barrett's choice of subjects; but his pictures are generally well finished. In his Twilight, the effect of sun-set is finely given, and his View from Primrose-Hill is executed in a very pleasing style.

Mr. Cristall has not been altogether successful in his Midsummer Night's Dream:—he cannot represent elves or fairies so well as he can portray peasants.

Some pictures by Mr. W. Hunt cannot, we think, be seen without being admired. The interiors are admirably painted. The effect of air and daylight is very happy in Queen Mary's Bed-chamber at Hardwick, and in the Library and Gallery at the same place.—The same artist has some figures, in his two pieces of the Fisherman's Children, which, in a very different style, are hardly less excellent.

The Children of the Campagna di Roma, by Mr. P. Williams, and other representations of Italian manners and scenery, are striking proofs of talent.—Mr. Harding's Modern Greece is well executed, but its style is rather too florid.—Mr. Stephanoff's Proposal and his Bride are calculated to attract, and cannot fail to please.

Mr. Lough's Sculptural Exhibition.—The Milo of this young artist introduced him to early fame, because its extraordinary merit afforded a strong promise of excellence. His subsequent works are still more striking and attractive. The groupe of Somnus and Iris is finely conceived, and very skilfully executed. Iris has been sent by Juno, to require of Somnus a dream, by which the intelligence of the loss of Ceyx may be conveyed to his wife Alcyone. The attitude of Somnus, falling back into his slightly-broken lethargy, and the countenance singularly expressive of voluptuous drowsiness, are proofs of great talent; and the artist has been equally successful in the figure of Iris.

Mr. Lough's Musidora is a figure of great loveliness. The shrinking and modest beauty, so charmingly described by Thomson, is ably embodied; but,

perhaps, the countenance is not sufficiently expressive of alarm.

In the groupe of Samson slaying the Philistines, the position of the hero is peculiarly spirited, and his enemies, falling beneath his prowess, are admirably represented.

The Diorama in the Regent's Park.—The new views are, the Interior of the Cloister of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, and the Village of Unterseen, in Switzerland. In the former of these pictures a new feature is attempted, by making the leaves of the trees move in the wind, and the doors of the chapel open. These novelties serve to show the extent to which mechanical skill and contrivance may be carried, but we doubt their adding any pleasure or gratification to that which the mere picture would have produced. The view of Unterseen is remarkably pleasing. The neighbouring mountains invest the scene with an air of solemn grandeur, while the village has an aspect of secluded tranquillity.

Views of French Battles.—A general of artillery, baron Le Jeune, is now exhibiting, at the Egyptian Hall, a series of interesting pictures. He served in many campaigns, took sketches of the different battles, and afterwards re-visited the scenes of action, that his designs might be rendered more correct. Some of these paintings give us very distinct ideas of the countries and the combats. They are not only general representations of columns, squares, charges, skirmishing, &c. in woods, on plains and mountains, and all the localities of military carnage, but also include individual episodes of actual events, portraits, and other realities, which are exceedingly curious and impressive.

MUSIC.

A GRAND concert took place at Guild-hall on the 29th of March for the benefit of the national schools established in the city. The presumptive heir of the crown had promised to attend it; but he was detained at home by indisposition. A most respectable assembly witnessed the performances, which, though they had not a single feature of novelty, gave, by the style of execution,

that pleasure which attends impressive music. As the Greeks and Romans were not weary of the very frequent repetition of admired plays (for it does not appear that they had great variety in their drama), so the people of Great-Britain can listen to the same music after a multiplicity of repetitions.

The Melodists' Club had lately a concert at Free-masons' hall, and vari-

pus new compositions were then executed, two of which, furnished by Sinclair, were greatly applauded. These were, "Beneath the Wave," and "To light my love to me." One which was arranged by Watson, styled the Irish Harper, was also admired. Madame de

Vigo gave a Spanish *aria* with great taste and expression, and the sweet strains of Miss Fanny Ayton softened the feelings of disappointment occasioned by the absence of Miss Stephens.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THIS house now boasts of two *stars*, in the persons of Pasta and Sontag.—The latter is less brilliant; but every one will allow that her lustre is considerable. Her third appearance strengthened her claims to public applause; and, with such attractions, the managers are induced to hope that the present season will be more productive than the last.

Rossini's opera of *Semiramide* has been very ably performed. Zucchelli was the Assur of the evening; and, with the aid of Madame Schütz and Curioni, he gave such efficient support to the heroine Pasta, that she was animated to extraordinary exertions.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

As the return of Easter is supposed to require some striking novelty, the *Dumb Savoyard and his Monkey* came forward to amuse and gratify the town. The performance which bears this title is a melo-dramatic entertainment, and its plot may thus be stated.—Count Maldicini has been condemned to death for an alleged offence.

At the reign, the emperor of Germany, of which, however, he is guiltless. His countess, assured of his innocence, procures his full pardon, and proceeds, in company with her infant son, to liberate her husband. She arrives the evening before the sentence of death is to be carried into effect, at the ferry of Ober-Wesel; but Sturmwald, the ferryman, refuses, as it is after ferry-hours, to take her across the Rhine. In this dilemma Pipino, the dumb Savoyard, tenders his assistance, and with the cunning aid of Marmozette, his monkey, who steals away the grim ferryman's oars, he wafts the countess across the Rhine. The

monkey, ever intent upon mischief, contrives, while the countess is resting herself, to steal the pardon from the case in which it is enclosed, and to conceal it amongst the rocks. The lady now arrives at the fortress in which her lord is confined, and delights the ear of Herr Vatchvell, an old soldier, with the tidings that she is the bearer of her husband's pardon; but the pardon is not to be found, and she is reduced to a state of despair. With the aid of Pipino, however, she and the count escape from the fortress, but are pursued, and the count is again captured. The captain of the guard is on the point of carrying the sentence into execution, when his lady perceives Marmozette playing with the much-wanted document, which he chanceth to drop. It is of course immediately seized, and the count is restored to life and liberty. There is some good pantomimic acting by Mrs. W. Barrymore, who acts the Savoyard; and the part of the monkey is actively and amusingly sustained by young Wieland. A series of panoramic views on the Rhine, beautifully painted by Stanfield, add to the attractions of the piece. One is more particularly charming—we mean the scene of a water-fall by moonlight.

The tragedy of *Adelgitha* was revived, seemingly with a view of giving Mrs. Duff an additional opportunity of shining. She personated the heroine in a forcible manner, and Miss Foote acted an inferior part with taste and feeling; but we cannot applaud the exertions of the younger Kean, who performed the part of Lothair with little ability.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE supposed attractions of *Tucki-tomba, or the Obi Sorceress*, filled this house on Easter-Monday; but many,

we believe, were disappointed in their expectations of its merit. The scene is laid in Jamaica, and the piece is founded on what is stated to have been an actual occurrence in that island in 1763. The opening scene presents the family of Mr. Edwards, a planter, anxiously expecting his return from England. He arrives, accompanied by a brother of his overseer, named Goliah, who has promised on his return to marry Clara, a Quadroon girl, the nurse of Mr. Edwards' child. Amidst mutual congratulations, they are alarmed by the appearance of a negro, who declares that he has just seen Tuckitomba, a leader of some insurgent negroes, who spread terror through the plantations a few years before, but who was supposed to have been shot in a skirmish with the planters. This Tuckitomba, who now makes his appearance, is not, in fact, the defunct risen to vengeance, but a discharged overseer from the estate of Edwards, who, being a rejected lover of Clara, has disguised himself for the purpose of stealing the child which she nurses, in order that she may, by the strength of her affection for it, betray herself into his power. This stratagem has been devised by Esther, an Obi sorceress, (the mother of the real Tuckitomba,) who wishes to gratify her revenge for the loss of her own son, by destroying the child of Edwards. The child is stolen and conveyed to the care of the sorceress. Edwards and Goliah pursue the thief, but by the aid of six run-away negroes, who serve the sorceress from superstitious fear, they are overpowered and confined. The plot then succeeds with reference to Clara. She follows the child to the cave, and is delivered into the hands of the disguised overseer, who proves to be the captain of a piratical ship. After various attempts on the part of the prisoners to escape, assisted by a dumb negro in the service of the sorceress, and the failure of a plan on her part to poison the child of Edwards, the course of the vessel is directed to Africa: but there happens to be a prisoner on board, a tailor, one Simon Smallthread, whose unsailor-like habits induce him to put his pipe on some bales of cotton, near the magazine, and the ship takes fire. In the confusion the pirate's lieutenant rescues the captives, and escapes with them in an open boat, whilst the tailor saves himself in

a hencoop, and the pirate perishes with the crew of the sinking vessel.

Some of the scenes are beautiful; the music is pleasing; and the acting of Miss Goward, as Clara, is natural and interesting; but the other characters are ill drawn, and the dialogue is meagre and flat.

A new musical farce has been received with high approbation. It was borrowed from the French by Mr. Morton, and it bears the title of *the Invincibles*. The scene lies in the South of France, near the coast, and the time of action is during the Carnival. General Verdun has under his care Juliette, the daughter of the chevalier Dorval. Juliette has a lover, Captain Florvil; but the old general will not allow them, on any account, to marry until the return of the chevalier. During the Carnival, Florvil and five other officers enter the general's house disguised as pilgrims; but they are soon discovered, and, being absent from their quarters without leave, are sent into confinement in a fortress overlooking the sea. The young lady's waiting-maid, named Victoire, sets herself to defeat and outwit the general. She enlists, under her orders, Juliette, and five other fair damsels, and equips them as a detachment of the Invincibles, with muskets, sabres, knapsacks, &c.; availing herself of an order incautiously given by the general, to introduce herself and six companions (who, by the way, are all in love with the six young officers) into the fortress. It is only in the keeping of Serjeant Brusque, Corporal O'Slash, and Tactique, so that the pretence of Victoire is, that she and her female Invincibles have been sent by Verdun to reinforce the garrison for the more safe custody of the prisoners. The project succeeds; the ladies are taken in, and so are Brusque, Tactique, and O'Slash; the last being an Irishman, it is perhaps wonderful, that he should not make the discovery that the Invincibles are women. The young officers are let out of close confinement on their parole, and very pleasantly solace themselves for some time, in company with the ladies. Suddenly the general arrives, and all are in dismay, except the three veteran fortress-keepers, who are never undeceived. The six officers return to their prison, and the ladies, as well as they can, to their arms: but the general soon



Carragee Dress

Invented by Mrs. Thompson & Registered for the Lady Magazine N° 116



Evening Dress

Invented by Miss Fennell and R. J. Harris at the Tailor's Union N. Y. 1864

finds out the trick that has been played, and conceals with the officers, whom he sets at liberty, a plan for attacking the fortress under the disguise of Algerines, in order to put the courage of the Invincibles to the test. The ladies are dreadfully alarmed when they are told that the fortress is to be assaulted: and, a gun being fired in the distance, they drop their muskets at once, quit the ramparts, and fly into the barracks. The walls are scaled by the supposed Algerines, and at this precise and fortunate juncture the mysterious chevalier arrives. In the mean time the ladies had doffed their "regimental small-clothes" (or perhaps put their petticoats over them), and being brought out, in expectation of being delivered over to the Bar-

bary corsairs, are received severally in the arms of their respective lovers; and so the farce ends.

Key parts of the piece were received with greater approbation than that (as O'Slash would say) which did not belong to it—we mean the manual and platoon exercise, which was performed with great precision by Madame Vestris, Miss Cawse, Miss J. Scott, Miss Reed, Mrs. Brown, Miss Egan, and Miss Griffith. Fawcett did justice to the military commander, and Power, as an Irishman, blundered with the most native and natural grace, and produced a roar of laughter, when he observed, that if the Dey of Algiers came for his sweetheart, he would soon show him that he was "a day after the fair."

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS consists of a white dress of *crêpe Aerophane*, with two rows of scroll ornaments in bias of blue satin, each headed by a loop puff of the same. The body is of white satin, with a bouffant drapery, *à la Sevigné*, across the bust, formed of crape. The sleeves are of transparent crape, long, and very full, with four small rosettes of blue on each shoulder, from which depend ends that form a kind of mancheron. The sleeves are confined at the wrists by bracelets of gold and red cornelian, in oval divisions. The head-dress is a turban of blue satin, with a beautiful white plume. The necklace is formed of two rows of pearls, with a convent cross and pear-pearl ear-pendants.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

THIS elegant out-door costume, which is equally appropriate to the morning exhibitions and public walks, is a pelisse dress of lavender-colored *gros de Naples*, with a broad bias fold round the border, and is fastened down the front of the skirt with gilt buckles. The body is made plain and high, with a falling collar of a very broad lace of a superb pattern, finished at the edge in deep but not very large scalops. A black velvet zone, fastened with a gold buckle, encircles the waist. The sleeves are full, with antique points at the wrists, of lace; and, next to the hand, on a bracelet of dark hair, braided, are medallions of turquois-stone and red cornelian. A hat of the same color as the dress is elegantly ornamented with pink satin, edged with white blond; under the brim are rosettes of pink satin riband; and pink strings float over the shoulders. The ear-pendants are formed of pear-pearls. When the weather is chill, an amber-colored scarf-shawl of silk is thrown over this dress.

N. B.—The above dresses were furnished us by Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

It is now that fashion holds her despotic sceptre over the evening dress-party, and waves it in gay succession over all those splendid assemblies which give animation and employment to her priestesses, who readily administer their aid to the toilettes of all who compose the superior orders amongst the inhabitants of our gay metropolis. The Parisian style of dress seems chiefly to prevail; yet many more chaste and elegant *parures* are also seen, proving that national originality is sometimes displayed by the fair daughters of Great-Britain.

Pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of spring colors, are much in favor; they are made extremely simple, having only a broad well-wadded hem at the border, and two narrow *rouleaux* down each side of the front: some are made with a falling collar, but the far greater number have no collar at all; which is supplied by a *colerette* of lace, or an elegant *fichu*, or throat-scarf, tied carelessly round the neck. *Cachemire* shawls and *pelerines* over high dresses constitute another favorite style of out-door covering.

The most approved bonnets are of colored *gros de Naples*; what seems most in favor is one of Macassar-brown, with white riband, richly striped with shades of blue. Hats of milk-chocolate color are also much admired, trimmed with spring ribands of lively colors; these are spread out as wide as ever, and are suited to very few countenances.

Dresses of dove-colored satin seem much in favor with our matrons for *demi-parure*: they are made half high, with the front of the bust formed in the Anglo-Greek style; the sides of the stomacher are marked out by satin flutings; the long sleeves moderately full, though not *en gigot*. This is a chaste and beautiful dress for ladies of middle age. The partiality for white among our younger females, evinced itself at the commencement of our late mild winter, and it can scarcely be said to have been exploded; it is now again very prevalent in evening parties, either in clear muslin, crape, tulle, or gauze; of the two last ball-dresses are now chiefly composed, trimmed in various ways: those for the ball-room are much more simple at the border part than for

the evening-dress, where are often seen many flounces standing out from the dress, which only look well on a tall figure. Where the height of a lady is rather below mediocrity, if she is fond of a full-trimmed border, there is a kind which always looks well, and is now generally adopted; which consists of three rows of points, put on straight, but flounce-wise; these points fall over each other, are slightly festooned, and have a very rich appearance, particularly on silk-dresses, of which they are the most novel trimming.

The high and wire-stiffened bows of hair did not reign long; we are happy to see a change so soon effected for the better; we see often at our balls, among the juvenile dancers, the smart cropped hair *à l'enfant*, with curls elegantly arranged round the head; young married females have their hair, for the ball-room and for the evening dress partly, arranged in the most elegant manner, neither too high nor too low, in braids, curls, ringlets, and an Apollo-knot on the summit, of light and delicate dimensions, adorned with combs, diadems of pearls or brilliants; strings of pearls, large full-blown flowers, separate from each other, and sometimes a bandeau of pearls, or a narrow plait of hair, divide it where it is parted across the forehead. Turbans of a very costly kind, formed of gauze, flowered with gold, and in the front an aigrette of diamonds, are worn by middle-aged ladies in full dress. The newest dress-hats are of white crape, slightly trimmed with blond, and puffs of gauze riband. Over the left side depends a very elegant white plume of some rare foreign bird, which appears to be fastened in the front of the hat by a sprig of pearls: the dress-hats are not quite so large as formerly. The caps worn in home costume are very elegant; but the bows of gauze riband which ornament them, are rather too profuse; the same may be said of those which adorn the elegant little head *fichu*. This head-dress, we beg leave to observe, should never be worn but by females who have fine hair, because it conceals so little of the hair, that it is a mere apology for a head-covering.

The most approved colors for turbans, bonnets and ribands, are bright geranium, Macassar-brown, milk-chocolate, blue, spring-green, and lavender; for dresses, cloaks, and pelisses, Navarino-

smoke, laurel-leaf-green, mouse-color, ruby, cinnamon-brown, dove-color, fawn, and ruby.

MODES PARISIENNES.

IN the winter, the *boa* tippers of fur were all the rage; now the Parisian ladies are not only seen at evening-parties with *summer boas* of tulle, but also in the public walks; silk scarfs also have appeared wound round the form in elegant drapery; but, when the weather is chill, the black satin pelisse is worn, fastened down the front with rosettes.

The crowns of the last new hats are low. Bonnets of pink and other colored satin, are trimmed at the edge of the brim with a demi-veil of blond. White chip hats having appeared at the *fête* of Longchamp, we may pronounce them as a decided fashion for this season; they were lined throughout with some striking hue, such as cherry, bright rose, &c.—They were placed much on one side, and under the brim on that side which was raised, were long white feathers, fastened by a bow of riband. Some of these white chip hats were slightly bent down over the ears in the village style. Round the crown were *rouleaux* of colored satin in zig-zag, and a branch of white-thorn was placed obliquely across the crown and descended to the edge. Hats of colored crape are ornamented in front of the crown with a half wreath of flowers, and the rest of the trimming consists of bows of very broad riband. The bonnets are very large, and have round crowns: they are generally decorated with lilacs, either white or colored.

Chintzes and Chinese crape are very favorite materials for dresses: the patterns of the chintzes are whimsical, and excessively large. The silk from China, called *Mandarin*, is particularly admired for its extreme softness; but the stripes are too broad: one stripe is white, the other colored; on that which is white are painted various figures of animals, plants, &c. Watered *gros de Naples*, however, and other plain silk dresses, are yet very generally worn; as are crape robes for evening-parties and balls. The

corsages, with points, à la *Marie Stuart* yet prevail; they are stiffened with whalebone, and laced on, like stays.—Pointed flounces, hanging one over the other, the upper one headed by braided satin, constitute a favorite mode of trimming dresses of *gros de Naples*. Ball-dresses are sometimes of white tulle, with short sleeves, which are finished next to the elbow with a frill of blond; the corsage is of colored satin; it is pointed in front, and the fashionable silk cord, called the friar's belt, surrounds the waist, which terminates in front by a rich tassel. The trimming at the border is a broad bias fold, surmounted by *rouleaux* of satin, of the color of the corsage. A beautiful dress of white organdy appeared at an evening party, with flounces cut in the form of vine-leaves. The corsage was shaped like a heart, in front and behind, with a frill of vine-leaves round the waist. Over the long sleeves were two bracelets, one of fine pearls, the other of gold.

The bird of paradise forms a favorite plumage on the hair, in full dress, with a cameo beneath, near the forehead.—Chains of gold are also frequently wound round the tresses, and flowers, in detached *bouquets*, are placed among the bows of hair on the summit of the head. Bows of cherry-colored gauze riband, striped with gold, and edged with silver, form also a favorite head-dress. The turbans are in the Moabite shape, rather singular in appearance, but very becoming; they are of white flock gauze, and round them is disposed a blue ornament of about a finger's breadth, edged with silver: the hair is much lower on the summit, but is arranged in very large curls next to the face; almost every lady wears a bandeau across the forehead, to separate this exuberance of hair, simply of black velvet or riband in half-dress, and of pearls, or some other valuable article, in *grande parure*. The newest berets have a double brim, crossed over each other in front, from which issues either an aigrette of jewels or an *esprit* feather.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**BIRTHS.**

Sons to the wives of Mr. H. Cobb Cornwall, Dr. Halahan, the rev. G. T. Andrewes, Mr. George Banks, M.P., colonel Clitheroe, lieutenant-colonel Floyd, Mr. M. Wigram, Mr. P. Erle, Mr. Stratten of Paddington, Mr. W. N. Cole of Highbury, and (with a daughter) Dr. Bryce.

Daughters to the countess of Jersey and lady Lyndhurst, and to the wives of Mr. C. Ellis Heaton, Mr. Bethell the barrister, the rev. J. E. Gray, captain W. H. Smyth of the navy, Mr. Richard Temple, Mr. P. J. Money, and Mr. E. W. Lake.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. T. H. Kingscote, to the sixth daughter of the duke of Beaufort.

The rev. R. Cobb, to Miss Cooke of Dartford.

Mr. Richard Pittman, junior, to Miss Vincent of Pentonville.

The rev. H. Robinson, to Miss Clay, of Burton upon Trent.

Captain Curtis, of the navy, to his cousin Rebecca, youngest daughter of Sir W. Curtis.

DEATHS.

The rev. Dr. Deane.

Sir Jonas Green, recorder of Dublin.
Mr. Charles Stable, sheriff of Middlesex.

Lieutenant-general the baron d'Hoche-pied.

In his 66th year, Mr. William Moore, proctor.

Mr. John Cuthell, bookseller.

John Joshua, earl of Carysfort, in his 78th year.

Mr. John Gough, of Perry-hall, Staffordshire.

At Gravesend, Mr. Adam Cunningham.

Near Bridgewater, the rev. Robert Eyton, a rich miser.

At Oxford, in his 73d year, Mr. J. Sadler, the aeronaut.

At Maidenhead, Mr. J. Langton.

At Reading, the widow of Mr. Thomas Canning.

In her 80th year, lady Wrottesley.

At Nice, at the age of 28 years, Caroline, second daughter of the duke of Portland.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE author of the poem on Gardening seems to have borrowed all his ideas of horticulture from the vulgar specimens of the art, visible within five miles of London. His taste, therefore, is not very refined; and we may add, that his poetry is not even tolerable.

M. H. R., having asked "What is Love?" pretends to answer the question by saying,

"Love in the breast of *man* is a brilliant light,
Now burning dim, now blazing fiercely bright:—
Love in the breast of *woman* is a flame
For ever burning, blazing, still the same."

W. H., in an "Answer to the Above," says,

"Love is a fluid of the mind,
When found in woman's breast;
'Tis like the atmosphere we breathe,
Elastic, subtle, wantlug rest.

"But love, in man, is like the sun,
Which lightens all around;
Its beams are brilliant, clear, and bright;
'Tis not an empty sound."

By these extracts from the two pieces, let the reader judge of the rest. But we beg leave to intimate, that we do not approve the sneer upon woman's love:—when it is fully formed in the heart, it is generally far stronger and more durable than that of man, and therefore more honorably maintained.

We wish to see the end of *Woman's Conceits* (if they should ever come to an end) before we insert a part.

Amelia writes like a well-educated girl; but there is not a new turn of thought in any part of her Essay.



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

MAY 31, 1828.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CONTINENT.

START not, most gentle reader, at the word *recollections*, albeit in these recollective days thou well may'st quail at such a sound. I am no sexagenarian, who would entrap thine unwary innocence to the perusal of stories,

—— —“long, dull, and old,
“As old men's stories often are,”

which had been drying and withering in a note-book for thirty-years:—no! be it known to thee for thy comfort, that note-books, journals, and even the keepers of journals, are my aversion.—What a record must that be which would fill thirty volumes (as we are told a celebrated comedian has done) with the “weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable” occurrences of a man's every-day life! God forbid that such a record should be mine! Short as my life has been, it has contained too many black days, which I could wish might be for ever blotted from the calendar. Yet there have been golden moments, sunny gleams, across the murkiness, and I would have these alone to live in my recollection, “unmixed with baser matter.” Nothing could be farther from my thoughts, while I was wandering in foreign lands, than the intention of making a book or even an article out of my observations; still less (if possible) should I have thought of keeping a journal for the affliction of my private friends; and

consequently nothing except what possessed, for me at least, an interest and a value, has remained upon my memory,—one of the most treacherous memories, by the bye, that any of his majesty's lieges can boast.

My mind was open to any impression; —I had not tasked myself to give an account of *this*, or to write a description of *that*:—there is a charm even in the vagueness and imperfectness of my remembrance—the whole brief period floats before me like a fantastic vision, like one of those sweet morning dreams which, according to the proverb, endanger at once our health, our wealth, and our wisdom, by causing us to linger in our beds too late in the morning. How well do I recollect the cloudy night when I walked on the long low pier at Calais, and looked across the dark waste of waters at the Dover lights! I then thought it might be long—many years perhaps—before that abyss would be traversed again, and my foot would again press my native earth; yet my heart was full of hope, and that distant day of return was decked in all the rainbow dyes of joyful expectation. *Helas! helas! et quatre fois helas!*—How well do I remember too the arrival in the “pleasant land of France,”—the driving up the long Fauxbourg de St. Denis with it's ragged shops, and gaudy dirty inhabitants,—the entry through the stately gate,—the clattering through the narrow crowded streets, and dreading

every moment that our wheels might crush some of the careless idlers who swarmed all over the road, mingling with the vehicles of all kinds, which sometimes pressed them so closely as to oblige them to stand with their backs against the wall while they passed; then the entrance (instead of a narrow street-door) through a lofty *porte-cochère*,—the court-yard quite clean and adorned with flowers, agreeably contradicting my notions of the dirtiness of every thing French,—the ascent up *two* pair of stairs to the first floor,—*le premier au dessus de l'entresol*,—the pier-glasses reaching from the ceiling to the dark shining floor, the beautiful ornamental clocks adorning the chimney-pieces of the salons and bed-rooms, and last, not least, the delicious coffee and rich profusion of peaches and grapes! How do the gay groups rise before me that thronged the evening promenade on the Boulevard Italien—the elegant luxury of the dresses, the bright colors, the feathers, the jewels, the finery of all kinds mellowed into one harmonious whole by the softened light that streamed from the illuminated *Cafés*. But better than all these gauds was the sight of the Louvre Gallery, glorious alike to the soul and to the eye;—the long, long vista, with its gorgeous treasures, filled the heart with delight and admiration, not unmixed with awe; for the spirit of departed genius seems to hover around, and we sink into nothing in the presence of these time-hallowed relics of some of the finest minds of ages past. Shorn as it is of some of its brightest beams, still there is enough of radiance to inflame the imagination and dazzle the senses. I came away after my first visit with my eyes aching and my head in the most delightful whirl imaginable: a thousand thronging thoughts, thick-coming fancies, rushed on my mind, as my eyes ran over the wonders I beheld with an eagerness that was certainly inconsistent with a proper appreciation of their merits; but time and familiarity enabled me to understand and analyse my own opinions and feelings concerning them, and to give a reason for “the faith that is in me.”

It was in this gallery too, that I formed a transitory, but never to be forgotten friendship with one, whose image haunts and saddens my brightest recollections. I was standing at the farther end of the gallery before one of Raphael's

portraits, looking intently at the face, which was to me peculiarly attractive, when, turning suddenly round, my eyes encountered those of a lady standing near me. I looked back at the picture, and back again at her; I never saw such a likeness;—the delicate yet noble outline of the brow,—“the misty depth of the soft dark eye,”—the indefinable something which we call expression,—all were the same; the canvas seemed almost to breathe. I kept looking from one to the other till the heightening of the lady's color reminded me, that, however strong the resemblance might be in other respects, she was not quite so insensible as the picture;—and I moved away. Still an irresistible impulse urged me to look back, and again I encountered those fascinating eyes. I thought of Sterne and the marchioness, jumping backwards and forwards at the hall-door, and resolved to make a push for an interesting acquaintance. So “making my mouth up,” as the song has it, I approached her, and enquired in my most amiable and at the same time most respectful manner, whether she had a catalogue, as I had forgotten mine (I don't know what Mrs. Opie would have said to me, for I knew that it rested at that moment comfortably in my pocket). She replied with one of those gentle musical voices that I delight in, but with a Swiss accent, that she was sorry she could not oblige me; adding, that she was herself so familiar with all the most interesting pictures, as not to require the aid of a catalogue. This intimation I interpreted into a willingness to supply the place of one in the present instance, and forthwith proceeded to ask the name of the portrait (which I knew as well as my own), and to mention the likeness which struck me. The lady had been told of it before, and confessed that an impulse of vanity had led her to notice the interest I took in the picture. This was a fine opportunity for me, and I had just delivered myself of one of my most elegant compliments, when we were joined by a gentleman who looked, I thought, rather grim, as he drew the lady's arm within his. She seemed, as well as myself, to feel a momentary embarrassment; but, recovering herself quickly, with feminine tact, she continued the conversation in the same tone as before, only saying a few words in a low voice to her companion, as we turned and proceeded slowly up the gal-

lery. We talked of likenesses, physiognomy, portrait-painting, and painting in general, until the gentleman, feeling it impossible, as a Frenchman well might, to hold his tongue during a conversation which so well admitted display, began to take a part in it, and talked (I must allow) with a great deal of critical judgement, and more real taste than I have usually observed among his countrymen. At the door of the gallery I found myself under the necessity of quitting them, which I did not however before I learned that the Frenchman was the legal possessor of those charming eyes. I own I was fool enough not to be pleased at this discovery; but I made up my mind to it as well as I could, and, on my way home, moralised on the uncertainty of first impressions.

In the days of ultra-John-Bull-ism it was part of the creed of every well-disposed Englishman, that no good, moral or physical, was to be found on the opposite side of the British Channel. Now, on the contrary, as the fallacy of this maxim has been discovered, nothing will suit some of our modern writers, but that we should go slap-dash to the other end of the line, and take it for granted that the native home of every social virtue and every amiable quality is on the banks of the Seine.

From my own observations on French character, I confess I have only one fault to find with it. As Orlando's horse was the best horse in the world, only it was dead;—so the French are the best people in the world, only they have no hearts. They are brave, good-natured, conciliatory, pleasant acquaintances, easy masters, and often kind friends; but with regard to that depth and intensity of feeling which we emphatically call *heart*, we may venture to affirm that the thing was forgotten in their composition;—they have no idea of it. They have often been praised for their fortitude under adversity: whence does it proceed? not certainly from that lofty firmness of mind which looks down on the changes of fortune with unshaken calmness, for they are proverbially insolent in prosperous times;—no! it is because they want the fervid energy that leads men to stake too much upon the game of life, the loss of which makes them bankrupt. Their hopes spring up, like flowers on a thin soil: root them up, and the rock beneath remains undisturbed. Their affections sit

as loosely on them as a garment; their thoughts are scattered abroad a thousand ways; their souls live out of doors as much as their bodies. It is when our feelings are “garnered up” and hidden in the chambers of our hearts, and brooded over in silence and solitude, that they become indeed a part of ourselves, and cannot be torn from us without a dreadful shock. There cannot be a stronger proof of what I have asserted than the absence, or at least the rarity, of domestic affection among them, the heartless and profligate disregard of the nuptial bond, the mutual indifference of parents and children.* It is also remarkable that their libertinism greatly differs from that of other nations, the English especially. A husband and wife, who know each other to be guilty of repeated infidelity, will still live together on the best terms, and fulfil their little every-day duties with the greatest exactness. Nothing diverts them more than the explosion which affairs of this kind make in England. No man of sense, they say, would disturb himself and make a noise about what it is so much more to his interest to take no notice of. The elopement of a wife is almost unheard of among them. They do not understand how the impulse of passion or the pangs of remorse can lead a woman to fly from society and from her family, because they do not deem it a necessary consequence of matrimonial infidelity; nor do they feel the least compassion for a woman who, differing from the majority of her sex, makes herself miserable on the discovery of her husband's criminal love for another.

A melancholy illustration of this subject fell under my own observation during my residence in Paris. The accidental meeting which I have mentioned, led to an intimate acquaintance with the fair owner of the bewitching eyes which had almost tempted me to the folly of falling into downright love, after having

* Perhaps it would be difficult to find, in the annals of any other nation, a parallel instance to that related by Segur, of the woman who, during the retreat of the French army from Moscow, pushed away her child as it clung to the traineau in which she was seated, and, regardless of its tears and cries, would have left it to perish on the ice. Twice it was replaced in her arms by order of Ney; but she threw it from her, exclaiming—“Il n'a pas vu la France;—il ne la regrettera pas.”

passed unharmed through the fire of a thousand flirtations. She was, as her accent had led me to suppose, a native of Switzerland, possessing all the simplicity and singleness of heart, for which her country is distinguished, united to a depth of sensibility and a passionate warmth of character which do not usually characterise her nation. She was then in the very hey-day of youth and happiness, having been married only a few weeks to a man whom she loved with the absorbing intensity of a first passion. Until a few months before her marriage, she had lived in strict seclusion in her native country, and the alliance had been formed by a Parisian friend of both parties, who, having ascertained that the fortunes, ages, and characters of the young people, would be likely to meet the mutual approbation of the two families, negotiated the affair in the usual business-like manner. Whether he did or did not receive the compensation for his services so frequently expected on these occasions in France, I know not, but the treaty was concluded to the apparent satisfaction of every one, and the union seemed likely to be cemented by an affection that was hardly to be expected in such circumstances. I do not think I derogate from the purity and reality of Clara's attachment to her husband, when I say that I believe he was by no means the only man to whom it might have been given. He was an elegant and attractive young man, eminently formed to shine in society, but a Frenchman all over. He was not insensible to the attractions of his bride, but loved her as he had loved a thousand and one other females, and was sufficiently skilled in the science of love-making to deceive so inexperienced a heart. He had been the first to awaken into life the germ of love that lay hidden in her young heart, and the luxuriance of its growth was such as might have been expected in so rich a soil. I linger on the recollection of what Clara was when I first saw her, so full of joy and health and innocence, so ecstasically happy, that one felt an instinctive dread that such felicity might be of short duration.—I shall never forget one evening when, with no other audience than myself and her husband, she sang that song of exulting joy, "*Di piacer mi balza il cor*;" her whole soul seemed to gush out into her voice, until its rapturous emotions touched the ex-

treme point where pleasure becomes insupportable, and she burst into tears. Such tears are not often shed in this world.

It happened that the very day after this well-remembered night was the renowned day of Long-champ. Taking it for granted that ninety-nine out of every hundred readers have heard of it before, I shall only mention, for the sake of the remaining one, that it was formerly a religious festival, and that it was the custom for the devout to go on that day in crowds to a convent at Long-champ, not far from Paris. The convent exists no more, and the religious ceremonies have dwindled into a performance of sacred music at the opera-houses; but it is still the fashion for all the gay members of society to assemble on the road to the once holy spot, and vie with each other in the display of what milliners call "elegant novelties;" for no one, we believe, would be seen at Long-champ without sporting something new. It was one of those delicious days which sometimes come early in the spring, like balmy messengers from the summer, soothing us after the severities of the winter, and vainly flattering us with the hope of having no more cold weather. As I am more than commonly subject to "skiey influences," my spirits rose with the thermometer, and I was easily persuaded to join Clara and her husband, Monsieur V., who resolved to exhibit a new *calèche* on the occasion. The carriages, as usual, were drawn up in file, *progressing* (as the Americans say) at the rate of a foot in ten minutes. On we went, bowing to the men whom we knew, smiling and saying pretty things to the women;

"Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;"

when our ranks were suddenly thrown into disorder by the ill-timed gaiety of a young English mare, who had the honor of bearing the beautiful person of one of our countrywomen. Unwilling to lose such an opportunity of displaying her equestrian graces to the admiring Parisians, she refused to dismount when the animal first became restive, and when at last by a violent plunge it flung her from it's back, she had nearly suffered most severely for her temerity. Luckily for her, the mud lay at least a foot thick on each side of the narrow pavement which forms the middle of the

road, and she fell into as soft a bed as could be desired, and escaped with a few bruises, and the destruction of a *toilette superbe*. She was, however, much frightened; and, as our carriage was immediately opposite to the spot where the accident took place, Madame V——'s humanity overruled her husband's objections on the score of the new lining, and she solicited the beautiful and bespattered lady to accept a place by her side. Poor Clara! It was hard that by a simple act of kindness thou should'st lay the foundation of thine own ruin: yet so it was. The fair stranger (whom, to avoid the inconvenience of blanks, I shall call the viscountess St. Asaph) was one of those singularly clever or singularly fortunate persons who, while they invariably follow the dictates of their own wills, and yield to every impulse of their own passions, are considered by the world as martyrs to their virtues—victims of their affections and sensibilities. She had been the portionless daughter of an earl; but, being by nature and education fully qualified to appreciate the advantages of a splendid establishment, she had given her hand, at the age of eighteen years, to a successful speculator, who was by two or three years her father's senior. Thereupon every body grew pathetic on the subject of the interesting young creature, thus sacrificed by her family on the altar of sordid interest, while the poor earl, who was never one shilling the better for his daughter's prosperity, had in reality opposed the match by all the means in his power, short of force. The wealth of the husband soon enabled lady Emily to obtain the suffrages even of the most fastidious and aristocratic, who at first shrank from the alliance; the speculator was tolerated, and his lovely young wife gained an envied place in that circle which so many even of fashion's children struggle vainly to enter. I have often noticed that worldly-minded people who are in youth most devout worshippers of Mammon, fall, as they advance in life, into the follies which properly belong to the spring of existence. Nine out of ten of the ladies who figure in the annals of Doctors' Commons have reached a *certain age*.—Whether it is that the pleasures of mere worldliness wear themselves out, and they are forced to seek elsewhere for the excitement which these once afforded, or that the genuine passions of our nature

must at one time or other be triumphant, and that they revenge themselves thus for their first unnatural subserviency to acquired vices, I know not;—but the fact is indubitable. Lady Emily, having for many years sailed along the very flood-tide of fortune, became suddenly romantic at the age of thirty-two, and conceiving a headlong passion for the viscount St. Asaph (who was recently come of age) forfeited rank, wealth, and reputation, to throw herself into his arms. In due time the cause came before a jury, who valued the lady at ten thousand pounds. The newspapers teemed and Westminster Hall resounded with glowing descriptions of the virtues, the graces, the sensibility of the lovely victim; all the world pitied her, and threw all the blame on her family and her husband; on the former for supposed mercenary views, on the latter for having had the conscience to be more than forty years of age when he married her. A divorce followed in the regular course; the "bereaved husband" pocketed his damages, and the viscount (by this time repenting as heartily of his sinful conduct, as the most rigid moralist could have desired) carried his new and *very dear* bride to Paris, where for several months she lived in retirement, as a fashionable paper phrased it, "like the wounded fawn flying to the shade."

Very soon after the accident which introduced the viscountess to Madame V——, I left Paris on a tour to the southern provinces, and did not return until about a year afterwards, when rumor informed me of a very common occurrence, namely, a tender *liaison* between lady St. Asaph and the husband of her friend. On the continent, scandal of this sort has not half of the zest that renders it so attractive in England. These things are matters of course; nobody lifts up a hand or an eye, or exclaims, "Who would have thought it?" When I enquired of a *Parisienne* who had supplied me with the news, how Madame V—— bore the affair, she replied with a look of great astonishment,—"*Eh mon Dieu! elle va toujours son train.*"—But Clara was not the woman who could endure a shock of this kind, and *aller toujours son train*. She was roughly awakened from the Elysian dream of hope and love to the harsh realities of life. The spell of her existence was broken, and the whole

ideal fabric swept away. To people of the world—to those whose romance of life has been nipped in the very bud by the cold breath of experience, it may seem incredible that so common an occurrence should produce so overwhelming an effect. From the first moment she discovered her fatal mistake in the character of him whom she loved, nothing like a symptom of ordinary jealousy was apparent. The idea of being wronged or injured seemed never to enter her mind. The tenderness of her manner toward her husband even assumed a more profound character, as it became overshadowed by the deep melancholy which took possession of her. She never uttered a complaint—far less a reproach; but her heart seemed to die within her. She went through the ordinary routine of life as usual, but she took no interest in any thing: all her wishes and hopes had wound themselves with the chord which had been snapped. Fortunately perhaps for herself, she had not the physical strength which enables us to live on and endure

“ — the daily drop on drop, that wears

“ The heart out, like the stone, with petty cares.”

Her health gradually declined; she sank into what is called a state of general debility, and her death was hastened by the stupid obstinacy of her physician, who, according to the present practice in France, persisted in ordering repeated applications of leeches to her enfeebled and exhausted frame.

E. P. S.

FATAL LOVE, from the German of Düring.

AT a village in France, two strangers were driven by a storm to seek shelter in the house of a huntsman, named Martin. Here the flame of an unequal love was suddenly lighted up between the fair Aloyse and one of the strangers, of whose dignity the country maiden was entirely ignorant. She accidentally discovered that the object of her heart's adoration was threatened with serious danger, and that his apparent friend, colonel Montejo, was his concealed enemy. To divert his guests, the huntsman gave a rural *fête*. Madame Gageot, his sister, went to Nevers, to tell all her acquaintances about the agreeable

strangers, and to invite some of Aloyse's friends to spend the evening with them, that she might shew her young favorite with what tact she managed these matters. The provincial girls seated under some spreading trees, resembled a wreath of blooming flowers, which exhibited every pale and deeper tint of spring and summer's blossoms. Madame Gageot presided at a large table covered with fruits and confections. Montejo, under pretence of sudden indisposition, retired precipitately into the house. His companion, who by his gaiety and engaging manners had quickly wound himself into the hearts of the youthful party, hastily followed him, but almost as quickly returned, bearing a small casket. He opened it, and, after a short speech, he presented a gift to each of the blushing girls, saying, as he passed from one to the other, it was a remembrance of that happy evening. He placed a sparkling gem in the hair of one, put a brilliant ring upon the finger of another, and fastened a gold comb in the auburn ringlets of a third; and before they had time to recover from their surprise, or reject his offered gifts, they sparkled with the jewels with which he had so profusely ornamented them; and the last rays of the setting sun, which had hitherto, in this happy spot, shone only upon flowers, now fell upon these brilliant gems, and added a dazzling lustre to the wreath. Struck with astonishment, Madame Gageot and Aloyse gazed upon the scene. Madame, who was deeply read in fairy lore, believed that she beheld some enchanter before her. Aloyse grew pale with a variety of sensations, as she looked upon the munificent stranger. Who could this youth be, who, with such laughing and careless indifference, threw from him what appeared to her to be immeasurable riches? She did not wish to be treated in the same manner as her companions had been. He passed by her with his sparkling gifts; and, when he had gone the round of the circle, he set the casket upon the ground, bent down to a bed of flowers, took from it a violet, and gave it to the gratified Aloyse. ‘I well knew,’ he whispered, ‘that I dared not so to approach you, Aloyse. Flowers only are fit for flowers; the daughter of nature loves nature alone. Ah! Aloyse, this violet will be happy even in withering upon your bosom; but longer, much longer

than its short existence, may my remembrance dwell in your heart!—Aloyse felt her heart sink within her; she received the flower with a trembling hand, and glanced anxiously around, apprehending that he might have been overheard; but her companions were too deeply engaged to attend to her. They were all busily occupied in comparing their jewels, laughing, jesting; and were so superlatively happy, that they could scarcely wait with composure for the appointed hour of separating, so impatient were they to return home to exhibit their gifts, and astonish their parents with the extraordinary tale. At length the hour of departure arrived, and they bade a grateful good-night to their entertainers and the generous stranger; and with light steps they hurried home, holding fast their precious gems.

This incident made a great noise in the village. The girls were closely questioned by their parents, and they spoke so much of the stranger, that people did not know what to think of the matter. They were examined again and again, and they only repeated that they had received costly presents from a singularly handsome young man, but that his companion had scarcely remained long enough to throw a glance upon them. The gems were examined by a lapidary, and declared to be of great value; and, as there were amongst the girls' parents some of the magistrates, and even the mayor himself, the interesting enigma quickly began to take a somewhat different character.

Aloyse had for some time past been in the habit of daily visiting a poor old woman, who would scarcely have been able to support a feeble and suffering existence, had she not been supported and consoled by Aloyse's tender and benevolent cares. She devotedly loved her young benefactress, and her little cottage always seemed to be lighted up when Aloyse made her appearance in it, for she was like a ministering angel to her. The morning after the little festival, Aloyse set out to visit, as usual, her poor old friend, simply clad, and with her half-withered violet in her bosom. When she entered, Margaret fixed her eyes upon her with a look of so much anxiety, that she tenderly inquired if she wished for any thing. "Nothing, my sweet child," she replied, while you are with me. I desire only a crown of

glory to deck thy pure brow. What now disquiets me is a dream I have had, in which you bore a part. I thought you were threatened by some danger to which I could give no name. You bent down to seize a sparkling jewel which was rolling toward an abyss; you grasped it, and, as you pressed it to your bosom, it pierced you to the heart. I saw you afterwards in a magnificent chamber, where every thing shone with gold, but the gold cast a pale ghastly shade upon your cheek; and, when I observed you more closely, your bright and lovely color was no longer there—your eyes were closed—you belonged no more to the living." Aloyse shuddered at these words; and thoughts of the jewels of the preceding day sank deeply into her heart. She felt the wound; but her grief was mingled with so much sweetness, that she could not know it to be a consuming poison.

Montejo was employed by cardinal Mazarin and the Jesuits to remove the young prince, in order to pave the way to the throne of Spain for another candidate; and it was on a journey to Toulon that these adventures ensued. At this time the king of Spain died, and the ambassadors were on their way to Paris with his will and the Spanish crown, to lay them at the feet of the new monarch. They were to pass by the residence of Martin; and Montejo now began to fear that his companion (who was Philip of Anjou) would not fall into the snares contrived for his ruin.—On her way home from her charitable visit, she overheard the particulars of the atrocious scheme. She remained for an hour immovable, and lost in deep thought. Now she clearly felt that an invincible barrier lay on her path, and that a deep and impassable gulf separated her from happiness. She was now awakened to all the depth of her love; and an inexpressible anguish mingled itself with her tenderness, for it was evident that some horrible fate was impending over her lover. At this fearful thought she sprang from the ground, and, while she rapidly pursued her way homewards, endeavoured to think what it was her duty to do. "Away (she thought) he must not go; I must find out some way of detaining him; he is safe with us." She desired the mayor to prevent the strangers from escaping.—"I accuse them (she said) of having stolen those jewels. A thunderbolt

could not have occasioned greater astonishment and consternation than these words. She repeated the accusation in a firmer tone. Montejo threw upon her a look of the deepest malignity, while Philip gazed at her in the utmost surprise. Martin dropped a glass of water which he was about to raise to his lips; and Madame Gageot surveyed her from head to foot with angry eyes. Upon this charge they were stopped. She watched Philip during the night, like a guardian angel; and Montejo, enraged at her interposition, wounded her with his dagger and disappeared. Philip scarcely observed the villain's flight; for all his attention was fixed upon the beautiful bleeding girl at his feet. He raised her up, and held her in his arms; then placed her upon a seat, uncovered her shoulder, tore a handkerchief in two, and stanching the blood. He bent over her, endeavoured to revive her, parted her ringlets from her pale brow, and supported her sinking head. For an hour she thus lay in silent bliss, her cheek resting upon that gentle princely hand. 'Oh my Philip!' she murmured in a soft low voice; 'why was I not wounded to death? why am I not permitted to make thee the only sacrifice that is in my power?' He entreated her to be calm, and they now came to mutual explanations. She related every thing she had overheard in the forest; and the more he heard, the more indignant he became. 'Yes!' he exclaimed, 'I indeed believe that he would have betrayed me. He obtained my friendship and confidence only to lead me more certainly to destruction. Austria, or perhaps Spain itself, has sent him to me.'

As the envoys from Spain were hourly expected in this part of France, Philip resolved to make himself known to them, and accompany them to Paris. With faltering steps Aloyse now approached the door of his apartment. She paused; she stretched out her arms toward him. "Philip!" said her pale trembling lips—"Philip! once only in this life—we meet no more—once only——" She could not finish, but he understood her. He pressed her ardently to his bosom; for one short moment she rested in anguished bliss in his embrace, then tore herself away, rushed down the steps, and threw herself upon her couch.

On the arrival of the ambassadors, Philip prepared to depart with them. While they were occupied in despatching

expresses to Madrid and elsewhere, he retired into the thicket, and motioned to Martin and Aloyse to follow him.—He took a kind farewell of the former, and begged him to come and see him in Paris. "But what shall I say to thee?" continued he, turning to Aloyse, "thou gentle unhappy one! Shall I ever repay thee thy sacrifice and thy tears?—Oh, may thy heart soon regain its tranquillity, for we part for ever in this world!" She replied not, but, with deep sobs, pressed his hand to her bosom. He embraced her once more, and, laying her on her father's breast, rushed from the spot. After his departure she wept bitterly. Martin bent tenderly over her, and softly named Philip. "Oh, my father!" she vehemently exclaimed—"I own my affection for him; I shall love him for ever; he has taken my life with him. Yet be not uneasy, dear father; I shall be composed. Fulfil your promise, and let us set out for Paris instantly."

Louis had already accepted for his grandson the crown of Spain, and the ambassadors were appointed to a solemn audience. The French nobles were assembled. A number of men of rank, from the young Bourbon's different dominions, even from distant America, arranged themselves round Louis' still empty throne. The ladies of the court were also present; and at their head was the admired, the envied Madame de Maintenon. In the back-ground were many persons of the middle rank, spectators of this magnificent scene, and amongst these were Madame Gageot and Aloyse. The door of the royal cabinet was now flung open, and Louis stepped proudly forth, leading his grandson by the hand, with the air and majesty of the master of the world. Beautiful as the son of a god, led by the hand of Jupiter, walked Philip at his side. He was attired in the Spanish costume, sparkling with jewels. The royal mantle flowed gracefully from his shoulder; the sword of Castile glittered at his side, and the feathers of Arragon waved from the diadem that bound his youthful brow. "Spaniards, behold your king!" said Louis, as he looked with parental pride upon his grandson, whom he presented to them. The ceremony was nearly concluded, when Philip's eye fell upon a pale dying countenance, that looked as if it had risen from the dead to gaze upon him. The color suddenly fled from

his cheek; for it was Aloyse's sweet mournful glance he had encountered, and it was impossible for him to conceal his emotions. His hand trembled in that of Louis, who said, in a low voice, 'Dost thou tremble, king of Spain?'

Philip departed for Spain; and, about a year afterwards, Aloyse went one evening as usual to visit old Margaret.—"My child," said she, as she looked upon the pale death-like countenance of her forlorn young friend, "have I not been right with my dream? Oh, that you had never known this death-bringing jewel!"—"Good mother," replied Aloyse, "do not thus grieve over me; I am not unhappy." But Margaret remarked such an extraordinary weakness about her, that she determined, although against her wishes, to accompany her on her way home. When they came to the forest, Aloyse felt herself overpowered by great weakness and indisposition, about the place where she had overheard Montejo's treachery. "It was here," said she, in a low, stifled voice: "I recollect a particular tree;—it lies there still. Let us sit down upon it, good mother." Aloyse seated herself beside Margaret, and laid her head upon her friend's shoulder. The setting sun gilded the leaves with his dying rays. "See," whispered Aloyse, "the sun goes down in Spain; but," she continued, "in his America it rises again, and in his Heaven it shines for ever!" These were her last words. She died in Margaret's arms.

THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR
IN DALKEITH; *written by himself.*

TAILORS are men of consequence in these days, when so much attention is paid to dress, even by men, that one whose coat is not of the fashionable *cut*, or happens to be rather the worse for wear, is likely to be *cut* by those who would otherwise have been at least his ostensible friends. We are not, however, so tasteless as to raise Master Wauch to a par with the metropolitan tailors, who dress out the dandies of *ton*:—we admit that he is merely a provincial *artiste*, unworthy of being named in comparison with the *great* Stultz. While we thus readily confess his inferiority as a tailor, we trust that we shall not be accused of presumption in holding him up to view as an interesting auto-biographer.

VOL. IX.

"Mansie Wauch (a critic pleasantly observes) is an enthusiast and a devotee of his trade: he sees all things with the eye of a shaper of cloth: he eats, drinks, loves, and fights, with the true heart of a true tailor. That he is a tailor, is the ground-work and substratum of his character; all other parts of the man are but the facings, trimmings, and linings which make up his individuality. A tailor should not be fierce—Mansie is tender-hearted; he is not bold, but at times desperately animated by that fear which carries a man beyond courage.—He is spirited in his sentiments, and free in his aspirations, as becomes a free tailor and a man of sedentary occupation. In action, however, he is timid, irresolute, and given to rely upon his prudence rather than his valor;—a great respecter of authority, a distant and contented admirer of greatness, yet full of the dignity of man in the abstract; good-natured, yet mindful of self; mild, yet resolute in the command of his wife; the more stern father, because he is aware that the subjects of his command are naturally few; an excellent neighbour, for he is fully aware of the social advantages of living well with those he lives upon; and a not unpleasant companion, for he is a great observer in a small way; and, if he fails to penetrate the interior character, he always succeeds in hitting off the outward man with a lively particularity which proves the interest he takes in the cut of a coat or the turn of a pair of inexpressibles."

Mansie thus describes his appearance in early life, and his first love.—"Having come into the world before my time, and being of a pale face and delicate make, Nature never could have intended me for the naval or military line, or for any robustious trade or profession whatsoever. No, no, I never liked fighting in my life; peace was aye in my thoughts. When there was any riot in the streets, I fled, and scougged myself at the chumley-lug as quickly as I dowed; and, rather than double a nieve to a schoolfellow, I pocketed many shabby epithets, got my pails, and took the coucher's blow from laddies that could hardly reach up to my waistband.

"Just after I was put to my 'prenticeship, having made free choice of the tailoring trade, I had a terrible stound of calf-love. Never shall I forget it. I was growing up, long and lank as a willow-wand. Brawns to my legs there

were none, as my trowsers of other years too visibly affected to show. The long yellow hair hung down, like a flax-wig, the length of my lantern jaws, which looked, notwithstanding my yap-ness and stiff appetite, as if eating and they had broken up acquaintanceship. My blue jacket seemed in the sleeves to have picked a quarrel with the wrists, and had retreated to a tait below the elbows. The haunch-buttons, on the contrary, appeared to have taken a strong liking to the shoulders, a little below which they showed their tarnished brightness. At the middle of the back, the tails terminated, leaving the well-worn rear of my corduroys, like a full moon seen through a dark haze. Oh! but I must have been a bonny lad.

"My first flame was the minister's lassie, Jess, a buxom and forward quean, two or three years older than myself. I used to sit looking at her in the kirk, and felt a droll confusion when our een met. It dirl'd through my heart like a dart, and I looked down at my psalm-book sheepish and blushing. Fain would I have spoken to her, but it would not do; my courage aye failed me at the pinch, though she whiles gave me a smile when she passed me. She used to go to the well every night with her twa stoups, to draw water after the manner of the Israelites at gloaming; so I thought of watching to give her the twa apples which I had carried in my pouch for more than a week for that purpose. How she laughed when I put them into her hand, and brushed by without speaking! I stood at the bottom of the close listening, and heard her laughing till she was like to split. My heart flapped in my breast like a pair of fanners. It was a moment of heavenly hope; but I saw Jamie Coon, the blacksmith, who I aye jealous'd was my rival, coming down to the well. I saw her give him one of the apples; and hearing him say, with a loud gaffaw, 'Where is the tailor?' I took to my heels, and never stopp'd till I found myself on the little stool by the fireside, and the hamely sound of my mother's wheel humming in my lug, like a gentle lullaby."

He was more fortunate in his next courtship.—"Who, think ye, should this lassie be, but Nause Cromie,—afterwards, in the course of a kind Providence, the honoured wife of my bosom, and the mother of bonny Benjie. In going up and down the stairs, it being a

common entry, ye observe—me maybe going down with my everyday hat on to my dinner, and she coming up carrying a stoup of water, or half-a-pound of pouthered butter on a plate, with a piece of paper thrown over it,—we frequently met half-way, and had to stand still to let one another pass. Nothing came out of these foregatherings, however, for a month or two, she being as shy and modest as she was bonny, with her clean demity short-gown, and snow-white morning mutch, to say nothing of her cherry mou and her glancing een; and me unco duffie in making up to strangers. We could not help, nevertheless, to take aye a stoun look of each other in passing; and I was a gone man, bewitched out of my seven senses, falling from my claes, losing my stomach, and over the lugs in love, three weeks and some odd days before ever a single syllable passed between us. Gude kens how long this Quaker-meeting-like silence would have continued, had we not chanced to foregather one gloaming; and I, having gotten a dram from one of our customers with a hump-back, at the Cross-causey, whose fashionable new coat I had been out fitting on, found myself as brave as a Bengal tiger, and said to her, 'This is a fine day, I say, my dear Nancy.' The ice being once broken, every thing went on as smoothly as ye like; so, in the long-run, we went like lightning from twa-handed cracks on the stair-head, to stoun walks, after work-hours, out by the West Port, and thereaway. If ever a man loved, and loved like mad, it was me, Mansie Wauch,—and I take no shame in the confession; but, kenning it all in the course of nature, declare it openly and courageously in the face of the wide world. Let them laugh who like; honest folk, I pity them; such know not the pleasures of virtuous affection. It is not in corrupted, sinful hearts that the fire of true love can ever burn clear. Alas, and ohon orie! they lose the sweetest, completest, dearest, truest pleasure that this world has in store for its children. They know not the bliss to meet, that makes the embrace of separation bitter. They never dreamed the dreams that make wakening to the morning light unpleasant. They never felt the raptures that can dirl like darts through a man's soul from a woman's ee. They never tasted the honey that dwells on a woman's lip, sweeter

than yellow marigolds to the bee, or fretted under the fever of bliss that glows through the frame in pressing the hand of a suddenly-met and fluttering sweetheart. But tuts-tuts—hech-how! my day has long since past; and this is stuff to drop from the lips of an auld fool. Nevertheless, forgive me, friends, I cannot help all-powerful nature.—Nanse's taste being like my own, we amused one another in abusing great cities, which are all choke-full of the abominations of the Scarlet Woman; and it is curious how soon I learned to be up to trap—I mean in an honest way; for, when she said she was wearying the very heart out of her to be home again to Lauder, which she said was her native, and the true land of Goshen, I spoke back to her by way of answer, 'Nancy, my dear, believe me that the real land of Goshen is out at Dalkeith; and if ye'll take up house wi' me, and enter into a way of doing, I dare say in a while ye'll come to think so too.' What will ye say there? Matters were by-and-by settled full tosh between us; and, though the means of both parties were small, we were young, and able and willing to help one another.—Nanse, out of her wages, had hained a trifle; and I had, safe lodged under lock and key in the bank of Scotland, against the time of my setting up, the siller which was got by selling the bit house of granfaither's, on the death of my ever-to-be-lamented mother, who survived her helpmate only six months, leaving me an orphan lad in a wicked world, obliged to fend, forage, and look-out for myself. Taking matters into account, therefore, and considering that it is not good for man to be alone, Nanse and me laid our heads together towards the taking a bit house in the fore-street of Dalkeith, and at our leisure kept a look-out about buying the plenishing—the expense of which, for different littles and littles, amounted to more than we expected; yet, to our hearts' content, we made some most famous second-hand bargains of sprechery, amongst the old-furniture ware-housemen of the Cowgate. I might put down here the prices of the room-grate, the bachelor's oven, the cheese-toaster, and the warming-pan especially, which, though it had a wheen holes in it, kept a fine polish; but, somehow or other, I have lost the receipt, and cannot make true affidavit. 'Certain it is, what-

ever cadgers may say to the contrary, that the back is aye made for the burden; and were all to use the means, and be industrious, many that wyte had harvests, and worse times, would have, like the miller in the auld sang, 'A penny in the purse for dinner and for supper;' or better, to finish the verse, 'Gin ye please a guid fat cheese, and lumps o' yellow butter.' For two or three days, I must confess, after Maister Wiggie had gone through the ceremony of tying us together, and Nanse and me found ourselves in the comfortable situation of man and wife, I was a wee dowie and desponding, thinking that we were to have a numerous small family, and where trade was to come from; but no sooner was my sign nailed up with four iron handfasts, by Johnny Hammer, painted in black letters on a blue ground, with a picture of a jacket on one side, and a pair of shears on the other,—and my shop-door opened to the public, with ready-made waistcoats, gallowsses, leather-caps, and Kilmarnock cowls, hung up at the window, than business flowed in upon us in a perfect torrent. First one came in for his measure, and then another. A wife came in for a pair of red worsted boots for her bairn, but would not take them, for they had not blue fringes. A bare-headed lassie, hoping to be handsel, threw down twopence, and asked tape at three yards for a half-penny. The minister sent an old black coat beneath his maid's arm, pinned up in a towel, to get docked in the tails down into a jacket; which I trust I did to his entire satisfaction, making it fit to a hair. The duke's butler himself patronised me by sending me a coat which was all hair-powder and pomate, to get a new neck put to it. No wonder that we attracted customers, for our sign was the prettiest ye ever saw, though the jacket was not just so neatly painted, as for some sand-blind creatures not to take it for a goose. I dare say there were fifty half-naked bairns glowing their ren out of their heads at it from morning till night; and, after they all were gone to their beds, both Nanse and me found ourselves so proud of our new situation in life, that we slipped out in the dark by ourselves, and had a prime look at it with a lantern."

The death of the tailor's apprentice is mentioned in a pathetic strain; but the occasional attempts at humor, on so

serious a subject, are inappropriate and incongruous.—“It was a sad heart to us all, to see the lifeless creature in his white night-cap and een closed, lying with his yellow hair spread upon the pillow: and we went out, that the women-folk might cover up the looking-glass and the face of the clock, ere they proceeded to dress the body in its last claes—claes that would ne’er need changing; but when we were half down the stair, and I felt glad with the thoughts of getting to the fresh air, we were obliged to turn up again for a wee, to let the man pass, that was bringing in the dead-deal.

“But why weave a long story out of the materials of sorrow, or endeavour to paint feelings that have no outward sign, lying shut up within the sanctuary of the heart? The grief of a father and a mother can only be conceived by them who, as fathers and mothers, have suffered the loss of their bairns—a treasure more precious to nature than silver or gold, home to the land-sick sailor, or day-light to the blind man, sitting beaking in the heat of the morning sun.

“The coffin having been ordered to be got ready with all haste, two men brought it in on their shoulders betimes on the following morning; and it was a sight that made my blood run cold to see the dead corpse of poor Mungo, my own ‘prentice, hoisted up from the bed, and laid in his black-handled, narrow housie. All had taken their last looks; the lid was screwed down by means of screw-drivers; and I read the plate, which said, “Mungo Glen, aged 15.” Alas! early was he cut off from among the living—a flower snapped in its spring blossom—and an awful warning to us all, sinful and heedless mortals, of the uncertainty of this state of being.

“In the course of the forenoon, Maister Glen’s cart was brought to the door, drawn by two black horses with long tails and hairy feet, a tram one and a leader. Though the job shook my nerves, I could not refuse to give them a hand down the stair with the coffin, which had a fief-like smell of death and saw-dust; and we got it fairly landed in the cart, among clean straw. I saw the clodhopper of a plowman aye dighting his een with the sleeve of his big-coat.

“The mother, Mistress Glen, a little fattish woman, and as fine a homely body as ye ever met with, but sorely distracted at this time by sorrow, sat at

the head, with her bonnet drawn over her face, and her shawl thrown across her shoulders, being a blue and red spot on a white ground. It was a dismal-like looking thing to see her sitting there, with the dead body of her son at her feet; and, at the side o’ his kist with his claes, on the top of which was tied, not being room for’t in the inside like (for he had twelve shirts, and three pair of trowsers, and a Sunday and every-day’s coat, with stockings and other things), his old white beaver hat, turned up behind, which he used to wear when he was with me. His Sunday’s hat I did not see, but most likely it was in among his claes, to keep it from the rain, and preserved, no doubt, for the use of some of his little brothers, please God, when they grew up a wee bigger.

“Seeing Maister Glen, who had cut his chin in shaving, in a worn-out disjacket state, mounted on his sheltie, I shook hands with them both, and, in my thoughtlessness, wished them “a good journey”—knowing well what a sorrowful home-going it would be to them, and what their bairns would think when they saw what was lying in the cart beside their mother. On this the big plowman, that wore a broad blue bonnet and corduroy cutikens, with a grey big-coat slit up behind in the manner I commonly made for laddies, gave his long whip a crack, and drove off to the eastward.”

A display of humor is more in character when the taylor and his good lady hold a consultation on the choice of a trade or profession for their son.

“What say ye (said Mansie) to a penny-pie-man? I’fegs, it’s a cozy birth, and ane that gars the cappers birl down. What’s the expense of a bit of daigh, half an ounce weight, pirlled round wi’ the knuckles into a case, and filled half full o’ salt and water, wi’ two or three nips o’ braxy floating about in’t? Just naething ava. And consider on a winter night, when ice-shockles are hinging from the tiles, and stomachs relish what is warm and tasty, what a sale they can get, if they go about jingling their little bell, and keep the genuine article! Then ye ken in the afternoon, he can show that he has two strings to his bow, and have a wheen cookies, either new baked for ladies’ tea-parties, or the yesterday’s auld shopkeepers’ het up i’ the oven again.”

'Are ye really in your seven natural senses—or can I believe my ain een? I could almost imagine some warlock had thrown glamour into them," said Nanse, staring me broad in the face.

'Take a good look, gudewife, for seein's believing,' quo' I; I then continued, without drawing breath or bridle; —'Or if the baking line does not please ye, what say ye to binding him regularly to a man-cook? There he'll see life in all its variorums. Losh keep us a', what an insight into the secrets of roasting, brandering, frying, boiling, baking, and brewing—nicking of geese's craigs—hacking the necks of dead chickens, and cutting out the tongues of leeving turkeys! Then what a steaming o' fat soup in the nostrils! and siccan a collection o' fine smells as would persuade a man that he could fill his stomach thro' his nose! No weather can reach such cattle: it may be a storm of snow, twenty-feet deep, or an even-down pour of rain, washing the very cats off the house-tops; when a weaver is shivering at his loom, with not a drop of blood at his finger nails, and a tailor like myself, so numb with cauld, that, instead of driving the needle thro' the claith, he brogs it thro' his ain thumb—then, sient a hair care they: but, standing beside a ranting, roaring, parrot-coal fire, in a white apron, and a gingham jacket, they pour sauce out of ae pan into another, to suit the taste of my lord this, and my lady that, turning, by their legerdemain, fish into fowl, and fowl into fish; till, in the long run, man, woman, and wean, a' chew and champ away, without kenning more what they are eating than ye ken the day ye'll dee, or whether the witch of Endor wore a demity falderal, or a manco petticoat.'

'Weel,' cried Nanse, half rising to go ben the house, "I'll sit nae langer to hear ye gabbling nonsense like a magpie. Mak Benjie what ye like; but ye'll mak me greet the een out o' my head.'

'Hooly and fairly,' said I; "Nanse, sit still like a woman, and hear me out;" so, giving her a pat on the shoulder, I resumed my discourse.

'Ye've heard, gudewife, from Benjie's own mouth, that he has made up his mind to follow out the trade of a gentleman: who has put such outrageous notions in his head I'm sure I'll not pretend to guess at. Having never

myself been above daily bread and constant work—when I could get it—I dare not presume to speak from experience; but this I can say, from having some acquaintances in the line, that, of all easy lives, commend me to that of a gentleman's gentleman. It's true he's caa'd a flunky, which does not sound quite the thing; but what of that? what's in a name?—pugh, it does not signify a bawbee—no, nor that pinch of snuff; for, if we descend to particulars, we're all flunkies together, except his majesty on the throne. Then William Pitt is his flunky—and half of the house of commons are his flunkies, doing what he bids them, right or wrong, and no daring to disobey orders, not for the hair on their heads—then the earl waits on my lord duke—Sir Something waits on my lord Somebody—and his tenant, Mr. so and so, waits on him—and Mr. so and so has his butler—and the butler has his flunky—and the shoeblack brushes the flunky's jacket—and so on. We all hang at one another's tails like a rope of onions.'

. Here we may observe, that the pretended tailor is believed to be Mr. Moir, on whom the work reflects considerable credit, for its spirited representation of national peculiarities.

CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF FAUST, COMMONLY CALLED DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

THIS extraordinary personage has been the subject of much discussion; but we know very little of his real character. Goethe, indeed, has endeavoured to illustrate it, and a writer in the "Foreign Review" says, "He is a noble being, though no wise one. His desires are toward the high and true; with a whirlwind impetuosity he rushes forth over the universe to grasp all excellence; his heart yearns toward the infinite and the invisible; but he knows not the conditions under which alone this is to be attained. Confiding in his feeling of himself, he has started with the tacit persuasion, so natural to all men, that *he* at least, however it may fare with others, shall and must be happy: a deep-seated though only half-conscious conviction lurks in him, that, wherever he is not successful, fortune has dealt with him *unjustly*. His purposes are fair and even generous: why

should he not prosper in them? In all his lofty aspirings, his strivings after truth and more than human greatness of mind, he was never prompted to inquire how he was warranted for such enterprises—with what faculty Nature had supplied him; within what limits she had hemmed him; by what right *he* pretended to be happy, or could, a short time ago, have pretended to *be* at all. Experience, indeed, will teach him, for “Experience is the best of schoolmasters; only the school-fees are heavy.” As yet, too, disappointment, which fronts him on every hand, rather maddens than instructs. He has spent his youth and manhood, not (as others do) in the sunny crowded paths of profit, or among the rosy bowers of pleasure, but darkly and alone in the search of truth: is it fit that truth should now hide herself, and his sleepless pilgrimage toward knowledge should end in the pale shadow of doubt? To his dream of a glorious higher happiness, all earthly happiness has been sacrificed; friendship, love, and the social rewards of ambition, were cheerfully cast aside, for his eye and his heart were bent on a region of clear and supreme good; and now, in its stead, he finds insulation, silence, and despair. What solace remains? Virtue once promised to be her own reward; but, because she does not pay him in the current coin of worldly enjoyment, he reckons her too a delusion; and, like Brutus, reproaches, as a shadow, what he once worshiped as a substance.—Whither shall he now tend? For his loadstars have gone out one by one; and, as the darkness fell, the strong steady wind has changed into a fierce and aimless tornado. Faust calls himself a monster, ‘without object, yet without rest.’ The vehement, keen, and stormful nature of the man is stung into fury, as he thinks of all he has endured and lost; he broods in gloomy meditation, and, like Bellerophon, wanders apart, “eating his own heart;” or, bursting into fiery paroxysms, curses man’s whole existence as a mockery; curses hope and faith, and joy and care, and, what is worse, “curses patience more than all the rest.” Had his weak arm the power, he could smite the universe asunder, as at the crack of doom, and hurl his own vexed being along with it into the silence of annihilation.

“Thus Faust is a man who has quitted

the ways of vulgar men, without light to guide him on a better way. No longer influenced by the sympathies, the common interests and persuasions by which the mass of mortals, each individually ignorant, are yet kept together, and, like stones in the channel of a torrent, by their very multitude and mutual collision, are made to move with some regularity,—he is still a slave; the slave of impulses, which are stronger because they are solitary. He sees the vulgar of mankind happy, but happy only in what he deems their baseness. Himself he feels to be peculiar; the victim of a strange, an unexampled destiny; not as other men, he is “*with* them, not *of* them.” There is misery here, if not the beginning of madness itself. It is only in the sentiment of companionship that men feel safe and assured: to all doubts and mysterious “questionings of destiny,” their sole satisfying answer is, “Others do and suffer the like.”—Were it not for this, the dullest day-drudge of Mammon might sink in thought into an unspeakable abyss of despair; for he, too, is “fearfully and wonderfully made;” infinitude and incomprehensibility surround him; and the vague spectre death, silent and sure as time, is advancing at all moments to sweep him away; but he plods along without misgivings. Were there but one man in the world, he would be a terror to himself. Now it is as this one man that Faust regards himself: he is divided from his fellows; cannot answer with them, “Others do the like;” and yet, why or how he specially is to *do* or *suffer*, will no where reveal itself. For he is still “in the gall of bitterness;” pride, and an uncompromising though secret love of self, are still the mainsprings of his conduct. Knowledge with him is precious only because it is power; even virtue he would love chiefly as a finer sort of sensuality, and because it is *his* virtue. A ravenous hunger for enjoyment haunts him every where; the restricted allotments of earthly life are as a mockery to him; to the iron law of force he will not yield, for his heart, though torn, is yet unweakened, and until humility shall open his eyes, the true law of wisdom will be hidden from him.”

AN AMERICAN BALL, AND APPROPRIATE CONVERSATION.

A TRANSATLANTIC collegian, writing to a friend from Saratoga, a place of resort for idlers, says, "I was at a splendid ball at this watering place. The decorations were in taste, and the music I need not speak of; for who has not heard of Johnson? In speaking of beauty I must be more exclusive; not that I was fastidious; for I was a raw *colleger*, and perfectly bewildered. I could sweep them all up with a superlative. Still, in my own astronomy, I have some dim remembrance of a distinction. I remember, for instance, a northern star, which I followed till she set. She was as tall as the Venus of the Capitol; but her proportions were exquisite, and she wore them with the grace of a Hebe. Her features were irregular, and might not be beautiful in marble; but the expression!—did you ever dream that an angel came down to you, and told you about paradise and the peris—and do you remember the angel's face? There was another from the same quarter, with flowing hair—as airy a *spirituelle* as I ever saw: and another, and another—and I have no doubt they are the cause of the borealis. But this is nothing to the purpose. I danced with a lady from—no matter—I cannot be particular—but she had large dark eyes, and the longest eyelashes that ever drooped. Her forehead was low, and the black hair was parted on it as they paint the Madonna—with an expression. If any body wishes to flirt with me, let her have black hair, and a sweet forehead to part it on. She did not dance well; and, if she had, it would have been out of character. I never saw a woman with rich dark eyes that did. It would be like a Magdalen painted at blind-man's buff. It is a pity there is not a musical star; I am sure I was born under one. This lady had a tone I shall not attempt to describe. It was low and reedy, like the death of a fine sweep on an *Æolian*. I have heard doves who came near it, and, if I understood music, I could tell you of a note in a second flute, which makes me think of it; but it was irresistible. I never could withstand a sweet tone from my childhood; and, if I had lived in the days of Orpheus, I am persuaded I should have walked into the wall. She said a few

common-places; and I answered, like an amateur at a concert, with a nod or a monosyllable. It was a perfect spell. I am better at conversation than any thing else; but I had lost my talisman. You would have taken my speeches for the list of impersonal verbs in the grammar. She was engaged for the next cotillon, and a mere cipher of a fop led her off in the middle of a sentence. I would have given the puppy my degree for a delay of two minutes. I met her afterwards at the spring—sat opposite to her at table—met her accidentally in walks, and was very much surprised to be riding in the same direction on horseback. She was always polite, and received my apocryphal explanations with a smile that went through me like a *coup de soleil*, only more moderately. Her bewildering voice, too!—it gave to the airy nothings of courtesy the power of a Maelstrom; my heart was completely swallowed up. I staid day after day, till I had far outstaid my permission. My funds were low, and Peyton's quite gone. He had been urging our departure for a week or two, and was entirely out of patience. Still I could not make up my mind to go. One morning, however, she came down in a riding-habit. I supposed she was going upon an early ride, and gave orders for a horse immediately. A moment before, I had the appetite of a New-Zealander; but I hurried away to change my dress, and stood on the promenade equipped from stock to spur, as she came out from breakfast. 'Good morning! What! do you ride so early?'—'Yes—so early—and a long ride too.'—'And who goes with you?'—'I suppose the next question will be, 'which way are you going?' so I'll save your catechism, and tell you at once. I go in a carriage; my companions are my father, mother, and servants: and my destination is Niagara.'—'Is it possible?'—'You leave us, then?'—'Just so; and now I'll excuse that rueful expression which is extremely proper and sentimental, and ask the favor of your arm, for I must make an early call at the Pavilion.'—I offered my arm mechanically, but was speechless.—'What! not a word!—no 'regrets!'—no 'painful disappointments!'—nothing about the 'shorn beam,' and the 'setting star!'—'Miss Graham'—and I felt as if I looked expostulatory, but

could get no farther.—‘Well!—Miss Graham is a good beginning—go on!’—‘Seriously, Miss Graham,’—‘I thought I should choke.’—‘Seriously, Mr. Halsey, you don’t appear to have any thing to say. Am I to consider this a mere hiatus, or is your dying speech concluded?’—‘Spare me, spare me! I’ll go on directly!’—‘No, I shall not spare you; for ‘directly’ we shall come to the Pavilion, and ‘directly’ I shall be very busy with my friends, and so you’ll hang without a confession.—Come—the speech!’—‘Miss Graham—I—I—I—’—‘A respectable pronoun!’—‘Go on!’—‘I’—‘What?’—‘Love you!’—‘Hem! quite to the point!’ I had passed the Rubicon, and grew desperate. ‘It is to the point, madam!’—‘I have loved you from the first moment’—‘Stop, stop!—be original, or I won’t listen. I can read a’l that in Sir Charles Grandison.’—‘Miss Graham, will you speak seriously?’—‘Yes, sir—‘seriously’ we are slight acquaintances—and ‘seriously’ I know nothing about you—and ‘seriously’ you are not out of your teens—and ‘seriously’ we are at the Pavilion—will you walk in?’ We met the ladies at the door. Miss Graham announced her departure, and, after the suitable expressions of surprise and disappointment, they sent for their hats, and insisted on returning with us. It was to me a small purgatory. The ladies rallied me on my abstraction, and Miss Graham rattled away unmercifully. She ‘had been here too long’—‘the springs were excessively stupid’—the beaux were all bores, begging Mr. Halsey’s pardon’—and she was ‘delighted to go.’ I tried every manœuvre to speak a word to her—but she was ‘in too much of a hurry to step aside for a view’—and she ‘didn’t care for the dust’—and she ‘always preferred a lady’s arm to a gentleman’s.’ She left us at the door, to go to her room. On her return, the carriage was waiting. ‘Come, Caroline,’ shouted a bass and a cracked treble. ‘Coming, sir—coming, madam,’—and she shook hands with the gay circle. I offered my arm, and, under cover of a bagatelle, made a desperate offer.—‘Will you give me one word, Miss Graham?’—‘Yes, sir—two—good bye;’—and she jumped into the carriage. I think, if I ever hang, I shall feel as I did when that carriage drove off.”

NARRATIVE OF VOYAGES AND EXCURSIONS ON THE EAST COAST AND IN THE INTERIOR OF CENTRAL AMERICA, by Orlando William Roberts.

As our countrymen carry on trade with the inhabitants of Central America, we necessarily have some knowledge of various parts of that country; but it is so imperfect and unsatisfactory, that we wish for more intelligence on the subject. The situation of Mr. Roberts, who was for many years a resident trader in that territory which is now the independent state of Guatemala, enabled him to collect much information, which he communicates to the public in a plain unassuming manner, without the parade of philosophy or the affectation of refinement.

From his commercial head-quarters he made many excursions. In one of these rambles, he reached a mountainous spot, where he was gratified with a simultaneous view of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.—“The mountain did not terminate in any peak or cone, nor had it the particular appearance of volcanic origin, but was rather the continuation of a chain, or ridge of mountains, which rose higher than any of those in the immediate neighbourhood. About five hundred yards across its summit, the descent, toward the Pacific, commences rather abruptly, and is more precipitous than on the side by which we ascended. Mountains still higher appeared to the eastward in the direction of Panama and Chagre. To the north-west, an immense and continued unbroken chain presented itself as far as the eye could reach; and, here and there, various high, insulated peaks, having the appearance of volcanoes, sprang up from the chain. I had a clear and distinct view of both seas; and the country, from the spot on which we obtained this delightful view, presented the map of an immense mountain forest, drawn on Nature’s grandest scale.”

He had frequent intercourse with the Valientes, the most civilised of the indigenous tribes of this part of the country. Speaking of their customs, he mentions one which puts them on a *par* (as some would say) with our gentry, but (as many would think) degrades them to the level of the brute creation.—“When a Valiente Indian (barbarian) considers himself affronted, or injured, by one of

his own tribe, he deliberately sharpens his cutlass, and, taking a friend with him, goes to the house of his adversary, whom he challenges to fair combat.—The challenge is frequently accepted on the spot, fair play is allowed, and the duel never ends until one is, or both are, killed or disabled. They display considerable dexterity in the use of the cutlass, both in attack and defence; and it is rare to find a Valiente without the mark of deep cuts on his body, and particularly about the head. If the challenged party puts off the decision of the quarrel to a future day, it is generally made up by the intervention of friends. Being "called out" by one of these slashing gentlemen, I insisted upon substituting rifle guns, a proposal which he declared to be 'English fashion, no good!' and, by the interference of friends, we settled our dispute without bloodshed. Few of them can use fire-arms with effect, but they are very expert with the bow and arrow, and are good and dexterous spearmen."

Although they have not a strong sense of religion, they have an idea of the providential interference of a Supreme Being in human affairs.—"In one of my excursions above the great falls, the Indians inadvertently allowed the canoe to drift so near to a tremendous precipice, that they had no chance of paddling her out of danger. They instantly leaped overboard and swam ashore.—Being so completely taken by surprise, I saw no chance of safety but by keeping in the canoe, which went over the fall and was dashed in pieces. When I recovered my recollection, I found myself in the water by the side of a small island, grasping firmly some bushes that overhung the river. Some Indians on the other side of the river, who had not seen the accident, conveyed me down to my own house. Feeling sick from the shock I had received, I lay down to recover myself. In the mean time my companions in the canoe had gone home and reported my death, in confirmation of which they pointed out the splinters of the canoe floating past the settlement. I had scarcely been an hour in my hammock when old Jasper, and other headmen, came to my house, lamenting my death, and proposing to take an account of my effects, that they might be kept for my relations or creditors. Nothing could equal their astonishment when I sat up, and asked them what they were

about to do? 'By Robert!' a favourite exclamation of the old chief, 'you no drown!' then he added, with a certain degree of reverential awe, 'this is God business, Robert! only God business!'

Their ideas and manners, in other respects, are worthy of notice.—"Their mode of living is upon the whole comfortable. Nature has supplied them abundantly with the necessities of life: their plantations are managed with very little labour, and their woods contain abundance of game: their rivers abound in the finest fish, and their lagunes are plentifully furnished with the richest turtles, and other food for their support. Anciently the common covering of these Indians was made of a sort of tree-bark, prepared by being for some time soaked in running water, and afterwards beaten with a smooth heavy club into a consistency resembling chamois leather. This was formed into a square piece, six or seven feet long, and about five feet wide, with a hole cut in the centre to admit the head. Now, however, they are dressed with greater decency; many of them put on even a complete European suit; and I have seen their traders and head-men even well dressed, or, in their own words, 'true English gentleman fashion,' and followed by numbers of their less fortunate countrymen, who had some favour to ask, or were desirous of paying their court to the great man, who in the mean time was, perhaps, strutting about with a silk umbrella over his head, to protect him from the sun.

"The wet season is not, with them, considered an unhealthy period; on the contrary, it is one of rest and enjoyment, during which they form parties for drinking weak preparations of cocoa, of which they take immense quantities.—Their method of preparing it is extremely simple, it being merely bruised, or crushed between two stones, and ground to a consistency of paste, diluted with warm water, and in this state passed round to the company in calabashes, containing each about a quart: some Indians drink eight or ten quarts at a sitting, so as to fall into a state of sleepy insensibility. At these meetings, it is a favourite amusement to tell long stories, or make harangues, in a singing monotonous tone of voice, to which all listen without interrupting the speaker, however improbable the story may be. I frequently, in my turn, endeavoured to

give them an account of some remarkable occurrence of my life, or some idea of European power and attainments: however incomprehensible and impossible some of these things must have appeared to ignorant Indians, they never offered the least interruption. When a story was ended, some of the elders would perhaps consider a few minutes, and after looking round, to collect as it were the opinions of the company, would gravely say, 'lie, Robert, lie,'—to which I would answer, 'no lie, all true, English fashion; but *now*,' I would add, 'I am going to tell you a lie story,'—when they would, with the greatest good-nature, gather round, to hear 'Robert tell story.'

Our author describes an earthquake in a spirited, if not philosophical manner.—In 1825, when he was in the province of Costa-Rica, its chief town (Cartago) was nearly destroyed by a tremendous earthquake, which shook the whole Isthmus of Darien. On the night that this event took place, I was in an Indian house at Monkey-Point, and had an opportunity of witnessing its effect on that part of the coast. About the middle of the night, I found the frame of the wicker bedstead on which I slept, shaken with very great violence. Supposing that it was either my companion (one of the traders), or some of my Indian friends who wished to frighten, or awaken me suddenly, I rather angrily demanded, whether they meant to shake me to pieces. In a few seconds, however, the screams of the women, and the cries of the men in the adjoining huts, together with the rolling motion of the earth, which was twisting the hut in all directions, put an end to my suspense. I instantly ran out of the place to the open air; and, though scarcely able to keep upon my feet from the rolling and trembling motions of the earth, I observed such a scene as will never to the last hour of my existence be erased from my memory. The ground under our feet seemed to heave convulsively, as if ready and open to swallow us, producing a low terrific sound; the trees, within a short distance of the huts, were so violently shaken from their upright position, that their branches were crashing, and their trunks grinding against each other, with a groaning sound; the domestic fowls, the parrots, macaws, pigeons, and other birds, were flying about and against each other in

amazement, screaming in their loudest and harshest tones: the shrieks of the monkeys, and the howlings of the beasts of the forest, which seemed as if approaching near us for protection, were mingled with the cries of the terrified Indians and their domestic animals, every living creature seeming to be overwhelmed with dismay. Although I had often contended with hurricanes, and storms at sea, I was utterly confounded by this terrific scene, and it was some moments before I could rally my faculties sufficiently to think what should be done for my own preservation. Considering that the greatest danger would be in the event of the sea rising so high as to sweep the beach, I hastily roused my stupefied companion, and, hurrying to our small vessel, got her shoved off from the shore, and we awaited the result with fear and trembling. The shocks gradually became less violent, and toward day-break had entirely subsided. No lives were lost here, or at the other Indian settlements in the neighbourhood; but the ground appeared rent in various places, the sand on the beach was either raised in ridges, or depressed in furrows; a place, which in the evening had been a small lagoon or pond, in which several canoes were floating, was now become quite dry; most of the huts were violently cracked and twisted, and the effects of the earthquake were everywhere visible. The Mosquito men, who were at this season on the coast, were so terrified and overwhelmed with superstitious dread, that they abandoned the turtle fishery, and returned home before the season was half finished."

He visited the remains of a British colony on the Mosquito shore, at a place which is still called English Bank.—"The people are principally Creoles, Mulattoes, and Samboes; many of them have married Indian women, and, every thing considered, they live in a comfortable manner. The population may be about one hundred and fifty or two hundred souls, living in very neat compact houses of one story, the sides for the most part made of clay, beaten down hard into a framework of lath and hardwood posts, and roofed with a durable species of palm-leaf. The Jamaica traders have established two stores for the sale of goods among them, and there is also one supplied from the United States; the agents in charge of these stores constantly reside at English-Bank,

and are visited by different tribes from all parts of the coast, bringing tortoise-shell and gum copal, and also canoes, to barter for duck, check, cutlass blades, and other goods adapted for the Indian trade. The inhabitants employ themselves in turtle catching during the season, and in raising provisions, hunting, and fishing, during the remainder of the year. They maintain a friendly correspondence with the regular Indians; are, in general, fair and honourable in their dealings with them, and with each other, and are truly hospitable to those strangers who happen to come amongst them. They are, however, without any religious instruction, and I lament that no missionary has hitherto visited this part of the coast, where, although he might, at first, meet with occasional opposition from the *visiting* traders, he would ultimately do much good.

"I never knew an instance of a marriage being celebrated among them, according to the prescribed forms of the English, or of any other church; these engagements are mere tacit agreements, which are sometimes, although rarely, broken by mutual consent. The children here, and at Bluefields, are in general baptised by the captains of trading vessels from Jamaica, who, on their annual return to the coast, perform this ceremony with any thing but reverence, on all who have been born during their absence; and many of them are indebted to these men for more than baptism. In proof of this, I could enumerate more than a dozen of acknowledged children, of only two of these captains, who seem to have adopted, without scruple, the Indian idea of polygamy in its fullest extent. By this licentious and immoral conduct, they have, however, so identified themselves with the natives, and with some of the principal people on the coast, as to obtain a sort of monopoly in the sale of goods, which it would be difficult for any stranger, not possessing an intimate knowledge of the Indian character, to shake; they have also so insinuated themselves into the good graces of the leading men, that their arrival on the coast is hailed with joy by all classes, as the season of festivity, revelry, christening, and licentiousness. Funerals are however conducted with decency and comparative propriety; one of the trading agents, and the old men of the place, generally give their attendance on these

solemn occasions. Notwithstanding that they live in this free manner without fixed laws or religious restraint, they, in the absence of the traders, maintain an order and regularity that would not lose by comparison with any of the small provincial towns in England."

A curious account is given of the Mosquito king and court.—"Early in the morning I was awakened by the noise of the drum; the natives were in a state of bustle and activity, preparing for the drinking-match and the reception of the king. He arrived in a large canoe, with ten people, escorted by the same number in two smaller ones. At the landing-place he was met by admiral Earnee and general Blyat, with some of the chief men of the neighbouring settlements. There was little form or ceremony used in their reception of the king, a shake of the hand, and 'how do you do, king,' in English, being the only salutation from all classes. Briefly inquiring my motives for coming to see him, he invited me to go with him to the Cape, and said that I might then at leisure judge how far he could second my views, and how he was situated with his people, amongst whom, four years ago, on his return from Jamaica, where he was educated, he found himself quite a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-four years of age, of a bright copper-color, with long curly hair hanging in ringlets down the sides of his face; his hands and feet small, a dark expressive eye, and very white teeth. He was an active and handsome figure, with the appearance of greater agility than strength. In other respects I found him, on farther acquaintance, wild as the deer on his native savannahs.

"During the day, Indians arrived from various parts of the coast and the interior. At the meeting, which took place in the king's house, various matters relative to the government of the neighbouring settlements, disputes, and other public business, were discussed; and I observed that the king left every thing to the discretion of Earnee, Blyat, and a few others. In fact, he seemed to take little interest or trouble, farther than to sanction the resolutions passed, so that they might be promulgated as 'the king's own order.' Such is the expression; and that order is invariably obeyed, and carried into effect.

"The discussions being ended, the feasting began. As the men became exhilarated, they began to dance in imitation of country-dances and Scotch reels, learned from the former English settlers; but they soon became too much intoxicated to preserve order. Every one, including the king and his select friends, gave way without restraint to the pleasures of drinking; and, during the evening, the king's uncle arrived, bringing one of his majesty's favourite wives. This chief was a short stout man, very lively and quick in his motions, disguising, under an appearance of levity, much cunning and shrewdness; he spoke tolerably good English, and soon, by his ridiculous stories regarding the Jamaica traders, and by his satirical and witty remarks on some of the old Mosquito men present, kept the company in a roar of laughter. The king observed to me, in the course of the evening, that I must not be surprised to see him act in the manner he was doing, as it was his wish, by indulging the natives, to induce them to adopt gradually the English customs."

Some of the author's zoological notices are interesting; but we have room only for the remarks on the turtle and the manatee.—"During the months of April, May, June, and July, the green turtles repair to several parts of the Mosquito Shore, to deposit their eggs. At this season the sea is covered with small blubber fishes: these, and a peculiar sort of grass growing at the bottom of the sea, are their principal food. It is to be observed that the turtles have large lungs, and cannot go deeper in the water than five or six fathoms, being obliged to come frequently to the surface, for the purpose of *blowing*, as all fish do that have lungs. The male and female remain together about nine days, during which time the female feeds, and keeps in good condition; but, when they separate, the male is totally exhausted, worthless, and unfit for use as food. Some time after this season the female crawls up the sandy beaches; and prepares to lay her eggs; she makes a circle in the sand until it is fully prepared; she then digs a hole, in which she deposits from sixty to eighty, covers them up, and goes off; about the fifteenth night afterwards she returns, and deposits a similar number near the same spot. The young turtles come out

of the shell in about thirty-two days, and immediately make their way into the sea.

"The handle of the spear with which the Indians strike the turtle, is made of very hard wood; the head is a triangular-shaped piece of notched iron, with a sharp point; a piece of iron is joined to this, which slips into a groove at the top of the spear-handle, and has a line attached to it which runs through eyes fixed, for that purpose, to the shaft of the spear, to which a float is fastened.—The Indian, when near enough to strike the turtle, raises the spear above his shoulder, and throws it in such a manner that it takes a circular direction in the air, and lights, with its point downward, on the back of the animal, penetrating through the shell, and the point, becoming detached from the handle, remains firmly fastened in the creature's body; the float now shows on the surface of the water which way the turtle has gone; and he is easily hunted up, and secured, by means of the line, which has remained attached to the spear-head."

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"The manatee may be considered the connecting link between quadrupeds and fishes; it retains the fore-feet, or rather hands, of the former, with the tail of the latter, spreading out in a horizontal direction like a large fan. Beneath the skin, which is uncommonly hard and thick, there is a deep layer of very sweet fat. The meat, in its thickest parts, has the singular property of being streaked throughout with alternate layers of fat and lean, being most excellent food. Persons subject to be afflicted with scorbutic or scrofulous complaints, find speedy relief; by using it freely, their blood is said to become purified, and the virulence of the complaint is thrown to the surface of the body, and quickly disappears. The manatee is extremely acute in its sense of hearing, and immerses itself in the water on the slightest noise; it feeds on long shoots of tender grass growing on the banks of the rivers, and will rise nearly two-thirds of its length out of the water to reach its food; it is found only in the least frequented creeks and rivers; the male and female are generally together: their common length is from eight to twelve feet, and it weighs from five to eight hundred pounds; some of them, however, are much larger."

NEW TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

WE are indebted to captain Lyon for some curious information respecting various parts of Africa, as well as for intelligence connected with the Arctic regions; and he now strengthens and augments the public obligation to him by a "Journal of a Residence and Tour in the Republic of Mexico," written with vivacity and spirit, and stamped with apparent marks of impartiality and of truth. While he admits that the work does not contain matter of much importance, he declares it to be a faithful narrative of what he saw, and trusts that "it will be found to give a fair representation of the state of the republic, and to add in some degree to the small stock of information which exists respecting the people and general appearance of that portion of the new world."

He has given a humorous account of his reception at Tampico.—"The American consul very kindly hired a windowless room for me in one of the most respectable houses in the place the mistress of which was better known by the name of the *Gachupina*, (a term of reproach applied to European Spaniards) than by her proper appellation of *Donna Francesca*. This lady, who had the reputation of being rich and cleanly, was quite distressed at not having time to whiten my room; but two Indian girls were instantly set to work to wash the earthen floor and make me comfortable. My landlady was all politeness, and I clearly saw that she entertained no mean opinion of her own good breeding and address. She was generally allowed to be one of the most respectable ladies of Tampico; and, although a certain *Don Antonio*, who assisted in taking care of her shop and her fair self, was by no means her husband, she piqued herself on her irreproachable character, and the high estimation in which she was held on account of her wealth. Her age might have been about forty-five; her person was fat; and when in her morning costume, which consisted of a shift tied round the waist with a string, and with a cigar in her mouth, her whole figure was particularly attractive. This charming person and I formed an interesting picture every morning at about six o'clock, as she stood leaning over a little wicket which kept the pigs, dogs, cats, and

poultry, from coming out of the yard into my room. While we *cosily* smoked the cigars with which she favored me, I drew in lessons of Spanish, by conversing with her, and listening to constantly repeated assurances that she was an old Spaniard and a woman of sense, although, in common with nearly all the native ladies of the place, she did not possess the accomplishments of reading and writing. In the evening, the commandant and his wife, with some officers of the garrison, paid me a visit at the consul's house, where his sister amused the party by playing on the piano-forte; and a host of half-naked natives soon crowded round the door and windows, which latter have no glass, and seemed highly delighted with the music; some of the children remarking with astonishment, that the *Senora* "read a book" while playing. When the visitors retired, I adjourned to my own room, that I might endeavour to sleep; but it was all to no purpose. At my outer door stood a pig-sty, containing three old sows,—mothers, to my misery, of a numerous progeny, which had been separated from them in order to forage in the odoriferous streets. The moanings and cries in every tone to which the voices of sows can be modulated, were answered with interest by the young pigs; for, being too large to creep through the bars to their parents, they solaced themselves by squeaking throughout the night. To add to this, the dogs, of which every house has several, barked without interruption."

In the town and neighbourhood of Panuco he saw some remarkable tribes, the remains of the *Guastec* nation.—"In their mild dejected countenances no trace is seen of their being the offspring of those warriors who defeated *Grijalva* their first discoverer, and the troops of *Cortes*. Time and the tremendous periodical rains have been insufficient to destroy all vestiges of this nation. The remains of the pyramids, the idols, and the utensils, toys, and ornaments in finely-worked clay, combine to show that the arts once flourished to a very considerable extent on this now thinly-peopled spot. Some of the vases yet retain their colours and vitreous glazing, and many are of an earth as light and well-baked as that of *Tuscany*; while the figures, from their singular attitudes and grotesque expression, might serve as models to the toy-makers

of the present day. The flutes, single and double, with two, three, or four holes, the oddly-shaped pipes and whistles, and the jars modeled into birds, toads, and other animals, all in *terra cotta*, exhibit as much humour as ingenuity, and are found, either entire or broken, in such quantities as to induce a belief that Panuco was actually a mart for crockery ware. I learned also, that, about nine leagues from the town, some very interesting objects of antiquity are to be met with, situated on the side of a hill covered with wild pines. The principal is a large oven-like chamber, on the floor of which a great number of flat stones, similar to those still used by women in grinding maize, were found, and can even now be procured. It is only in May that this place is accessible, as the pines, being dry, may then be burned from the face of the hill."

"The Guastecs live unmixed with the whites, who amount to 1500 persons, and who may be called the fixed population. During the unhealthy months many families come here from Tampico, and in the dry season Panuco is a kind of watering-place, to which people resort for the purpose of bathing, the river here being more free from caymans than at any other part. For such families as choose to devote a little trouble and expense to decency, small spaces are staked off near the banks, and lightly covered with palm branches; but such niceties are not much attended to; both sexes bathe without scruple at the same time, and many of the young women swim extremely well.

"The town is situated on the southern bank of the river, and was at this time at an elevation of thirty feet above it; but, in a more advanced period of the rainy season, the waters frequently inundate the streets, and it has more than once happened, that canoes have plied there. Many of the houses are comparatively good; but the far greater proportion are of split bamboo, plastered with mud, and thatched with the fan palm, which is also the covering of the best buildings. There is neither a school nor any other public establishment in the town.

"It would perhaps be difficult, even in this lethargic country, to find a more listless idle set of half-sleepy people than those of Panuco, who for the greater part are Creoles. Surrounded by a soil capable of the highest culti-

vation, living near a river swarming with the finest fish, they take very few of the latter, and have rarely any other food than maize and dried beef. The siesta appears to consume half of the day, and even speaking is an effort to this lazy race. Such as are obliged to labour, in order to save themselves from starving, obtain their livelihood by cutting dyewoods to freight the vessels which occasionally come up the river for a cargo."

With the scenery of this part of the country the captain was delighted.— "The sea-breeze, the greatest imaginable luxury in the *Tierra Caliente*, set very strongly up the river, and we sailed delightfully before it, discovering as we advanced fresh beauties at every turn of the stream. The varieties of new and magnificent trees, covered with the most luxuriant and brilliant parasitical plants, dipping their branches in the current; withering trunks clothed with a verdure not their own, but which flourished on their decay; and the immense up-rooted timber lying grounded in the shoaler parts of the stream, and causing strong eddies amongst their shattered branches, —gave a character to the scene around, which to me was altogether new and enchanting. Here we saw the hanging-nests of the calandria and many bright-plumed birds. Lime and lemon-trees, bearing at the same time fruit and flowers, hung most invitingly over the water, and afforded us abundance of refreshing lemonade. In some places, immense willows threw their cool shade over smooth banks, resembling the park scenery on the borders of the Thames, while groups of cattle, grazing or sleeping beneath thin spreading branches, rendered these particular views very like home; but we had some other objects to remind us how far we were removed from it. Here an enormous alligator would plunge into the river from his broken sleep on the sunny bank, or a delicate white heron would rise alarmed on the wing, and soar above our heads, when affrighted from her retreat among the rushes. We saw also on this day a sea-cow, but it was out of the reach of our shot; and I killed a water-snake as thick as my wrist, while it lay sleeping in the sun on a branch of a decayed tree."

In some of the mining districts the country is much less pleasant and fertile. A more desolate dreary spot than

that about Zacatecas, as it appeared to our author in June, "scarcely exists on the face of the globe, after excepting the Great Desert in Africa and the Polar Regions." Yet there is some satisfaction in learning, that the mining concerns are in a favorable train;—their produce will make some amends for *unpicturesqueness* and agricultural sterility.

At Zacatecas, the manners are not so refined as might be expected from the dignity of the place.—"We paid a visit of ceremony to his excellency general Lobato, commander-in-chief of the 'Free and Sovereign State of Zacatecas.' He was unwell and confined to his room; but we were received by his lady, a thin, talkative, little woman, who abused both miners and mining in most unqualified terms; and by her sister, a large, greasy, half-dressed maiden, with black mustachios and nut-brown teeth. The ladies sat huddled up in a corner, smoking; and the tiled floor, on which reposed an immense dog and her puppies, was strewn with extinguished cigars and their ashes, cabbage and lettuce leaves, and other filth which had fallen from five bird-cages hung along the centre of the room. Two unshaven and unwashed cavaliers were paying their morning compliments to *la Generala*; and the whole scene was such, that I retired from it with no very favourable ideas of the *beau monde* at Zacatecas."

But there is a more severe imputation upon the inhabitants of this city than the charge of mere coarseness of manners.—"I am sorry that it is not in my power to say much in favour of Zacatecas. I acknowledge a dislike both to the natives and the town, which I only entered five or six times on business; and I had no idle time on my hands, had I been disposed to make my visits more frequently. Thrice I so far succeeded in attracting public attention as to be hooted at as a Jew, and once had the honour of being pelted with stones. The frequent use of the knife is also a sufficient discouragement to a stranger's visiting the city. Murder is too slight a crime to merit punishment; and, during the month of May, twenty-one assassinations took place, without a single person being brought to justice.

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"A party of English officers and miners, under the charge of my friend

Mr. Tindal, arrived from Real del Monte, and passed through Zacatecas at the time it was most crowded with people, who on Sundays flock from the neighbourhood to attend the market. On these occasions they generally get drunk, when they become quarrelsome, and too frequently use their knives against each other. It was an unlucky moment for strangers to appear amongst them, and they availed themselves of it to quarrel with the English and to throw stones at them:—had not a party of the city militia been sent to protect the new comers on their way to the Veta Grande, some serious consequences might have ensued. The custom-house officers, having taken it into their half-tipsy heads that the baggage of the travelers contained some arms, stopped it all in the middle of the town, and Mr. Tindal and I were obliged to ride there to settle matters. By humoring the crowd, who were already ripe for mischief, we kept them in tolerably good temper: but no sooner were our backs turned, than we were saluted with a half-merry half-saucy hiss, and they honoured our retreat with a few stones. Considerable ill-will was also manifested toward the strangers by the miners at the Veta: when they appeared singly, they were pelted, and an attack was actually made at night on the door of the house in which they were quartered.

* * *

"The people of the mining districts have the character of being more lawless and unruly than those whose occupations are different; and, whatever may be the truth of this imputation as regards other mining states, the Zacatecanos are somewhat worse than their neighbours. I do not, however, conceive that the mining interests of foreigners can now be materially or even slightly affected by the waywardness of the operatives. Mexico is a country newly awakened from a long dream of ignorance and oppression; and, as much improvement is already observable to the residents in the country, more may naturally be anticipated, although its progress must, I conceive, be slower in the state of Zacatecas than in the more central provinces, since the natives possess more bigotry and intolerance than their neighbours. It will scarcely be believed that there should exist a people in a nominally civilized country, who

yet believe in lord Monboddo's ingenious theory of tails;* yet so it is—that the English, or, indeed, all foreigners, being considered as Jews, are supposed to beornamented with these appendages; and many people can be found, who firmly believe that our stirrups being placed more forward on our saddles than is the custom of the country, is to allow our stooping a little, so as to prevent the friction of the saddle from inconveniencing the rider's tail."

The captain's description of Mexico differs considerably from that of Mr. Bullock, who, indeed, in his ill-digested account, spoke too favorably both of the city and the country. From Mr. Ward, the British *chargé d'affaires*, whom our author found in the occupancy of a splendid mansion in the suburbs, we expect a more accurate and satisfactory detail than from either of the former gentlemen, because his residence was sufficiently prolonged to allow multiplied opportunities of survey.

SALATHIEL; *a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future.* 3 vols.

THE story of the Wandering Jew furnishes a good foundation for a fanciful superstructure. It affords, to writers who have powerful conceptions and a turn for meditation, opportunities of rousing, to the verge of agony, the feelings of their readers,—of giving alternately abstractions and events, and mingling reveries with realities. Taking advantage of a subject which presents such remarkable features, Mr. Croly revels in the extravagance of incident, and expatiates in the visions of enthusiasm.

These three volumes, we presume, form only a small part of the intended work, as they relate only to about forty years of the Jew's mysterious existence, when the effect of his sentence, for having blasphemed the majesty and exulted in the sufferings of our Redeemer, was in a manner recent, before he had outlived his affections, and lost all sympathy with the frail actors in the shifting scenes of life;—before he felt, in waiting for the re-appearance of the Divine

Being whom he had offended, the "heaviness of that existence which palls even with all the stimulants of the most vivid career of man."

Animated with the feelings of a patriot, Salathiel meditates a revolt from Roman tyranny. He matures his scheme in the midst of a festival, after he has sent his son-in-law to feel the pulse of the people.—"This day was one of the many festivals of our country, and my halls echoed with sounds of enjoyment. My gardens glittered with illuminations in all the graceful devices of which our people were such masters; and, when I looked out for the path of Constantius, I was absolutely pained by the sight of so much fantastic pleasure, while my hero was pursuing his way through darkness and solitude.

"At length the festival was over. The lights twinkled thinner among the arbours, the sounds of glad voices sank, and I saw from my casement the evidences of departure in the trains of torches that moved up the surrounding hills. The sight of a starlight sky has always been to me among the softest and surest healers of the heart; and I gazed upon that mighty scene which throws all human cares into such littleness, until my composure returned.

"The last of the guests had left the palace before I ventured to descend.—The vases of perfumes still breathed in the hall of the evening banquet; the alabaster lamps were still burning; but, except the attendants who waited on my steps at a distance, and whose fixed figures might have been taken for statues, there was not a living being near me of the laughing and joyous crowd that had so lately glittered, danced, sported, and smiled, within those sumptuous walls. Yet, what was this but a picture of the common rotation of life? Or, by a yet more immediate moral, what was it but a picture of the desertion that might be coming upon me and mine?

"I sat down to extinguish my sullen philosophy in wine. But no draught that ever passed the lips could extinguish the low fever that brooded on my spirit. I dreaded that the presence of my family might force out my heavy secret, and lingered, with my eyes gazing without sight, on the costly covering of the board.

"The sound of music from an inner

* A nun inquired, at another place, whether the tails of heretics fell off on their conversion to the Catholic faith!

hall, to which Miriam and her daughters had retired, aroused me. I stood at the door, gazing on the group within. The music was a hymn, with which they closed the customary devotions of the day; but there was something in its sound to me that I had never felt before. At the moment when those sweet voices were pouring out the gratitude of hearts as innocent and glowing as the hearts of angels, a scene of horror might be in action. The husband of Salome might be struggling under the Roman swords; he might be lying a corpse under the feet of the cavalry, that before morn might bring the news of his destruction in the flames that startled us from our sleep, and the swords that pierced our bosoms.

"And what beings were those thus appointed for the sacrifice? The lapse of even a few years had perfected the natural beauty of my daughters. Salome's sparkling eye was more brilliant, her graceful form was moulded into more easy elegance, and her laughing lip was wreathed with a more playful smile. Never did I see a creature of deeper witchery. My noble and dear Esther, who was, perhaps, the dearer to me, from her inheriting a tinge of my melancholy, yet a melancholy exalted by genius and ardour of soul into a charm, was this night the leader of the song of holiness. Her large uplifted eye glowed with the brightness of one of the stars on which it was fixed. Her hands fell on the harp in almost the attitude of prayer; and the expression of her lofty and intellectual countenance, crimsoned with the theme, told of a communion with thoughts and beings above mortality. The voices had ceased; yet the inspiration still burned in her soul, and her hands still shook from the chord's harmonies, sweet, but of the wildest and boldest brilliancy.

"My entrance broke off the harper's spell, and I found it a hard task to answer the fond inquiries and touching congratulations that flowed upon me. But the hour waned, and I was again left alone for the few minutes which it was my custom to give to meditation before I retired to rest. The thoughts of the day again gathered round my soul. Sirius was on the verge of the horizon, and I idly combined the fate of Constantius with the decline of the star that he had taken for his signal. My senses lost their truth or contributed

to deceive me. I fancied that I heard sounds of conflict; the echo of horses' feet rang in my ears. A meteor that slowly sailed across the sky, struck me as a supernatural call. My brain, fearfully excitable since my great misfortune, at length kindled up such strong realities, that I found myself on the point of betraying the burthen of my spirit by some palpable disclosure.

"Twice had I reached the door of Miriam's chamber, to tell her my whole perplexity. But I heard the voices of her attendants within, and shrank from the tale. I ranged the long galleries, perplexed with capricious and strange torments of the imagination.—'If my son-in-law should fall,' said I, 'how shall I atone for the cruelty of sending him upon a service of such hopeless hazard—a few peasants with naked breasts against Roman battlements!—What soldier would not ridicule my folly in hoping success? What man would not charge me with scorn of the life of my kindred? The blood of my tribe will be upon my head for ever. The base will take advantage of their fate to degrade my name with the nation. The brave will disdain him who sent others to the peril which he dared not share.'

"While I was deeply musing, I felt a light hand upon mine. Miriam stood beside me. 'Salathiel!' pronounced she in an unshaken voice. 'There is something painful on your mind. Whether it be only a duty on your part to disclose it to me, I shall not say; but, if you think me fit to share your happier hours, must I have the humiliation of feeling that I am to be excluded from your confidence, in the day when those hours may be darkened?'—'I was silent, for to speak was beyond my strength, but I pressed her delicate fingers to my bosom.—'Misfortune, my dear husband,' resumed she, 'is trivial, except when it reaches the mind. Oh, rather let me encounter it in the bitterest privations of poverty and exile; rather let me be a nameless outcast to the latest year I have to live, than feel the bitterness of being forgotten by the heart to which, come life or death, mine is bound for ever and ever.'

"I glanced up at her. Tears dropped on her cheeks: but her voice was firm. 'I have observed you,' said she, 'in deep agitation during the day; but I forbore to press you for the cause. I

have listened now, till long past midnight, to the sound of your feet, to the sound of groans and pangs wrung from your bosom; *nay* (yea), to exclamations and broken sentences, which have let me most involuntarily into the knowledge that this disturbance arises from the state of our country. I know your noble nature, Salathiel; and I say to you, in this solemn and sacred hour of danger, follow the guidance of that noble nature.'

"I cast my arms about her neck, and imprinted a kiss as true as ever came from human love upon her lips. She had taken a weight from my soul. I detailed the whole design to her. She listened with many a change from red to pale, and many a tremour of the white hand that lay in mine. When I ceased, the woman in her broke forth in tears and sighs. 'Yet,' said she, 'you must go. Perish the thought, that, for the selfish desire of looking even upon you in safety here, I should hazard the dearer honour of my lord. It is right that Judea should make the attempt to shake off her tyranny. It is wise to lose not a moment when the attempt is fully resolved on. You must be the leader, and you must purchase that incomparable distinction, by showing that you possess the qualities of a leader. The people can never be deceived in their own cause. Kings and courts may be deluded into the choice of incapacity: but the man whom a people will follow from their fire-sides to the field, must bear the palpable stamp of wisdom, energy, and valour.'

'Admirable being,' I exclaimed, 'worthy to be honoured while Israel has a name! Then, I have your consent to follow Constantius. By speed I may reach him, before he can have arrived at the object of the enterprise. Farewell, my best beloved—farewell!' She fell into my arms in a passion of tears.

"She at length recovered, and said, 'This is weakness, the mere weakness of surprise. Yes; go, prince of Naphtali. No man must take the glory from you. Constantius is a hero; but you must be a king, and more than a king; not the struggler for the baubles of royalty, but for the glories of the rescuer of the people of God. The first blow of the war must not be given by another, dear as he is. The first triumph, the whole triumph, must be my lord's.' She knelt down, and pour-

ed out her soul to Heaven in eloquent supplication for my safety. I listened in homage. 'Now go,' sighed she, 'and remember, in the day of battle, who will then be in prayer for you. Court no unnecessary peril; for, if you perish, which of us would desire to live?' She again sank upon her knees; and I in reverent silence descended from the gallery."

A picture, displaying much graphic force, is given of the destruction of a theatre at Rome, not by the sudden fall of an over-laden roof, like the recent accident in a suburb of our metropolis, but by a still more appalling casualty.—

"Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

"The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in re-assurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar

followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible.—While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broken from their dens. Madened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire.—They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest: a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.”

The reflections on the mighty forest

of Lebanon partake of the solemn grandeur of the subject.—“I pressed forward until the forest rose in its majesty before me. My step was checked in solemn admiration. I saw the earliest producer of the earth—the patriarchs of the vegetable world. The first generation of the reviving globe used to sit beneath these green and lovely arches; the final generation was to sit beneath them.—No roof so noble ever rose above the heads of monarchs. The forest had been greatly impaired in its extent and beauty by the sacrilegious hand of war. The perpetual conflicts of the Syrian and Egyptian dynasties laid the axe to it with remorseless violation. It once spread over the whole range of the mountains; its diminished strength now, like the relics of a mighty army, made its stand among the central fortresses of its native region, and there majestically bade defiance to the farther assaults of steel and fire. The forms of the trees seemed made for duration; the trunks were of prodigious thickness, smooth and round as pillars of marble; some rising to a great height, and throwing out a vast level roof of foliage; some dividing into a cluster of trunks, and, with their various heights of branch and leaf, making a succession of verdurous caves; some propagating themselves by circles of young cedars, risen where the fruit had dropped upon the ground. The whole bore the aspect of a colossal temple of nature—the shafted column, the deep arch, the solid buttresses branching off into the richest caprices of oriental architecture: the solemn roof high above, pale, yet painted by the strong sunlight through the leaves with transparent and tessellated dyes, rich as the colours of the Indian mine. In the momentary feeling of awe and wonder, I could comprehend why paganism loved to worship under the shade of forests, and why the poets of paganism filled that shade with the attributes and presence of deities. The airy whisperings, the loneliness, the rich twilight, were the very food of mystery. Even the forms that towered before the eye, those ancient trees, the survivors of the general law of mortality, gigantic, hoary, covered with their weedy robes, bowing their aged heads in the blast, and uttering strange sounds and groanings in the struggle, gave to the high-wrought superstition

of the soul the images of things unearthly ; the oracle and the God !”

The conclusion of the work promises to be even more interesting, as the narrator intends to survey a variety of important periods.—“ Here I pause. I had undergone that portion of my career which was to be passed among my people. My life as a father, husband, citizen, was at an end. Thenceforth I was to be a solitary man. My fate had yet scarcely fallen upon me ; but I was now to feel it, in the disruption of every gentler tie that held me to life. I was to make my couch with the savage, the outcast, and the slave. I was to see the ruin of the mighty, and the overthrow of empires. Yet, in the tumult that changed the face of the world, I was still to live, and be unchanged. Every sterner passion that disturbs our nature was to reign in successive tyranny over my soul. And fearfully was the decree fulfilled.

“ In revenge for the fall of Jerusalem, I traversed the globe to seek out an enemy of Rome. I found in the northern snows a man of blood ; I stirred up the soul of Alaric, and led him to the sack of Rome. In revenge for the insults heaped upon the Jew by the dotards and dastards of the city of Constantine, I sought out an instrument of compendious ruin ; I found him in the Arabian sands, and poured ambition into the soul of the enthusiast of Mecca. In revenge for the pollution of the ruins of the Temple, I roused the iron tribes of the west, and at the head of the crusaders expelled the Saracens. I fed full on revenge, and I felt the misery of revenge !

“ A passion for the mysteries of nature seized me. I toiled with the alchemist ; I wore away years in the perplexities of the schoolmen ; and I felt the

guilt and emptiness of unlawful knowledge.

“ A passion for human fame seized me. I drew my sword in the Italian wars, triumphed, was a monarch, and learned to curse the hour when I first dreamed of fame.

“ A passion for gold seized me. I felt the gnawing of avarice—the last infirmity of the fallen mind. Wealth came to my wish, and to my torment. In the midst of royal treasures, I was poorer than the poorest. Days and nights of misery were the gift of avarice. I felt within me the undying worm. In my passion, I longed for regions where the hand of man had never rifled the mine. I found a bold Genoese, and led him to the discovery of a new world. With its metals I inundated the old, and, to my own misery, added the misery of two hemispheres !

“ But the circle of the passions, a circle of fire, was not to surround my fated steps for ever. Calmer and nobler aspirations were to rise in my melancholy heart. I saw the birth of true science, true liberty, and true wisdom. I lived with Petrarch, among his glorious relics of the genius of Greece and Rome. I stood enraptured beside the easels of Angelo and Raphael. I conversed with the merchant-kings of the Mediterranean. I stood at Mentz, beside the wonder-working machine that makes knowledge imperishable, and sends it with winged speed through the earth.—At the pulpit of the mighty man of Saxony, I knelt ; Israelite as I was, and am, I did involuntary homage to the mind of Luther !

“ But I must close these thoughts, as wandering as the steps of my pilgrimage. I have more to tell ; strange, magnificent, and sad.”

AN INVOCATION TO MAY,

written on a Friend's Wedding-Day.

LET April go, capricious thing,
With vernal hue, but wintry frown ;
Why should we call her *Child of Spring* ?
Why deck her locks with beauty's crown ?

For she's inconstant as the wind,
And chilling 'midst her am'rous play :
A nymph more constant I would find,
And therefore call on lovely May.

Wake all thy flow'rs, and bid them wear,
 O queen of sweets, their brightest dyes;
 Show the full blossoms of the year,
 And let us view no fickle skies;

And tell the minstrels of the grove
 Their sweetest descants to prolong:
 Dear is this day to wedded love,
 And I must have their choicest song.

For lovers true, oh! gen'rous May,
 Thou hear'st at me claim these honors due;
 So, sacred hold this genial day,
 And I will consecrate it too.

But should'st e'en thou, O May! be found
 (As thou, alas! art sometimes seen)
 To strew thy blossoms on the ground
 With froward hand and frolic mien,

Yet spare, oh! spare this favor'd day;
 Let no rude blight disturb its bliss;
 And, if thou must the wanton play,
 Choose any other day than this.

G D.

LONDON AT MIDNIGHT,

by Robert Montgomery.

THE fret and fever of the day are o'er,
 And London slumbers, but with murmurs faint,
 Like Ocean, when she folds her waves to sleep:
 'Tis the pure hour for poetry and thought;
 When passions sink, and man surveys the heavens,
 And feels himself immortal.

O'er all a sad sublimity is spread—
 The dimming smile of night, amid the air,
 Darkly and drear, the spiry steeples rise
 Like shadows of the past; the houses lie
 In dismal clusters, moveless as in sleep:
 And, tow'ring far above the rest, yon dome
 Uprears, as if self-balanced in the gloom—
 A spectre cowering o'er the dusky piles.

How noiseless are the streets! a few hours gone
 And all was fierce commotion: car and hoof,
 And bick'ring wheel, and crackling stone, and throats
 That rang with revelry and woe, were here
 Immingled in the stir of life; but now
 A deadness mantles round the midnight scene;
 Time, with his awful feet, has paced the world,
 And frown'd her myriads into sleep!—"Tis hush'd,
 Save when a distant drowsy watch-call breaks
 Intrusive on the calm, or rapid cars,
 That roll them into silence. Beauteous look
 The train of houses, yellow'd by the moon,
 Whose tile-roofs, slanting down amid the light,
 Gleam like an azure track of waveless sea!

And who shall paint the midnight scenes of life
 In this vast city?—mart of human kind!
 Some weary wrecks of woe are lapp'd in sleep,
 And bless'd in dreams, whose day-life was a curse!
 Some, heart-rack'd, roll upon a sleepless couch,
 And from the heated brain create a hell
 Of agonising thoughts and ghostly fears;
 While pleasure's moths, around the golden glare
 Of princely halls, dance off the dull-wing'd hours;
 And, oh! perchance, in some infectious cell,
 Far from his home, unaided and alone,
 The famish'd wand'rer dies:—no voice to sound
 Sweet comfort to his heart—no hand to smooth
 His bed of death,—no beaming eye to bless
 The spirit hov'ring o'er another world!

And shall this city-queen—this peerless mass
 Of pillar'd domes, and gray-worn towers sublime,
 Be blotted from the world, and forests wave
 Where once the second Rome was seen? Oh! say,
 Will rank grass grow on England's royal streets,
 And wild beasts howl where Commerce stalk'd supreme?
 Alas! let Mem'ry dart her eagle-glance
 Down vanish'd time, till summon'd ages rise
 With ruin'd empires on their wings! Thought weeps
 With patriot truth, to own a funeral day,
 Heart of the universe! shall visit thee,
 When round thy wreck some lonely man shall roam,
 And, sighing, say—" 'Twas here, vast London stood!"

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL,

by the late Bishop Heber.

OUR task is done!—on Gunga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest,
 And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
 Our bark has found its harbour now.
 With furled sail, and painted side,
 Behold the tiny frigate ride.
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslem's savory supper steams,
 While, all apart beneath the wood,
 The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
 "Come walk with me the jungle through;
 If yonder hunter told us true,
 Far off, in desert dank and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude;
 Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
 The thunders of the English gun,)
 A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
 Returns to scare the village green.
 Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake.
 Child of the sun! he loves to lie
 'Mid Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
 Where o'er some tower, in ruin laid,
 The peepul spreads its haunted shade;

Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
 Fit warder in the gate of death!
 Come on! Yet pause! behold us now
 Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
 Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom;
 And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
 The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
 And dusk anana's prickly blade,
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
 The betel waves his crest in air.
 With pendent train and rushing wings,
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,
 Our English fairies never trod;
 Yet who in Indian bow'r has stood,
 But thought of England's "good green wood?"
 And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
 And breath'd a pray'r (how oft in vain!)
 To gaze upon her oaks again?

A truce to thought! the jackall's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry;
 And, through the trees, yon failing ray
 Will scanty serve to guide our way.
 Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring;
 While to this cooler air confess'd,
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
 Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night!
 Still as we pass in soften'd hum,
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum.
 Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
 And what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell!
 It is—it must be—Philomel!

Enough, enough! the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze;
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But oh! with thankful hearts confess
 Ev'n here there may be happiness;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth—his hope of Heaven!

THE SABBATH-BELL,

by *Mrs. C. B. Wilson.*

PILGRIM!—that hast meekly borne
 All the cold world's bitter scorn,
 Journeying through this vale of tears,
 Till the promised land appears,
 Where the pure in heart shall dwell,
 Thou dost bless the Sabbath bell!

Idler! following fashion's toys,
 Seeking, 'mid its empty joys,
 Pleasure—that must end in pain,
 Sunshine—that will turn to rain:
 What does whisp'ring conscience tell,
 When *thou* hear'st the Sabbath bell?

Poet! dreaming o'er thy lyre,
 Wasting health and youthful fire;
 Wooing, still, the phantom fame,
 For, at best, a fleeting name;
 Burst the chains of fancy's spell,
 Listen! 'tis the Sabbath bell!

Monarch, on thy regal throne!
 Ruler, whom the nations own!
 Captive, at thy prison grate,
 Sad in heart and desolate;
 Bid earth's minor cares farewell;
 Hark! it is the Sabbath bell!

Statesman, toiling in the mart
 Where Ambition plays his part!
 Peasant, bronzing 'neath the sun-
 Till thy six days' work are done!
 Ev'ry thought of bus'ness quell,
 When ye hear the Sabbath bell!

Maiden, with thy brow so fair,
 Blushing cheek and shining hair!
 Child, with bright and laughing eye,
 Chasing the wing'd butterfly!
 Hasten, when, o'er vale and dell,
 Sounds the gath'ring Sabbath bell!

Trav'ler! thou whom gain, or taste,
 Speedeth through earth's weary waste;
 Wand'rer from thy native land,
 Rest thy steed and slack thine hand,
 When the seventh day's sunbeams tell,
 There—they wake the Sabbath bell!

Soldier, who, on battle-plain,
 Soon may'st mingle with the slain!
 Sailor, on the dark-blue sea,
 As thy bark rides gallantly!
 Prayer and praise become you well,
 Though ye hear no Sabbath bell!

Mother, that with tearful eye
Stand'st to watch thy first-born die,
Bending o'er his cradle-bed,
Till the last pure breath has fled,
What to thee of hope can tell,
Like the solemn Sabbath bell?

“Mourner (thus it seems to say),
Weeping o'er this fragile clay,
Lift from earth thy streaming eyes,
Seek thy treasure in the skies,
Where the strains of angels swell
One eternal Sabbath bell!”

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE WEDDING-RING;

from the Man of Ton.

HER hand—'twas such Pygmalion lov'd in stone,
Pray'd Heav'n to breathe upon, and make his own:
So white her hand, but for a warmer stain,
That on each finger sometimes might remain,
It might have seem'd a-work of stone, to vie
In smoothness with the polish'd ivory.
No ruby bright, or sparkling diamond rare,
But one sad sign of slavery was there;
One mystic badge her tap'ring finger bound,
That held her captive self within its round.
Oh! lovelier sure had look'd the hand if free,
Than gold-bound thus, and reft of liberty.
That ring appear'd, whose mystic powers can bind
What guards cannot control—the female mind.
The satrap's vigilance, the Turkish chain,
Duennas, veils, and lattices, are vain;
The wall'd seraglio or the threaten'd rack,
The Moorish vengeance, scimitar, and sack,
Are ineffectual all;—this round of gold
Safe, though unwatch'd, can wildest beauty hold,
And proves that virtue by one pledge controls
Our island goddesses and free-born souls.

THE BUTTERFLY.

THOU hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight;

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
In summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh-open'd flowers ;

Or delighted to hover
Around them, to see
Whose charms, airy rover !
Bloom sweetest for thee ;

And fondly exhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest ;

And there dost betake thee
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE INDIAN ROBBER ;—a Scene extracted from an old Sanscrit Play.

THE people of ancient India were attached to the drama ; but we cannot trace the existing productions of their writers to a very high antiquity. Mr. H. H. Wilson, speaking of a piece called the Toy-Cart, fancies that it was written much earlier than the tenth century ; but this opinion is so unsupported, that none but a blind votary of Sanscrit lore can admit it for a moment. Its age may perhaps amount to some centuries ; but, however that point may be decided by Orientalists, it claims attention by its intrinsic merit. The following scene is both spirited and humorous. A young man, more fond of dissipation than observant of honesty, breaks into a house with these words : "Creeping along the ground, like a snake crawling out of his old skin, I effect, with craft and strength, a passage for my cowering frame. (*looking up.*) The sovereign of the sky is in his decline ; 'tis well ; night, like a tender mother, shrouds with her protecting darkness those of her children, whose prowess assails the dwellings of mankind, and shrinks from an encounter with the servants of the king. I have made a breach in the

garden wall, and am now in the midst of the garden. Where shall I make a breach in the house ? what part is softened by recent damp ? where is it likely that no noise will be made by the falling fragments ? in what part of the wall are the bricks old, and corroded by saline exudations ? where can I penetrate without encountering women ? and where am I likely to light upon my booty ? (*feels the wall.*) The god of the golden spear teaches four modes of breaching a house ; picking out burned bricks, cutting through unbaked ones, throwing water on a mud wall, and boring through one of wood : this wall is of baked bricks ; they must be picked out : and I must give a sample of my skill. Shall the breach be the lotus blossom, the full sun or the new moon, the lake, the Swastika, or the water jar ? it must be something to astonish the natives ; the water jar looks best in a brick wall ; that shall be the shape.—In other walls, that I have breached by night, the neighbours have had occasion both to censure and approve my talents. Reverence to the prince Kartikeya, the giver of all good ; to the god of the golden spear ; to Brahmanya, the celestial champion of the celestials, the son of fire ; to Yogacharya, whose chief

scholar I am, and by whom well pleased was the magic unguent conferred upon me, anointed with which no eye beholds, no weapon harms me! Shame on me, I have forgotten my measuring line; never mind: my thread will answer the purpose: this thread is a most useful appendage to a Brahman, especially one of my complexion: it serves to measure the depth and height of walls, and to withdraw ornaments from their position; it opens a latch in a door as well as a key, and is an excellent ligature for the bite of a snake; let us take measure and go to work; so, so; (*extracting the bricks*) one brick alone remains—ha, hang it; I am bitten by a snake; (*ties the finger with a cord*) 'tis well again, I must get on (*looks in*). How; a lamp alight; the golden ray streaming through the opening in the wall, shows, amidst the exterior darkness, like the yellow streak of pure metal on the touchstone. The breach is perfect—now to enter. There is no one. Reverence to Kartikeya, (*enters*). Here are two men asleep; let me set the outer door open to get off easily if there should be occasion—how it creaks! it is stiff with age, a little water will be of use, (*sprinkles the door and sets it open*), so far, so well—now are these true sleepers or only counterfeits? (*he tries them*).—They are sound; the breathing is regular and not fluttered, the eye is fast and firmly shut, the body is all relaxed, the joints are loose, and the limbs protrude beyond the limits of the bed—if shamming sleep, they will not bear the gleam of the lamp upon their faces; (*passes the lamp over their faces*). All is safe. What have we here? a drum, a tabor, a lute, pipes—and here are books; zounds, have I gotten into the house of a dancer or a poet? I took it for the dwelling of some man of consequence, or I should have let it alone. Is this poverty or only the show of poverty, fear of thieves or dread of the king? Are the effects hidden under ground? Whatever is under ground is my property. Let us scatter the seed whose sowing leaves nothing undiscernible, (*throws seeds about*). The man is an absolute pauper, and so I leave him, (*going*).

"*Mai. (dreaming.)* Master, they are breaking into the house. I see the thief—here, here, do you take care of the gold casket.

"*Sar.* How, does he perceive me?

does he mock me? he dies, (*approaching*.) Haply he dreams, (*looking at Maitreya*.) Eh, sure enough; there is in the light of the lamp something like a casket, wrapped up in a ragged bathing-gown; that must be mine.—No, no, it is cruel to ruin a worthy man, so miserably reduced already. I will even let it alone.

"*Mai. (dreaming.)* My friend, if you do not take the casket, may you incur the guilt of disappointing a cow and of deceiving a Brahman.

"*Sar.* These invocations are irresistible; take it I must. Softly—the light will betray me. I have the fire-flapping insect to put it out. I must cast it into the lamp, (*takes out the insect*.) In due place and time let this insect fly. It hovers round the wick with the wind of its wings—the flame is extinguished. Shame on this total darkness, or rather shame on the darkness with which I have obscured the lustre of my race! how well it suits, that Sarvillaca, a Brahman, the son of a Brahman, learned in the four Védas, and above receiving donations from others, should now be engaged in such unworthy courses, and why? For the sake of a harlot, for the sake of Madanika. Ah, well, I must even go on, and acknowledge the courtesy of this Brahman.

"*Mai. (half awake.)* Eh, my good friend, how cold your hand is!

"*Sar.* Blockhead, I had forgotten, I have chilled my hand by the water I touched, I will put it to my side: (*chafes his left hand on his side, and takes the casket with it*).

"*Mai. (still only half awake.)* Have you gotten it?

"*Sar.* The civility of this Brahman is exceeding. I have it.

"*Mai.* Now, like a pedlar that has sold all his wares, I shall go soundly to sleep, (*sleeps*).

"*Sar.* Sleep, illustrious Brahman, may you sleep a hundred years! Fie on this love, for whose dear sake I thus bring trouble on a Brahman's dwelling, or rather call down shame upon myself, and fie on this unmanly poverty, that urges me to deeds which I must condemn! Now to Vasantasena, to redeem my beloved Madanika with this night's booty. I hear footsteps; should it be the watch—what then—shall I stand here like a post—no, let Sarvillaca be his own protection. Am I not a cat

in climbing, a deer in running, a snake in twisting, a hawk in darting upon the prey, a dog in baying man, whether asleep or awake—in assuming various forms, am I not Máya herself, and Saraswati in the gift of tongues—a lamp in the night, a mule in a defile, a horse by land, a boat by water, a snake in motion, and a rock in stability?—In hovering about I compete with the king of birds, and, in an eye to the ground, am keener than the hare. Am I not like a wolf in seizing, and like a lion in strength?

Enter Radanika.

"Bless me, what has become of Verdhamana? he was asleep at the hall door, but is there no longer. I must wake Maitreya, (*approaches.*)

"*Sar. (going to stab her.)* Ha, a woman—she is safe, and I may depart.

[*Exit.*

"*Rad.* Oh, dear me, a thief has broken into the house, and there he goes out at the door—Why, Maitreya! up, up, I say.—A thief has broken into the house, and has just made his escape.

"*Mai.* Eh, what do you say, you foolish fellow? A thief made his escape.

"*Rad.* Nay, this is no joke—see here.

"*Mai.* What say you, hey, the outer door opened! Charudatta, friend, awake! a thief has been in the house, and has just made his escape.

"*Char.* This is not an hour to jest.

"*Mai.* It is true enough, as you may satisfy yourself.

"*Char.* Where did he get in?

"*Mai.* Look here, (*discovers the breach.*)

"*Char.* Upon my word, a not unseemly fissure; the bricks are taken out above and below, the head is small, the body large; there is really talent in this thief.

"*Mai.* The opening must have been made by one of two persons; by a novice, merely to try his hand, or by a stranger to this city, for who in Ujjain is ignorant of the poverty of our mansion?

"*Char.* No doubt by a stranger, one who did not know the condition of my affairs, and forgot that those only sleep soundly who have little to lose.—Trusting to the external semblance of this mansion, erected in more prosperous times, he entered full of hope, and has

gone away disappointed. What will the poor fellow have to tell his comrades—I have broken into the house of the son of the chief of a corporation, and found nothing.

"*Mai.* Really, I am very much concerned for the luckless rogue.—Ah, ha! thought he, here is a fine house; now for jewels, for caskets;—(*recollecting.*) By the bye, where is the casket? oh, yes, I remember; ha, ha, my friend, you are apt to say of me—that blockhead Maitreya; but it was a wise trick of mine to give the casket to you; had I not done so, the villain would have walked off with it.

"*Char.* Come, come, this jesting is misplaced.

"*Mai.* Jest—no, no; blockhead though I may be, I know when a joke is out of season.

"*Char.* When did you give the casket to me?

"*Mai.* When I called out to you, how cold your hand is!

"*Char.* It must be so, (*looking about.*) My good friend, I am much obliged to your kindness.

"*Mai.* Why; is not the casket stolen?

"*Char.* It is stolen.

"*Mai.* Then what have you to thank me for?

"*Char.* That the poor rogue has not gone away empty-handed.

"*Mai.* He has carried off what was left in trust.

"*Char.* How? in trust, alas! (*faints.*)

The soliloquy of the robber—the mistake of the dreaming servant, who fancies that he delivers the casket to his master,—the idea of stealing, for the use of a loose woman, a valuable article which had been given in trust to the owner of the house by the mistress of that very woman, and the benevolence of one who, though ruined by his former liberality, wishes that the rogue may get something by his bold enterprise,—are quaintly and amusingly stated.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES, BY A LAYMAN.
1828.

SOME laymen have written sermons with an ability that would reflect credit even on a bishop. This is considered by many as a striking instance of versatility of talent; but we do not think that there is any thing wonderful in it. Authors in a Christian country may be

supposed, from the prevalence of divine worship, to be well acquainted with the substance of religion, without having studied the refinements of its doctrine; and, if they can write on other subjects so as to secure general approbation, they may with little difficulty compose practical discourses that would not disgrace the pulpit.

Being desirous of assisting a young friend who was preparing for the ministry, but doubted his own sermonic capabilities, Sir Walter Scott produced, from his ready pen, two "Religious Discourses." Addressing that friend, he says, "They were never intended for publication, as nobody knows better than yourself; nor do I willingly consent that they should be now given to the press, as it may be thought that I have intermeddled with matters for which I have no commission. I have also to add, that they contain no novelty of opinion, and no attempt at brilliancy of composition. They were meant, I may remind you, to show that a rational and practical discourse, upon a particular text, was a task more easily performed than you, in your natural anxiety, seemed at the time disposed to believe. I am afraid that those who open this pamphlet with expectations of a higher kind, will be much disappointed. As, however, you seem to be of opinion, that the publication might be attended with much benefit to you, I make no objection to it, and shall be glad to hear that it suits your purpose."

In one discourse, the Jews are exhorted to embrace the Christian system, because it is not, as they pretend, destructive of the essence of their system, but, on the contrary, fulfils their law. "That which is fulfilled (*says the writer*, for we must not say *the preacher*) can in no sense be said to be destroyed, even though by means of its being fulfilled it should cease to exist. Thus, the crop of the husbandman is destroyed, if it perish through tempest in the field; but, if it is gathered into the garner, and put to the proper uses of man, it is not destroyed, though consumed; and the purposes of its being reared are legitimately fulfilled.—The Mosaic law may be compared to the moon, which is not forced from her sphere, or cast headlong from the heavens, but which, having fulfilled her course of brightness, fades away gradually before the more brilliant and perfect light of day."

In the other discourse, the state of the righteous is contrasted with that of the wicked. The following is a fair specimen of its merit.—"If the righteousness of the just is sometimes followed by temporal prosperity, the wickedness of the profane is yet more frequently attended by temporal punishment. The cause of this is obvious: he that does not fear God, will not regard man. He that has disbelieved or defied the divine commandment, has only the fear of temporal punishment left to prevent him from invading the laws of society; and the effect of this last barrier must be strong or weak, in proportion to the strength of passion and the greatness of temptation. And hence that frequent introduction to the history of great crimes, that the perpetrators began their course by disuse of public worship, breaking the Lord's day, and neglect of private devotion; and thus opened the way for themselves to infamy and to execution. How many in a higher class of society languish under diseases, which are the consequences of their own excesses, or suffer indigence and contempt, through their own folly and extravagance! But, as prosperity in this life is neither the genuine nor the certain reward of the righteous, so neither is temporal adversity the constant requital of the ungodly. On the contrary, we have seen the wicked great in power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; yet could we have looked into his bosom at that moment of prosperity, how true we should have found the words of the Psalmist! The sophistry which he borrowed from the counsels of the ungodly, gives no assurance of happiness, and leads him to no solid or stable conclusion; the wit with which the scorner taught him to gloss over his infidel opinions, has lost its brilliancy: *behind* him there is remorse; *before* him there is doubt. While the godly is fast moored on the Rock of Ages, *he* is in a stormy sea, without a chart, without a compass, without a pilot. The perturbed reasoning, the secret fears, of such an one, make his thoughts indeed like the chaff which the wind drives to and fro, being as worthless and profitless as they are changeable and uncertain. A person, distinguished as much for his excesses at one period of his life, as he was afterwards for his repentance, mentioned after his happy change, that one day, when he was in the full career of wit

and gaiety, admired by the society of which he appeared the life, while all applauded and most envied him, 'he could not forbear groaning inwardly and saying to himself,

'O that I were that dog!'

looking on one which chanced to be in the apartment*. Regretting the *past*, sick of the *present*, fearing the *future*, he was willing to exchange all the privileges and enjoyments of wit, understanding, and intellectual superiority, for the mean faculties and irresponsible existence of a beast that perishes. *He must have been indeed like chaff tormented by the wind, ere he could have formed a wish at once so dreadful and so degrading!*"

CHRONICLES OF THE CANON-GATE,
*Second Series, by the Author of IFa-
verley. 1828.*

A FACILITY of writing implies talent; but, when it is not the emanation of a strong mind, it produces weariness, if not disgust, by its continuance and expansion. To say that these are the ordinary effects of Sir Walter Scott's compositions, would be illiberal and unjust; yet even this ingenious author sometimes writes more for gain than glory, and attends, like the generality of our manufacturers, more to the quantity than the quality of his productions. On the present occasion, he has unnecessarily spun out one tale to the extent of three volumes, when two would have been amply sufficient. As he cannot take up the pen, however, without manifesting his fertility of fancy, his acquaintance with life and manners, and his powers of characteristic delineation, we are bound to thank him for the zealous prosecution of his literary career.

This tale, as we might expect from the general practice of Sir Walter, comprehends a mixture of real and fictitious personages. The former are exhibited in their genuine historical characters, while the latter appear with those attributes and qualities which none but an accurate observer of human nature would have given them. The meekness and simplicity of Robert III. king of Scot-

land, the licentiousness of his son the duke of Rothsay, and the artful ambition of the duke of Albany, are represented in their true colors, and the Fair Maid and the leading inhabitants of Perth are portrayed with a lively pencil.

Catharine, the daughter of Simon Glover, attracts every eye by her peerless beauty during the public revels connected with Valentine's day; but there is only one whom she particularly wishes to please, and that is her father's friend, Henry Gow, whose portrait is thus drawn:—

"Though his appearance was neither dignified nor handsome, his face and figure were not only deserving of attention, but seemed in some manner to command it. He was rather below the middle stature; but the breadth of his shoulders, length and brawniness of his arms, and the muscular appearance of the whole man, argued a most unusual share of strength, and a frame kept in vigour by constant exercise. His legs were somewhat bent, but not in a manner which could be said to approach to deformity; on the contrary, which seemed to correspond to the strength of his frame, though it injured in some degree its symmetry. His dress was of buff hide; and he wore in a belt around his waist a heavy broad-sword and a dirk, as if to defend his purse, which (burgher-fashion) was attached to the same cincture. The head was well proportioned, round, close cropped, and curled thickly with black hair. There was daring and resolution in the dark eye, but the other features seemed to express a bashful timidity, mingled with good humour, and obvious satisfaction at meeting with his old friends. Abstracted from the bashful expression, which was that of the moment, the forehead of Henry Gow, or Smith, (for he was indifferently so called, as both words equally indicated his profession,) was high and noble; but the lower part of the face was less happily formed.—The mouth was large, and well furnished with a set of firm and beautiful teeth, the appearance of which corresponded with the air of personal health and muscular strength, which the whole frame indicated. A short thick beard, and moustaches which had lately been arranged with some care, completed the picture. His age could not exceed eight-and-twenty."

* See Doddridge's Life of Colonel Gardiner.

Catharine's affection for Henry does not prevent her from being disgusted at his propensity to fighting; and, after a combat in which he is slightly wounded, she reproaches him for his restless spirit.—"Our friend surely will not deny that he lives in a perfect atmosphere of strife, blood, and quarrels. He hears of no swordsman but he envies his reputation, and must needs put his valor to the proof. He sees no brawl but he must strike into the midst of it. Has he friends? he fights with them for love and honor—has he enemies? he fights with them for hatred and revenge. And with those men who are neither his friends nor foes, he fights because they are on this or that side of a river. His days are days of battle, and doubtless he acts them over again in his dreams."—"Daughter," said Simon, "your tongue wags too freely. Quarrels and fights are men's business, not women's, and it is not maidenly to think or speak of them."—"But if they are so rudely enacted in our presence," said Catharine, "it is a little hard to expect us to think or speak of any thing else. I will grant you, my father, that this valiant burgess of Perth is one of the best-hearted men that draw breath within its walls—that he would walk a hundred yards out of the way rather than step upon a worm—that he would be loth, in wantonness, to kill even a spider—that he lately fought with four butchers, to prevent their killing a poor mastiff that had misbehaved in the bull-ring, and narrowly escaped the fate of the cur that he was protecting. I will grant you, also, that the poor never pass the house of the wealthy armourer but they are relieved with food and alms. But what avails all this, when his sword makes as many starving orphans and mourning widows as his purse relieves?"—"Nay, but, Catharine, hear me but a word before going on with a string of reproaches against my friend, that sound something like sense, while they are, in truth, inconsistent with all we hear and see around us. What do our king and our court, our knights and ladies, our abbots, monks, and priests, so earnestly crowd to see? Is it not to behold the display of chivalry, to look upon deeds of honor and glory achieved by arms and bloodshed? What is it these proud knights do, that differs from what our good Henry Gow works out in his sphere? Who ever heard of his abusing

his skill and strength to do evil or forward oppression, and who knows not how often it has been employed in the good cause of the burgh? And should'st not thou, of all women, deem thyself honored and glorious, that so true a heart, with so strong an arm, has termed himself thy bachelor? In what do the proudest dames take their loftiest pride, save in the chivalry of their knight; and has the boldest one in Scotland done more gallant deeds than Henry, though but of low degree? Is he not known to highland and lowland as the best armourer that ever made sword, and the truest soldier that ever drew one?"—"My dearest father," answered Catharine, "your words contradict themselves, if you will permit your child to say so. Let us thank God and the good saints, that we are in a peaceful rank of life, below the notice of those whose high birth, and yet higher pride, lead them to glory in their bloody works of cruelty, which the proud and lordly term deeds of chivalry. Your wisdom will allow that it would be absurd in us to prank ourselves in their dainty plumes and splendid garments; why, then, should we imitate their full-blown vices? Why should we assume their hard-hearted pride and relentless cruelty, to which murder is not only a sport, but a subject of vain-glorious triumph? Let those whose rank claims as its right such bloody homage, take pride and pleasure in it;—we, who have no share in the sacrifice, may the better pity the sufferings of the victim. Let us thank our lowliness since it secures us from temptation. But forgive me, father, if I have stepped over the limits of my duty, in contradicting the views which you entertain, with so many others, on these subjects."—"Nay, thou hast ever too much talk for me, girl," said her father, somewhat angrily. "I am but a poor workman, whose best knowledge is to distinguish the left hand glove from the right. But, if thou would'st have my forgiveness, say something of comfort to my poor Henry. There he sits, confounded and dismayed with all the preachment thou hast heaped together; and he, to whom a trumpet sound was like the invitation to a feast, is struck down at the sound of a child's whistle."—"The armourer, indeed, while he heard the lips that were dearest to him paint his character in such unfavourable colours, had laid his head down on the

table, upon his folded arms, in an attitude of the deepest dejection, or almost despair. "I would to Heaven, my dearest father," answered Catharine, "that it were in my power to speak comfort to Henry, without betraying the sacred cause of the truths I have just told you. And I may,—indeed, I must have such a commission," she continued, with something that the earnestness with which she spoke, and the extreme beauty of her features, caused for the moment to resemble inspiration. "The truth of Heaven was never committed to a tongue, however feeble, but it gave a right to that tongue to announce mercy, while it declared judgement. Arise, Henry—rise up, noble-minded, good, and generous, though widely-mistaking man. Thy faults are those of this cruel and remorseless age—thy virtues all thine own."

"While she thus spoke, she laid her hand upon the smith's arm, and extricating it from under his head by a force which, however gentle, he could not resist, she compelled him to raise toward her his manly face, and the eyes into which her expostulations, mingled with other feelings, had summoned tears.—"Weep not," she said, "or rather weep on—but weep as those who have hope.—Abjure the sins of pride and anger, which most easily beset thee—fling from thee the accursed weapons, to the murderous use of which thou art so easily tempted."

An attempt is made by some dissolute young men to carry off the Fair Maid; but it is baffled by the spirit of Henry, and it appears that the prince of Scotland was the leader of the enterprise.—This prince also casts an eye of temporary affection upon a glee-maiden or singing girl, whom he finds preparing to exercise her talents beneath the windows of the palace.—"Just as she commenced, she was stopped by a cry for 'Room—room—place for the duke of Rothsay!'"—"Nay, hurry no man on my score," said a gallant young cavalier, who entered on a noble Arabian horse, which he managed with exquisite grace, though by such slight handling of the reins, such imperceptible pressure of the limbs and sway of the body, that, to any eye save that of an experienced horseman, the animal seemed to be putting forth his paces for his own amusement, and thus gracefully bearing forward a rider who was too indo-

lent to give himself any trouble about the matter.

"The prince's apparel, which was very rich, was put on with slovenly carelessness. His form, though his stature was low, and his limbs extremely slight, was elegant in the extreme, and his features were no less handsome. But there was on his brow a haggard paleness, which seemed the effect of care or of dissipation, or of both these wasting causes combined. His eyes were sunk and dim, as from late indulgence in revelry on the preceding evening, while his cheek was inflamed with unnatural red, as if either the effect of the Bacchanalian orgies had not passed away from the constitution, or a morning draught had been resorted to, in order to remove the effects of the night's debauchery.

"Such was the heir of the crown, a sight at once of interest and compassion. All unbonneted, and made way for him, while he kept repeating carelessly, 'No haste—no haste—I shall arrive soon enough at the place I am bound for.—How's this—a damsel of the joyous science? Ay, by St. Giles! and a comely wench to boot. Stand still, my merry men; never was minstrelsy marred for me.—A good voice, by the mass! Begin me that lay again, sweetheart.'

"Louise did not know the person who addressed her; but the general respect paid by all around, and the easy and indifferent manner in which it was received, showed her she was addressed by a man of the highest quality. She recommenced her lay, and sang her best accordingly, while the young duke seemed thoughtful and rather affected toward the close of the ditty. But it was not his habit to cherish such melancholy affections.—'This is a plaintive ditty, my nut-brown maid,' said he, chucking the retreating glee-maiden under the chin, and detaining her by the collar of her dress. 'But I warrant me you have livelier notes at will, *ma bella tenebrosa*; ay, and canst sing in bower as well as wold, and by night as well as day.'—'I am no nightingale, my lord,' said Louise.—'What hast thou there, darling?' he added, removing his hold from her collar, to the scrip which she carried.

"Glad was Louise to escape his grasp, by slipping the knot of the riband, and leaving the little bag in the prince's hand, as, retiring beyond his reach, she answered, 'Nuts, my lord, of the last

season.'—The prince pulled out a handful of nuts accordingly. 'Nuts, child!—they will break thine ivory teeth—hurt thy pretty voice,' said Rothsay, cracking one with his teeth, like a village schoolboy.—'They are not the walnuts of my own sunny clime, my lord,' said Louise; 'but they hang low, and are within the reach of the poor.'—'You shall have something to give you better fare, poor wandering ape,' said the duke, in a tone in which feeling predominated more than in the affected and contemptuous gallantry of his first address to the glee-maiden.

"At this moment, as he turned to ask an attendant for his purse, he encountered the stern and piercing look of a tall black man, seated on a powerful iron-grey horse, who had entered with attendants while the duke was engaged with Louise, and now remained stupefied and almost turned to stone by his surprise and anger at this unseemly spectacle. Even one who had never seen the Black Douglas, must have known him by his swart complexion, his gigantic frame, his buff-coat or bull's-hide, and his air of courage, firmness, and sagacity, mixed with the most indomitable pride. The loss of an eye in battle, though not perceptible at first sight, as the ball of the injured organ remained similar to the other, gave yet a stern immovable glare to the whole aspect. The meeting of the royal son-in-law with his terrible step-father, was in circumstances which arrested the attention of all present; and the by-standers waited the issue with silence and suppressed breath, lest they should lose any part of what was to ensue. When the prince saw the expression which occupied the stern features of Douglas, and remarked that the earl did not make the least motion toward respectful or even civil salutation, he seemed determined to show him how little respect he was disposed to pay to his displeased looks. He took his purse from his chamberlain.—'Here, pretty one,' he said, 'I give thee one gold piece for the song thou hast sung me, another for the nuts I have stolen from thee, and a third for the kiss thou art about to give me. For know, my pretty one, that, when fair lips (and thine for fault of better may be called so) make sweet music for my pleasure, I am sworn to St. Valentine to press

VOL. IX.

them to mine.'—'My song is recompensed nobly,' said Louise, shrinking back; 'my nuts are sold to a good market—farther traffic, my lord, were neither befitting you nor be seeming me.'—'What! you coy it, my nymph of the highway?' said the prince, contemptuously. 'Know, damsel, that one asks you a grace who is unused to denial.'—'It is the prince of Scotland,' said the courtiers around, to the terrified Louise, pressing forward the trembling young woman; 'you must not thwart his humour.'—'But I cannot reach your lordship,' she said, 'you sit so high on horseback.'—'If I must alight,' said Rothsay, 'there shall be the heavier penalty.—What does the wench tremble for? Place thy foot on the toe of my boot, give me hold of thy hand.—Gallantly done!' He kissed her as she stood thus suspended in the air, perched upon his foot, and supported by his hand; saying, 'There is thy kiss, and there is my purse to pay it; and, to grace thee farther, Rothsay will wear thy scrip for the day.' He suffered the frightened girl to spring to the ground, and turned his looks from her to bend them contemptuously on the earl of Douglas, as if he had said, 'All this I do in despite of you and of your daughter's claims.'—'By St. Bride of Douglas!' said the earl, pressing toward the prince, 'this is too much, unmannered boy, as void of sense as of honour! You know what considerations restrain the hand of Douglas; else you had never dared—' 'Can you play at spring-cockle, my lord?' said the prince, placing a nut on the second joint of his forefinger, and spinning it off by a smart application of the thumb. The nut struck on Douglas' broad breast, who burst out into a dreadful exclamation of wrath, inarticulate, but resembling the growl of a lion in depth and sternness of expression. 'I cry your pardon, most mighty lord,' said the duke scornfully, while all around trembled; 'I did not conceive my pellet could have wounded you, seeing you wear a buff coat. Surely, I trust, it did not hit your eye?'—

"A prior, despatched by the king, had by this time made way through the crowd, and, holding Douglas' rein in a manner that made it impossible for him to advance, reminded him that the prince was the son of his sovereign, and the husband of his daughter.—'Fear

not," said Douglas, "I despise the childish boy too much to raise a finger against him. But I will return insult for insult. Here, any of you who love the Douglas, spurn me this quean from the monastery gates; and let her be so scourged that she may bitterly remember, to the last day of her life, how she gave means to a rude boy to affront the Douglas!"

"Four or five retainers instantly stepped forth to execute commands which were seldom uttered in vain, and heavily would Louise have atoned for an offence of which she was alike the innocent, unconscious, and unwilling instrument, had not the duke interfered.—"Spurn the poor glee-woman?" he said, in high indignation; "scourge her for obeying my commands? Spurn thine own oppressed vassals, rude earl; scourge thine own faulty hounds—but beware how you touch so much as a dog that Rothsay hath patted on the head, far less a female whose lips he hath kissed!"

The revels are resumed on Shrove-Tuesday, and sanguinary mischief is the result of unrestrained license. Proud-fute the bonnet-maker, a silly boaster, is mistaken for Henry, and assassinated, and the report of this outrage alarms the maid of Perth.—"Catharine ran through the streets in a manner which at another moment would have brought on her the attention of every one who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity, wildly and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which 'women of good,' of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them, when they went abroad. But, distracted as the people were, everyone inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress and discomposure of her manner made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen, without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested. As Catharine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of

lamentation and alarm which were echoed around her. In the mean time, she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define, but which implied the terrible consciousness, that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means.

"At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance. The silence which succeeded the echoing of her hasty summons increased the alarm which had induced her to take this desperate measure.—'Open,—open, Henry!' she cried.—'Open, if you yet live!—Open, if you would not find Catharine Glover dead upon your threshold!' As she cried thus frantically to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover whom she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his ecstatic joy on an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half-opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of breathing. Henry had remained at home, in spite of the general alarm, which had reached his ears for a considerable time, fully determined to put himself in the way of no brawls that he could avoid; and it was only in compliance with an order from the magistrates, that, taking his sword and buckler from the wall, he was about to go forth, for the first time unwillingly, to pay his service. 'It is hard,' he said, 'to be put forward in all the town feuds, when the fighting work is so detestable to Catharine.' As he opened his door to issue forth, the person dearest to his thoughts, but whom he certainly least expected to see, was present to his eyes, and dropped into his arms. His mixture of surprise, joy, and anxiety, did not deprive him of the presence of mind which the occasion demanded. To place Catharine in safety, and recall her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of

the magistrates. He carried his lovely burthen, as light as a feather*, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bedchamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult. 'Here, nurse—nurse Shoolbred—come quick—come for death and life—here is one who wants thy help!' Up trotted the old dame. 'If it should but prove any one that will keep thee out of the scuffle—' for she also had been aroused by the noise;—but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster-son, she saw the apparently lifeless form of the maiden. 'Catharine Glover!' she said; 'and Holy Mother—a dying woman, as it would seem!'—'Not so, old woman,' said her foster-son; 'the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns!—Come thou, who may'st aid her more meetly than I—bring water—essences—whatever thy old skill can devise. Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and me.' With an activity which her age little promised, the nurse collected the means of restoring animation: for, like many women of the period, she understood what was to be done in such cases, and possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise. 'Come now,' she said, 'son Henry, unfold thy arms from about my patient, and help me with what I want. Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the palm gently, as the fingers unclose their clenched grasp.'—'I beat her slight beautiful hand!' said Henry; 'you might as well bid me beat a glass cup with a fore-hammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers. But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating;' and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the maiden opened her eyes, fixed them on her lover, as he kneeled by the bed-

side, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was coloring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse.—Simon soon after arrived, and, at the sound of his voice, Catharine experienced a revival much speedier than Dame Shoolbred's restoratives had been able to produce; and the paleness of her complexion changed into a deep glow of the most lovely red. She pushed her lover from her with both her hands, which, until this minute, her want of consciousness, or her affection, awakened by the events of the morning, had well nigh abandoned to his caresses. Henry, bashful as we know him, stumbled as he rose up; and none of the party seemed to be without a share of confusion, excepting Dame Shoolbred, who was glad to make some pretext to turn her back to the others, in order that she might enjoy a laugh at their expense, which she felt herself utterly unable to restrain, and in which the Glover, whose surprise, though great, was of short duration, and of a joyful character, sincerely joined.—'Now, by good St. John,' he said, 'I thought I had seen a sight this morning that would cure me of laughter, at least till Lent was over; but this would make me curl my cheek if I were dying.—Why, here stands honest Henry Smith, who was lamented as dead, and toll'd out for from every sceppe in town, alive, merry, and as it seems from his ruddy complexion, as like to live as any man in *Pedd*. And here is my precious daughter, that yesterday would speak of nothing but the wickedness of the wights that haunt profane sports, and protect glee-maidens—ay, she who set St. Valentine and St. Cupid both at defiance,—here she is, turned a glee-maiden herself for what I can see!—Truly, I am glad to see that you, my good Dame Shoolbred, who give way to no disorder, have been of this loving party.'—'You do me wrong, my dearest father,' said Catharine. 'I came here because——' 'Because you expected to find a dead lover,' said her father; 'and you have found a living one, who

* We doubt whether any lady, young or old, can be as light as a feather. We merely "hint a doubt;" but, in this case, perhaps, an Irish critic would boldly propose the following emendation:—*for feather, read feather-bed.*

can receive the tokens of your regard and return them. Now, were it not a sin, I could find in my heart to thank Heaven that thou hast been surprised at last into owning thyself a woman.—Simon Glover is not worthy to have an absolute saint for his daughter. Nay, look not so piteously, nor expect condolence from me! Only I will try not to look merry, if you will be pleased to stop your tears, or confess them to be tears of joy.'—'If I were to die for such a confession,' said poor Catharine, 'I could not tell what to call them.—Only believe, dear father, and let Henry believe, that I would never have come hither, unless——'—'Unless you had thought that Henry could not come to you,' said her father. 'And now shake hands in peace and concord, and agree as Valentines should.'

With the revival of the heroine we close our first survey of this agreeable work.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY.

DURING the dark ages which succeeded the triumph of the barbarians over the Roman empire in the west, architecture was not reduced to so low an ebb, or treated with such contemptuous neglect, as the other fine arts. Its cultivation was justly thought to be more necessary than painting or sculpture, not only for domestic, but for religious and civil purposes; and, therefore, it still reared its head with imposing dignity. The Roman style, though debased on the decline of the empire, retained some grand features, which the Goths imitated, but without attending to regularity or due proportion. It has been affirmed, that the Goths had no share in the invention of that style of building which bears their name; but, as it was gradually established among the nations which were of the same origin, namely, the Normans, Franks, &c. there is no great impropriety in the appellation which it received;—it is, at least, a convenient and well-understood term.

The Gothic style required a succession of ages to bring it to maturity. Its commencement was merely the corruption of the Italian style, and its progress at length produced a distinct species of architecture, which not only exhibited some beauty of proportion

and elegance of decoration, but also majesty, grandeur, and sublimity. Let us endeavour to trace this style, as exemplified in our own country.

The early Saxon churches were distinguished by massive columns and semicircular arches, which generally sprang from capitals without the intervention of an entablature. The mouldings were remarkably simple, the greater part consisting of fillets and plat-bands, placed at right angles to each other and to the grand front. The chief entrance was at the west end into the nave or body of the church, and the east end, containing the choir, terminated in a semicircle. There was an aisle on each side of the nave, in the large churches, which also had three tiers, the lowest consisting of a range of arcades, the middle one being a range of galleries between the roof and the vaultings of the aisles, while the highest exhibited a row of windows. The walls and pillars were so thick, that buttresses were not deemed necessary. These edifices had a solemn and imposing air; but they were destitute of the charms of elegance.

The next style was the Anglo-Norman, which prevailed from the reign of William the Conqueror to that of Henry II. Larger churches, more lofty vaultings, pillars of greater diameter and more regularly formed, a tower in the centre or at the west end of a cathedral or a conventual church, and the more varied use of ornaments, distinguished that period. To the reign of Stephen we may refer the first appearance of a change in the arch. Its figure, which had hitherto been circular, became slightly pointed; and, about the same time, the heavy single pillar was made into a cluster of thin pilasters, at first ill-formed, but gradually tinged with some degree of elegance and grace. Before that time, no niches with canopies, statues in whole relief, spires or pinnacles, were used; but these additions and ornaments now began to prevail, so as to indicate an increase of skill and taste: but we are not disposed to apply this praise to the pointed arch, which, though we do not (with Dr. Knox) call it displeasing and improper, is less elegant than the circular one.

The third (peculiarly called the English) style may be assigned to the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III. The pointed arch was then fully

established: the arcades and pillars became more numerous, and the single shafts were divided into a multiplicity of slender shafts, collected under one capital, and chiefly decorated with the representations of palm-leaves. The east and west windows were much more widely expanded, and required a number of mullions, which, as well as the ribs of the vaulting, began to ramify from the springing of the arches into a variety of tracery, fancifully ornamented.

The fourth style extended to the reign of Henry VII., and differed from the preceding practice in a florid excess of decoration, more than in other respects. The most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings of this period were the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, and that of Henry VII. in the abbey of Westminster; and the castle built by Edward III. at Windsor, was the finest of all the royal or baronial structures.

The numerous castles erected between the time of the Conquest and the war of the Two Roses, were strong and substantial buildings, but were far from being what a modern gentleman would consider either as elegant or commodious mansions. They were usually encompassed with a deep ditch; the thick and lofty walls were fortified by towers; various lodgings, offices, and store-houses, were constructed near the exterior wall; and the inner court, which had a distinct fosse, wall, and towers, contained the *keep* or body of the castle.

The style in which the houses of the middle class of people, not only in England but in many other parts of Europe, were built during the middle ages, did not correspond with the improvements in the public buildings. They rarely consisted of brick-work, and, though some had stone walls and fences, where that material was of an inferior quality and easily procured, the habitations in general had no greater substantiality than that which arose from ordinary timber-work, laths, and plaster. It is even affirmed, that chimneys, now deemed essentially necessary, were not used in these houses before the reign of John.

In Italy, at this time, the houses were constructed in a better style than in any other country, and the public buildings, after a long decline of the architectural art, were placed upon a footing, not indeed equal to the ancient style, but grand and stately. Brunelleschi, who

flourished in the time of our Henry V., is regarded as the restorer of the true taste. Having recognised and studied the just principles of the ancients, and being an admirer of their fine remains, he was enabled to construct works with beauty and solidity. He distinguished himself, by erecting, at Florence, the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, which, rising from an octangular plan, is of great elevation, and is only inferior in size to that of St. Peter's church at Rome. It is said to be the only elevated dome that is supported by a wall without buttresses.—Alberti followed the steps of Brunelleschi, and, by his precepts and designs, corrected some of the abuses and tasteless practices which prevailed in many parts of Italy. Bramante zealously promoted the same object, and not only super-intended the erection of many magnificent edifices, but was concerned in the greatest work of the sixteenth century, the rebuilding of St. Peter's church. He projected the noble cupola on that fine structure, and, in concert with Raphael, San-Gallo, and Michael Angelo, the whole work was carried on with signal success; yet we have so much of the prejudice of John Bull, as to prefer St. Paul's cathedral, in an architectural point of view, to the boasted church of St. Peter.

The Grecian style of building was revived in France about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and, in the seventeenth, it was restored in England by Inigo Jones, whose works at Greenwich and Whitehall established his fame. The Banqueting-house exhibits various beauties; but we do not admire his church at Covent-Garden, although it is the fashion to praise its rustic portico.

We shall resume this subject on another occasion.

WHITSUN-EVE, *by Miss Mitford.*

THE pride of my heart, the delight of my eyes, is my garden. Our house, which is in dimensions very much like a bird-cage, and might, with almost equal convenience, be laid on a shelf, or hung up in a tree, would be utterly unbearable in warm weather, were it not that we have a retreat out of doors; and a very pleasant retreat it is. Fancy a small piece of ground, with a pretty low irregular cottage at one end: a large granary, divided from the dwelling by

a little court running along one side; and a long thatched shed open toward the garden, and supported by wooden pillars on the other. The bottom is bounded, half by an old wall, and half by an old paling, over which we see a pretty distance of woody hills. The house, granary, wall, and paling, are covered with vines, cherry-trees, roses, honeysuckles, and jasmines, with great clusters of tall hollyhocks running up between them; a large elder overhanging the little gate, and a magnificent bay-tree, such a tree as shall scarcely be matched in these parts, breaking with its beautiful conical form the horizontal lines of the buildings. This is my garden; and the long pillared shed, the sort of rustic arcade which runs along one side, parted from the flower-beds by a row of rich geraniums, is our out-of-door drawing-room.

I know nothing so pleasant as to sit there on a summer afternoon, with the western sun flickering through the great elder-tree, and lighting up our gay parterres, where flowers and flowering shrubs are set as thick as grass in a field, a wilderness of blossom, interwoven, intertwined, wreathy, garlandly, profuse beyond all profusion, where we may guess that there is such a thing as mould, but never see it. I know nothing so pleasant as to sit in the shade of that dark bower, with the eye resting on that bright piece of color, lighted so gloriously by the evening sun, now catching a glimpse of the little birds as they fly rapidly in and out of their nests—for there are always two or three birds'-nests in the thick tapestry of cherry-trees, honeysuckles, and China-roses, which cover our walls—now tracing the gay gambols of the common butterflies as they sport around the dahlias; now watching that rarer moth, which the country people, fertile in pretty names, call the bee-bird; that bird-like insect, which flutters in the hottest days over the sweetest flowers, inserting its long proboscis into the small tube of the jasmine, and hovering over the scarlet blossoms of the geranium, whose bright color seems reflected on its own feathery breast; that insect which seems so thoroughly a creature of the air, never at rest; always, even when feeding, self-poised, and self-supported, and whose wings, in their ceaseless motion, have a sound so deep, so full, so lulling, so musical. Nothing is so plea-

sant as to sit amid that mixture of the flower and the leaf, watching the bee-bird; nothing so pretty to look at as my garden. It is quite a picture; only unluckily it resembles a picture in more qualities than one,—it is fit for nothing but to look at. One might as well think of walking in a bit of framed canvas. There are walks to be sure—tiny paths of smooth gravel, by courtesy called such—but they are so overhung by roses and lilies, and such gay encroachers—so overrun by convolvulus, and heart's-ease, and mignonette, and other sweet stragglers, that, except to edge through them occasionally, for the purpose of planting or weeding or watering, there might as well be no paths at all. Nobody thinks of walking in my garden. Even our dog May glides along with a delicate and trackless step, like a swan through the water; and we, its two-footed denizens, are fain to treat it as if it were really a saloon, and go out for a walk toward sunset, just as if we had not been sitting in the open air all day.

What a contrast from the quiet garden to the lively street! Saturday night is always a time of stir and bustle in our village, and this is Whitsun-Eve, the pleasantest Saturday of all the year, when London journeymen and servant lads and lasses snatch a short holiday to visit their families;—a short and precious holiday, the happiest and liveliest of any! for even the gambols and merry-makings of Christmas offer but a poor enjoyment, compared with the rural diversions, the Mayings, revels, and cricket-matches of Whitsuntide. The village is swarming to-night like a hive of bees, and all the church-bells round are pouring out their merriest peals, as if to call them together. I must try to give some notion of the various figures.

First there is a group suited to Teniers, a cluster of out-of-door customers of the Rose, old benchers of the inn, who sit round a table smoking and drinking in high solemnity to the sound of Timothy's fiddle. Next may be observed a mass of eager boys, who are surrounding the shoemaker's shop, where an invisible hole in the cricket-ball is mending by Master Keep himself, under the joint superintendence of Ben Kirby and one of the umpires in the match, Tom Coper. Ben is showing much verbal respect and outward deference for his umpire's judgement and experience, but managing to get the ball

done his own way after all, whilst the rest of the eleven, the less-trusted commons, are shouting and bawling round Joel Brent, who is twisting the waxed twine round the handles of the bats—the poor bats, which please nobody, which the taller youths are despising as too little and too light, and the smaller are abusing as too heavy and too large. Happy critics! winning their match can hardly be a greater delight—even if to win it they be doomed! Farther down the street is the pretty black-eyed girl, Sally Wheeler, come home for a day's holiday from B., escorted by a tall footman in a dashing livery, whom she is trying to curtsy off before her deaf grandmother sees him.

Ascending the hill two couples are seen. First appear Daniel Tubb and his fair Valentine, walking boldly along like licensed lovers; they have been asked twice in church, and are to be married on Tuesday; and closely following that happy pair, near each other, but not together, come Jem Tanner and Mabel Green. The course of true love doth not yet run smooth in that quarter. Jem dodges along, whistling Cherry-ripe, pretending to walk by himself, and to be thinking of nobody; but now and then he pauses in his negligent saunter, and turns round outright to steal a glance at Mabel, who, on her part, is making believe to walk with poor Olive Hathaway, the lame mantua-maker, and even affecting to talk and to listen to that gentle humble creature, as she points to the wild-flowers on the common, and to the lambs and children sporting amongst the gorse, but whose thoughts and eyes are evidently fixed on Jem Tanner, as she meets his backward glance with a blushing smile, and half springs forward to meet him; whilst Olive has broken off the conversation as soon as she perceived the pre-occupation of her companion, and has begun humming, perhaps unconsciously, two or three lines of Burns, whose "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my love," and "Gi'e me a glance of thy bonnie black ee," were never better exemplified than in the couple before her. Really it is curious to watch them, and to see how gradually the attraction of this tantalising vicinity becomes irresistible, and the rustic lover rushes to his pretty mistress like the needle to the magnet. On they go, trusting to the deepening twi-

light, to the little clerk's absence, to the good-humor of the happy lads and lasses, who are passing and repassing on all sides—or rather, perhaps, in a happy oblivion of the cross uncle, the kind villagers, the squinting lover, and the whole world. On they trip, linked arm-in-arm, he trying to catch a glimpse of her glowing face under her bonnet, and she hanging down her head and avoiding his gaze with a mixture of modesty and coquetry. On they go, with a reality and intensity of affection, which must overcome all obstacles; and poor Olive follows with an evident sympathy in their happiness, which makes her almost as enviable as they; and we pursue our walk amidst the moonshine and the nightingales, with Jacob Frost's cart looming in the distance, and the merry sounds of Whitsuntide, the shout, the laugh, and the song echoing all around us, like "noises of the air."

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR
APRIL AND MAY.

THE political horizon wears a turbid and warlike aspect; yet we do not despair of the preservation of peace, as far as our government is concerned. We have no reason to dread serious danger from the ambition of Russia; but some journalists, being fond of excitement, propagate rumors of a general war, and seem to wish eagerly for it, as if the wanton multiplication of *deaths* would *enliven* society. We are sorry to observe, that it frequently has that effect;—such is the unfeeling character which too generally prevails among men. Quietude and ordinary comfort seem, in the opinion of many, to border upon a state of torpor, from which they wish to be released by spirited accounts of public evils and misfortunes; but we have no sympathy with such men.

To know that the prime minister, though his fame and consequence arose from *war*, is disposed to preserve *peace*, is a pleasing and satisfactory consideration. He knows that our country is secure in its dignity and strength, and that its power defies all the intrigues and attempts of jealous or aspiring princes.

We still wait for decisive intelligence from Portugal. It appears that don Miguel has summoned the cortes ac-

cording to the old plan; and, on their meeting, he will act as they pretend to advise him. He is evidently checked in his ambitious career by a doubt of ultimate success; if he had not been so restrained, he would already have been an absolute king.

22.—So imperfect are our laws (though a more voluminous code never existed), that there are many cases in which the law is little better than nugatory. How difficult is it, for instance, for a landlord or housekeeper to eject a refractory tenant or lodger!—A tradesman applied to a magistrate to know what he should do with a troublesome blacksmith, who occupied the cellar of his house. Mr. Griffith said, "Turn him out." *Applicant*—"That is the very thing I want to do; but how is it to be done?" *Mr. Griffith*—"Give him notice to quit." *Applicant*—"I have a dozen times, and he takes no notice of it." *Mr. Griffith*—"Double his rent." *Applicant*—"That will answer no purpose, for he does not pay the present." *Mr. Griffith*—"Take his goods." *Applicant*—"He has nothing but tools, and those we can't distrain." *Mr. Griffith*—"It is altogether a bad case." *Applicant*—"Yes, and when he is offended, he stops his chimney-flue, and fills the house with smoke." The magistrate seemed to be sorry that he could give no farther advice to the disappointed tradesman.

Remarkable Dreams.—A supposed delinquent was apprehended, in consequence (it is said) of the following circumstances. A young woman of Suffolk had disappeared in May last, and no one could ascertain her fate; but her mother declares, that she lately had several dreams which much agitated her mind. On two nights she dreamed that her daughter was murdered and buried in a certain spot: the suspicion that such was the case was forcibly impressed upon her, and it became a subject of conversation between her and her husband. So convinced was she of the truth of the augury, that she resolved to ask the steward of Mrs. Corder for permission to examine the Red Barn, and see if he could find any of her daughter's clothes. The permission was granted, and, in the very spot which the mother had dreamed of, was found, at two feet under the surface, the body of her unfortunate child. It was in an advanced state of decomposition, but

was identified by the clothes. The son of Mrs. Corder was the person who was last seen with the young woman, and he is now in prison. For the clue which is said to have led to the discovery, we cannot pretend to vouch.

27.—We thought that only boys were in the habit of wantonly firing off a gun at a companion, under the idea of its not being loaded; but there is a recent instance of the same mischievous and unpardonable folly on the part of a lady. A youth, named James Parker, visited Mrs. Barham at Brixton. Observing a gun in the corner of the room, he expressed a wish to examine it. Before he did so, his uncle snapped it twice, and, as it missed fire, concluded that it was not loaded. Mrs. Barham then took up the gun, and, pointing it at her young friend, jocularly said, "Now, mind yourself, Jen, I know how to let it off." At that moment the gun went off, and the charge, which was powder and small shot, struck the deceased between the eyes, penetrated into his head, and killed him instantaneously. Mrs. Barham, in a state of distraction, exclaimed, "Oh, my God! what have I done?" and fell into violent hysterics, in which she remained several hours; and we presume that she will never reflect on her rashness without horror.

May 20.—*Court News.*—Prince George of Cumberland, having been appointed colonel *en second* of a regiment of Hanoverian horse-guards, condescended (as we are informed by the writer of the Court Circular), to witness the ceremony of mounting guard. A journalist, taking notice of this *important fact*, comments upon it by saying, "*Early rising* is one of the principles of his royal highness's education." But we ask, was the attendance at guard-mounting, about eleven o'clock, an instance of early rising?—In another sense, however, the young prince is an *early riser*; for he has already, though a mere boy, risen to some degree of power and emolument.

The mention of this prince leads us to the temporary consideration of the little princess Victoria, whose birth-day was celebrated on the 24th, when she completed her ninth year. Our readers probably know that she is the presumptive heiress of the crown; and we believe that she is not destitute of that merit and those qualities which will

enable her to discharge the duties of an exalted station. It is said that there was an intention of betrothing this princess to her cousin George; but we have

reason to think, either that this idea was not seriously entertained, or that it is now relinquished.

HOW SHALL I WOO?

with an elegant Engraving.

FROM the National Melodies, modified and harmonised by Mr. Bishop, and furnished with appropriate language by Mr. Moore, we select another subject for the gratification of our tasteful readers. The air is of Italian origin.

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
Thou think'st I talk too coldly;
If I mention love's devoted flame,
Thou think'st I talk too boldly.

Between these two unequal fires
Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires;
If more thou seek'st, a lover.

Which shall it be?
How shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.

Though the wings of Love will brightly play,
When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away,
As fast as he flies to thee;

While Friendship, tho' on foot she come,
No flights of fancy trying,
Will therefore oft be found at home,
When Love abroad is flying

But, if neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see (to please thee) whether
We may not learn some precious art,
To mix their charms together;

One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already;—
A friendship that, like love, is warm,
A love, like friendship, steady.

Thus let it be, thus let me woo;
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

Fine Arts.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy.—This annual display of art, even if symptoms of decline should be observed by acute eyes, must still operate as a great
VOL. IX.

attraction. The present certainly is not equal to some former exhibitions; but we are satisfied with many of the pictures, pleased with a considerable num-

ber, and disgusted with only a small part of the numerous collection.

The rank and talents of the president entitle his productions to our primary notice. They amount to eight, some of which, it may be supposed, are preferable to the rest. It is not easy to state positively or precisely which is the best of these portraits: but we are inclined to prefer the elegant and powerful representations of lady Gower and her child, and Mr. William Peel's daughter. The earl of Eldon is not so happily depicted as we could have wished; nor is lady Lyndhurst, though the likeness is good, so favored in point of art as lady Georgiana Agar Ellis.

Sir William Beechey, Jackson, and Phillips, continue to shine in portrait-painting. The first has given the bishop of Bath and Wells and the marthoness of Aylesbury in a faithful and excellent style; the second exhibits an almost breathing picture of Mrs. Vernon; and the third, beside giving a fine likeness of the duke of Sussex, has well delineated the duke of Northumberland; whose countenance, however, he seems to have furnished with greater expression than Nature herself condescended to grant.

A picture in the great room, by Mr. Etty, though not a perfect work of art, is very striking and attractive. It is styled "a Composition from Milton," being borrowed from that part of Adam's vision which alludes to the original institution of marriage. Men, descending from the hills into a spacious plain, meet with a "bevy of fair women:" these "sing soft amorous ditties to the harp," and indulge in the animation and gaiety of dancing. The "nuptial torch is quickly lighted," and all the tents "resound with feast and music." Some of the figures are admirably drawn, particularly the female who is crowned with roses; two youths on the left are delineated in a finished style; and a black figure seated on the foreground, affords in the hue of his skin a fine contrast to a glowing spot of color in his turban, while his drapery is also skilfully painted. The approach of evening is well represented, and the cloud, emerging with its fleecy summit from the azure sky, pleasingly aids the general effect.

Mr. G. Jones has taken a higher flight than usual, by exercising his talents

upon the story of Esther and Ahasuerus. He imitates Rembrandt in his composition and grouping, and even in the drapery; but he is more correct in his drawing than that artist, and he more ably adjusts the light and shade.

"Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, or the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire," is unworthy of Mr. Turner's high reputation; for it is neither judiciously designed nor chastely colored.—Mr. Bonnington has represented Henry III, of France, surrounded by his courtiers, with considerable power, and in a dignified style, but not with high or exquisite finish.—"Richard I, unhorsing the sultan Saladin," displays Mr. Cooper's usual clearness of execution, but is not a piece that excels in point of composition.

A French artist makes a respectable figure in this exhibition. His name is Saint-Evre, and his picture bears this title;—"A Lady of Rank of the fifteenth Century, with two Attendants." His style resembles that of the English school, and his present subject is elegantly and tastefully treated.

Mr. Eastlake's "Italian Scene in the Anno Santo, or Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome and St. Peter's," is one of the most pleasing productions of his pencil. The variety of attitude and action, and the characteristic expression of the devotees, are finely given, and the coloring is chaste and harmonious.

Adverting to Mr. Hilton's Cupid and Nymph, we venture to remark, that the boy will charm a female observer as much as his fair companion will please the male amateur. The figures are as natural as they are classical. In juxtaposition with this subject we may mention Mr. Barber's Golden Age, a beautiful landscape composition, inspiring ideas of mutual benevolence, chaste love, tranquillity and happiness.

As Mr. Danby is famous for extraordinary conceptions, he was not deterred, by the awful difficulty of the subject, from attempting to illustrate the "opening of the sixth seal." He has endeavoured to represent the return of chaotic confusion over a falling world, and the picture has all the terrible grandeur suitable to a scene in which "Ruin fiercely drives her plough-share o'er creation."

"A mother caressing her Sleeping Child," by Mr. Westall, has so much of

the artist's peculiar manner, that it would have been attributed to him, if it had passed without a name in the catalogue. The mother's head is grotesque; but the child is very prettily painted.

The Gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Mr. Drummond, has beauties and defects. The shipping, the building, the costume of queen Elizabeth's time, are accurately depicted; but the figures are not so graceful and dignified as they ought to have been.

"Jan Steen taking down his Sign and resuming his Profession of a Painter," by Regemorter, is a curious illus-

tration of an anecdote of the life of this artist, as related by his biographer, Campoweyman, and is a pleasing specimen of the Flemish style. The Drunkard, by Clint, "being the first of an intended series," is powerfully conceived, and represents the brutal ferocity of intoxication in a manner which at once makes the spectator shudder, and affords a fine moral lesson, speaking to the eye more energetically than any precept can to the ear, and more than rivaling, by its exhibition of the worst character of this disgusting vice, the expedient used for its discouragement in ancient Sparta.

Music.

ON Whitsun-Eve, a selection of harmonious melody was performed at Drury-lane theatre. This concert was under the direction of Mr. Bishop, and called, as usual, a grand one, although that designation was much better deserved by the excellence of the performance than by any extended power in the orchestra, or any extraordinary number or variety of performers. Madame Pasta and Miss Stephens, Madame Stockhansen, Miss Hughes, Miss Grant, the Misses Cawse, and Miss Love, aided by Braham, Sapio, Wood, and De Begnis, sustained, with their accustomed taste and science, the principal parts of a very judicious selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, and other composers. Braham, accompanied by Lindley on the violoncello, was engaged in the cantata of Alexis, or we ought rather to say, that Lindley's most extraordinary accompaniment was engaged; for the effect produced by this accomplished player was so powerful,

that an almost breathless silence prevailed while the ear dwelt upon his tones. —The execution of De Beriot on the violin; and of Puzzi and Harper on the horn and the trumpet, seemed also to excite the applause of the amateurs, and, indeed, altogether the instrumental part of the entertainment seemed to give more satisfaction than the vocal. Madame Pasta gave *di tanti palpiti* with her usual power; but the effort of singing at this theatre and the opera-house seemed to be too much for the same evening, and most of the other singers might be said to be in their worst voices.

At the opera-house, a concert on the same scale was given by Bochsia, the band being led by Spagnoletti. The performance, with the exception of Spolhr's overture to Macbeth, and Beethoven's battle sinfonia, was nearly the same as that of Drury-lane. The house was well filled, and the arrangements seemed to give general satisfaction.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE strong desire, on the part of musical amateurs, to see and hear Mademoiselle Sontag in the character of Donna Anna, in the opera of Don Giovanni, filled this theatre on the benefit-night of Madame Caradori: but we are sorry to say that the best judges were more disappointed than gratified. The

new vocalist was not qualified to give full effect to the high spirit and strong feelings of Anna. Her performance wanted soul and tenderness, and was evidently deficient in those fascinations which Ronzi de Begnis used to throw into the part. As it had been hinted in the public prints, that her voice was not sufficiently loud, she seemed to strain its powers unnaturally, except in the

song, *Non mi dir, bel idol mio*, which she gave in a temperate and pleasing style.

On the re-production of *La Donna del Lago*, this lady proved her qualifications for the part of Elena, and received the applause which she merited. She did not then force her voice beyond its natural power; and her execution was eminently tasteful.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE fame of *Aladdin*, as a musical and spectacular piece, induced the manager of this house to revive it; but the operation was not performed with due judgement, for some of the best airs were omitted, and others mutilated. It served, however, to amuse the public for a few nights.

The Taming of the Shrew has also been revived (as the play-bills state) "with songs, duets, glees, and choruses, selected entirely from Shakspeare's plays, poems, and sonnets." Miss Fanny Ayton, on this occasion, performed the part of Catharine. Her acting was excellent, and the choice made of her to represent that difficult part, evinced a just discrimination in the manager.—Beside the spirit and dramatic interest which she infused into the character, the vocal share which she had to sustain with it received from her that justice which reflected high credit on her musical talents. Wallack was an excellent representative of Petruchio. In the supper scene of the third act, his assumed habits of violence produced effects irresistibly laughable, and the manner in which he manifested them received much applause. Braham undertook the tame part of Hortensio, and went through it with his usual placidity of deportment. His introduction into this performance was, however, necessary, in consequence of the great vocal additions which had been made to it; and, as he was one of the composers, he could not do better than show his own music to the utmost advantage by undertaking its execution. Upon the whole, however, we might have expected a better specimen of his resources in composition, as well as those of Mr. Cooke. One duet, between Miss Ayton and Braham—"I am the ground of all accord," certainly possesses much merit, and is very impressive. A Rossinian style was prevalent in some other airs; but we do not know to which of the two

composers this is to be attributed.—Although the revived piece was honored with applause, we do not think that it will be permanently encouraged, as the subject is sufficiently illustrated by the well-known farce which was borrowed from the original comedy.

An interlude, called a *School for Gallantry*, translated from the French by Mr. Jones the comedian, has been acted with some degree of favor; but it is flimsy, loose, and licentious.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MR. REEVE has been transplanted to this house from the Adelphi, and he has personated General Bombastes with ludicrous effect. His humor is broad, and, though sometimes *outré*, is very amusing.

Mr. Peake's pleasantry and humor seemed to slumber when he prepared his *Little Offsprings* for the stage. Mrs. Davenport, the fond mother of the little male offspring (Keeley), exerted herself in the hope of rearing the brat, which, however,

"Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death."

A piece, resembling a *vaudeville*, was produced on the 27th, under the title of *Carron Side*. The outline of the plot runs thus:—Colonel Campbell is desirous that his only daughter, Grace, should be married to his nephew, captain Allan Lindsay, of the navy. The two cousins do not object to each other, though the former entertains a secret preference for Allan's younger brother, cornet Hector Lindsay, and Lindsay himself has conceived a strong attachment for Blanche, the reputed grand-daughter of Donald Mackay, a veteran who has fought many a battle by the side of the colonel, by whom he has been retained as a domestic. Blanche also is enamoured of Captain Lindsay. Notwithstanding these predilections, the marriage is decided upon according to the colonel's wishes, and, on the day fixed for its celebration, a *fête champêtre* is given to his tenants. At this *fête*, Blanche is deputed by the peasantry to present Grace with a nosegay, in doing which she is overcome by the agitation of her feelings, and swoons. Her secret being thus partly betrayed, she flies from the colonel's house in a sort of despair, and seeks refuge in the cottage of her friends Sandy Sanderson and Janet, his wife.

During her absence, an explanation takes place between the colonel and old Donald, through which it is discovered that Blanche is no relation of Donald, but that in reality she is the daughter of the colonel's wife by her first husband, major Melrose, who was killed in Portugal, whither he had been followed by her, and where her child, having been carried away by a party of French soldiers, finally fell into the hands of Donald, who adopted her and passed her as his grand-daughter, without being at all aware of her origin. This discovery is followed by other explanations which finally lead to the union of Blanche with captain Lindsay, and Grace with

the cornet. The incidents of the piece are woven in a manner so skilful as to excite an uninterrupted interest throughout, and the able manner in which all the principal parts were sustained, also contributed to recommend it to the favor of the audience. The music was composed by Signor Liverati, who was induced to have recourse to Scottish melody, because the scene is supposed to be in Scotland; and he has united to that melody the elegance of the Italian style, in a manner which we should have supposed to be hardly practicable. Without great pretensions to science, the opera is well composed, and there are few parts which are not highly pleasing.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

DINNER-PARTY DRESS.

THIS costume consists of a gown of white sarcenet, with cornflower-blue stripes of satin edged with yellow. One broad flounce, with the stripes crosswise, ornaments the border, and the flounce is headed by *fleurs de lis*, composed of the same silk as the dress, and placed at separate and equal distances. The body is made plain, and slightly pointed. White crape sleeves, *à la Marie*, are worn with this dress, and their fullness is confined in two portions by bracclets of green and gold enamel; those at the wrists, broader than the armlets, are clasped by a large ruby, set round with pearls. The body is made partially low, with a narrow cape, *en paladin*, pointed in front. Full, short sleeves, of the same material as the dress, form a kind of mancheron over the long, white sleeves. A broad pelerine collar conceals the upper part of the bust, of white crape, which is trimmed round by a double quilling of blond, and fastened in front by a ruby brooch, set round with pearls. The dress-hat is of white crape, trimmed with very light willow-green riband; it is placed much on one side, and the crown is trimmed with blond and gauze, and a branch of the Guelder-rose.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS is a dress of amber-crape, with a broad bias fold of satin pointed in Vandicks at the head, and bound with *rouleaux* of satin. Over the fold are scrolls of crape, set on in bias, edged round by satin *rouleaux*, and each surmounted by a rosette of the same. The body is made tight to the shape, with a *Seigné* drapery of white crape, fastened in front by a splendid antique brooch of rubies set in gold. The sleeves are of amber crape, short and full. The hair is much elevated on the summit of the head with a coronet ornament round the base of the Apollo knot, in pearls.

N. B.—The above dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

THE dresses of our females, at this period, now that London is crowded with fashionables, are uncommonly bril-

liant; but, at the last court-day, the *parure*, though splendid, did not give us the usual gratification in this style of dress, in the dignified features of which English artists of the toilette may be

said to excel; and we were not only disappointed, but hurt, in finding native industry and taste rejected, in order to employ French milliners and dress-makers. We have been informed that a great personage has evinced much displeasure at this encouragement given to foreigners, — this marked neglect of native talent.

So unsettled was the weather, during the earlier part of May, that many ladies continued to wear their fur pelerines, which were warm, without appearing too much so, as few were seen except of the silk-like chinchilla, the very pale sable, and real ermine. Some females, however, eager to adopt their spring clothing, would appear in the richly-embroidered muslin pelerine, with long ends drawn through the sash, making that all the covering over a high dress of silk; and another lady was seen in a light scarf, made only partially high, and a gown of slight summer materials. As severe colds are sometimes the consequences of this hasty disuse of warm clothing, we are induced to repeat our recommendations of caution.

The Chinese crape shawls are certainly the prettiest and most appropriate envelopes at this season of the year; their close adherence to the form, and their peculiar lightness, render them quite warm enough, and yet agreeably cool. The new pelisses are plainly trimmed about the skirt, and fastened imperceptibly down the front, or on one side, by brooches under a narrow bias fold, a broader one of which surrounds the edge of the skirt next the shoe; the bust is very elegantly trimmed with fluted ornaments, forming a stomacher: the sleeves, moderately full, are terminated at the wrists by a *fleur de lis*, and a Maltese collar of fine lace falls gracefully over the back and shoulders.

If there is any alteration in the hats and bonnets, as to size, it is, that they are larger than ever. We have seen many which so far exceed all the bounds of moderation, as to have a very inelegant and ridiculous appearance. Cottage bonnets for the morning, of pink satin, seem likely to be soon in favor; we have seen two on a pair of very pretty young females; one wore a white veil with this modest and becoming head-covering, the other had greatly enlarged hers by a demi-veil of blond at the edge of the brim.

Dresses of chaste and light spring

colors in *gros de Naples*, are much worn: they are trimmed with two deep flounces, scaloped at the edges and pinked; the waist is beautifully marked out, and not too long. There is a pleasing novelty in trimming the busts of these dresses. From the back proceeds a narrow drape in plaits, brought down each side of the bust, somewhat in the Circassian style, but not, like that, wrapping over; for it does not cross till under the belt. On each shoulder the plaits which form this graceful ornament, are looped back by a strap of silk and a small bow of riband.

Ball-dresses are now often of white muslin, of the clearest kind, over white satin; the borders beautifully embellished with a broad ornament of embroidery, on which are placed, at equal distances, white roses without foliage: the body is *à la Vierge*, and the short sleeves are finished near the elbow by a border of lace. Chintzes of various patterns, some on white grounds, others on steam-yellow, are much in favor for morning dresses and for retired home costume.

We lately saw, in a genteel company, a matronly lady, whose head-dress consisted of a Venetian toque of black velvet; it was very short at the ears, and spread out wide on each side of the temples; and in the front was placed a superb aigrette. The younger females of the same party had their hair arranged *à l'enfant*, in curls all over the head, with splendid diadems of pearls or diamonds.

In half-dress, turban caps, and caps of the cornette kind, are much in request; they are adorned with a profusion of gauze riband, set on in bows; and the cap itself is of rich blond or very fine lace. The Dutch caps, similar to those worn by the females who cry, "buy a broom," are again occasionally worn, particularly in home costume; they are often of black gauze, and the crowns are stiffened by satin *rouleaux*; we do not approve the addition of the broad net quilling round the front; it is an innovation which appears inconsistent with the original head-dress. In full dress, ladies who have fine hair have aigrettes of Marabout feathers of a delicate whiteness, on which are perched butterflies or miniature birds-of-Paradise, beautifully colored from nature.

The most approved colors for toques

and turbans, are pink, lavender-grey, amber, and Macassar-brown; for hats and bonnets, pomegranate-rind, milk-chocolate, hortensia, and cornflower-blue; for pelisses, scarf-shawls, and dresses, giraffe, royal-blue, dove-color, a bright violet, and ethereal blue.

MODES PARISIENNES.

PELISSES of colored muslin, ornamented down each side in front and round the border with embroidery, and spencers of jaconot muslin over a colored skirt of *gros de Naples*, are much worn in out-door costume. The latter have a double, falling collar, and round the throat is tied a silk half-handkerchief, the ground of which is white, figured over with the most lively colors. Scarfs, which are likely to become very fashionable, are remarkable for the taste and novelty displayed in their patterns. —The scarf itself consists of different shades of one hue, and the ends are yellow or rose-color, on which are seen many black butterflies. Scarf-shawls are of Chinese crape, and the color is steam-yellow; on these are branches of flowers of lively colors, in cordons. The pelerines are cut square, and edged with a frill.

White satin hats are worn on public occasions; they are adorned with long puffs of ribands, and fastened with a bridle of plaited blond. On a white chip hat is sometimes seen a wreath formed of blades of grass and bunches of small flowers with long stalks. A point of blond half covers the crown of these hats. Several Leghorn hats have been seen with a double row of puffing: the ribands are very broad, and are white and green. On some hats, which have very broad brims, the fashionable ladies place a branch of some fruit-tree,

the blossoms of which are just beginning to open.

Dresses of *gros de Naples*, of serpent-skin-green, are much admired; the corsage is made with a stomacher, and a narrow *fichu-colerette, en pierrot*, supported by a silk *sautoir*. Green gowns, with white full sleeves, are very prevalent; they are generally of *gros des Indes*. The corsage is finished by a point, and the skirt very full all round the waist. Some muslin dresses which are printed, have a pattern of different butterflies; other dresses of muslin are striped. The dresses are made very short, and the upper part of each sleeve is of an enormous width. The bias folds at the borders of the skirts are carried higher than the knee. Indian chintzes are worn in every style of dress; the corsages of these dresses are in drapery, and cut very low at the back and shoulders. The other dresses most in favor, are of colored jaconot muslin, embroidered with a different but suitable color to the dress.

Dress caps of blond are placed very backward, and have a wreath of jasmine and other small flowers. Turbans are made now of very fine India muslin, ornamented with gold; the turbans that are of crape are surmounted by the plume of a bird-of-Paradise or a heron, fastened among the folds. The favorite manner of arranging the hair is in the Grecian style; it is formed of plaits of hair, interwoven with chains of gold. The upper part of several berets of rose-colored gauze is crossed over by satin ribands, and a *bouquet* is fastened up on one side by a cockade. The morning caps of muslin and fine lace are not worn so large as in the last summer; the trimming in front consists of one broad lace border, which falls over a row of puffed riband.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

A son and heir to lady Ribblesdale; and sons to the wives of the hon. Mr. Penrhyn, the hon. F. Irby, Dr. Roget, major Walker of Ipswich (twins), the rev. R. F. Follet, the rev. R. M. Master, Mr. W. Ryves, Mr. H. Baring, and Mr. J. G. Behrends.

Daughters to the marchioness of Ely and the countess of Morton, to lady

Sarah Murray and lady Vivian, and to the wives of Mr. Stratford Canning, the rev. Dr. Rees of Kennington, Mr. R. Frankland, M.P., Mr. G. A. Moultrie, Mr. J. H. Latham of Eltham, lieutenant-colonel Sir D. Hill, and Mr. D. C. Guthrie.

MARRIAGES.

The rev. W. C. Totton, of Westminster, to Miss E. J. Knyvett.

The marquis of Carmarthen, to lady Hervey.

At Esher, the fifth son of the late Mr. John Hamilton, of Sundrum, to lady Jane Montgomery.

The second son of the late lord Clarina, to the youngest daughter of the late Mr. D. Lyon.

Captain Rose, M.P., to the fifth daughter of the late major-general Vesey.

At Westminster, the bishop of Jamaica, to the eldest daughter of the late rev. Dr. Page.

Mr. S. J. Capper, of Snaresbrook, to Emma, daughter of the late Mr. W. Copeland.

The rev. E. R. Mantell, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Minet.

Mr. T. C. Hornvold, to Miss Lucy Mary Saunders, of Worcester.

Lieutenant-colonel Bulkely to lady Catharine Bouverie.

First at a catholic chapel, and afterwards at Bathwick church, Mr. J. L. Eyre, to the third daughter of the late marquis de Sommers.

Lord S. Lenox, to Mary, daughter of lord Cloncurry.

Mr. W. G. Jackson, of Wisbeach, to Miss Harriet Burchell, of Fulham.

In the East-Indies, Alexander Chalmers, M.D., of the Bengal medical establishment, to Maria Frances Jane, daughter of lieutenant-colonel Bishop.

DEATHS.

The rev. Mr. Mitchell, vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester.

Mr. John Abbot, brother of lord Tenterden.

At Sittingbourne, Mr. T. Walker, in his 81th year.

Mr. J. Hodson, solicitor.

In his 77th year, Mr. Peter Moore, for many years representative in parliament for Coventry.

Mr. T. A. Smith, lord-lieutenant of Carnarvonshire.

Mr. J. Hollingsworth, engineer.

Lord Forester.

At the age of 30 years, the eldest son of Mr. C. Dibdin, the dramatist.

Mr. Tett, formerly a theatrical singer.

Elizabeth, lady Denny.

The hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Marsham.

Lady Wilson, the wife of a master in chancery.

The lady of the rev. count Rice, at the age of 66.

At Norwich, Mrs. Henrietta Gurney.

At Uxbridge, the wife of Mr. Charles Baker.

At Bexley, Mr. R. Littlefield.

At Islington, Mr. H. White, formerly an editor of various journals.

At Hackney, Mrs. Starkey.

At Mile-End, Mr. Jonas Brown.

At Kew, Mr. Henry Cooper.

At Richmond, Mr. C. Woodforde.

Near Leicester, the only son of the late Mr. Paul Benfield.

At Cambridge, in his 81st year, the rev. Thomas Kerrich, librarian of the university.

Urged by a fit of despondency to drown himself, Mr. Conway, the tragedian.

In Bethlehem Hospital, Margaret Nicholson, the maniac, who attempted, in 1786, to stab our late sovereign.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. is angry with us for what he styles our "illiberality," in refusing to remunerate those who offer literary aid. But we only refuse when trash is sent to us, or when the writers demand exorbitant pay; and who, we ask, can justly blame us for this exercise of our discretion?

We have been desired to mention the deaths in a certain family *over and over again*, and also to re-state the pedigree of that family; but we protest decidedly against such silly repetition.

We promise a speedy insertion of the Dialogue in the Shades between Bonaparté and Byron; but we reject with contempt that dialogue which a correspondent has taken the trouble of copying from a volume of Mr. Landor's Imaginary Conversations, and has sent to us as an original composition.

The Stanzas addressed by H. D. S. to a Friend who was jilted by a very young Lady, are tolerable; but the conclusion is too caustic:—

"for light and vain,
And false, has Woman ever been."

We are induced to accede, only in part, to the request of Mrs. S.



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

JUNE 30, 1828.

CONVERSATIONS AMONG THE DEAD.

No. I.

BONAPARTE AND BYRON.

Bon.—I have just learned from the pen of one of your former associates, Milord Byron, that you were fond of your name of *Noel*, because it furnished you with initials resembling mine. I consider this as a compliment from a man of your genius, which calls for acknowledgement even in the shades. It is indeed one out of many which you were pleased to pay me, although you condemned me for not coming here before I was called.

Byr.—Sire, I owed it to myself to distinguish that which was excellent, and praise that which was glorious, even where it was seen in the person of one who was the enemy of that country in which I chanced to be born.

Bon.—To tell the truth (which is our custom here, you know), I was admired by you still more on the latter ground. Opposition to the existing powers alike suited the piquancy of your satirical talents and the petulance of your temper,—a circumstance which I cannot regret, since a different view of things might have given birth to "deathless satire and immortal song" against me. I should have been nobler and fairer game than the old man (who was

in despite of his deficiencies a man o' genius) whom you termed

dotting, driv'ling West,
Europe's worst painter and poor England's best.

Byr.—I had no spleen toward the man; my philippic belonged to the robber of Greece, which I loved with the fervor of a first passion, combining with it those ideas of freedom which, however impracticable, are the finest breathings of the human soul, as you must know yourself, for you surely felt them in early life.

Bon.—Yes—before I knew the world, I had many beautiful dreams about it: you had not these, for at a very early period you gazed at it through the darkest medium that youth, manly beauty, rank and talent, ever adopted. If men were the things you thought them, what would it signify if they were ill-governed?

Byr.—If you disapprove my politics, I shall not defend them. My poetry, like that of Milton, will be read, when my opinions, like his, are forgotten.—We do and say a thousand things, which we care not to investigate, and are too indolent to defend, even when we know them to be defensible. For the present I have only to beseech you not to form any ideas of me from the pages of *Hunt*;—my worst enemies will hardly do it.

Bon.—I cannot find that you have any. The English press teems with abuse of your accuser. It strikes me as indicating little discernment in yourself (great as your talents were), that you so liberally abused the people who now generously defend you, and that you chose, for an inmate and friend, a man whose faculties had been constantly employed in defaming others.

Byr.—He was only the foe of the base, so far as I knew him. I regarded him as a friend to public virtue and a martyr for freedom.

Bon.—But not the less a licensed calumniator of every human being out of his own circle. I well remember his serving up a regular tirade every Sunday against queen Charlotte; condemning her for accumulating money, and for denying some kind of charity for which he advertised: yet she gave away nearly her whole income.

Byr.—He and his associates wanted her to subscribe liberally to the relief of some German towns which you had ruined.

Bon.—And if she had done so, they would have said that she took the money from impoverished Britain to assist her own countrymen, from whom she derived nothing.

Byr.—I dare say they would; but she ought to have explained.

Bon.—Pardon me, she ought not.—She had lived fifty years in the country, and her good deeds, though secretly performed, were well-known. She had been an exemplary wife and mother, had purified her court, improved the taste and manners of the higher ranks; and, although she was known to possess a superior understanding, had never interfered in the politics of the country. Was such a woman to concede explanation to a low calumniator like Hunt?—No! her dignity of nature, not less than her German pride, forbade such a degradation.

Byr.—I have no sympathy in German pride, royal pride, or any other pride than that of *genius*; and I am surprised to find your majesty so considerate for any other at this time of day.

Bon.—I plead guilty to that charge; and, since you must remember how often you were elated with the recollection of your alliance with ducal dignity, and with the thought that the blood of the

Gordons circulated in your veins, you might as well confess your own aristocratic prejudices. You are aware that your intimacy with Hunt was pointed out as unworthy of your grade, and you could not bolster yourself up with affecting to deem his intellectual rank an atonement for his deficient situation, which it would have been, had he produced proofs of genius or learning of a high order. On the contrary, you found yourself every day paying too dear for your *whistle*, (as Dr. Franklin says), and in your vexation you took revenge on the innocent object, who has been guilty of a very natural though not honorable retribution.

Byr.—The affair to which you allude was not such a friendly connection as you suppose. I liked Shelley, considered Hunt as *his* friend, knew him to be in distressed circumstances, and therefore offered him a home in my house, suited to his wants, to the wishes of his friend, and our united views in the publication of a work which required the aid of a man who understood the mechanical arrangement of such a volume. You will be aware that I did not want him for society, since I could always command more than it was convenient for me to receive, beside Shelley and his wife,—to say nothing of that connection which offered a sweeter solace for hours of retirement, than could be expected from any man, especially a married one with a large family of children, too wise to be playful, and yet too young for conversation.

Bon.—I do see this certainly, and I wonder how you kept together at all, especially as it is very plain that your most simple meanings were unnaturally distorted, and even your kind intentions placed to the account of *unkind* feelings. Your *Examiner* was evidently a man of narrow views, as every man is who mixes little with the world, reads a few books on one side of a question, accustoms himself to consider the power of writing decently the first of all human acquisitions, and has long persuaded himself that he is the first of writers. Such a man sees always through the medium of his own inflated imagination. He had formerly thought you more than man; the moment he found you human, he conceived you to be less; and it is now his object to make the world see with his eyes.

Byr.—It is his object to obtain revenge for supposed injury, if I may judge from the rancor of his malignity.

Bon.—I do not see that, I confess. He merely apprehends that the world may think him under higher obligations than he knows himself to have been, and so far he has surely a right to clear himself. I do not believe, with all that can be said on the point, that you were ever generous to him.

Byr.—I consider debt as the most terrible of all degradations. In learning to be regular, I resembled you, who have frequently relieved the thoughtless and improvident by compelling them honestly to pay the debts which they had contracted; and my own affairs required my first attention.

Bon.—I paid Mademoiselle Georges' debts in this way certainly; she came to me in great distress in Russia, saying, "she was driven out of that country, and dared not return to her own." I knew her to be extravagant, and, I doubt not, you knew the same of Hunt; but still I think your conduct resembled the narrow policy of a Scotchman, rather than the good feeling to be expected from a sympathising poet and a liberal nobleman; a mere trifle in so cheap a country as Italy would have made him at ease in his family, and could not have been missed by you, especially after you had shared the fortune of your wife.

Byr.—In that case I should have had all the independence and liberal notions and soaring sensibilities of my Leontius to contend with. Nobody knows how to manage people of this description. Their delicacy is wounded by your gifts, their friendship lacerated if you withhold them; they are so confoundingly sensitive, so "tremblingly alive, all over," that they can neither be touched nor let alone. Had I dared to act as a liberal nobleman, would not my nobility have made my liberality hateful in the eyes of this precious couple? As the lady had no notion of any walk in life but her own, how could I lead her into circumstances which might prove that there was "another and better?"

Bon.—You had difficult cards to play, I grant, with respect to these people; but other circumstances seem to prove that covetousness was your besetting sin, although you were capable of generous actions; it is, indeed, a very common case, especially among spend-

thrifts, being indeed a part of that selfishness which hoards, or lavishes, for the same narrow end.

Byr.—You might as well believe the fellow when he tells you that I was incapable of love.

Bon.—So I might undoubtedly; for in general the same temperament that produces this disease, renders the soul incapable of love in its higher qualities. I cannot however be brought to believe this of you. I think you could love passionately and tenderly, but perhaps not constantly; for I never knew a vain man constant:—his desire of new conquests destroys in him the simplicity and habitual devotion which belong to sincerity and the contentedness of a loving heart. I judge from circumstances, not report, for in that I have no faith. Many once loudly declared that I could not love—my marriage with Josephine, not less than with Marie Louise, was said to be political; but now they read my letters to her, and pronounce them full of profound and tender passion, although they were addressed to a wife.

Byr.—You were married, it is true, but parted by the most painful of all situations; consequently, the alternation of hope and fear, the very food which sustains love, was experienced by you in perfection.

Bon.—Every woman knows how to deal this stimulant to her lover in sufficient quantities without war and five hundred leagues to aid her, and it is certain that I could love, and did love, without it. I will not however pretend to say that my life was, or could be, of that quiet and monotonous character which is the greatest trial to love, as it exists among the higher ranks in married life. I was always so busy that an hour's retirement was an hour's enjoyment, and conversation with one who loved me was a treat after dismissing the crowds who loved themselves and therefore flattered me. Besides, as we advance in life, the repose of love is more desirable than its excitation,—it is only a feverish appetite that can feed on roses and digest their thorns.

Byr.—I now believe this to be true; but I died just at the time when I might have profited by the discovery. I had long before indeed been sick of the fervors of the passion, and had perhaps exhausted it by writing about it, and giving it so many attitudes and situ-

ations in my mind, as to render its actual position devoid of that novelty, which in early life constitutes much of its charm. Of romantic, furious, lawless love, poor crazy, clever L—— C—— D—— had indeed given me more than a horror; and it was no wonder that I took refuge in the pale of matrimony by way of antidote. To say, however, that I married for money only, is a lie—a heartless, cruel, and ridiculous lie. That I was struck with the person of my future wife even whilst totally ignorant of her rank in life, Dallas has proved, and all who knew her at that period would, I am certain, allow that she was a lovely young woman, very likely to attract a man who had been living in the world as I had been; for she afforded a perfect contrast to the women by whom I had been surrounded. In her style of beauty, her modesty and retired dignity, there was a quiet kind of captivation which neither alarmed nor entranced; yet it was piquant, and the consciousness that I did not merit such goodness and purity, prompted me to search for that in me which might be wrought into virtue for her sake. If she had set me a task by which I might have won her, as the knights errant did the ladies of old times, she would have saved both herself and me; for I should have achieved her bidding, though Hunt insinuates that I was a coward.

Bon.—Leave Hunt to his pages and profits. I would rather look into your heart for five minutes, than into his book for as many hours; and I now ask you how was it possible that such preparation of good ground for happiness as that of improved morals and increased sensibility, happened to raise no better fruit?

Byr.—Unfortunately we had both been too long suffered to follow our own inclinations. She was, however, the less obstinate and self-willed of the two, and would probably in time have been obedient from habit, as well as from principle and affection, if her mother had permitted it, and in that case perhaps I should have become generous, and not have exacted full submission. At the same time, I was conscious of my genius; and, although she was so, I wanted her to hold it still higher, and thought it ought to be my apology for the many caprices in which I had been led to indulge in consequence of my

various travels, my bachelor habits, and still more my previous intercourse with worthless society. She was a highly educated (or what is called a learned) lady; and, as every woman who does a man's work in this way, may be said to do much more, since she attends also to the acquirements of her own sex, it was no wonder that she was a little conscious of her mental stores as well as myself; and thus the wealth which ought to have made us mutually rich, became a source of rivalry and bickering. In short, we were very clever people, but might be considered as spoiled children. I had wit enough to torment both her and myself very ingeniously; she had ability enough to make me feel myself humbled under her want of esteem, and angry at what I chose to deem deficient affection; and, as men in this state of mind run out and play the fool, whilst women cry in their chambers, or complain to their mothers, it was no wonder that we soon became sufficiently unhappy for either to be acted upon by those around us.

Bon.—Then you conclude that you might have been a happier man, if united to a woman of inferior knowledge?—it is certainly natural for you to deem mind of little value in the sex, since your mad woman of genius kept you perpetually in hot water, and your accomplished wife reduced you to the freezing point.

Byr.—Yet her conversation, when we were pleasant together, was so superior and so amusing, that it rendered that of other women insipid. The Guiccioli, young, lovely, and amiable as she was, with all the grace and fire of her country (which continually recalled my young love in Greece and even Harrow to my mind), soon became milk and water in comparison, and——

Bon.—Pardon me for interrupting you; but your last words remind me of gin and water,—a beverage to which I am a stranger, but which is spoken of as implying something disgraceful.—What may this potion be?

Byr.—Gin is the common spirit made in England for the use of the *canaille*. I found that, when diluted, it suited my constitution, and therefore drank it in preference to the wines and *liqueurs* which did me injury. A man of Mr. Hunt's democratic principles ought to have honored me for this similarity of my taste to that of the sovereign people;

but unhappily he was too fine a gentleman for his own party, his comfort, or his friend. I ought, however, to forgive him for this exposure, since I had already announced my partiality to this evening draught, by terming it "true Hippocrene," in my poem of Don Juan.

Bon.—True, and many other things must be forgiven on the same principle. You had called on the world to observe your peculiarities, sympathise in your feelings, and pardon your levities; you had transferred their interest from the poet to the man; and, as the public curiosity was naturally excited on the point, it is no wonder that your lead was followed beyond your wishes, and that your hours of privacy were even more canvassed than mine. In doing this you opened a door for falsehood not less than truth, or that construction of truth which often becomes falsehood unintentionally. You could not expect that all the painters of your life would see through the same medium, use flattering colors, or give just proportions.

Byr.—Not *all* certainly, but Leigh Hunt most of all; for I believed that he had a great regard for me, and I really liked him very much; for he is a man whom one can like exceedingly, especially in his times of suffering. I felt more in days past for this man than I now care to remember.

Bon.—But surely you know a man cannot be always miserable in order to be interesting. Neither I nor Wellington could live on horseback and fight battles every week. It was your great error to desire perpetual excitement: you did so even in your retirement.—You were an exhibiting hermit or misanthrope in your seclusion: you resembled a beautiful woman who draws a veil over her face, saying, "Through this medium I shall appear still fairer:" you courted the eyes that pursued you, and believed that you divided the world with me.

Byr.—And so I did.

Bon.—Yes, with the idle, the bookish, the sentimental, you might; but the great mass of mankind have other affairs in hand, and with most of them I was a very important personage. I came not to this interview, however, to speak of myself. If your poems should live as long as my history, you may be

content. At present I shall be so, if, neglecting the remarks of journalists, *ci-devant* mantua-makers, blue-stockings, boys, and Italian countesses, you will give me some particulars of your domestic life. Did your wife really eat too much, or had she an unpleasant mode of eating? are you one of those men who must have all the choice bits? if you are, you surely did not love, unless you gave them to the beloved; for the passion that can make no sacrifice is only appetite. Did the woman whom you stigmatised so terribly, tell lies of you or reveal unpleasant truths? was your wife jealous as an empassioned woman, or angry as an injured lady? Did you love your child like a fond father, or only talk about it like a poet and an exile? Had you any proper feelings toward that other child, whom you sent to be buried in England for the sake of wounding your wife? did that desire to pain *her* arise from remaining love, which was incapable of indifference, and sought to hide its existence beneath its anger; or did it spring from the bad temper of a spoiled child?

Byr.—You interrogate me like a grand inquisitor; but, since your questions are not put in the tone of command, I am willing to answer them.—It is a pleasure to me to hold converse with a congenial spirit, nor do I shun expostulation with one whom in many points I acknowledge my superior; but I must take time for the purpose.—Hunt's book certainly ruffled me; and, though Moore's verses have somewhat consoled me, I am not sufficiently composed for the task this morning.

Bon.—Then we will defer it, and I will only detain you to say, that Moore is the last man who ought to throw a stone at Hunt, at least on the score of ingratitude. He went to America, was half worshiped by the people, and came home to bespatter them with calumny and render them ridiculous—the most unpardonable of all injuries. He obtained a place from the government, and wrote a lampoon upon the prince regent and his family; and, with talents only second to your own, he has omitted no means of proving that he despises and hates the country which has given him fame, and perhaps fortune also.

Byr.—If your majesty had spent one evening in the society of this charming

poet and prince of good fellows, you would overlook these errors.

Bon.—You judge of me from yourself. I never was given to selfish indulgence of that description of which he is the high-priest. Neither wit nor wine fascinated me.* A phrenologist would tell you there was no club organ to be found on my skull. Adieu—remember my questions.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *not a fictitious but a true Story.**

MR. GULSTON, one of the parliamentary representatives of Poole, flourished as a merchant both at Lisbon and London. When he removed from the former to the latter city, his family consisted of his sister, Mrs. Goddard (an imperious woman who ruled her brother) and her daughter. He also brought over a young Portuguese lady, the intimate friend of his niece, Mericas de Sylva.—This lively girl, it seems, attracted more attention than Mrs. Goddard's daughter; and that lady, in a fit of angry jealousy, desired that she might be shipped off for Portugal, where a convent awaited her. With some appearance of spirit, however, Mr. Gulston declared that, if she should go back, he would escort her himself. Accordingly, he and the young lady apparently set off for Lisbon: instead of taking shipping, however, the wealthy merchant, though much older than the lady, made a proposal of marriage, which was accepted by Mericas, and they were united, in those days of easy weddings, by a Fleet parson. The marriage was kept a profound secret. Mr. Gulston took lodgings for his young wife, as a parlor-boarder, in a school in Devonshire, and, after the lapse of a proper time, returned to town. For fifteen years the secret was kept; during which time his wife bore him two children. Mericas was a Roman-Catholic, and Mr. Gulston, though born and bred in Lisbon, had a hatred of that faith; he assigned this as a reason for concealing his marriage. It is also probable that he dreaded the temper of his sister. This was probably

the incipient cause; and the duration of the clandestine intercourse may perhaps be attributed to that quality of mind which the phrenologists call secretiveness.

The ensuing history is related by the merchant's daughter.

"The earliest recollection I have of existence may be dated from my having attained my fourth year, when I found myself and my mother in a great boarding-school at Maidstone, under the names of Mrs. and Miss Thomson. We lived entirely in a separate apartment, and never mixed with the numerous inhabitants of the house, except that on Sundays I was coupled with a girl of my own size, and joined the procession two and two to church. The only person who came into the room (the stately governess excepted) was one of the teachers, whose name was Cornish. She came at stated hours to teach me to read. She was esteemed a very learned personage, and really was very superior to the generality of people in her miserable employment. She was the orphan daughter of an officer who had taken great pains in her education, and with whom she had lived some time in France; she was very little older than my mother, and they became much attached to each other.

"Prodigious, I dare say, was the progress which I had made, when my career in literature was unfortunately stopped. In little more than a year my mother received a letter, and it was announced that we quitted Maidstone the very next day. Sad was the parting to Miss Cornish. A coach was at the door early in the morning; no man-servant—my mother, self, and maid, drove off; and the curiosity of a whole boarding-school could not discover to what place we were going. It was in November; the roads were bad, the horses tired; so that it was quite dark when our journey was finished, and we were set down in Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square. In those days Mortimer-street was quite detached from the rest of the town, consisted of very few houses, open behind to the fields, and really more retired than a country village. The house appeared to me too small to live in; but it was perfectly neat, and our family was not large; it consisted of my mother and self, one maid who was ready to receive us, and Hannah, whom

* From the Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century.

we brought with us,—an honest faithful creature, who had lived with my mother before I was born.

“The next morning, mama told me we had an uncle coming to see us. The term gave me no idea. I had never heard of a relation, nor had it ever entered into my head that it was necessary to have any. I had just observation enough to perceive that my mother’s hands shook when she pinned my frock. I was convinced this uncle frightened her, and most heartily wished he might not come. At last a double knock (the first I had ever heard) announced his arrival. Mama turned pale; Hannah bounded into the room with her face as red as scarlet, crying out, ‘Here he is;’ and I ran behind my mother’s chair to hide myself. He embraced my mother, who received him with a flood of tears, and was himself much affected; he caressed me with the greatest tenderness, and by degrees my terror subsided. He was a very handsome man, with an uncommon air of dignity in his person and manners. I thought him very old; he was then forty-six, just double my mother’s age. To my utter astonishment, he and mama conversed in a language I did not understand, and then I first learned she was a Portuguese; her broken English, I thought, was a natural defect, which Miss Cornish took great pains to correct. In the evening my uncle left us: his visits were frequent. I did not love him; he was too solemn, and by degrees I remarked that my mother was always dejected after he had been with us. She told me I ought to love him, for he was our best friend; but it could not *yet be*.

“When people are said to have lived a retired life, it is generally understood that they have *few* acquaintances; but we had positively *none at all*, this uncle and Miss Cornish being the only human beings we ever saw. My mother loved work; her great amusement was attending upon me, and every article of my dress was of her composing. I was always nice as a waxen doll, and have been stopped as I walked from church to ask who made my frocks. When I walked in the fields, my mother as well as the maid went with me, and the former always accompanied me to church. I slept in a boudoir within my mother’s room, and observed that she rose very early on Sundays, and looked me in; upon asking why she did so, she told me

she was at her devotions. At eight years of age, I was inoculated. Bromfield performed the operation, my uncle being present, who had a bed put up for himself in a parlor, and never quitted the house night or day till I was well. As a reward for my conformity during the illness, I was to possess whatever I asked for. My request was a dozen dolls. Notwithstanding that I had little exercise, and all my amusements were sedentary, I enjoyed perfect health. I became a complete work-woman, and have now by me two performances, finished when I was ten years old, which would do honor to a nursery. My delight was to place my dozen dolls in rows before me, each holding some work; and so situated I plied my needle for hours together. Miss Cornish sometimes read aloud; she was an uncommonly good reader, and had succeeded so well in teaching me to read Milton, that, if I had been perched upon a table at a spouting assembly, I might perhaps have obtained great applause.

“In process of time the calm serenity of my life was sadly disturbed. Mama fell into a bad state of health; she sensibly *swelled*. Miss Cornish told me it would go off; but nothing could tranquillise my fears; I was prepossessed that she would *burst*, and cried myself to sleep every night. Could they have known how much I suffered, they certainly would have found some method to comfort me; but I thought it *great* to conceal my sorrows. Miss Cornish’s style of education had exalted my imagination, and I fancied myself a heroine in affliction. At last a wonderful physician was applied to, who could only attend my mother at his own house, where there was no room for me. I can even now shudder at the recollection of what I suffered when my mother left me. Miss Cornish remained with me; but oh, how dismal was the change! She took pains to divert me, but all in vain. She had not the *tender winning ways* of mama; the confined life we led made *her* melancholy; whereas, though my mother had often violent fits of crying, she was naturally remarkably cheerful. We never saw my uncle, and remained with only one maid, Hannah having attended my mother. Three long months crept heavily away, when a penny-post letter, the first I had ever received, brought me the joyful news of mama being quite well. Soon after

came a second letter, fixing the day of her return; and in which she bade me put by my dolls, for she would bring me one that was *alive*. I must at this time have been just nine years old. Joy alone possessed me; no other idea took place. I now neglected all my family of dolls, and spent all my time in watching the little baby. The day my uncle was expected, I went with a great air of importance to my mother, and told her I thought we had better hide the child, for my uncle might not like we should keep it; and it would break my heart if he should send it away. She told me I needed not be afraid; that my uncle loved children, as I must know by his fondness for me. I was rather affronted at being called a child, and having my advice slighted. Original sin peeped out between pique and fear. I was thoroughly out of humor, and received my uncle with a flood of tears. He anxiously inquired the cause, when mama, with a degree of courage that astonished me, and a smiling countenance, told him that I had gotten a live doll, and was afraid he would be angry. He laughed, assured me he was not displeased, and bade me fetch it. I brought it, fast asleep, and with trembling hands laid it upon his lap, kneeling down, partly to support it, and partly to soften his heart for my little favorite. He smiled upon us both with an appearance of tenderness I had never experienced before, kissed my forehead, and pressed the infant to his bosom. Mama leaned over his chair, her face glowing with delight. It was a silence of a minute; my little heart was affected I knew not how, and love for my uncle was born. He told me I must call it brother, and in time become its governess. Not a single idea yet arose in my mind; my fears were gone, my consequence increased, and I was perfectly happy. The whole day passed delightfully; my solemn uncle was even merry, and sang several Portuguese songs with my mother. They both sang uncommonly well. As night approached, they conversed in their (to me) odious Portuguese; they both spoke with earnestness, and, when he was gone, my mother appeared dejected to the greatest degree.

"Four more years of my life glided imperceptibly on without any event worth recording. In consequence of my deep reflection, it at last occurred to me, that it was very strange I had no

father. I asked my mother the reason, and whether he was dead; and she told me my father was abroad, getting a fortune to maintain us. As my question visibly distressed her, I thought his absence made her melancholy, and determined never to mention him again.

"By the care of my teacher, I was an absolute book of maxims and apophthegms. Never to ask questions was a thing particularly inculcated. In truth, I seldom thought at all. I was made to get volumes by heart to strengthen my memory, to copy wise things out of books, and to work a great deal. By habit all these things were pleasant to me. I taught my brother to spell before he could well speak; he was very merry, and very mischievous, which amused and employed me.

"Just as I had attained my fourteenth year, my uncle, who was gone to Bath, was taken dangerously ill. My mother received the account by a letter from the physician, and the agonies into which it threw her are not to be described. Miss Cornish never left her, and the distress lasted some days; she neither ate nor slept, and had frequent fainting-fits.—My uncle's complaint was the gout in his stomach; it happily fixed in his feet, and we were taken from the rack by being informed he was totally out of danger. In a short time my mother received a letter from him, directed as usual to Mrs. Thomson, but franked 'Joseph Gulston;' Miss Cornish screamed with delight at the letter being franked, and said, in her high-flown style, 'it was an omen portentous of approaching good;' my mother seemed pleased too, and I in my *great wisdom* thought them very silly at being so rejoiced at saving the postage of a letter. Some days passed without any farther intelligence, when one night we were alarmed by a double knock at the door; only females being in the house, and its situation so near the fields, the doors and windows were chained, barred, and bolted, even before it was dark. Hannah put her head out of the parlor-window, crying, 'Who is there?' A voice answered, 'Let me in, I must see your mistress.' She shut the window, and ran up to inform us that a man wanted to come in; he was not like any body she had ever seen, but he must be a gentleman, for he had a gold-laced hat. My mother immediately thought it was a messenger to tell her my uncle was

dead; 'oh no,' said I, 'I dare say it is my papa.' In the mean time the poor gentleman grew impatient and knocked again. When he was admitted, we found him to be a little old yellow round man, dressed in a scarlet waistcoat laced with gold and a bob wig. My mother ran up to him, took him by the hand, and said, 'Oh! Mr. Diaz, what have you to tell me? is he alive? is he well?'—'Both, my dear good lady, thank God,' said he. 'Let me sit down, and look at you, for I am so glad; I do not know how to express myself.' I then caught his eye. He jumped up. 'Miss Gulston, I presume?' Mama nodded assent to the identity of my person. 'Young lady, I beg your pardon;' and the man took both my hands and kissed them. At last he took two letters out of a pocket-book, gave one to my mother, the other to me; mine was directed to Miss Gulston, and it would not be an easy task to describe the eagerness with which I opened it. The contents were, —'My dearest child—I am afraid you will be disappointed when you learn that, instead of the young papa you expected one day or other to see, you must be contented to accept your old uncle in that character. You have hitherto led a melancholy life; but I promise you it shall be in future as happy as it can be made, by the tenderest indulgence of your ever affectionate father, JOSEPH GULSTON.'

"My mother, whose letter was much longer, was reading it with tears streaming from her eyes. I knew not what to think; whether it was joy or grief I felt I could not tell; I crept softly to my mother, and laid my hand upon her arm; she understood me, and embracing me said, 'Do not be frightened, my love, at seeing me cry; they are tears of joy, for I am now the happiest of women.'

"I was now informed that Mr. Diaz was my father's book-keeper, and had known my mother when she was a child. I asked Miss Cornish why my father had been so secret; she said, I must learn all particulars from my mother; she could only tell me that she herself had always known who my mother was, and that she was married to the person whom I took for my uncle. She added, that my father was very rich, and a member of parliament. Mr. Diaz came the next day, and took us in his coach to purchase all sorts of decorations; this was soon done, for my mother would

not buy half the fine things Diaz and Cornish recommended. The only purchase I remember was a flowered silk gown for Hannah. The bustle which took place kept us all employed. I wanted to know a great deal; but, as mama said little, I thought it right to adhere to my maxim of not asking questions. One thing I learned in general conversation from Mr. Diaz, that my mother was a Roman Catholic. Had he said she was a Mahometan, it would not have shocked me more; for I had so often heard my father speak severely against the Papists, that I really held them in horror. Mama saw my astonishment, and said, 'It is very true, my dear; you know I told you I was at my devotions when I arose early on a Sunday; I then went to mass.' Excellent creature! said Diaz, with hands and eyes lifted up. He was a rigid Papist; and it was remarkable that, with my father's bigoted aversion, the wife he loved, and the friend he trusted, should both be of that persuasion.

"On the whole, I found myself less tranquil, less happy than I was before. I felt indignant at things having been concealed from me, which seemed to have been known to every body else; for even Hannah told me she knew my uncle (as we called him) was my father, though she acknowledged she did not know his *real* name. My mother was thoughtful and busy. Miss Cornish bored me with rules of behaviour in which she was herself totally uninformed. Hannah followed me (every moment she could spare from arranging her wardrobe) with congratulations and raptures at the grand life we should now lead. Though so many years are passed, I can exactly draw my character as it then was. My heart was very susceptible, and I loved my mother almost to agony; I was conceited and captious if mama or Miss Cornish laughed at any thing I did or said; I was affronted even to resentment; I was grave, not to say dull, and from the constant attention that had been paid to me, and the want of young society, I was pedantic and unnatural; in some respects I possessed information beyond my years, in others I was a mere infant, and I was not mistress of a single talent.

"The great, the important day at last arrived, when we were to quit our humble habitation. There then appeared a new coach with four fat black horses

and a still fatter coachman, a chariot and pair with two servants on horseback, all in new liveries; this was a height of magnificence to which my ideas had never soared. The steadiness of my philosophy sunk many degrees, and, however mortifying it may be, I must acknowledge that a new guest called *vanity* stole into my heart.

"Nothing could exceed the affectionate joy with which my father received us; my mother was overcome almost to fainting; she soon recovered herself, and in a few hours appeared as much at home as if she had never been absent; it was not so with me; the number of servants, the parade of the dinner, the sideboard of plate, &c. kept me in perpetual astonishment, and, far from despising Hannah, I sought her company, that we might talk of *these things*. 'To be sure, Miss,' said Hannah, 'it is Heaven upon earth to live so and see such plenty, but I *takes* care not to appear strange, and I would advise you to do the same, that the *servants* and the company may not think we never saw any thing handsome before.' Had Miss Cornish heard Hannah's maxim of deceit, how would she have trembled for her pupil's morals!

"Kew Green at that time consisted of very few houses; there was not one between that we inhabited, and what was called the palace. As I was walking in the garden with my father, a man called over the hedge, 'How do you do, neighbour? What a shy fellow you are! After passing yourself off for a bachelor, you have brought home a wife and children, I hear. Fie upon you! what will the widow say? I have just sent George to her house with a willow branch.'

"I was all astonishment to hear my father with his hat in his hand reply, in the most respectful manner, to what I thought a very impertinent address. It was Frederic prince of Wales; George was afterwards our king, and the widow was lady Irwin, who was lady of the bed-chamber to the princess of Wales. It seems this same widow and my father were a constant *royal jokes*; she was a good-looking oldish person, and whether having been twice married they thought she had no dislike to the state, or her having declared (though highly prizing the Howard blood), that she knew no situation so useful and so respectable as that of an English merchant,

gave rise to this badinage, I cannot tell: be it as it may, she was very friendly to my mother, and took a great deal of notice of me. She was so learned that I believe she knew as much Latin as a second-form boy does at Eton; she wrote poetry, and every body was afraid of her.

"My father was very popular, which, added to a great deal of curiosity, brought a neighbourhood of ten miles round to visit us; my mother was delighted, and the people were all charmed with her easy manners and great vivacity. As to myself I suffered torture; while only elderly folks were present I was tolerably easy, but when *misses* came I felt so awkward, so inferior in accomplishments, that I would gladly have parted with all the wisdom of which I had been so proud, for only a little share of their playful pleasantness; in general I was thought little better than an idiot. Lady Irwin took to me partly out of contradiction, (for she was always exclaiming against pert forward girls), and partly, I believe, at the request of my father. She sent for me whenever she was at leisure, and was diverted with my *oddities*, my *maxims*, and my *innocence*. By her advice my father kept me two years in the country, during which time I made a rapid progress in forgetting my maxims, and became a little like other young people."

•• The candid simplicity of this narrative renders it particularly interesting, and we are pleased to find that the lady who penned it became in the sequel an amiable and respectable matron, while her brother was honorably known as an amateur and patron of literature and the arts.

A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE, *from a Novel which bears that Title.*

NEAR the end of a London spring (that is to say, about the middle of August) was married by special license, at her father's house in Harley-street, Emmeline Benson to Ernest, lord Fitzhenry, only son of the earl of Arlingford. The ceremony was like most others of its kind; the drawing-room was crowded with relations and friends on both sides, dressed in congratulatory smiles and new bridal finery.

Emmeline's father, an opulent city merchant and banker, appeared arrayed

in a completely new suit for the occasion. The first gloss was not off his coat, which hung stiff upon him, as if not yet reconciled to the homely person to which it was destined to belong, while each separate bright button reflected the collected company. His countenance glowing with happiness, he busied himself in attentions to his guests, provoking, by his remarks, those congratulations which flattered his pride and parental fondness, and, with bustling joy, making the necessary preliminary arrangements for the ceremony about to take place, which was to raise his only and beloved child to that elevated situation in life, in which it had ever been the first wish of his heart to see her placed, and which his partial affection thought her so well fitted to grace.

Mrs. Benson's feelings seemed of a less joyous nature, and sometimes even a tear started into her eye, in spite of herself, when she endeavoured to smile in return to the kind wishes of her friends. She was too fond a mother not to feel painfully the loss of her daughter; and that feeling was not unmixed with anxiety, in giving her to one of whom she personally knew little.

All were now assembled except the bride and bridegroom. The father of the latter, apparently as much delighted as Mr. Benson himself with the intended union, was of course among the company; but lord Fitzhenry did not appear! Various conjectures were formed as to his absence. One person declared he had observed his carriage at the door of his lodgings as he had passed; another, that he was certain he had seen him in a distant part of the town not long before. The delay was beginning to be awkward, and, at every distant sound of wheels, both fathers looked anxiously along the street, but in vain. At last, the welcome rattle of a carriage driving furiously was heard. It stopped at Mr. Benson's door, and in a minute lord Fitzhenry, with a flushed cheek, hurried into the drawing-room. Awkward as such an entrance must naturally be, still his agitation seemed even beyond what the circumstances of the moment would have been likely to produce on a young man of the world.

Lord Fitzhenry, at twenty-seven, was remarkably well-looking, and on his countenance and whole figure was that stamp of high birth, which, even where beauty does not exist, more than com-

pensates for its absence. The general character of his countenance was that of openness and good-humor; but an agitated, even a melancholy expression now clouded it, which all noticed.

The marriage ceremony commenced immediately. As it proceeded, the bridegroom trembled violently. When called upon to pronounce his vow, his voice was scarcely audible; and as he placed the ring on his bride's hand, he nearly let it fall to the ground. But all was soon finally said and done—~~the~~ few are the words which, once read over, totally change our existence, and fix our fate in life for ever! The usual congratulations passed, and the chaise and four, decorated with bridal favors, rattled to the door. Emmeline threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms—the first sob, since those of childhood, which had ever been wrung from her light heart. Her proud father gaily kissed her cheek, addressing her by her new title of “lady Fitzhenry;” then, drawing her arm within his, hurried her down stairs, and placed her in the carriage, into which the “happy pair” drove off as fast as four post-horses could convey them.

How blank such moments are to those who remain behind! The company soon separated after the usual breakfast, and Mr. and Mrs. Benson were left alone. All excitement over, the deserted mother's spirits then sank; mournfully she paced the now silent room, and mechanically removed from the table Emmeline's work-box, which she had left behind her, gazing on her name, engraven on the lid, till her tears burst forth. Her distress roused Mr. Benson from the trance of exultation in which he had been lost as he watched the last bridal carriage that had driven from the door, and he kindly hastened to his wife.—“Why, my good woman, crying? and on such a day, when you should be so happy—for shame! for shame!”—Mrs. Benson shook her head mournfully “God grant it may indeed prove a happy day! may our beloved child be so!” and she sighed deeply.—“How can you doubt she will?” said her husband; “she has every thing this world can give; rank (and he laid a great stress on that word), riches, youth; and, for a husband, a most excellent and accomplished young man, of whom every one speaks well; none of your gamblers, jockeys, spendthrifts. I am sure Emmeline and ourselves are the envy of all

our acquaintance. Any one might be pleased and proud to see his daughter so well married."—Mrs. Benson again sighed, wiped away her tears, and then quietly returned to her usual avocations.

After the performance of the nuptial ceremony, the bride and bridegroom repaired to Arlington-Hall. The journey was melancholy, because Fitzhenry was musing on the impropriety of his conduct, and Emmeline was too modest to break the silence. He resolved to tell all to the lady, to let her fully enjoy the honors, the worldly advantages of the situation he thought she had in her union with him sought; to assure her he would ever endeavour to make her happy, but that she must never hope for his affections. Often, after an awful pause, he resolved to speak, but each time his courage failed him; and, finding all explanation by word of mouth impossible, he then resolved on writing to her. For that purpose he left his bride soon after dinner, and she had time to ruminate on her situation, before he returned. When he re-appeared, he seemed in the feverish state of one who had taken a desperate resolution: he hurried up to her, asked whether she wished for candles, and rang the bell violently till it broke. His hand shook so much, that he tried in vain to tie the string together again. Emmeline smiling said, she supposed she was more used to strings and knots, and begged to assist him. As she took the cord, her hand accidentally touched his—it was as cold as ice. The servant brought in candles, and asked, if his lordship, or my lady, would have supper, or wine and water: 'Yes, some wine directly,' said Fitzhenry, hardly conscious of his demand. When it came, he endeavoured to pour out some for Emmeline; but twice, from the nervous shaking of his hand, he was forced to put down the bottle. The bride was really alarmed. "Surely," she said timidly, "you are very unwell." He did not seem to heed her, but drank off a large goblet of wine, and then with a steadier voice and manner said, "I have something on my mind which I must make known to you—perhaps I should have done it sooner—I thought it best for both of us to write it," and he held out his letter: "Take it with you into your own room," he added, seeing that she was going to break the seal. He took up a candle, gave it her; went with her to the door, put his hand on the

lock, and said, "When you have read this, forgive me if you can;" then hastily seizing her hand, which he almost convulsively grasped, he left her.

What poor Emmeline's feelings were, can be better imagined than described. In one short moment, a thousand vague fears and horrors passed through her mind. It was her turn now to tremble, as, with the dreaded letter in her hand, she hurried to her own room. She there found her maid, whose presence disconcerted her much; but she resolved to take off her gown speedily, and then dismiss her. Never before, she thought, had her attendant been so slow and tedious. She entangled or pulled every string into a knot. At last, her gown off—that beautiful lace gown in which her poor mother had that morning, with so much pride, arrayed her—all her bridal finery laid aside, she told her maid she wanted nothing more.—"Nothing more, my lady!" said the maid astonished; 'shall I not put up your ladyship's hair? Shall I not wait to take away your candle? Mrs. Benson desired me to'—and she stopped short.—"No, I want nothing," again said Emmeline, in a voice she could hardly command. When the servant was gone, Emmeline sat for several minutes with the letter in her hand, before she had courage to open it. At length, taking a violent resolution, she broke the seal, and was shocked at the unkind communication.

••• Such a marriage was necessarily unhappy. The husband, having contracted it solely with a view of extricating his father from embarrassments, and having previously connected himself with a friend's wife, for whom he had a stronger affection than for Emmeline, suffered this amiable woman to appear as "a wife and no wife," and defied the opinion of the world: but he at length saw the folly and baseness of his conduct, and died in her arms with indications of penitence.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT, *pleasantly illustrated; from the Novel of Penelope.*

Two persons become companions on a journey;—one is a gentleman of the old school; the other, a believer in the increasing sense and wisdom of our times. Mr. Kipperson, the *intellectual* man, says to the stranger, 'You have

been abroad, I suppose, sir?'—'I have, sir,' said Mr. Primrose, 'and that for a long while: it is now upwards of sixteen years since I left England, and I am most happy to return to it. Many changes have taken place since I went abroad, and some, I hope, for the better.'—'Many improvements have indeed been made in the course of that time. We have improved, for instance, in the rapidity with which we travel; our roads are as smooth as a bowling green. But our greatest improvements of all are our intellectual improvements. We have made wonderful strides in the march of intellect. England is now the first country in the world for all that relates to science and art. The cultivation of the understanding has advanced most astonishingly.'—'I remember noticing when I was in India,' said Mr. Primrose, 'that the number of publications seemed much increased; but many of them appeared to be merely light reading.'—'Very likely, sir; but we have not merely light reading; we have a most abundant supply of scientific publications; and these are read with the utmost avidity by all classes of people, especially by the lower classes. You have no doubt heard of the formation of the mechanics' institutes?'—'I have, sir,' replied Mr. Primrose; 'but I am not quite aware of the precise nature of their constitution, or the object at which they aim. Perhaps you can inform me.'—'That I can, sir,' said Mr. Kipperson; 'and I shall have great pleasure in so doing; for, to tell you the truth, I am a very zealous promoter of these institutions, the object of which is to give an opportunity to artisans, who are employed all day in manual labour, to acquire a scientific knowledge, not only of the art by which they live and at which they work, but of every thing else which can be known or become a subject of human inquiry or interest.'—'But surely,' interrupted Mr. Primrose, 'it is not designed to convert mechanical into scientific men. That seems to my view rather a contradiction to the general order of things.'—'I beg your pardon,' replied the other; 'you are repeating, I perceive, exploded objections. Is it possible, do you think, that a man should do his work worse for understanding something of the philosophy of it? Is it not far better, where it is practicable, that a man should act as a rational reflecting creature, than as

a piece of mere machinery?'—'Very true, certainly, sir; you are right. Ay, ay, now I see: you instruct all-artisans in the philosophy of their several employments; for instance, I suppose, you teach architecture and read lectures on Vitruvius to journeymen-bricklayers?'—'Nay, sir,' replied Mr. Kipperson, 'we do not carry it quite so far as that.'—'Oh! I beg your pardon,' replied Mr. Primrose; 'I had not the slightest idea that this was carrying your system too far. It might, perhaps, be a little refinement on the scheme, to suppose that you would teach tailors anatomy; but, after all, I do not see why you should start at carrying a matter of this kind too far. The poet says, 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;' and, for my own part, I can see no great liberality in this parsimonious and stinted mode of dealing out knowledge; for, unless you teach the lower classes all that is to be taught, you make (or, more properly speaking, keep up) the distinction.'

Mr. Kipperson was not best pleased with these remarks: he saw that his fellow-traveler was one of those narrow-minded aristocratic people, who are desirous of keeping the mass of the people in gross ignorance, in order that they may be the more easily governed and imposed upon; though in good truth it has been said, that the ignorant are not so easily governed as the enlightened. The ingenious and learned Mr. Kipperson then replied, 'You may say what you please, sir, in disparagement of the system of enlightening the public mind; but surely you must allow that it is far better for a poor industrious mechanic to attend some lecture on a subject of science or philosophy, than to spend his evenings in drunkenness and intemperance.'—'Indeed, sir, I have no wish to disparage the system of enlightening the public mind; and I am quite of your opinion, that it is much more desirable that a labouring man——'—'Operative, if you please,' said Mr. Kipperson; 'we have no labouring men.'—'Well,' pursued Mr. Primrose, 'operative: the term used to be labouring or working, when I was last in England. I will agree with you, sir, that it is really better that an operative should study philosophy, than that he should drink an inordinate quantity of beer. But do you find, sir, that your system does absolutely and actually produce such effects?'—'Do

we?' exclaimed Mr. Kipperson triumphantly: 'that we certainly and clearly do; it is clear to demonstration; for, since the establishment of mechanics' institutes, the excise has fallen off very considerably. And to what can that deficiency be owing, if it be not to the fact which I have stated, that the operatives find philosophy a far more agreeable recreation after labour than drinking strong beer?'—'You may be right, sir, and I have no doubt you are; but, as I have been so long out of England, it is not to be wondered at, that my ideas have not been able to keep pace with the rapid strides which education has made in England during that time. I am very far from wishing to throw any objection or obstacle in the way of human improvement. You call these establishments 'mechanics' institutions;' but pray, sir, do you not allow any except mechanics to enjoy the benefit of them?' Now there is a very numerous class of men, and women too (for I should think that so enlightened an age would not exclude women from the acquisition of knowledge) who have much leisure and little learning—I mean the servants of the nobility and gentry at the west end of the town. It would be charitable to instruct them also in the sciences. How pleasant it must be now for the coachman and footman, who are waiting at the door of a house for their master and mistress, at or after midnight, instead of sleeping on the carriage, or swearing and blaspheming, as they too frequently do, to have a knowledge of astronomy, and study the movements of the planets! Is there no provision made for these poor people?'—'Certainly there is,' said Mr. Kipperson. 'There are cheap publications which treat of all the arts and sciences, so that, for the small charge of six-pence, a gentleman's coachman may, in the course of a fortnight, become fully acquainted with the Newtonian theory.' Mr. Primrose was now delighted and astonished; he could hardly believe his senses; he began to imagine that he must himself be the most ignorant and uninformed person in his majesty's dominions. 'But,' continued he, 'if those persons, whose time and attention are of necessity so much occupied, are become so well informed, do others, who have greater leisure, keep pace with them; or, I should say, do they keep as much in the

advance as their leisure and opportunity allow them? For, according to your account, the very poorest of the community are better instructed now, than were the gentry when I lived in England.'—'Education, sir,' answered Mr. Kipperson, with the tone of an oracle, 'is altogether upon the advance. The science of instruction has reached a point of perfection which was never anticipated; indeed, I may say, we are astonished at ourselves. The time is now arrived when the only ignorant and uninformed persons are those who have had the misfortune to be educated at our public schools and universities; for in them there is no improvement. I have myself witnessed the most shocking and egregious ignorance in those men who call themselves masters of arts. They know nothing in the world about agriculture, architecture, botany, ship-building, navigation, ornithology, political economy, ichthyology, zoology, or any of the thousand sciences with which all the rest of the world is intimate. I have actually heard an Oxford student, when looking over a manufactory at Birmingham, ask such questions as shewed that he was totally ignorant even of the rudiments of button-making.'—'Astonishing ignorance!' exclaimed Mr. Primrose, who was rather sleepy; 'I dare say they make it a rule to teach nothing but ignorance at the two universities.'—'I believe you are right, sir,' said Mr. Kipperson, rubbing his hands with cold and ecstasy; 'those universities have been a dead weight on the country for centuries; but their inanity and weakness will be exposed, and the whole system exploded. There is not a common boys' school in the kingdom which does not teach ten times more useful knowledge than both the universities put together, and all the public schools into the bargain. Why, sir, if you send a boy to school now, he does not spend, as he did formerly, ten or twelve years in learning the Latin grammar; but now he learns Latin and Greek, and French, German, Spanish, Italian, dancing, drawing, music, mapping, the use of the globes, chemistry, history, botany, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, hydrodynamics, astronomy, geology, gymnastics, architecture, engineering, ballooning, and many more useful and indispensable arts and sciences, so that he is fitted for any station in life, from a prime minister down to a shoeblack.'

Before this speech was finished, Mr. Primrose was fast asleep; but short is the sleep in a coach that travels by night. The coach stopped and awoke him from a frightful dream. We do not wish to terrify our readers, but we must relate the dream in consequence of its singularity. He dreamed, then, that he was in the island of Laputa, and that, having provoked the indignation of some of the learned professors by expressing a doubt as to the practicability of some of their schemes, he was sentenced to be buried alive under a pyramid of encyclopædias. Just as the cruel people were putting the sentence into execution, he awoke and found his coat-collar almost in his mouth, and heard the words *geology* and *physiology* from the lips of his fellow-traveler. He was very glad to find that matters were no worse."

THE KUZZILBASH, a Tale of Khorasan.
3 VOLS.

THE hope of rivaling the fame of Hajji Baba, has impelled another writer, who is evidently well acquainted with Oriental manners and customs, to throw his personal experience into the form of a fanciful tale; and he has evinced considerable talent in the execution of his pleasing task; but his judgement is not equally conspicuous, for he has very awkwardly introduced a second story, instead of interweaving or connecting it with the principal tale, and the supernatural agency is badly managed.

Ismael, a young Persian, is carried away from his father's ruined habitation by a party of Toorkoman marauders.—He passes the time of his captivity on the banks of the Oxus, under the appellation of *Kuzzilbash* or Red-Head (a name given to the Persians in general), and strengthens his frame and sharpens his courage by manly exercises and martial exploits. He at length escapes across the desert, and enters into the service of Nadir Shah, whom he follows from one victory to another, until his adventures terminate in the felicity of marriage.

The incident which has the chief influence on his subsequent fortune, is his introduction to Nadir's brother, while he is wandering in the desert after his escape. The interview is described with due spirit.—"The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as

the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly springing on my feet, I looked around for the cause of alarm, and saw a single horseman advancing. To tighten my girdle round my loins, to string my bow, and prepare two or three arrows for use, was but the work of a few moments; before these preparations, however, were completed, the stranger was close at hand. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his hard countenance, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good-humor and benevolence. His turban, sadly torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, was wound around a red cloth cap, that rose in four peaks high above the head. His riding-coat of crimson cloth much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, showed the links of a coat of mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge trowsers, of thick, fawn-colored Kerman woollen-stuff, fell in folds over the large red boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the match-lock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already traveled far.

"When this striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country, "Whoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!"—"Why, boy," returned the stranger, in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, "thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm."—"Nay," rejoined I, "I am on foot and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions; either retire at once, or show thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me; dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy design. Beware!" and so saying, I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it toward him. "By the head of my father!" cried the stranger, "thou art

an absolute youth!—but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See," continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again, "See, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not." With that he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and, leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me.

"Taught from my youth to suspect and to guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something, in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing, that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm composed step.—'Youth,' said he, 'had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares: I have traveled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed; thou meanest not,' added he with a smile, 'to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What, still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence.' With that he unbuckled his sword, and threw it with his matchlock upon the turf. 'See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?'—Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: 'Pardon,' cried I, 'my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils, fears even their shadow—here are bread and salt; eat thou of them; thou art then my guest, and that sacred tie secures the faith of both.' The stranger, with another smile, took the offered food. 'See, youth, I am forward to prove my sincerity. I consent to be thy guest, as thou wast first in occupation of this spot; and, indeed, I am like to profit by it, seeing thy stores seem better and larger than mine; it is some days since I have eaten a bit

of bread like this. But now, with thy leave, I shall bring hither my weary horse, that he too may rest and be refreshed.' He gave a long whistle, and the animal came trotting to his call; then loosing the saddle, he scraped the sweat and dust from his sides, rubbed him heartily for a while, pressed his muscles, and drew his joints after the fashion of a good and careful groom; then throwing over him a horse-cloth of felt, which had been fastened to the saddle, permitted him to graze at will. In all this I assisted, and gained many commendations for my willingness and dexterity.—'So! well done, young man, one may see that thou hast learned to tend a horse; there, rub his nose well; lift up that off fore-leg till its joints crack again; now pull his tail, nothing pleases a wearied horse more than that—we'll then clap this cloth on him to keep his loins warm.'

"After this task had been performed, the stranger, turning to me, said, 'See, the first beams of the sun have lighted up that distant mountain; it is the hour of prayer, a duty I never neglect, neither should'st thou omit it.' The stranger performed his ablutions in the clear stream, and used it as men do who have toiled long. He bathed his head, his breast, and feet, and let the cool water stream over his beard. He then prayed long and devoutly, prostrating his forehead upon a piece of clay brought from Kerbelah. As I was less accustomed to protracted devotions, my prayers were sooner over, and I felt half ashamed at the circumstance: at last he rose and approached me: 'And now, youth, let us see what we can muster for breakfast.' He then produced very stale bread and cheese, and a few withered roots of garlick. 'Here,' cried he, opening wide his eyes, 'here is a pretty mess for a hungry man indeed! I hope, young man, you are better supplied; if not, come share with me and welcome; there is enough to keep life in our bodies till we reach better quarters.'—'Remember,' said I, 'thou art my guest; we join stocks on this occasion, at all events, and I have plenty for both.' With that I produced my store, which was very respectable; it consisted, it is true, only of barley bread, but less ancient than that of my new friend, with some tolerable cheese, some dried plums of Bokhara, and grape jelly, all good of their kinds, and all in sufficient quantity

to quiet any scruples he might have felt at interfering with my proper allowance. Indeed, such scruples seemed to be foreign to his frank and liberal nature, and he eyed the eatables with a look that sufficiently declared how welcome they were.—“Hah, my young friend; you travel well provided—such things are not to be picked up in every corner of the desert: let us fall to, in the name of God.”—We then fell upon the victuals like men who had fasted long, and who might not soon again find wherewithal to satisfy their appetites. At length, both being satisfied, and a pause having ensued, the stranger took occasion to remark on the singularity of finding a youth like myself alone in so dangerous and desert a country. But, greatly as I had been prepossessed in favor of my new friend by his frank deportment, I did not think it altogether prudent to intrust him with my story; I therefore merely replied, that I had traveled from a great distance, and had encountered many dangers, but that, by the mercy of God, I had been preserved in the greatest extremity, and got my store of provisions replenished when nearly exhausted.—“Well,” said the stranger, “I press not to know thy secret; yet thou art young, and, though bold and cautious for thy years, mightest not be the worse for assistance from one who has seen something of the world, and who well knows every foot of these dangerous plains. Thou hast seen that I seek not to harm thee, and I tell thee, youth, there is something in thy look that draws me strongly to thee. Thy garb would speak thee a Kuzzilbash; but thy horse and his harness, with thy spear, bow and arrows, are those of the sons of the desert:—I might, for well I know their fashion, that they belong to the tribe of Tekeh;—yet there is something of more noble lineage in thy large dark eyes, thy high straight nose, and the smile which plays around thy mouth. But be thou who thou mayest, Ibrahim Beg Keerkloo would never take a base advantage, even of a foe, whose guest he hath been, and with whom he hath eaten bread and salt, and whose hand has been given, as to a friend, in the broad desert.”

That our author has the eye of an artist, we might be induced to believe from the following picturesque delineation.—“In one place, the river, which sometimes was hardly visible among the

VOL. IX.

reeds, took a sweep beneath a shoulder of the bank rather higher than the rest, and swelled out into a little lake; a white sandy beach bounded its waters at the foot of this bank, which rose above it, covered with green turf. Nearly in the centre of this beach, a spring of clear cold water, which took its rise some hundred yards off, under a rock, fell into the lake. So tempting a spot had not been neglected in days of yore: the spring, from its source to the margin of the lake, had been enclosed within a garden, which, to judge by its remains, must have belonged to some powerful personage. Much care had, at all events, been taken to embellish the garden; canals, with stone cisterns, had once adorned it, and fountains might be traced, which scattered the pure waters of the stream around to cool the air.—Many stumps, for the most part quite decayed, though some still threw out a few sickly shoots, proved that groves of orange, pomegranate, and other fruit trees; once flourished here, and long slender runners of the vine still crept among the tangled weeds. Just upon the edge of the bank, the little stream, after filling a canal, had been trained to fall over an artificial cascade of stone, the sides of which had been adorned with ornaments of the same; but the canal was almost obliterated, and the stone over which the water rushed was broken, and had fallen in such a manner as to confine the stream still more. A rude spout of stone had been placed so as to collect it in the basin below, and to enable the women to fill their water-vessels more easily. A huge old sycamore tree grew on one side, and overshadowed the basin; and a vine, which had rooted itself among the broken stones, formed a still closer covering, protecting the water from the rays of the sun, so as to render it always cool and refreshing. It was a delicious spot, and had become the favourite rendezvous of the whole neighbourhood. The women came morning and evening to fill their water-skins; the elders of the men met to smoke under the shade, and the youths to talk over their exploits performed or anticipated, to play at games of chance, and listen to tales, or to gossip with the women; the children sported below upon the green bank, or threw themselves into the sparkling waters of the little lake at its foot.

A scene more connected with polished

life is represented with some degree of elegance and force.—“I perceived that I was in a small apartment, exquisitely fitted up with all that could contribute to comfort and to luxury. The roof was painted with flowers of azure and gold; richly flowered hangings of felt and silk covered the greater part of the walls: and the shelves and recesses were filled with china and other ornamental toys. Carpets of the most brilliant colours covered the floor, and along the top and sides of the room were spread the thickest and softest cloths of Kerman. A brilliant fire of wood, blazing in a handsome recess, diffused at once a delightful fragrance and a genial heat through the apartment; and several silver lamps, and candlesticks bearing waxen tapers, shed a light equal to that of noon-day. But it was not immediately that these particulars could be observed, for my whole faculties were at first engrossed by one object; and that was a lady of majestic mien, richly dressed, who sat leaning upon a silken cushion, at the upper end of the apartment. She was tall and elegantly formed; a vest of green velvet, embroidered with gold and lined with fur, was confined about her waist by an orange-coloured shawl, while another of rich crimson, and of ample dimensions, floated around her person, and fell in graceful folds almost to her feet. A black silk veil, falling from her large turban, half-hid and half-displayed a face which left the gazer no power of dwelling on minor beauties. The black-penciled brow rose over an eye full and dark as the antelope's, but piercing and commanding like the eagle's, while a cheek, vying in its hue with the blossom of the pomegranate, gave earnest of all the loveliness which was yet concealed.—She clapped her hands three times, upon which a private door opened, and some female slaves entered, bearing trays covered with the choicest dishes. Our appetites were courted by the most delicately-seasoned kababs and stews, omelettes, creams, and sweetmeats; and the richest sherbets of pomegranates, of limes, and of cinnamon, flavored with rose-water, mantled in china basins, to quench our thirst. Fatima, with the sweetest smile, now invited me to sit by herself, and helped me with her own hand to the choicest morsels, first tasting them to give them an additional relish. I in my turn, when I found a dish of

surpassing flavour, entreated her to accept a portion from my hand.”

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO ENGLAND, *by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. 1828.*

A WORK of this kind becomes particularly interesting at a time when the Turkish empire in Europe is exposed to such danger as to be (we hope) on the eve of extinction. The incorrigible barbarians of the Crescent have too long been suffered to pollute the soil of Europe, and to oppress our Christian brethren in every form of tyranny and insult. The apprehension of Russian aggrandisement, in the event of their expulsion, ought not to be put in the balance against the credit and advantage of that act of political justice which would confine them to Asia Minor, or drive them to their original haunts.

Dr. Walsh, acting as chaplain to the British ambassador at Constantinople, had many opportunities of accurate observation, and his accounts in general are apparently faithful. While he admits that the Turks have some powerful means of resistance, he is of opinion that all their efforts cannot avert or long delay their ruin.—“Their great apprehension is, that the Russian invasion will be made by sea; and, in this persuasion, the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus resemble one continued fortress, from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea. In the year 1821, when a rupture was apprehended with Russia, all the castles were completely repaired, and additional batteries were erected on every point of land which bore advantageously on the channel, so as to present a most formidable obstruction to any approach by water. Such batteries, however, will be altogether untenable if attacked on the land side, the high ground above the shores of the Bosphorus every where commanding them; and, if a landing should be effected any where in the rear, they must be immediately abandoned.

“When I contemplated, on my travels, the extent of the Turkish territory, the fertility of the soil, the abundance of the resources, the cattle and corn it produced, and the interminable capability it possessed of producing more; the large cities of Adrianople,

Shumla, Rutschuk, and the multitude of villages scattered over the country ;—when I considered the despotic government that had absolute power over all these resources, to direct them in whatever manner and to whatever extent it pleased, and that this was but a small portion of the vast empire which extended over three parts of the globe,—it seemed as if the Turkish power was a sleeping lion, which had only to rouse itself and crush its opponents. But when, on the other hand, I saw the actual state of this fine country,—its resources neglected, its fields lying waste, its towns in ruins, its population decaying, and not only the traces of human labour, but of human existence, every day becoming obliterated ;—in fine, when I saw all the people about them advancing in the arts of civilised life, while they alone were stationary, and the European Turk of this day differing little from his Asiatic ancestor, except only in having lost the fierce energy which then pushed him on :—when I considered this, I was led to conclude that the lion did not sleep, but was dying, and after a few fierce convulsions would never rise again."

Our author says, "The Turks obtained possession of their European empire under a Mahomet, and they are firmly persuaded that it will be lost under a Mahomet,—and that Mahomet the present sultan." But this remark is founded on a vulgar error. We know that this name is written in many different ways—*Mohammed, Mahoma, Mahommed, Mehemet, and Mahomet*. The first mode is right, and the other readings are corruptions; yet they all refer to the same appellation; while *Mahmoud*, though it so nearly resembles the name of the Arabian prophet, is as different in effect as our *John* is from *James*, or *George* from *Gregory*. The Turks cannot entertain that superstitious dread of which the chaplains speak, because they know that the names are substantially different. If the reigning grand-signor could claim the prophet's name, he would be styled *Muhammed the Fifth*, as four of his predecessors bore that appellation; but it is certain that he is called *Mahmoud the Second*, and this well-attested point settles the dispute.

This sublime personage seems to be a favorite with Dr. Walsh, who cannot, however, deny his horrible cruelties.—

"The number of janisaries destroyed by his order is variously reported. Beside those who perished at the barracks and in the streets, multitudes were caught and privately strangled in the houses where they were found: all the officers, with the exception of a few of high rank who had joined the sultan's party, were known to have perished; and the general opinion is, that 20,000 were sacrificed on the occasion. Arabas and other machines were employed for several days in dragging down the mangled bodies, and casting them into the harbour and the Bosphorus. Here they lay till, becoming buoyant by corruption, they rose to the top, and were floated into the sea of Marmora, where the eddies frequently carried them into still water, covering the surface with large putrid masses, in which boats and ships were sometimes entangled and delayed.

"Since the destruction of the janisaries, a death-like tranquillity has reigned at Constantinople, which no cause of excitement can disturb. Had the public mind been in that sensitive state when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived, which displayed itself at the breaking-out of the Greek rebellion, it is highly probable that the whole of the Frank population would have fallen victims to a popular phrensy, which no authority could control. But the spirits of the people were subdued, and their courage broken down; and the ordinary causes of irritation were powerless to move them. Whether the discipline of the new corps can supply the want of this undisciplined energy in future encounters, remains to be tried. Had the new system-time to organise itself: had habit rendered the discipline agreeable to the Turkish soldier, and practice made him expert,—no doubt it would have been a renovation which would have infused energy and vigour into a decaying system; but the Turkish empire seems just now in a perilous state of imbecility, the old military being destroyed, the new unorganised; their courage subdued, their attachment alienated; and just at the critical moment threatened with a combination of force such as they never, in their highest state of power, had to encounter. The sultan who has effected this perilous undertaking, in which so many of his predecessors failed, is a man, not in the prime, but still in the vigour of life.

He succeeded Mustapha in the year 1808, and so has been on the throne twenty years. He is now the only survivor, I believe, of thirty children—fifteen boys and fifteen girls—which his father left, and is the last of the prophet's male race of an age fit to reign; and it is to this circumstance, they say, he is indebted for his inviolability.—Had there been another of the sacred race old enough to substitute in his place, the janisaries would have long since deposed him. He had two sons, one about the age of ten, to whom their eyes were turned as his successor, when he should arrive at competent years; and he knew, by experience, it was as easy for them to do this as to say it; for both of his predecessors had been strangled, one of whom was his own brother. His son prematurely died; and it was reported that he had been removed from the world by his own father, lest he should be set up in his place. It is known, however, that the boy died of the small-pox, and that his father has given an extraordinary example to his subjects, by having his surviving children vaccinated; and so has shewn, in one instance at least, a disposition to adopt European improvements in things not merely military. He is, moreover, a man well versed in oriental literature, writes and understands Arabic well; and his *hata sherifs*, which he always dictates, and sometimes writes with his own hand, are admired for their style and composition. He is not a man of a morose or cruel disposition in his own family; on the contrary, he has several daughters by different mothers, to all of whom he is affectionately attached; and in his ordinary intercourse in private life he is urbane and affable. His public conduct, however, has been marked by extraordinary fierceness and unrelenting rigour, not only to *rayas*, but to Turks themselves; and in this he has shewn an impartial disregard to human life, and not a strict adherence to human obligations. But, whatever his conduct has been to his own subjects, to those of other nations he has afforded the most inviolable protection. He has discontinued the barbarous practice of his predecessors, in sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers; instead of which, whenever they disagree, and are disposed to depart, he affords them every facility, and those of their nation who

please to remain are in security. During the phrensied excitement of the populace, which took place at the breaking-out of the Greek insurrection, the odium and prejudice of the Turks extended to all Christians; yet the Franks were perfectly safe, while the Greeks were shot without mercy wherever they were met by the mob; and, notwithstanding a few accidents which occurred to individuals in the confusion, we never hesitated to walk abroad, either in the town or its vicinity, for business or amusement, though every Turk was armed with a yatagan and case of loaded pistols, which he was ready to use on the slightest provocation. On more recent occasions, where such real cause of complaint and irritation existed, it is but justice to the sultan to say, that his moderation and good faith have afforded examples which the best Christian nations in Europe might be proud to follow."

Of the stupid ignorance and obstinacy of the Turkish character striking instances are given.—"The Turks are so rude and ignorant, that they think a man degraded who understands any other language than Turkish: when I addressed Mustapha, therefore, in English at the post-house, he would not answer, as it would have exposed us both to the contempt and insult of the fellows about us, from which he had no means of protection. This determined hostility to knowledge is, perhaps, the most extraordinary trait in the Turkish character, and distinguishes them from every other nation at the present day. It is hardly possible to conceive a people priding themselves on being ignorant, and despising those who are not so. The only one I ever heard of, who acquired a knowledge of a Frank language, was Mustapha, and he was a renegade, and did it at the hazard of his life. The prejudice is not less among the upper and educated classes. The Turks, in their intercourse with foreign nations, are always obliged to use *rayas* as interpreters. The important function of dragonman to the Porte was always performed by Greeks before the late insurrection; and, when the Turks thought they could no longer confide in them, there could not be found in the empire one, of themselves, capable or willing to hold a communication in a foreign language, and they were obliged to confer the situation on a Jew. They

have since that, however, established a seminary for the instruction of a few young Turks in the different Frank languages, that they may be able to undertake and discharge a duty so important and confidential, and no longer depend on the suspicious fidelity of strangers. This tardy and reluctant adoption of a measure so indispensable, is a strong proof of the pertinacity with which they adhere to ancient prejudices, which no one but a man of the energetic character of the present sultan could dare to oppose, or oppose with any effect."

"I had occasion to remark the strange aptitude of a Turk to differ from a Frank, even in his most trifling habits. The house next to a barber's shop was in progress of building, and there was a man writing down some inventory. All the persons I saw engaged were working in a manner opposite to our usage. The barber pushed the razor from him—ours draws it to him; the carpenter, on the contrary, drew the saw to him, for all the teeth were set in—ours pushes it from him, for all the teeth are set out; the mason sat while he laid the stones—ours always stands; the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—ours always writes on a desk or table, and from left to right; but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the bottom, and finish to the top; this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top, and the upper rooms were finished and inhabited while all below was like a lantern. However absurd these *minutæ* may appear to you, they are traits of Turkish character, which form, with other things, a striking peculiarity. It is now three centuries and three quarters since they took Constantinople: during all that time they have been in constant contact with European habits and manners, and, at times, even penetrated as far as Vienna, and so occupied the very centre of Christendom. Yet, while all the people around them have been advancing in the march of improvement, in various ways, they have stood still and refused to move; and such is their repugnance to any assimilation, that almost all the men who attempted to improve them, have fallen victims to their temerity, or the Turks themselves have perished in resistance; and, with

very few exceptions, the great body of them are, at this day, the same puerile, prejudiced, illiterate, intractable, stubborn race, that left the mountains of Asia; and so indisposed are they to amalgamate with us in any way, that they still preserve a marked distinction in the greatest as well as in the minutest things."

CURIOUS TRAVELS OF A DIPLOMATIST
in the Interior of Mexico.

THE visitors of different parts of England, provided that they have plenty of money, which may be called the sinews of travel as well as of war, may command such luxurious accommodation as will almost make them forget the comforts and delights of home; but this is rarely the case in other countries of Europe;—still less can it be expected in South-America.

Speaking of one of his excursions from the Mexican capital, Mr. Ward says, "We proceeded to Huahuatoca, where we slept. It was long since the inn there had opened its gates to such a cavalcade as ours; but, bad as the accommodations were, we determined always to stop at the inns, in lieu of private houses, except in places where we intended to pass some days, on account of the inconvenience with which the reception of so numerous a party must have been attended any where else.

"Mrs. Ward was accompanied by two Mexican maids, who, with the children, occupied a large coach, drawn by eight mules. As we shut up our house in the capital, our whole establishment attended us, although with some changes of character, in order the better to suit them to our purposes upon the road. For instance, one of the footmen acted as postilion, and, with the coachman, took entire charge of the coach, while a lad, who had been employed in the kitchen, appeared in the double capacity of mule-driver and cook. In addition to these, we had three servants for house-work upon the road; two men to drive the baggage-mules, and two stable-men to take charge of the horses; and, although the number may appear large, yet such were the complicated wants of the party, the various beds to put up and unmake, and the difficulty in obtaining provisions, that it was all that our united efforts could accomplish to get into

marching order at seven o'clock in the morning, before which time we seldom found it possible to set out. One man was generally sent in advance to secure rooms, and to act as purveyor; this duty devolved upon a fine athletic fellow called Hilario, who had served as an artillery-man during the war of independence, and who retained enough of his old military habits to make a most valuable *avant-courier*. Mounted on an excellent horse, he scoured the country in every direction, and if milk, meat, or vegetables, were to be found, we always had them for our evening meal.

"The party consisted of Mrs. Ward, Mr. Martin, the French consul-general, Dr. Wilson, Mr. Carrington, and myself. We were afterwards joined by the messenger to the mission, Don Rafael Beraza, and formed, with our servants, a squadron of sixteen men, well mounted and armed, with eight baggage-mules, and as many loose horses, which composed the advanced-guard. The great Mexican coach followed. The servants rode next, with their sabres, guns, and lassos, all dressed in the leathern *ranchero* costume, which, in addition to its convenience in other respects, had the recommendation of being the cheapest possible traveling dress; and we ourselves brought up the rear, to pick up stragglers, and to keep the party together. In very bad ground, the order of march was reversed, and we took the lead ourselves, in order to examine the ravines, and to ascertain the spot where the carriage could cross with least damage. In this respect Hilario was of the greatest use, for he had the eye of a hawk, and some idea of the powers of wood and iron, and knew that there were some things which it was impossible for them to bear. His countrymen in general drive over or through every thing, and look excessively surprised when an unfortunate wheel gives way with a crash, after surviving trials, which it would make an English coachmaker's hair stand on end to look at. I could not imagine, at first, to what the toughness of Mexican wheels was due; for they are clumsily put together, and the iron part is composed of separate pieces, instead of forming one compact circle. But then the whole is so bound up with stripes of raw hide, which contract in the sun, that it will rather bend than break, and can hardly fall to pieces under any circum-

stances. It sometimes indeed assumes rather an oval than a circular form, but this fault corrects itself; the projecting parts are worn down by the rough and rocky roads; and as to any little additional motion during the process, it so seldom falls to the lot of a Mexican to glide over the country with the sort of even movement to which Mr. MacAdam's labours have accustomed people in England, that a few jolts more or less are really not perceptible.

"After this description, my readers will not be surprised to hear that none of our party entered the coach as long as they were able to sit on a horse, and that Mrs. Ward, far from finding it a relief, endeavoured, from the first, to extend her daily rides until she was enabled to perform nearly the whole distance on horseback; which she so far accomplished as to ride, I think, fourteen hundred miles out of the two thousand, to which the aggregate of our journey may have amounted. Between a *passo* horse and a carriage, on such roads, it is impossible to hesitate, except when the sun is so powerful as to render the protection of a roof desirable. The dust, which is at times exceedingly distressing when riding, cannot be avoided; it had the effect of making us extend our line of march considerably; and, on a windy day, there was often a space of nearly half a mile between the head and rear of the column; the necessity for this increased as our live stock augmented, which it did prodigiously upon the road; for, when we got into the breeding countries, where horses and mules were cheap, we made new purchases in order to relieve our tired animals, and entered Mexico on our return with fifty-six beasts of different kinds. We often amused ourselves with fancying the sensations which the appearance of our caravan would have excited in Hyde Park, or Longchamps, where the wild horses and mules, and the servants driving them at a gallop with the lassos whirling round their heads—the guns, and pistols, canteens, and camp-beds, and coach, in size like a Noah's ark, perambulating, by some accident, the land instead of the waters, with festoons of *tasajo* (dried strips of beef), and handkerchiefs full of onions and tortillas attached to different parts of it by the servants—would have formed a curious contrast to the neat chariot and

four, with patent lamps and liveried attendants, in which the preparations for a journey in Europe usually consist. Nor would the night scenes have appeared less singular, with the packsaddles and horse-acoutrements arranged in rows under the corridor; the arms of the servants suspended near them; the horses picketed around, and the muleteers stretched on the ground by the side of a large fire, cooking their mess for the night in a common kettle, or preparing their beds under the coach, which served as a general place of rendezvous. Chapita, the Indian nurse, used to superintend the culinary operations of this group; and often have I seen her, before daylight, bending over the fire, and concocting a kettle of *cham-porada* (a mixture of chocolate, maize, and water), with the child slung to her back, exposed to the bracing cold of the morning air.

"We generally stopped at some rancho to breakfast, or sat down wherever there was shade, to eat the provisions which we had brought with us. When we had finished our daily progress, the mules and horses were relieved from their loads and driven to water and to bathe; after which they enjoyed their rest and food during the remainder of the day. At four in the morning, the lassoing and saddling began; for, as the beasts were all loose, there was no other mode of securing them. This operation occupied a couple of hours; after which the luggage was properly placed, and the whole party gradually put into motion. We lost a great deal of time during the first two or three days, from the want of a systematic mode of proceeding, the servants being new to their work; but, as soon as they learned how to distribute it most conveniently, each took his own line; and, as we all assisted in making up the packages, it was curious to see the rapidity with which the rooms resumed their desolate appearance after being enlivened for a time with a few symptoms of European civilisation. I have seen a bed dismounted, rolled up, and transferred to a mule's back in less than five minutes.

"Mrs. Ward patiently bore the hardships of the journey, getting up two hours before sunrise, and sitting for one hour at least in a cold room, wrapped up in a buffalo-skin, with a poor little sick child to take care of, while the ar-

rangements of packing and loading were going on. In December we had a hard frost almost every night; and, as there was no possibility of getting a fire of any kind within doors, there was little warmth or comfort to be obtained before the sun rose; and, though we knew that we should be scorched afterwards, we have often hailed its appearance as a real relief. From the scarcity of rooms, Mrs. Ward, the two children, and the maids, were usually quartered together; Mr. Martin and I slept in another apartment; the rest of the party in a third; while, if a fourth could be procured, which was not often the case, the servants crowded into it for the night, with a saddle and a blanket for a bed. The muleteers were provided for amongst the packsaddles: the coach was confided to the guardianship of a large bulldog, with whose ferocious looks the natives were much alarmed, while, in the interior of the rooms, a white terrier of my own, who accompanied me in all my travels, supplied the place of the fastenings, with which no Mexican door is ever provided. We generally found, when Hilario had been successful in his catering, a large mess of meat stewing down upon our arrival. To this we added the game collected upon the road, which was usually sufficient to furnish not only ourselves, but the servants, with an ample meal. At six or seven o'clock we sat down, where seats could be procured or manufactured, to our homely repast, and at eight we were glad to take refuge from the cold in bed."

THE CONTINENTAL TRAVELLER'S ORACLE, by Dr. Abraham Eldon. 1828.

THIS appears to be an assumed name, and the work wears so doubtful a complexion, that it is difficult to determine whether the writer is in jest or in earnest. We consider him, however, as a sharp satirist, rather than a good-humored jester. After we have thus introduced him, let him speak for himself. He says, "The real purport and practice of travelling have been misunderstood, and the art, as an art, most singularly neglected. There is no rule laid down to make it either a pleasure or an economy; and every young raw twaddle-dee of a schoolboy or half-pay officer who comes out, runs thus up and

down, knocking his head against a thousand errors, and going back with as meagre a face and purse as if all this time he had starved respectably at Brighton or London. I have made what use I could of thirty-five years of vetturino travelling; and, having enjoyed its advantages, I should wrong the bounteous dispensations of Providence—which gives us talents not to be put up under lock and key, like potted jam in the corner of a room, and shew a certain churlishness in return for its favours—did I not do all which lies within my power, for the perpetual improvement and bonification of travelling. There are a thousand little secrets known only to the inquisitive and the endurer; and, though I have no sinister hope of a patent, I think that a little of that favour, which of late years seems to have been lavished upon gas, Mechanics' Institutes, and what not, should be extended to improvements which, if well managed, may in process of time turn out to the mind, what gas has turned out to the body. It is in this view I write—but *Verbum sapienti sat*, and I have paid, by my conciseness, that compliment to my reader. And if indeed I shall have saved a single penny in the richest purse, or tended to have given one flower more to the multifarious wreath which the traveller weaveth from inn to inn. I shall have done what I could; I shall have done my duty,—nor altogether have lived like the servants and rowers of Ulysses, but left some traces behind me of my existence, in the curses of innkeepers and the benedictions of travellers. I have lived but for this; and, when I shall have seen it even partially effected, then may I depart in peace, and lay down my head quietly to die.

"I left Paris, a great town, with a little-minded people, filled with painted dolls, insolent soldiers, noise, dirt, and hatred of the English; and glancing at Switzerland and its goats and mountains, I entered Italy by the Mont Simplon. It is now, I am told, a somewhat better road, if, indeed, like all new-fangled improvements, it is destined to last: money extorted can never come to good, and we all know how the Corsican paid his men. It is one thing to build from your own purse, and another from the purses of others; nothing is more easy than to put your name upon the works of your neighbour. I arrived

at Milan late one stormy evening, and saw it in a day. It looked fat, flourishing (this I say without offence to the general who may now govern it), and a place where a man might find good pavements, large churches, puppet-shows, clôt-chat, and a proper sense of order and obedience. I shall say nothing of Turin, farther than to admire its garrison, its cocked hats, and its king, than whom there could not be a more respectable tutor-looking personage to govern a nation of little boys. Genoa I did not see, reserving it for a future visit. Of Florence I shall say nothing now: it is sufficient that I have chosen it for my residence,—a choice which speaks volumes, and in itself is a sort of marriage. Bologna is a town not altogether unworthy of its learning and sausages, though, after much inquiry, I could find neither of such a quality as to satisfy me. Through Sienna I passed for the first time blindfold, and came out, as I went in, in the dark. On my return, I had a better opportunity offered me, and seized it. The women are as soft and seductive, I am told, as their language and accent, and as kind and courteous as bashful travellers can desire them. It is a pic-nic town, got up from the good and bad of all times, and seems to have had its streets and bye-ways much bewrayed by torrents, bad men, and earthquakes. The country about it is bald and bleached, and looks as if vegetation had been washed or burnt out by volcanoes, the French, or other devastators, perforce. I passed through Rome, biting my lips that I could not stay to see St. Peter's, the origin of Protestantism; and hurried on, as fast as lame horses, and the fear of brigands, could carry me, to Naples. The Campagna struck me as an *argumentum-ad-hominem* evidence of the abominations of the church of Rome. Not a weed that grows there, but has been sown by some erroneous dogma. It is quite clear that agriculture can never flourish as long as they believe in transubstantiation, and that we never should have heard of the malaria under a Protestant religion and priesthood."

The author ridicules, with more spleen than taste, the antiquarian zeal of the visitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum.—"I had neglected seeing Pompeii, but this I do not much regret: it is a shameful waste of money to attempt scraping and sweeping away the ashes from so

miserable a village. One Italian palace, I have heard, is nearly as large as the entire market-place, and there is scarcely a church which would not swallow up the whole tribe of the temples. There is nothing, I must avow, which so completely sickeneth me as cant; and to pretend there is any thing wonderful or out of the way, in an oxen, or a baker's shop, or a cellar, because it is *ancient*, is, to say the best of it, a most miserable affectation, worthy only of our black-letter gossips. Yet such is the force of habit and evil custom, that you will see our daintiest dames putting their heads into every crevice, and conjecturing upon the use of every stone, when, without stepping out of their own land, especially if they be Irish, they may meet a variety of ruins. With half of the money expended in excavating this village, I would engage to build a most respectable market-town in any part of his Neapolitan majesty's dominions; and I cannot sufficiently commend the singular sagacity of that prince, who, to put an end to the abuse at once, or to perish in it, erected an expensive palace, of exactly the same size, immediately over Herculaneum."

He also betrays his want of taste, when he dares to speak of the *trumpery* and *trash* of Michael Angelo and other celebrated men who adorned Italy with their productions in art. But, when he adverts to the present state of Naples, we are less disposed to complain of the freedom of his remarks.—"Where are the inhabitants? After all, you must take out your opera-glass for them as well as for mere stones. Naples is a Noah's ark—every variety of creation, from man up to beast, is aggregated there. It is a Pandora-box of tribulations (without Hope at the bottom,) but they are so well-drest and agreeable, you would be sorry to exchange them for pleasures elsewhere. If you pull the string of the puppet-show, and ask for a king, up starts a *rex ipissimus*—the Jupiter Scapin of royalty—the *Quangnam O!* the desired of legitimacy—the *ne plus ultra* of governors, not even excepting Sancho—and the father and grandfather of an affectionate and well-whipped people. If you ask for religion—it crowds on you in clouds of laughing priests and jovial nuns, and gay sermons and light-hearted funerals, and gold and scarlet ceremonies, and annual miracles, and phantasmagoria,

and masquerade, and dancing and singing. If you tire of piety, and take to law,—in the turning of a glass, you may have a court stifling with lawyers, passing along the magic lantern; but how to distinguish judge from criminal, or criminal from judge, except by their dress, better eyes than mine will find it difficult to tell.

"Women you need not call; they will come, and cross and crowd upon you like gnats from a mill-pond, so fulfilling their vocation, which created them to try men. A Neapolitan woman is twice a woman; her soul is all over sex, her body a fine fortress for such a soul. If you can endure her voice, she will open on you with eyes and smiles,—a fearful battery for a deaf man. Every drawing-room has its Circe and its pigs. Happy he who takes the cup to dash it down, and keeps himself man in his and their despite!

"But where are the men here?—I see soldiers—lions in the Toledo, and in the field hares,—men of pasteboard, men of melo-drame, men of feathers and gold; men, in which the man has been forgotten; men, in fine, who are still waiting for a soul. I see brigands, who dictate to kings, and whom kings cheat. I see ministers—humble imitators of brigands—in wholesale, what *they* are in retail—who carry their wisdom in their purses, and play their punch on a grand scale to the people. I see a populace, but no people;—a city, and no citizens;—abundance of materials, and nothing made;—legs, arms, heads, and feet, but no men;—Chaos rolling its abortions about, and a wild clamour for creation; but the world laughing at the struggle, and pushing them, as they rise, back again into the mud. I see—and I am never tired of seeing—a great comedy acted by millions, and every one of the actors laughing at himself. This is Limbo let out on a holiday—a paradise above and paradise below, and devils between. Merry Beelzebubs they are, and much should we thank them for thus playing for mankind. Europe would die of hypochondriasis without such a buffo to keep her in a broad laugh as this Naples; it is the Bobadil of every thing serious; the methodised madness, the harlequin of every thing comic amongst our kind. The company should be kept up by public subscription; no man who wishes to live longer than his ancestors should

omit Naples. Every day here will be a year hereafter:—store up sunshine and laughter whilst you may, as you preserve plums and peaches in summer. You will have occasion enough to unbottle both in England."

The general advice with regard to travel, is ludicrously amusing: but we can only quote a part of it.—"Children destined by their parents to be travellers, should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transferred for half an hour to the kitchen fire; they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone, more than once, before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all; in the deserts of Arabia there is seldom either:—they should be clad thinly; the brigands of Terracina frequently strip their victims:—they should know how to go naked on emergencies; tailors are not to be had in the wilderness. They may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter. Should their weak constitutions sink under it, the parents ought not to have chosen this profession: the fault is with them, and not with my *dictum*."

"Give the future traveller those books to read which stimulate most the natural curiosity; the more extravagant (truth can be had any where) the better. Munchausen is a good book, if he be intended for Germany. Carr will do for

Holland, and, I believe, Ireland (if any one travels there, now that he can travel any where else); Chateaubriand for Greece and the East; Eustace for Italy; the Fudge Family for France; and, as for Switzerland, I leave him to William Tell, Macready, and the Panoramas.

"It is a false idea,—*experto crede*,—to teach a child the languages: lost time, words not things, much whipping, no less disgust; this is the harvest of those who sow the wind to reap the whirlwind, and do nothing but rear a cross child into a stubborn boy. A servant will perform the wonder which defied the pedagogue, in a single week. It is true, he will not teach reading, but a man may read to travel, though he does not travel to read. After a few days' chattering, add the vocabulary—Galignani's, if you like: I warrant you, he will never after want post-horses or a good dinner. As to the ladies, a good person and a sweet smile speak every language. But other accomplishments should not be neglected: smoking, for instance, which cannot be begun too soon. I would put a boy into the short pipe at six, if possible; then get him at ten to the German, and to the chibouque, and the hookah or narghili (if intended for the *voyage outremere*), at twelve.—The niceties, for there is as much idiom in snuff-taking, can only be acquired in the country itself."

THE ROUQUET OF JONQUILS, *gracing a fair Bosom.*

FLOWERS of the sun, whose parent care
Your golden lustre has bestow'd,
O say, did Cupid place you there,
To guard from harm his lov'd abode?

If so, watch well her gentle heart;
The approach of cold disdain repel;
Nor let soft pity e'er depart
From that shrine where she loves to dwell.

Beam forth, while in that bosom worn,
The brightest gems of all the field:
Those which Aurora's brows adorn,
To your transcendent glow must yield.

Nature, when she endow'd my fair,
From each gay flower some sweetness drew:
She gave to Sylvia's waving hair
Your fragrance and your golden hue.

Ah see! she smiles to view your bloom,
 As heaves her snowy breast the while;
 Waft grateful then your glad perfume,
 Blest flowers! for 'tis an angel's smile.

Reviving in her balmy breath,
 Sunn'd by the radiance of her eye,
 There flourish long, nor fear your death;—
 In such a mode 'tis bliss to die.

Tell her, when other charms expire,
 Your orient tints remain the same,
 And say, surviving life's last fire,
 That thus shall live her lover's flame

V.

AN ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY,

by Mr. Percival.

Is it bliss to see a crowd
 Gazing on thee,
 Or, like a gilded insect, proud
 In flattery sun thee?
 Is there not a dearer thing,
 Than when a fop with painted wing,
 Too poor to bless, too weak to sting,
 Dreams he has won thee?

Is it bliss to think thy charms
 Are lauded ever—
 That all would rush into thy arms,
 And leave thee never?
 Oh! is it not a sweeter thought,
 That only one thy love has sought,
 And in his soul that love is wrought
 So deep it cannot sever?

Is it bliss to hear thy praise
 By all repeated;
 To dream a round of sunny days,
 Then find thee cheated?
 Oh! happier the hidden flower
 Within a far secluded bower,
 Whither some mind of gentle power
 Has long retreated.

Is it not bliss to hear thy name
 From lips so holy?
 Oh! better than the transient flame,
 That circles folly.
 If thou art lovely, thou wilt find
 Pure worship from so pure a mind,
 And love that will not leave behind
 One taint of melancholy.

THE FAREWELL,

by Mr. Mudford.

I WILL not wring thy bosom more,
 Nor ask one last, one thrilling kiss;
 Thy tears shall not again flow o'er,
 Though shed to bless an hour like this.

We need not speak that word, farewell!
 'Twas spoken when we met to part;
 How we have loved we need not tell;
 'Tis told in that which breaks each heart.

The mutual language of our eyes,
 The sighs which now our bosoms swell,
 Say what the falt'ring tongue denies,
 The madd'ning words; farewell! farewell!

SELF-DEVOTION,

from Mr. Rogers' Poem of the Nun.

'Tis over*; and her lovely cheek is now
 On her hard pillow—there, alas! to be
 Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
 Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
 Her place is empty, and another comes)
 In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
 Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
 Ev'n on her bier.

'Tis over; and the rite,
 With all its pomp and harmony, is now
 Floating before her. She arose at home,
 To be the show, the idol of the day;
 Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
 No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
 So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
 She will awake as though she still was there,
 Still in her father's house; and lo! a cell
 Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom discern'd,
 Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
 And the gray habit lying by to shroud
 Her beauty and grace.

Like a dream, the whole is fled;
 And they that came in idleness to gaze
 Upon the victim dress'd for sacrifice,
 Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
 Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
 None seem'd so form'd to love and to be lov'd,

* The ceremony of taking the vow is over.

None to delight, adorn ; and on thee now
 A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropp'd
 For ever ! In thy gentle bosom sleep
 Feelings, affections, destin'd now to die,
 To wither like the blossom in the bud,
 Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
 A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
 A languor and a lethargy of soul,
 Death-like, and gath'ring more and more till Death
 Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
 What now to thee the treasure of thy youth ?
 As nothing !

But thou canst not yet reflect
 Calmly ; so many things, strange and perverse,
 That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
 The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
 Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
 The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
 To the black pall, the requiem.

All in turn
 Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
 Hover, uncall'd. Thy young and innocent heart,
 How is it beating ? Has it no regrets ?
 Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there ?
 But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
 Peace to thy slumbers !

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE AIR AND THE OCEAN,

by Mr. Sotheby.

WHAT art thou, viewless spirit ! whose soft breath
 Floats, whisp'ring, o'er me wooingly, and now,
 Delusive, dies away, as in lone thought,
 Fix'd on my solemn argument, I call
 On nature, and the elements that mix
 Their changeful shapes around her state, to hymn
 Thy glory, God Creator ?—On yon plain
 The sun strikes heavy ; summer noontide glares
 O'er its unshadow'd sultriness ; meantime,
 Under cool umbrage of sequestered groves,
 My native woodlands wild, I wander on
 In pathless solitude, where sight nor sound
 Disturbs me, save at times the shadowy play
 Of leaves, that to the murmur of the wind
 Make melody.

Sweet minstrel ! many-voic'd,
 Again thy whisper vibrates on the leaf
 Delightful, accompanied with rural sounds,
 The bleat of some lone doe, and trill of bird,
 Whose echo charms the woodlands. They have ceas'd ;
 But thou, aerial visitant ! thou com'st
 Most mutable, and other change assum'st,

To woo another sense, wafting around
 My way delicious odors, that exhale
 From mead new-mown, clover, or thymy bank,
 Where summer swarms brush from the purple bloom
 Rich fragrance. Yet, ethereal spirit! thy pow'r
 Bears other office than to charm the sense
 With rural sound in woodlands wild, lone bleat
 Of doe, or trill of bird, or all that breathes
 Enchantment from touch'd lute, in moonlight glades,
 When music melts upon the lip of love;
 And higher province thine, than to diffuse
 Fragrance from mead new-mown, clover, or bank,
 Where summer swarms float on the bloom, and mix
 The song of murmur'ing melodies.

But how fitly laud in song
 Thy wonders, world of waters? How extol
 Thy beauty? Fair art thou, oh, summer sea!
 In still repose, and sweet thy crisped smiles,
 When twilight, slowly fading off, withdraws
 Its shadow from the water, and unveils
 The smooth expanse, on whose far bound the sky
 Rests its blue concave. Yellow daylight then
 Spreads bright illumination; and the breeze,
 In ripples on the sparkling billow, meets
 The morn, where o'er the bosom of the deep
 Light vapors wreath their many-color'd forms.
 Meantime, the sun, with orb of gold, half-ris'n,
 Looks thro' the mist, and on, from wave to wave,
 Levels the tremulous radiance, lighting up
 Far off his western goal. Nor lovely less,
 At still autumnal night-fall, after length
 Of sultry hours, when the last little cloud
 That hung o'er the departing day, has lost
 Its roseate livery, and the last low breath
 Of wind, that like the chanted vesper rose,
 Dies off, and dewy coolness greets its close.
 Gray twilight then and gradual gloom succeed,
 Till, fully-orb'd 'mid heav'n's resplendent host,
 These errant, those at rest, regent of night,
 The moon walks forth in brightness; and each cliff,
 Hoar tow'r, and wood that boldly breasts the tide,
 Smile, touch'd with tremulous light, while 'neath her disc
 The heave of ocean, like a silver globe,
 Swells out dimensionless. Sweet then to pace
 The shore, and, fancy-free, rekindle dreams
 Of blissful childhood, and again pursue
 Far sea-nymphs, in smooth dance, on gleams of light,
 That o'er the wave like silver shadows glide,
 Brush'd by the night-air's wing; or, in lone muse
 Bow'd o'er the stillness of the deep, to dwell
 On lov'd friends gone, till the sooth'd spirit taste
 Of their unearthly quiet.

THE BROKEN GOLD;

by Mrs. Wilson.

I look upon this broken gold,
 And mem'ry traces o'er each scene
 Of happier hours, and days of old,
 When life and love were green;
 Joys that danc'd o'er my light heart then,
 Such as can ne'er be mine again.

I look upon this broken gold:
 'Twas sever'd in love's trusting hour,
 Ere the young pulse of hope grew cold,
 Or the world's storms had power
 To make the spirit's gladsome wing
 A drooping and a blighted thing!

I look upon this broken gold,
 When from the busy crowd I steal;
 I would not scoffers should be told
 All I have felt—and all I feel,
 Nor mark how throbs this burning brow
 With thoughts that should be banish'd now.

I look upon this broken gold—
 Remembrancer of years gone by;
 The hand pledg'd with it now is cold,
 The heart too, long has ceas'd to sigh;
 And of love's early riven chain,
 I—(sever'd link) alone remain!

I look upon this broken gold;
 Alas! it glads these eyes no more:—
 As sinking mariners behold
 Some beacon light the distant shore
 Too late to save, it shows to me
 The wreck that life must henceforth be!

I look upon this broken gold;
 What lesson does it teach me now?
 It says, that years have o'er me roll'd;
 That time in shadow wraps my brow;
 And whispers, 'tis as wrong as vain
 To sigh for youth's bright dreams again!

RECORDS OF WOMAN, AND OTHER
 POEMS, *by Felicia Hemans.* 1828.

AMONG the fair poets who adorn the present age, Mrs. Hemans bears a high (some say the highest) rank. Elegance, grace, taste, feeling, and sentiment, adorn and recommend her productions, which are also tinctured with a spirit of

morality and virtue. Such as read them with the attention which they deserve, can not be led astray, and may become wiser and better.

Records of the passions, virtues, and conduct of women, in various situations and circumstances, form a subject equally adapted to the object of our miscellany and to the talents of this

ingenious writer. The first record is borrowed from the history of Arabella, a lady of the Stuart family, whose union with the son of lord Beauchamp subjected the two lovers to separate imprisonment. Their mutual affection and its disastrous consequences, the attempt

to escape, and the recapture of the lady, are told in a touching style; and the piece concludes with still more affecting traits of sufferings, ending in the near view of death, which relieves the captive.

Expecting the means of escape, Arabella says,

“Sunset!—I tell each moment—from the skies
The last red splendour floats along my wall,
Like a king’s banner!—Now it melts, it dies!
I see one star—I hear—’twas not the call,
Th’ expected voice; my quick heart throb’d too soon
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
Through my lone lattice pour’d, I sit and dream
Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine, or in the citron-grove,
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
I hear my veins beat. Hark! a bell’s slow chime;
My heart strikes with it. Yet again—’tis time!
A step!—a voice!—or but a rising breeze?
Hark!—haste!—I come, to meet thee on the seas.”

Disappointed in her fond hope, she exclaims,

“Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more!—the hope is crush’d
That lit my life, the voice within me hush’d
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!

The unhappy lady continues to pour out her complaints and regrets.

My friend, my friend! where art thou? Day by day,
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream, away,
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
Round hall and hamlet; summer, with her smile,
Fills the green forest:—young hearts breathe their vows;
Brothers long parted meet; fair children rise
Round the glad board; Hope laughs from loving eyes;
All this is in the world!—These joys lie sown,
The dew of ev’ry path—on *one* alone
Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer,
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers,
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent;
O’er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
And the lark’s nest was where your bright cups bent,
Quiv’ring to breeze and rain-drop, like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you Heaven’s eye hath been,
Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you
Hath murmur’d, and the rill. My soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream,—the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound,—the shut from me!

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—
 O love and freedom! ye are lovely things!
 With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
 And by the streams; but I—the blood of kings,
 A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
 Flows in lone brightness,—and its gifts are chains!

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,
 There would be rescue if this were not so.
 Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,
 Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is pour'd,
 Thou'rt where the dancers meet!—a magic glass
 Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
 Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall;
 I see one shadow, stateliest there of all,—
Thine!—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair.
 Whisp'ring light words, and mocking my despair?
 It is not well of thee!—my love was more
 Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore;
 And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
 With all its blighted hopes around it lying;
 E'en thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
 Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for grief!

Farewell! and yet once more,
 Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
 Into that word; thou hear'st not,—but the woe
 And fervour of its tones may one day flow
 To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell—
 We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell!"

Another record illustrates the conjugal love of Gertrude von der Wart, who attends, to the last moment, her tortured and expiring husband.

"Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes rais'd,
 The breeze threw back her hair;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gaz'd:
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

'And bid me not depart,' she cried,
 'My Rudolph, say not so!
 This is no time to quit thy side;
 Peace, peace, I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
 When death is on thy brow?
 The world! what means it?—*mine* is *here*—
 I will not leave thee now.

I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss;
 Doubt not its mem'ry's living power
 To strengthen me through *this*!
 And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
 Bear on, bear nobly on!
 We have the blessed heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won.'

And were not these high words to flow
 From woman's breaking heart ?
 Through all that night of bitterest woe
 She bore her lofty part ;
 But oh ! with such a glazing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek—
 Love ! love ! of mortal agony,
 Thou, only *thou* should'st speak !

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
 Her voice, that he might hear :
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose
 To happy bosoms near,
 While she sat striving with despair
 Beside his tortured form,
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer
 Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
 With her pale hands and soft,
 Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
 Had still'd his heart so oft.
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
 She bath'd his lips with dew,
 And on his cheek such kisses press'd
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
 Enduring to the last !
 She had her meed—one smile in death—
 And his worn spirit pass'd,
 While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
 She knelt on that sad spot,
 And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
 Strength to forsake it not !”

Of the additional or supplementary poems, the *Sunbeam* is the most pleasing.

“ Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
 Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles ;
 Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles ;
 Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
 And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
 Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
 Folding their heights in its dark array .
 Thou brokest forth—and the mist became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
 Something of sadness had wrapp'd the spot ;
 But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
 And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
 And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
 A tender smile on the ruin's head.

'Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scutt'rest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!

AN ESSAY ON LIBERILITY OF MIND
AND A TOLERANT SPIRIT.

LIBERILITY is the result of mental liberty, whence it derived its appellation. It implies an expansion of mind and an unfettered range of thought, connected with a kind and generous disposition. It leads to an equitable consideration of the characters of others, a fair construction of their motives, a full admission of their right to judge for themselves and to differ even from their friends in sentiment, and a candid indulgence with regard to those practices, errors and defects, which are not criminal. It is founded on a rooted and habitual deference to that principle which teaches us to allow to others all the liberty that we ourselves claim and exercise. The best and wisest men may differ both on trivial points and on important questions; and, where much may be said on both sides, petulant altercation and arrogant dogmatism are unbecoming and offensive. Even when your side of the question is supported by what the generality of intelligent persons would deem the most forcible and cogent arguments, you ought not to censure your opponent with harshness or acrimony. You may think him unreasonable or unwise, but you ought not therefore to stigmatise him as an absolute fool;—let him have his own way, as you have your's; for, although his understanding may be inferior to that which you possess, he has a right, as a free agent, to pursue the train of his own ideas, without regard to your dictatorial interference.

There is nothing more productive of a difference of opinion than religion: yet, from its nature, it ought not to

engender ill-will or animosity. Not only Christianity teaches the obligation of general good-will, but also some other systems of religion allow toleration. This, we are sorry to observe, is not a distinguishing feature among the Roman-catholics, although even *they*, in some countries, have relaxed the rigors of their authority. They wish to confine salvation to those who adopt all the doctrinal absurdities of their corrupt church. They accuse the heads of the church of England of gross illiberality; but we may retort the charge by asking, "When did *they*, in the exercise of power, testify any marks of liberality?" Toleration was a term unknown in their ecclesiastical vocabulary: yet they now call loudly for the highest degree of power and office, except that royalty which is denied by the bill of rights to any member of their sect. They wish to have opportunities of legislating for our church, when their bigots will not suffer our parliament to interfere even in the most insignificant point of their spiritual establishment. In the event of farther concessions, we are justified in the demand and expectation of securities; but their priests appear to be shocked at this requisition, and are disposed to insist upon unconditional emancipation. Their nobles and gentry, by being less obstinate, may perhaps, before many years elapse, obtain a grant of their claims.

The subjects of a free state frequently differ in political points, and their disputes are sometimes carried on with that animosity which is inconsistent with social benevolence. We might be altogether surprised at this, if we did not consider that the happiness of a community depends in a great measure upon

good government, the form and construction of which, therefore, cannot be a matter of indifference to a patriot or a reflecting man. Yet even the importance of this consideration ought not to exclude the influence of a candid and tolerant spirit. Against those who are clamorous for reform in the hope of exciting that confusion by which the rabble may profit, we ought to be so far upon our guard as not to increase, by positive favor, their powers of injury; but, while they disguise their views under the veil of plausible argumentation, we must tolerate their opinions, rather than sharply remonstrate against their supposed intentions. We know that reputed thieves are sometimes apprehended by the strictness of our police, when they are walking quietly about the streets; but this practice, in our opinion, is not justifiable; for mere suspicion ought not to lead us into a violation of equity. When Windham had deserted the Whig camp to enlist under the banners of Toryism, he became so furiously intolerant as to recommend a "vigor beyond the law;" but even his ministerial colleagues were disgusted at his political intemperance, and would only chastise the Jacobins for what the law calls "overt acts" of sedition.

A variance in taste, or in manners and customs, can lead only weak minds into intolerance. There is no accounting for differences of taste;—they are not fair objects of dispute, and still less are they just grounds of dogmatical or acrimonious censure. Without descending to the tastes of the *gourmand* or the voluptuary, we will take notice of the taste for literature and the fine arts. Some readers, having no taste for the higher species of poetry, or for the stately dignity of history, prefer light pieces and *namby-pamby* verses to the former, and novels to the latter. Where, we ask, is the harm in such preference? If we enjoy the perusal of the *Paradise Lost*, let us not sneer at a friend for dwelling on the pages of Shenstone: if we admire Hume or Gibbon, let us not impute weakness of mind to one who is delighted with the novels of Fielding, Richardson, or Scott. In painting, we may prefer Raphael to any of his successors; but, if others should conceive that the artists of the Flemish school have given more natural representations, we ought not to be so illiberal as to accuse them of an absolute want of taste.

In sculpture, we are disposed to maintain the superiority of the Medicean Venus to every other extant or even conceivable figure, in elegance of form and justness of proportion; but some, who consider themselves as good judges, pretend to discover various faults in that admirable statue. If we are not pleased at the boldness of these critics, let us at least tolerate and excuse their dissent, because it is a matter of taste. In architecture, there is a striking difference between the Grecian and Gothic styles; but, while we are more pleased with the former, we do not censure the high admiration which many feel for the latter. In music, there is perhaps less diversity of taste than is generally supposed, because there are certain melodies which delight almost every ear, and certain tunes which excite a similarity of gratified feeling among various nations; yet a considerable difference of taste prevails, in judging of voices and of skill, and of the powers of instruments. Some years ago, Miss Wilson was admired by the public as a very pleasing if not scientific vocalist; but there were not a few who said that she was *no singer*;—an opinion which seemed to border on illiberality. The English in general dislike the squeaking tones of the bagpipe; but, as the Scots are particularly pleased with that medium of sounds, let them enjoy their predilection without any arraignment of their taste. A Highlander, it has been observed, "both fights and dances to that instrument with symptoms of glee not inferior to those which are elicited by any harmonic contrivance that musical taste has produced."

The choice of a trade or profession leads also to a diversity of sentiment. Many gentlemen will rather suffer their younger sons to starve in a liberal profession, or lose their lives in the pretended service of their country, than give them a chance of thriving in a vulgar trade. They allow that traders are useful members of society, but scorn the idea of approximation to men of that humble class. Yet there is nothing disgraceful in honest industry, and an intelligent and upright tradesman is at least as respectable as a silly lordling, even though the latter may be able to trace his descent from the royal family. The intolerant spirit of the aristocracy has indeed been softened, in our time, by the wealth of merchants and master-manufacturers; but we have in our eye

a distinguished senator, who, because his father sprang from the loom, is undervalued by the pride of a court. He is merely tolerated for his abilities, not regarded with friendliness or complacency.

That intolerance which feels disgust at a trifling difference in ordinary manners, may rather be ridiculed than sharply censured. The earl of Chesterfield, for instance, was not very willing to sit at the same table with Dr. Johnson, because the great moralist did not eat or drink genteelly, and was not sufficiently clean in his person or neat in his dress to please the fastidious peer.—There would have been some reason for this disgust, if Johnson had been as dirty in his appearance and habits as Magliabechi, the librarian of Florence; but that was not the case. The doctor, in his own way, was as intolerant as the peer; for he boasted that he could not endure conversational frivolity or absurdity, and sometimes insulted Mr. Thrale's friends for talking nonsense; yet, like other great men, he occasionally fell into the error which he condemned.

Without dwelling longer on this subject, we exhort our readers to tolerate, in others, every difference of opinion or of taste which does not militate against decency and moral propriety, or the obligations of religion and virtue.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Present State of the Missionary Establishments in all parts of the World.—The zeal of conversion is one of the most remarkable features of the present age. Vast sums are annually expended for the propagation of Christianity, and seminaries are established in many countries for preparing and training missionaries. We do not think that the holy work is conducted in the best possible manner: yet there is no doubt that much good is the result of this fervent and increasing zeal. The volume is partly a translation from the German, and partly the composition of Mr. Frederic Shoberl. To all who take an active interest in the diffusion of our revered religion, this publication will be most acceptable: it will show them how the labors of pious men have prospered in the vast regions of the East, in the polar

circle, in Africa, in the wilds of America, and in New Holland; and they will be able to estimate the effect of what has been done, by descriptions of the previous condition, moral, political, and religious, of the people among whom Christianity has been introduced. The work is rendered amusing by many characteristic anecdotes, and by accounts of the numerous countries which are now the theatres of missionary zeal.

Germ of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.—Metaphysical discussions are too dry and uninteresting to suit the generality of readers; but, as they tend to promote our acquaintance with the theory of the mind, they are worthy of some notice, even though they may never lead to a perfect knowledge of the intricate subject. The writer of this treatise apologises for his attempt by saying, "He who values the highest ends of study, and who is happily free from those imperative bars which duty sometimes opposes to liberal pursuits, will scarcely consider his studies complete, so long as metaphysics are not ranked among their number. Metaphysics may be regarded as a kind of intellectual gymnastics, or moral discipline; and, if, in that quality, they are in some respects inferior to logic, mathematics, or physics, they nevertheless present advantages of which not even those sciences can boast."

On Tendency to Disease of Body and Mind in refined Life, by Leonard Stewart, M.D.—We recommend this volume to the serious attention of fashionable invalids. The advice which the author gives is rational and judicious. The tendency which he professes to correct may in various cases be so obviated as to prevent the waste of high fees; and, where a disease has already taken place, the general principles of cure are well laid down.

Contrast, by Regina Maria Roche. 3 vols.—The merit of this lady, as a novelist, is well known. She must now be declining into old age; yet she has not lost her fertility of invention or her skill in characteristic delineation. The incidents of her new tale are striking, and are introduced with considerable effect; and, in the character of Helena, the dangers of a want of firm self-reliance, of giving the reins into the hands of others, of shrinking from explanation when that alone is necessary, and of allowing the sensibility of the moment

to assume the sway which good sense and discretion ought to hold, are forcibly illustrated.

Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman, 3 vols.—This is evidently superior to the ordinary novels of the day. The plot is well conducted, the characters are ably drawn, the satirical strokes are pointedly happy, and there is even an occasional display of wit.—Two short extracts will serve as specimens of the work:—one treats of the *wonderful* fund of learning acquired at Eton school; the other notices the behaviour of gay academics.

“As I was reckoned an uncommonly well educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make twenty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, *without* an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones *with it*; I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had only been eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five and twenty. As I was never *taught* a syllable of English during this period; as, when I once attempted to read Pope’s poems, out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called *a sap*; as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions; and as, whatever school-masters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing now-o’-days by inspiration; so of every thing which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance.”

“I went to take leave of our college-tutor. ‘Mr. Pelham,’ said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, ‘your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grass-plats, nor set your dog at the proctor—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication—nor the lecture-room, in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men

of family and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college.’”

Historical Tablets and Medallions, illustrative of an improved System of Artificial Memory, designed and arranged by John Henry Todd.—We are not fond of mnemonic systems, because they deal in jargon rather than in sense: yet they may occasionally be used with advantage, where the memory is so weak and frail, as to seem to require arrangement and association. Cicero informs us, that Simonides the Ceian was the first who devised a regular art of memory; but, as his system is not precisely known, those who are in the habit of forgetting occurrences and dates must be content with the use of modern systems. Mr. Todd has taken great pains with his subject, and his plan is the best that we have seen; but we cannot conveniently particularise it.

Demonologia, or an Exposé of Ancient and Modern Superstitions.—We do not see the necessity of a work of this kind; for not only the records of general history sufficiently expose the former influence of superstition, but that march of intellect of which we boast will in a great measure prevent its recurrence, or confine it (if it should still occasionally appear) to the lowest and weakest of mankind. True religion disdains such aid, and will flourish more without it.

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR
MAY AND JUNE.

May 20.—*Another Change in the Ministry*.—When Mr. Huskisson consoled with the men who had hunted his friend Mr. Canning to the grave, he could not expect that they would treat him with any deference or regard; and he consequently found his situation displeasing and uncomfortable, although exterior harmony for some time prevailed in the cabinet. In the East-Retford question, he properly voted against the transfer of the right of suffrage to the neighbouring hundred, thinking that it ought to be given to some populous town now unrepresented; and, when he had made this *faux pas* (as the leading ministers thought it), he confessed his fault in a letter to the duke of Wellington, who, though he did not otherwise intend to cashier the colonial secretary, as this was

not a question of vital importance, was evidently glad to *get rid of* an incontinent associate. His grace sent a laconic reply.—“Your letter has surprised me much, and has given me great concern. I have considered it my duty to lay it before the king.” If he had wished to retain Mr. Huskisson in the cabinet, he might easily have adjusted the difference; but he construed, into a positive resignation, that intimation which was not so intended, and, by what the secretary styled a “very harsh proceeding,” dismissed him from his post, for the gratification of the high-flying Tory peers, who wished to drive every Whig out of the cabinet. The earl of Dudley, lord Palmerston, and Mr. Charles Grant, now resigned their offices; and thus the people are left to the “tender mercies” of the Tories. We certainly do not say that statesmen of that denomination are invariably hostile to the honor or the welfare of the country; but we cannot refrain from hinting that their uncontrolled sway is rather ominous than auspicious.

26.—*Royal Hospitality and courtly Magnificence.*—Not content with giving a grand entertainment to the sons and daughters of the nobility and gentry, the king subsequently gave a ball and supper to the *adult* courtiers. The throne-room at St. James’ palace was used as a drawing-room, and the royal closet as a card-room; and two apartments were appropriated to dancing. To prevent oppressive heat, and at the same time to obviate the danger of taking cold, the windows of these two rooms, while they were left open, had Canaletti blinds on the outside, and blinds of fine gauze within. The band consisted of thirty performers, among whom were Colinet and Michou. When the company had assembled, his majesty made his appearance, “dressed (says the court-writer) in the regimentals of a field-marshal.” Without speaking too freely of so exalted a personage, we may venture to express a doubt whether his assumption of a martial uniform on almost every occasion is consistent with good taste. There is no stronger reason for the king’s appearing as a general at a ball and supper, because he is the head of the army, than for his being arrayed like an archbishop because he is the head of the church. Would it not be better to appear as a *gentleman* of the highest rank?—The writer adds, that his

majesty behaved to all the company in the “most condescending and gracious manner.” Is not this a matter of course? A prince even of rough manners would treat with respect those whom he had invited, more particularly the ladies; and we know that the manners of George the Fourth are of the most polished description.—The king witnessed the dancing with seeming pleasure: it was kept up with spirit, and chiefly consisted of quadrilles, which, at intervals, were varied with the waltz. After an elegant and costly supper the dances were resumed, and continued until three o’clock in the morning, when his majesty, by retiring, gave a signal for the departure of his highly-gratified guests.

29.—*A Theatrical Dispute.*—Mr. Nathan, the composer, brought an action against Mr. Price, the lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, with a view of procuring a satisfactory compensation for the time and labor which the plaintiff had spent in the composition of the music of a piece called the *Illustrious Stranger*.—Mr. sergeant Jones, for the plaintiff, stated the commencement and progress of Mr. Nathan’s task. After the piece had been produced, it was thought that some additional music would be advantageous, and Mr. Price’s secretary addressed a letter to Mr. Nathan, describing the nature of the addition required. The sergeant then read the following instructions, which produced loud laughter in the court.—“Act 2, Scene 1.—Solemn music for a marriage ceremony—Goes into a bustle—(*Princess fainting*).—Scene last.—March in a soft strain, to end in a crash—soft sound of wind instruments (celestial) to raise the *Princess from the Tomb*—then to rush into bold music.”

The learned pleader said that it was evident from these instructions what a high opinion Mr. Price entertained of the extent and variety of Mr. Nathan’s abilities. The lord chief justice said, “Brother Jones, they seem to have attributed to him the power of raising the dead.”—Mr. Bishop, the composer, was of opinion that the music was worth 250*l.* exclusive of the copyright. But it was established on the part of the defendant, that it was not usual for compensation to be made to composers of music for the theatres, when they reserved the copyright: in fact, the performance of the music in public was deemed an advantage, because it pro-

noted the sale of particular airs and of the whole printed score. This conduct, we think, is unfair and illiberal on the part of managers, who might on the same ground refuse to allow any remuneration to the author of a dramatic piece, because he is at liberty to print it for his own profit.

A Warning to the Fair Sex.—The baseness of man, and the unlicensed indulgence of the strong feelings of woman, are exemplified by a recent incident. A coroner's inquest was holden on the body of Mary McCabe, aged 19 years. It appeared that the deceased was under the protection of a gentleman, who placed her in apartments, where he was in the habit of visiting her, and she was devotedly attached to him. She had for some time been very cheerful; but she fell into a fit of melancholy when her betrayer intimated that he should be necessitated to break off the intimacy between them, and she frequently declared that she would destroy herself if he should desert her. She wrote a letter to him, requesting to know his determination, and she said that her life or death would depend upon the answer she might receive. He declared that his engagements abroad obliged him to leave her, and begged her acceptance of a 20*l.* note, to enable her to pay her rent and other debts. Immediately after receiving his answer, she swallowed two ounces of oxalic acid, and thus fell a victim to illicit love.

Force of Parental Affection.—A party of convicts, proceeding to the coast for embarkation, passed through Clogheen, where one of them had formerly resided. His family gathered round the car to bid him farewell. He grasped his little son in his arms, and it required actual violence to separate them. When the child was taken from him, he called out to the person who had the convicts in charge, "Oh, my heart is broken!"—then fell back on the car, and expired before the party reached the next town. As this statement rests on the authority of an Irish newspaper, it may be doubted by many; but, as there have been similar instances of the paralyzing effect of a violent shock on the feelings, the account may be true.

June 6.—Liberality of the Parliament to the Family of a deceased Minister.—The duke of Wellington proposed a grant of 3000 pounds *per annum* to the widow and two sons of

Mr. Canning, rather as a debt to that statesman, than an act of mere grace and favor. The king (said his grace), had granted a pension of that amount to the minister, when he gave up his prospects in India on being appointed secretary of state; but he had not received any part of it, because he had an official income. To the use of his family it ought now to be assigned, in return for his long course of service.—The marquis of Londonderry declared that he would not have concurred in such a grant to Mr. Canning himself, as he strongly disapproved the altered politics of that gentleman; but he would agree to it in the present case, although, when he claimed a pension for his own services, the secretary had scornfully rejected the claim. In the house of commons, the grant was condemned by lord Althorp and Mr. Hume as unnecessary and improper, and certainly, amidst financial difficulties and general poverty, it is particularly unreasonable; but, as the king had elevated Mrs. Canning to the peerage, it was thought highly expedient that she should be able to support her dignity with some degree of splendor. A commanding majority sanctioned the grant, and would, we doubt not, have readily voted a much larger annuity.

16.—*A Fête Champêtre.*—Many of our readers must have heard of the Dunmow fitch of bacon, formerly given to persons who were ready to state upon oath, that they had not had any altercation for twelve months after their marriage. The duke and duchess of St. Alban's, having passed a year in complete harmony, wished to assert their claims to the *tempting prize*; but, finding that the custom was discontinued, they were content to invite a select party to their seat at Highgate, to celebrate the anniversary of their marriage. At four o'clock in the afternoon, *breakfast* was announced; but the term was a misnomer, as all the guests had *broken their fasts* long before. During this friendly meal, the duke, alleging that he could not procure the genuine fitch, begged the duchess to accept, as a mark of his affection and regard, a silver fruit-basket, on which a fitch was engraven, with the following lines:

"In love connubial, form'd to live and last,
This gift records a blissful twelvemonth past;
We claim then, boldly claim, thy fitch, Dunmow,
First of the blest who keep the marriage vow."

His grace then adverted to a superb plateau on the table, presented on this occasion to the duchess by the dowager marchioness of Bute, consisting of the Trajan and Antonine columns, two Egyptian obelisks, and an equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius, exquisitely executed in gilt bronze.—The duchess said, she wished she could answer the duke in a proper manner, but, though she had spoken in public on former occasions, she could not do so on this.—She then desired him to accept a six-oared cutter, called the Falcon, in allusion to his office of grand falconer of England, and immediately afterwards the boatmen, dressed in yellow silk and green with their oars, and the steersman with his flag, made their appearance in a conservatory adjoining, in which the Canadian Boat-Glee and many other songs were admirably given by Mr. Braham, Miss Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Grant, &c. At some distance from the house, Russian, Spanish, and German ballets were danced in a tent, erected for the purpose, near which many amused themselves with archery. The Tyrolese minstrels and the Herrmans delighted other parts of the company, and the intervals were enlivened by the military band and bugles. The whole concluded with quadrilles and waltzes, in a temporary room erected near the house; and, at the close of the day, the ground assumed the appearance of fairy land, from the number of variegated lamps suspended from the trees.

THE CHOICE OF A VALENTINE, *from the Chronicles of the Canongate, (with an elegant Engraving.)*

[stole a silent kiss :

Condemn me, READERS, if I did amiss.”

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

THE fair maid of Perth, wishing to show her love and gratitude to Henry, hastily arose from her bed, and, “slipping on her dress, which, nevertheless, was left more disordered than usual, tripped down stairs, and opened the door of the chamber, in which, as she had guessed, her lover had passed the hours after the fray. She paused at the door, and was half afraid of executing her purpose, which not only permitted but enjoined the Valentines of the year to begin their connexion with a kiss of

affection. It was looked upon as a peculiarly propitious omen, if one could find the other asleep, and awaken him or her by the performance of this interesting ceremony.

“Never was a fairer opportunity offered for commencing this mystic tie, than that which now presented itself to Catharine. After many and various thoughts, sleep had at length overcome the stont armourer in the chair in which he had deposited himself. His features in repose had a more firm and manly cast than Catharine had thought, who, having generally seen them fluctuating between shamefacedness and apprehension of her displeasure, had been used to connect with them some idea of imbecility. ‘He looks very stern,’ she said; ‘if he should be angry—and then, when he awakes, we are alone—if I should call Dorothy—if I should wake my father—but no! it is a thing of custom, and done in all maidenly and sisterly love and honor. I will not suppose that Henry can misconstrue it, and I will not let a childish fear put my gratitude to sleep.’ So saying, she tripped along with a light though hesitating step and a cheek crimsoned at her own purpose, and, gliding to the chair of the sleeper, dropped a kiss upon his lips as light as if a rose-leaf had fallen on them. The slumbers must have been slight which such a touch could dispel, and the dreaips of the sleeper must have been connected with the cause of the interruption, since Henry, instantly starting up, caught the maiden in his arms, and attempted to return in ecstasy the salute which had broken his repose. But Catharine struggled in his embrace; and, as her efforts implied alarmed modesty rather than maidenly coyness, her bashful lover suffered her to escape a grasp from which twenty times her strength could not have extricated her.—‘Nay, be not angry, good Henry,’ she said in the kindest tone to her surprised lover; ‘I have paid my vows to St. Valentine to show how I value the mate that he has sent me for the year. Let but my father be present, and I will not dare to refuse you the revenge you may claim for a broken sleep.’—‘Let not that be a hinderance, said the old Glover, rushing in ecstasy into the room—‘fo her, Smith, to her: strike while the iron is hot, and teach her what it is not to let sleeping dogs lie still’ Thus encouraged, Henry, though perhaps with less alarming viva-

city, again seized the blushing maiden in his arms, who submitted with a tolerable grace to receive repayment of her salute, a dozen times repeated, with an energy very different from that which had provoked such severe retaliation. At length, she again extricated herself from her lover's arms, and, as if frightened and repenting of what she had done, threw herself into a seat, and covered her face with her hands. 'Cheer up, thou silly girl,' said her father, 'and be not ashamed that thou hast made the two happiest men in Perth, since thy old father is one of them. Never was kiss so well bestowed, and meet it is that it should be suitably returned. Look up, my darling! Look up, and let me see thee but give one smile. By my honest word, the sun that now rises over our fair city shows no sight that can give me greater pleasure.—What,' he continued in a jocose tone, 'thou thoughtest thou hadst Jamie Keddie's ring, and could'st walk invisible? but not so, my fairy of the dawning. Just as I was about to rise, I heard thy chamber-door open, and watched thee down stairs—not to protect thee against this sleepy-headed Henry, but to see, with my own delighted eyes, my beloved girl do that which her father most wished.—Come, put down these foolish hands; and, though thou blushest a little, it will only the better grace St. Valentine's morn, when blushes best become a maiden's cheek.'

"As Simon Glover spoke, he pulled away with gentle violence the hands which hid his daughter's face. She blushed deeply, indeed; but there was more than maiden's shame in her face, and her eyes were fast filling with tears.—'What! weeping, love?' continued her father,—'nay, nay, this is more than need.—Henry, help me to comfort this little fool.'

"Catharine made an effort to smile, but the smile was of a melancholy and serious cast.—'I only meant to say, father, said the maiden, 'that, in choosing Henry Gow for my Valentine, and tendering to him the rights and greetings of the morning according to custom, I meant but to show my gratitude to him for his manly and faithful service, and my obedience to you. But do not lead him to think—and oh, dearest father, do not yourself entertain an idea, that I meant more than what the promise to be his faithful and affectionate Valentine

through the year requires of me.'—'Ay, —ay—we understand it all,' said Simon in the soothing tone which nurses apply to children.—'we understand what the meaning is, enough for once. Thou shalt not be frightened or hurried.—Loving, true, and faithful Valentines ye are, and the rest will be as Heaven and opportunity shall permit. Come pr'ythee, have done—wring not thy tiny hands, nor fear farther persecution now. Thou hast done bravely, excellently.—And now away to Dorothy, and call up the old sluggard; we must have a substantial breakfast after a night of confusion and a morning of joy, and thy hand will be needed to prepare for us some of those delicate cakes which no one can make but thyself; and well hast thou a right to the secret, seeing who taught it thee. Ah! health to the soul of thy dearest mother,' he added, with a sigh; how blithe would she have been to see this happy St. Valentine's morn-

NARRATIVE OF A SECOND EXPEDITION TO THE SHORES OF THE POLAR SEA, in 1825-26, and —27, by John Franklin, F.R.S., including an Account of the Progress of a Detachment to the Eastward, by Dr. Richardson.

Soon after the return of captain Franklin from his adventurous peregrinations, we gave an account of his expedition from such intelligence as some of his officers were disposed to communicate. That sketch now requires to be in some points re-touched, that it may be rendered more correct and striking.

His arrival on the sea-coast gave great joy to the party. At the north-eastern entrance to the main channel of the Mackenzie river (about 2045 miles from the Slave-Lake), an island was discovered, and, when the adventurers approached it, "they had the indescribable pleasure of finding the water *decidedly salt*.—We hastened (says the captain) to the most elevated part of the island, about 250 feet high, to look around, and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us. The Rocky Mountains were seen, and the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice. Many seals and black and white whales were sporting

on its waves, and the whole scene excited the most flattering expectations." But the fine season was then so near its close, that it became expedient to secure winter-quarters at Fort-Franklin. Here they passed a merry Christmas.—"Preparations were made for the celebration of that festival. The house was replastered with mud, all the rooms were whitewashed and repainted, and Matthews displayed his taste by ornamenting a chandelier with cut paper and trinkets. On Christmas eve, the Indian hunters' women and children were invited to share in a game of snap-dragon, to them an entire novelty. It would be as difficult to describe the delight which the sport afforded them after they recovered (*from*) their first surprise, as to convey the full effect of the scene. When the candles were extinguished, the blue flame of the burning spirits shone on the rude features of our native companions, in whose countenances were portrayed both the eager desire of possessing the fruit and the fear of the penalty. Christmas-Day falling on a Sunday, the party were regaled with the best fare our stores could supply; and on the following evening a dance was given, at which were present sixty persons, including the Indians, who sat as spectators of the merry scene. Seldom, perhaps, in such a confined space as our hall, or in the same number of persons, was there greater variety of character, or greater confusion of tongues. The party consisted of Englishmen, Highlanders, Canadians, Esquimaux, Chipewyans, Dog-Ribs, Hare Indians, Cree women and children, mingled together in perfect harmony. The amusements were varied by English, Gaelic, and French songs. After these holidays were over, the Dog-Ribs at length yielded to the repeated solicitations of Mr. Dease, and removed in a body to a distant part of the lake, where the fishery was more abundant. As the hunters were drawing rations from our store, he despatched them in quest of deer, furnishing them also with nets; after which there remained at the establishment only one infirm Indian and his wife."

On a resumption of the scheme of discovery, the whole party narrowly escaped destruction.—"As we drew toward an island situated in a bay, our boats touched the ground when about a mile from the beach; we then made

signs to the Esquimaux to come off, and pulled a short way back to await their arrival in deeper water. Three canoes instantly put off from the shore, and, before they could reach us, others were launched in such quick succession, that the whole space, between the island and the boats, was covered by them. The Esquimaux canoes contain only one person, and are named *kaiyacks*; but they have a kind of open boat capable of holding six or eight people, which is named *oomiak*. The men alone use the *kaiyacks*, and the *oomiaks* are allotted to the women and children. We endeavoured to count their numbers as they approached, and had proceeded as far as seventy-three canoes and five *oomiaks* when the sea became so crowded by fresh arrivals, that we could advance no farther in our reckoning. The men in the three headmost canoes were repeatedly invited by Augustus (a native who was our friend) to approach and receive the present which I offered to them. He next explained to them in detail the purport of our visit, and told them that, if we succeeded in finding a navigable channel for large ships, a trade highly beneficial to them would be opened. They were delighted with this intelligence, and repeated it to their countrymen, who testified their joy by tossing their hands aloft, and raising the most deafening shout of applause I ever heard."

These promising appearances soon gave way to hostility. A *kaiyack* being accidentally overset by its contact with an oar, the savages were irritated, and, being largely reinforced, proceeded to a predatory attack.

"In this unequal contest, the self-possession of our men was not more conspicuous than the coolness with which the Esquimaux received the heavy blows dealt to them with the butts of the muskets. But at length, irritated at being so often foiled in their attempts, several of them jumped on board, and forcibly endeavoured to take the daggers and shot-belts that were about the men's persons; and I myself was engaged with three of them who were trying to disarm me. Lieutenant Back, perceiving our situation, and fully appreciating my motives in not coming to extremities, had the kindness to send to my assistance a young chief who had protected him, and who, on his arrival, drove my

antagonists out of the boat. I then saw that my crew were nearly overpowered in the fore-part of the boat, and hastening to their aid, I fortunately arrived in time to prevent George Wilson from discharging the contents of his musket into the body of an Esquimaux. He had received a provocation of which I was ignorant until the next day, for the fellow had struck at him with a knife, and cut through his coat and waistcoat; and it was only after the affray was over that I learned that four others had also narrowly escaped from being wounded, their clothes being cut by the blows made at them with knives. No sooner was the bow cleared of one set of marauders than another party commenced their operations at the stern. My gun was now the object of the struggle, which was beginning to assume a more serious complexion, when all the Esquimaux suddenly fled, and hid themselves behind the drift timber and canoes on the beach.

"I cannot sufficiently praise the fortitude and obedience of both the boats' crews in abstaining from the use of their arms. In the first instance I had been influenced by the desire of preventing unnecessary bloodshed, and afterwards, when the critical situation of my party might have well warranted me in employing more decided means for their defence, I still endeavoured to temporise, being convinced that, as long as the boats lay aground, and we were beset by such numbers, armed with long knives, bows, arrows, and spears, we could not use fire-arms to advantage.—The howling of the women, and the clamour of the men, proved the high excitement to which they had wrought themselves; and I am still of opinion that, mingled as we were with them, the first blood we had shed would have been instantly revenged by the sacrifice of all our lives."

The native tribes seen by Dr. Richardson were more acute and more civilised than captain Franklin's opponents.—"They seemed to have a correct idea of property, and showed much tact in their commerce with us; circumstances which have been held by an eminent historian to be evidences of a considerable progress toward civilisation. They were particularly cautious not to glut the market by too great a display of their stock in trade, producing only one ar-

ticle at a time, and not attempting to outbid each other; nor did I ever observe them endeavour to deprive one another of any thing obtained in barter or as a present. As is usual with other tribes of Esquimaux, they asked our names and told us theirs,—a practice diametrically opposite to that of the Indians, who conceive it to be improper to mention a man's name in his presence, and will not, on any account, designate their near relatives, except by some indirect phrase. They showed much more curiosity respecting the construction of our boats than any of the tribes of Indians we had seen, and expressed great admiration of the rudder, soon comprehending its mode of action, although it is a contrivance of which they were previously ignorant. They were incessant in their enquiries as to the use of every thing they saw in our possession, but were sometimes content with an answer too brief to afford much explanation; as in the following instance. Ooligbuck had lighted his pipe and was puffing the smoke from his mouth, when they shouted *ookah* (fire), and demanded to be told what he was doing. He replied with the greatest gravity, 'I smoke,' and this answer sufficed. On my referring to an Esquimaux vocabulary, Ooligbuck, in answer to their questions, told them that the book spoke to me, when they intreated me to put it away. I afterwards detected the rogue with the brass thimble endeavouring to steal this book, and placed it, as I thought, out of his reach; it was missing in the evening, but I never ascertained whether it had been purloined by the Esquimaux, or had fallen overboard in moving some of the stores. Seeing me use my pocket telescope, they speedily comprehended its use, and called it 'far eyes,'—the name that they give to the wooden shade which is used to protect their eyes from the glare of the snow, and which, from the smallness of its aperture, enables them to see distant objects more clearly. Of our trading articles, light copper kettles were in the greatest request, and we were often asked for the long knives which are used for flinching whales. It is creditable to the Esquimaux habits of cleanliness, that combs were in great demand, and we saw wooden ones of their own manufacture, not dissimilar to ours in form."

A remarkable Polar scene is well described.—“We continued our course along the coast until we came to the extremity of a cape, which was formed by an island separated from the main by a shallow channel. The cliffs of this island were about forty feet high, and the snow which had accumulated under them in the winter was not yet dissolved, but, by the infiltration and freezing of water, now formed an inclined bank of ice, nearly two-thirds of the height of the cliff. This bank, or iceberg, being undermined by the action of the waves, maintained its position only by its adhesion to the frozen cliffs behind it. In some places large masses had broken off and floated away, whilst in others the currents of melting snow, flowing from the flat land above, had covered the ice with a thick coating of earth, so that at first sight it appeared as if the bank had broken down, the real structure of the iceberg being perceptible only where rents existed. In a similar manner the frozen banks, or icebergs, covered with earth, mentioned by lieutenant Kotzebue, in his voyage to Behring-Strait, might have been formed. Had the whole mass of frozen snow broken off from this bank, an iceberg would have been produced thirty feet wide at its base, and covered on one side to the depth of a foot or more, with black earth. The island was composed of sand and slaty clay, into which the thaw had not penetrated above a foot. The ravines were lined with fragments of compact white limestone, and a few dwarf-birches and willows grew on their sides. The sun's rays were very powerful this day, and the heat was oppressive, even while sitting at rest in the boat; the temperature of the air at noon being, in the shade, 62 degrees, and that of the surface water, where the soundings were three fathoms, 55.”

The ideas of the origin of mankind, entertained by the Dog-ribbed Indians, will remind the reader of the disobedience of our first parents, and the consequent fall of man.—“The first man, they said, was, according to the tradition of their fathers, named Chapewee. He found the world well-stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his

family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world. During this, his first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it all; the consequence was, that, when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their father, and ate of the black, which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they would be tormented by sickness and death—penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life; but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver tooth into his head.”

PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER OF MISS FANNY AYTON; (*with a Portrait.*)

MUSIC, both vocal and instrumental, may be said to have attained a state of high excellence, if not perfection. We have no correct ideas of the music of the ancients; but there is no reason to think that it was equal in refinement to that of the present age. Our professors and amateurs view the subject with more philosophical eyes, see farther into its nature, examine it more closely in all its bearings and tendencies, and make the study more intellectual and scientific.

The young lady whose portrait graces our present number, has a pleasing countenance, expressive eyes, a pretty mouth, and a delicate though not a fine form.—Her voice is pleasing rather than powerful, and more soft than full. She appears to have cultivated the musical science with zeal, and, as she is still very young, she has ample time for future proficiency. She is very attentive to the notes and the character of that music which is allotted to her, and does not deviate from the regular course in the hope of “snatching a grace beyond the reach of art,” probably because she is aware that such attempts sometimes terminate in failure. She does not strain her voice, but well manages its powers, and modulates it with taste and judgment.

Many fair *singers* undertake the performance of dramatic characters before they can *act* with spirit or propriety; but Miss Ayton, by her personation of Rosetta and Catharine, has evinced that vocalism is not her only qualification for public display. She is not indeed equal to Miss Stephens as the representative

of the rural heroine, but she gives interest to the character; and, although her physical powers do not perhaps fully embody the violence of the shrew, she proves, by her mode of acting, that she accurately discerns the lights and shades of the character.

Fine Arts.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy.—Second Survey.—Beside the admired picture to which a fine passage in the *Paradise Lost* gave rise, Mr. Etty exhibits the following pieces;—"Guardian Cherubs with Portraits of the infant Children of the Earl of Normanton," and "Venus, the Evening Star." The former would be more beautiful than it is, if the cherubs had less of the aspect of mortality, and if the whole had greater ease and freedom of touch; and the latter is a well-fancied and well-colored piece.

We are sorry to observe, that Mr. Mulready has only one picture in this exhibition. The subject is the interior of an English cottage. The sun-set and fire-light are given with effect, and the whole is neatly finished; but there is no great interest or meaning in the composition.—Sir William Beechey's *Little Gleaner* is delineated in an easy and natural manner, without the extreme of coarseness or vulgarity.—Mr. Witherington's *Hop-Garden* evinces his great attention to three requisites of his art,—composition, character, and coloring.

We do not admire Mr. Turner's "*Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Bird-Cage.*" This performance (says a critic) "would excite pity if it were painted by a maniac; but, coming from the hand of one whose former works would shed glory upon any age, it only fills our minds with amazement." This animadversion is too severe. Recollecting the old proverb—"All that glitters is not gold,"—we admit that the picture has too much of glare, glitter, and tawdriness; yet it is not destitute of merit.

The delights of sweetness are humorously represented by Mr. Cosse. People in general have seen boys rifling a sugar-hogshead of its remaining sweets, and the artist in particular must have

observed the practice with a very attentive eye. The illustration is skilful, and the execution happy.

"Taking out a Thorn," by Mr. Collins, displays the hand of a master. The countenances of the young rustics who are watching their alarmed companion, and the looks of the aged operator, are appropriately and effectively delineated.

The "*Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia,*" by Mr. Newton, is worthy of the very pleasing novel which it illustrates. This part of the story is well told by the artist. The demure austerity of Mrs. Primrose, the affectionate earnestness of her husband, the repentance of Olivia, and the simplicity of Moses, are represented in an interesting manner.—In Mr. Clater's *Morning Visit* we observe a friendly groupe well arranged and characteristically marked.

Mr. Ripplingille has displayed (as well as the pencil can be expected to do) the good-humor and mirth of a number of provincials going to a fair. Every one seems pleased for the present, and looking forward to future enjoyment. "The drama of this clever performance (says an amateur) is developed with such skill that you may swear to its truth. The rustic wench, diving to the bottom of her pocket for something which it is quite clear she has lost; the short puffy gentleman in black, evidently beaten in argument by his knowing and lank opponent; and, above all, the self-satisfied, half-witted bumpkin, with a laughing lass under each arm, and who seems to be singing, not "How happy could I be with either!" but "How happy may I be with both!"—are delightfully depicted. As a work of art, the picture is rather scattered and spotty; but in character and expression nothing can surpass it."

In the "*Rivals* or the Sailor's Wed-

ding," Mr. Sharp has manifested considerable talent. The disappointment of the soldier, and the joy of his rival, are properly denoted.

There are some very good landscapes in the collection. A view in the Alps by Mr. J. Glover, and a representation of Freshwater-Bay by Mr. Collins, are admirable pieces, faithful to nature, and correct in point of art. Dunthorne's "Landscape after a Shower" is rendered less monotonous by the introduction of an angler. A scene at Nenilly, in the grounds of the duke of Orleans, is so well painted by Mr. W. Daniel, that we seem to view the actual spot.

In Mr. Woodward's Mazeppa, the actions and passions of a fine quadruped are very naturally exhibited; but the human figure is not so happily delineated.—Mr. Cooper's Draught Horses, and a Hunter nearly as large as life by Mr. Ward, are represented with skill and fidelity.—The preparations for a contest between a terrier and a hedgehog, by Mr. Edwin Landseer, remind us of the arrangements for a fight between a Crib and a Belcher, although the hedgehog may seem to be too timid an animal for such a comparison. The attack meditated by the dog, and the guarded caution of the other animal, are displayed in a natural style.—Mr. Pidding has not the tact of his friend Landseer; yet he shows talent and skill in his Sportsman and Dogs.

We do not observe any of Wilkie's productions in the present display; but we are reminded of that artist by Mr. Hollins' portrait of him in a masquerade costume. He does not look well in that silly disguise, which he doubtless assumed as suitable to the meridian of Italy; for the likeness was taken at Rome.

The miniatures are very numerous: the best, perhaps, are those of the elder Bone and Chalon, for taste and finish. Those of Rochard and Mrs. Robertson are also distinguished by neatness and elegance.

The architectural designs are not, in general, remarkable for refined taste or excellence. Those of Mr. Wilkins may be classed among the best. His view of the London University may be considered as tasteful; regular, and harmonious; and the front of the new building intended for St. George's Hospital, which is also his work, is elegant and

striking. Mr. Gandy Deering's elevation for the west end of a house designed for a nobleman in Park-lane, may be praised for dignified simplicity and for beauty of detail; and Lansdown Tower, erected near Bath by Mr. Beckford, is a stately and imposing work.

Some of the designs which are offered to the nobility and gentry, or to public bodies, as specimens of architectural composition, are worthy of praise and consequently of adoption. Mr. Parke's design for an entrance to a city, Mr. Gandy's sketches of various parts of a palace, and Mr. Day's model for a public building, are pleasing specimens of an elegant and correct taste.

The art of sculpture, it appears, does not decline in this country. Sievier's model of a groupe styled Affection, has all the simplicity of true taste, with the poetic feeling of the ancient school. The expression and attitude of the woman, as she leans fondly over the sleeping infant, show the hand of a master and the mind of a poet. Westmacott's statue of Warren Hastings is admirable.—Chantrey has only one work,—a bust of Sir William Curtis. This subject may excite thoughts not at all according with the poetry of art; yet few can deny that the bust of the worthy alderman is exquisitely finished. Cupid preparing to assume the form of Ascanius, in marble, by T. Campbell, promises well for the future fame of the artist. Among the numerous busts, we were most pleased with those of the duke of Grafton, Dugald Stewart, and John Abernethy. A Grecian archer, by G. Rennie, is the model of an almost naked figure, with an admirable knowledge of anatomy.—The artist appears to have had the execution and elaborate finish of the Belvidere Apollo in his mind, and perhaps before him, during the progress of his work. The countenance too, as well as the form, is worthy of one whom we might imagine to have been a hero of Marathon or Thermopylae. There are three groupes of brigands, by San-Giovanni. They are modeled in *terra-cotta*, and are ably executed. The Pugilist of Rossi is likewise a fine specimen of art. The management of the modern costume, the expression of countenance, the attitude, are all excellent. There is something in this statue perfectly English, something that is applicable to no other country.

Mr. Martin's Picture of the Fall of Nineveh.—Mr. Martin combines the skill of an artist with that genius which, if properly cultivated, would have made him a poet. His new picture will not only augment his reputation, but will raise the character of the English school of painting in the estimation of foreigners. He has, as usual, sacrificed every object to produce the effect of vastness or immensity, the true source of the sublime, and he has attained that object, as far as it can be accomplished upon canvas. In the back-ground we have stupendous masses of architecture, with all the huge and ponderous details of the Egyptian or Assyrian orders. —The hanging gardens are supported upon gigantic columns, whilst the celebrated walls, the flights of stairs, the public buildings, and every other object, are suited to the extravagant and fabulous grandeur attributed by the ancients to the city. The extreme back-ground represents the farther part of the city set on fire by lightening, whilst a prominent object is the tumulus or tomb of Ninus, said by Diodorus Siculus to have been a mile and a furlong in height. The centre represents the enemy pouring like a deluge into the city, and perpetrating the work of carnage. The history of the country here enables the painter to embrace a scope of great variety; and the diversified nature of the combats with infantry, cavalry, chariots, elephants, and every species of armed force, gives an Asiatic character to the scene, and produces a most picturesque effect. In the fore-ground we have all the magnificence of the Assyrian court, contrasted with the terror and misery produced by the approach of the hostile troops. Sardanapalus appears in the fullness of regal splendor, pointing in hopeless agony to the scene of slaughter in the distant parts of his city, whilst his wives and concubines hang round him in their frail loveliness, some exhibiting the distraction of terror, others the muteness of despair, some their fondness for their lord, whilst others are frantic at the fate impending over them. The groupes of women are beautiful, and some of the figures seem instinct with life, and animated by passion. The coloring of this part of the picture will be thought by many to be meretricious; but we must recollect that its brilliancy corresponds with the pomp and luxury

of the court. The linear appears to us more perfect than the aerial perspective; but the beauties of art, and the mind of the artist, are so well displayed, that we have no inclination to be hypercritical.

Exhibition of Portraits.—These are not original paintings, but copies of authentic portraits, preserved in the families of our nobility and gentry. They are gratuitously shewn to the public by Mr. Harding, in Pall-Mall East, and amount to about 180. From the majority of the number, engravings have been taken, and published with accurate biographical sketches, furnished by Mr. Lodge. The pictures are executed in water-colors, and may in general be considered as faithful and elegant copies, worthy of minute inspection. By exhibiting in some measure the character of each individual, they excite historical recollections, and are thus rendered additionally interesting.

Le-Thiere's Death of Virginia.—A French artist has imported into England a picture of considerable merit, in which, his friends say, he has done justice to a fine story. A critic is of opinion that a great part of his success results from his judicious choice of a subject.—“Conceive (he says) a Virginus, animated by one of the noblest of human passions, maddened at the thought of his daughter falling a prey to the lust of a tyrant, sacrificing her in a fit of desperation to preserve her from infamy. Is not the admiration of the father as universal as the pity for the daughter?” We think not—the father's sense of honor, or his phrensy, hurried him into an unjustifiable act of cruelty, and the subject is one of the most shocking that can be conceived. If a person cannot, with all his efforts, rescue his daughter from that dishonor which, being compulsory, will not involve her in real guilt, he ought rather to submit to the supposed disgrace of his family than violate by murder the most sacred of all laws.

This picture has both beauties and defects. The drawing is in general correct, the composition and grouping are good, and the masses and gradations of light and shade are admirably managed; but there is a deficiency of dignified expression in the hero's countenance, and also in that of the unfortunate lady, to whose beauty of features and form the artist has not done justice.

Mr. J. B. Lane's Vision of Joseph.—The difficulty of representing a vision did not deter the bold artist from attempting this subject in a grand style. He has fixed upon two points of time—the apparition and warning of the angel, and the attack upon the children by Herod's soldiers. He has imitated, with unexpected success, the fine style of the Roman school, and the picture is striking and attractive.

Exhibition in Maddox-Street.—In such a climate as that of England, water-color paintings on walls would not long retain their color or exhibit their fine strokes; but, in Italy, fresco-painting was a very common practice in the times of Raphael and some of his successors, and, at this moment, frescos are mouldering on the walls of Italian palaces, although, by a modern contrivance, they may be removed with little or no injury. Some fine pieces of this description, from the pencil of Paolo Veronese, have lately been taken from the walls which they adorned, and brought to England, where they now excite the attention of the curious. They are superior to any works of the same artist in oil. They teem with imaginative splendor; for it is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful than the exuberance and loveliness displayed in his allegorical figures, and we also admire the elegance with which the minor details are executed.—In the present collection we have Pomona, Minerva, with figures of Calculation and Mensuration, a Concert, a fascinating Titianic picture of St. Cecilia, Apollo and Hyacinth, figures of Earth, Fire, Prudence, and Folly, and a spirited embodiment of the Battle of the Standard. All these are exquisite displays of creative fancy, full of the dignified simplicity and harmony of art.

In the same exhibition-room are a few pictures by Claude Lorrain, G. Poussin, Gainsborough, and other distinguished artists; and, among these, the Niobe of Wilson, painted for his liberal patron, the late lord de Tabley, does not suffer in comparison with two of Claude's master-pieces.

Retzsch's Illustrations of Shakspeare.—Retzsch, as a sketcher, has been compared with Flaxman; but we do not think that he ever reached the sublimity of that artist in pure epic composition, or his intensity and simplicity in de-

lineating the workings of unrestrained nature. The present outlines are superior to those illustrations of Goethe's Faust, which first introduced Retzsch to the notice of the British public. In variety and energy of action, if not in repose and tender pathos, the scenes of Hamlet, now published, are superior to those of Faust. There are seventeen etchings, which are preceded by an apotheosis of Shakspeare, where two elegant females, floating in the air, representing Tragedy and Comedy, are crowning the bard with a wreath of stars. From this we pass to an introduction or prologue emblematic of the ground-work of the drama—the murder of Hamlet's father. The two scenes which follow, representing the struggle of Hamlet to follow the Ghost, and the proposition of the oath, have certainly never been exceeded for beauty of line, and justness of expression, by any former work of this artist. The latter, in particular, is full of the most intense feeling. The point represented is when Hamlet says—"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit." The outline breathes the anxiety of the prince in the execution of his father's behest. The pencil could barely portray with more truth the effect of listening, and the spectator must acknowledge the power of the artist in rendering an internal nervous struggle so visible to ocular apprehension. The illustration of the famous soliloquy we do not like. The figure is fine, but it wants solidity. The interruption of Hamlet's conference with his mother in the chamber, by the appearance of the Ghost, however, is a striking and ably delineated scene. The artist is here so happy in the expression of surprise and reverence, that he more than compensates for his failure in the preceding instance in that of thought. The mad scene is likewise an admirable specimen of Retzsch's power in portraying the workings of natural feelings. The sympathy of the different personages is here indicated in the most perfect manner; except that the expression of Ophelia's face is perhaps a little too lachrymose, and wants something more of that wildness which appertains to insanity. The other scenes are not all equally fine; but there are few that provoke disgust or censure.

Music.

A LATE concert of the Royal Academy of Music calls our transient attention to the remarks of a periodical writer, who says, "The interest which we have in the prosperity of this institution, derives its individual force from the anticipation of many pleasures which will owe their future existence to it. We see sketched out an outline of the happy hours hereafter depending on the successful progress of these studies, the emotions to be then excited, and the "tender memories" to be afterwards left. We have a foretaste of a rich feast, and the miniatures of those who will assume the stature of the giants of this day; the Lindleys and Moscheles, the Pastas and the Sontags. These lisplings will be then a powerful eloquence, if that name be denied to them in their present state."—These observations may pass without animadversion; but the following remark is little better than mere nonsense.—"We are not, however, convinced that seeing the science in this chrysalis state, does not weaken the glory of its hues in their more expanded beauty; and we are perhaps disappointed when the excellences of the first-rate performers are echoed by these tyros, not only at the feebleness of the reverberation, but at the unfolding of the nature, and analysis of the beauty, which fascinated us in the original sounds. The graces which Pasta throws into the *Sommo Ciel* of Pacini, are used with rather a bad grace by any Miss Bellechambers in the world. We see the strings and machinery of the puppet, and can no more admire it to the full." It must be expected that

learners will follow the instructions of their teachers, and imitate those singers and instrumental performers who are pointed out to them as models; and we do not see how either their future lustre, or the general effect of the musical science, can be impaired by their previous feebleness. Children usually creep before they can walk or run. The writer becomes more reasonable when he adds, "Nevertheless there is a certain independent pleasure in listening to the performances of such youthful proficient;—for proficient they certainly are, and it is most honorable to the talents of the pupil and system of the instructor to hear, so well threaded, some of the most intricate mazes of the science. From a great deal of masterly singing, we would particularise the manner in which the recitative *Di mia Vita*, from Tancredi, was executed by Miss Bromley, who is not more than fifteen years of age. There was a feeling in the management of her voice, that raised her, in our eyes, to the level of her more powerful compeers, Misses Childe and Bellechambers, the latter of whom has a fine mellow tone, and a spirit of Pasta, though felt at a distance. Miss Riviere accomplished a most elaborate fantasia for the piano-forte, by Beethoven, with surprising clearness and effect; and Mawkes added to his young laurels by an exquisite *obligato* accompaniment to *Sommo Ciel*. We ought not to omit a manuscript symphony, composed by Mudie, which had one or two passages of originality and power."

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

MADemoiselle SONTAG, by her acquiescence in the wish of Madame Pasta that she would act the part of Desdemona, alarmed some of her friends, who apprehended that the transfer of a tenor part to a soprano voice would be injurious in a musical point of view, and

that the new heroine would not fully adopt the feelings of the character. But these fears were in a great measure removed on the day of trial. The young lady performed the part to the general satisfaction of the audience. The freshness of her voice, the correctness of her singing, and the unaffected strains of genuine nature which she occasionally

threw into the part, contrasted perhaps by the strange choice of Pasta, who personated the black *hero* or rather *assassin*, enabled the German vocalist to maintain, very respectably and honorably, even a juxta-position with the Italian actress.

At Curioni's benefit, Mademoiselle Sontag also distinguished herself. She then dignified the part of Cinderella by her good acting, and won the sympathy of the audience by the meekness under insult, the girlish pleasure at having an incognito lover, and the feminine simplicity and innocence which she displayed.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

OUR present comic *writers* are not worthy of the name; they ought rather to be called *translators*. The last *new* comedy produced at this house was borrowed from a French piece, styled *Les Trois Quartiers*, the production of Picardet Mazeres, which has been very successful at Paris. The title of the English play is, *Ups and Downs, or the Ladder of Life*. The plot may thus be stated.—Mr. Felix Mudberry has, as a Mexican merchant, realised a very considerable fortune, which he wishes to increase by a matrimonial speculation. Pointer, a sort of schemer about town, engages to procure for him a suitable spouse. With that view he pitches upon Kitty Corderoy, the daughter of a wealthy tradesman. Mudberry is introduced to her mother, an indifferent copy of Mrs. Malaprop, and his proposals are received favorably, much to the mortification of Miss Kitty, who is attached to Christopher Higgins, her father's clerk. The hopes of the young lovers are on the point of being blighted, when the avarice of Mudberry operates in their favor. He discovers that his ship the *Mary Anne*, which he believed to be "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," has arrived safely at Portsmouth. Being thus successful, he informs his friend that he thinks he is entitled to a larger fortune, and therefore wishes to recede from his engagement with the fair Kitty. Pointer is aware of Kitty's penchant for the clerk, and consequently finds no difficulty in breaking off the match. Thus ends the first act, or city portion of the play.—In the second act, avarice and ambition

possess Mudberry between them. He is introduced to the mansion of Mr. Mammonton, a rich banker, whose elegant house is on the neutral ground, that is, not exactly in the extreme circle of fashion, being situated in the vicinity of Bedford-square. Every luxury that money can purchase is to be found at the *soirées* of Miss Mammonton; but they are not frequented by many persons of high birth or rank. Mammonton is piqued at this; and while he feels angry at the unreasonable pride of ancestry, he is himself almost as proud of his justly-acquired wealth. Regardless of the "eligible matches" which Mammonton proposes to his sister, she is enamored of the sentimental earl Delamere, one of the very few persons of rank who visit at Mr. Mammonton's. By the counsel of Pointer, Mudberry aspires to the hand of Miss Mammonton. While he is paying his awkward addresses to the lady, he is astounded to hear that his rich uncle, Stanmore, a Liverpool merchant, whom he facetiously denominates "Black-boy Billy," had recently died, and, as his son was drowned some time before, the nephew becomes heir to a fortune of half a million. His mind again changes, and, after some attempts to affect grief for the loss of his uncle, his brutal joy bursts forth, and he is dismissed from the house. In the third act, Mudberry is anxious to transfer his affections to a woman of title, and for that purpose the indefatigable Pointer introduces him to the stately dowager countess Delamere, with whom her widowed niece, lady Charlewood, resides. The dowager is a woman of lofty birth and high notions; but, when she hears of Mudberry's immense wealth, all ideas of the lowness of his origin are forgotten, and she is perfectly willing that he shall marry her niece, who, however, cherishes an attachment for Mammonton; but the spirit of contradiction has a powerful influence over each. Whenever they meet, the lady rails at the aristocracy of wealth, and the gentleman is equally ready to laugh at the pride of birth.—After one of these scenes of altercation, the earl solicits the hand of Miss Mammonton; but his suit is rejected by her brother, on the sneering plea that he would degrade himself by such an alliance. In the mean time, Kitty Corderoy and Miss Mammonton determine to

apprise lady Charlewood (for the trio had been educated at the same school) of the real character of her new admirer. He is assailed by them in turn. This, however, would not affect the sordid heart of Mudberry; but at this eventful moment he discovers that the good ship Mary Anne had been destroyed by fire, and that his uncle had left the whole of his fortune to his grand-daughter, Kitty Corderoy, with whom Mudberry vainly attempts to effect a reconciliation. Delamere is reconciled to Mammonton, and receives the hand of his sister; and the union of lady Charlewood with the banker naturally follows the other marriage.

There are some effective situations in this play, but the characters are, for the greater part, feebly drawn. Occasionally there is a neat point in the dialogue, but, on the whole, it is rather heavy. The love-scenes, like all modern love-scenes, do not rise above commonplace. The part of Mudberry is the most novel, and the best in the comedy. The character of Pointer is light and bustling, and is extremely well suited to Mr. Jones' buoyant style of acting, and no small portion of the mirth of the evening was excited by him. Mr. Liston's Mudberry was distinguished by that broad richness of humor which throws around points, that would escape an ordinary actor, such an air of comicality as renders it almost impossible to refrain from laughter. The other characters, male and female, are little more than walking ladies and gentlemen; but it is due to those who appeared in them to say, that they were well supported. Mr. Couper expressed the sentiments of Mammonton with effective energy.—Miss I. Paton, as Lady Charlewood, pleased us by her correct elocution. Amelia Mammonton, a trifling part, was rendered interesting by Miss Ellen Tree; Miss Love made some good points in her performance of Kitty; and the two elderly ladies, the dowager and the Cockney dame, found spirited represen-

tatives in Mrs. Davison and Mrs. C. Jones.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THIS house, on the 20th, was closed for the season, with the thanks of the stage-manager to the public for continued encouragement. The house, undoubtedly, was sometimes filled to an overflow; but this, we understand, was a rare case, and the season, we believe, was far from being highly profitable.—This was not so much the fault of the conductors of the theatre, as it was the consequence of an evident decline of the general taste for theatrical amusements.

FRENCH PLAYS IN LONDON.

THE French comedians lately closed their season with *éclat* at the English Opera-house. For some weeks before they retired, they enjoyed the additional aid of Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré.—This lady is short in her person, but well-formed; has fine dark eyes and pleasing features. On her first appearance in this country, she performed the part of Emmeline, in *Les Premières Amours*, and Antonine in *Le Plus Beau Jour de la Vie*, and, in both representations, she was greatly applauded.—There was no room for the display of passion in these pieces, nor do we think the lady at all adapted for passionate acting; but in scenes of a certain kind of humor she is admirable. It may be remarked, that, instead of being extravagant (as they are generally represented), the French actors, in comedy at least, are more quiet and subdued than our own, and, consequently, more natural. With some exceptions, however, they fail in their attempts to look like gentlemen, and deviate into vulgar foppery.



Carriage Dress.

Designed by Miss Bonwill & Engraved for the Ladies Magazine No. 1026



Evening Dress.

Invented by Miss Worsley, & Engraved for the Ladies Magazine N^o 6, 1843.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

THIS costume consists of a dress of *gros de Naples*, the color of the lavender-blossom, with broad bias folds round the border, scaloped *en languettes*, edged with narrow rouleau-binding. The sleeves are *à la Marie*; the fulness is confined only at that part of the arm just above the elbow, with one band: a broad cuff terminates the sleeve at the wrist. A *fichu-canezou* is worn with this dress, trimmed with Vandyck lace, surmounted by a triple ruff fastened in front with a pink rosette of riband. A hat of *gros de Naples*, the color of the rose of Jericho, is ornamented by bows of pink riband chequered with black.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS is composed of a frock of pink crape, over white satin: the border is ornamented with a full puckering of crape, *bouillonné*, over which are placed, in bias, Vandyck points of pink satin; these are double, and then spread open. The puckering is surmounted by large rosettes of crape. The body is made plain, fitting close to the shape. The sleeves are short and full, and are formed of Vandyck points, placed lengthwise. The head-dress is a college cap of barbel-blue satin, adorned with two white aigrettes; and on the right side, over the lower division, depends a round, rich tassel of blue silk and gold.

N. B.—The above dresses were obligingly furnished by Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

HYDE PARK is now the daily resort of fashionable persons, and we behold on that spot, more particularly from three to five o'clock, a moving picture of elegant dress. At the morning exhibitions, also, numerous are the carriages which arrive, and wait at the doors for their distinguished owners: here the dress varies a little, being more studied than merely for a carriage airing.

Among the new pelisses, which are chiefly of *gros des Indes*, as being not only more novel, but also more delicate in its texture than *gros de Naples*, we find those of stone-color most in favor for walking. The last which came under our inspection, did not please us so well as some we saw at the commencement of this month, the simplicity of their ornaments rendering them more appropriate to the middle of the summer: these are too bustling in their trimming, and appear too warm for the present time. A very full fluting *en dents de loup*, of the same material as the pelisse, is carried down the bust from each shoulder, enlarging till it descends as low as the feet; in the centre of these

two rows of flutings, the pelisse is fastened down the front of the skirt with large rosettes, the bows of which are obliged to be kept out with cotton, whenever the pelisse is consigned to the press or chest of drawers. Other outdoor envelopes consist much of Cachemire shawls, pelerines of lace, tulle, or muslin embroidered, and sometimes of silk, the same as the dress.

Dunstable, straw, and Leghorn hats are worn in *deshabille*, and not unfrequently in half-dress, though silk and satin hats and bonnets have a decided preference. A degree of affectation prevails among some ladies of fashion in having their straw bonnets for the retired morning walk, of as coarse materials as possible: a neat, fine Dunstable, well and tastefully trimmed with handsome ribands, and lined with satin, of the most predominant color in the riband, is much worn by those ladies of real gentility, who are never known to resort to extremes, in order to be deemed fashionable. Though Leghorn hats are less in favor than ever, they are yet worn by many females whose elegance of taste is undisputed. Many of them are too elaborately trimmed and decorated;

broad, rich white ribands, splendidly variegated with satin-striped edges, adorn the crown in profuse bows and puffings, with an ostrich plume in front. The most favorite carriage hats are of white satin, and exhibit a beautiful white plume tipped with blue or pink; a very broad blond surrounds the edge of the brim.

Morning dresses continue to be of chintz, having lively colors in patterns of flowers on a white ground. For home costume, dresses made partially high, of *gros de Naples*, the borders trimmed with two flounces pinked, and the sleeves *en gigot*, are much in favor. For the friendly dinner-party, dresses of *gros des Indes*, made low, and the body *en gerbe*, with long white transparent sleeves, prevail most. For the evening, gowns of pink taffeta or gossamer satin, with short full sleeves, and pelerines of blond of the most superb patterns, are much admired. Ball-dresses are of white tulle, or figured gauze: colored crape also, simply and judiciously trimmed, forms a frequent costume for the ball-room.

With young persons the most prevailing head-dress is their own hair beautifully arranged. This charming gift of nature is often, at dress-parties, embellished either with sprigs of pearls, or a few artificial flowers at balls; ornamental diadem-combs of brilliants are also sometimes worn *en grande parure*.

Dress-hats at the opera-house, and at some evening assemblies, are often worn by married ladies; they are generally of colored crape and ornamented with white plumage. We do not much admire the new Berlin toque of white gauze striped with silver: but the caps for *dejeuné* costume are very pretty and becoming. The cawl and head-piece of these caps are made of beautifully figured thread tulle; a double border of fine lace is placed next to the face, above which is a row of puffing. Ladies who have good hair wear, in home costume and in half-dress, bows of broad gauze riband, of light hues mingled with their tresses. The caps for matrons are of blond and gauze; the former of the *cornette* species, the latter of the turban kind; they have flowers on each temple, and are trimmed with bows of gauze riband, or a few exotic flowers, according to the time of day and style of dress.

The most admired colors for pelisses and dresses, are stone-color, celestial-blue, Macassar-brown, and spinach-green; for bonnets, hats, and ribands, pink, marsh-mallow-blossom, ethereal-blue, and steam-yellow.

MODES PARISIENNES.

A WRAPPING pelisse of *jaconot* muslin, or of cambric, is much worn in the morning walks; it is trimmed round with India muslin, laid in small plaits, or else the pelisse is richly embroidered. Muslin canezou spencers are also worn for the promenade, with colored petticoats. Leghorn hats are much ornamented; many ladies who are devoted to all the changes of the toilette, often adorn these hats with a plume in the front. Bonnets of clear lawn, of different colors, are expected to be very general in the country, as the summer advances: these are trimmed with broad riband and decorated with field-flowers. Chip and straw hats are usually adorned with pionies, Guelldre-roses, and myrtle, in blossom. Contrary to the manner of putting on the hats last summer, which very awkwardly and unbecomingly discovered the nape of the neck, they are now placed very backward and totally conceal it. Bonnets, formed of gauze ribands sewn together, are among the prettiest novelties; they are trimmed with bows of the same riband, and have a white blond at the edge of the brim. A very beautiful hat for the promenade is of white chip trimmed with white gauze ribands, figured in a pattern of various hues: it displays five or six kinds of flowers, and several bows are placed on the brim.

The dresses most in vogue are made of painted *gros de Naples*, chintzes in Persian designs, white muslin beautifully embroidered in feather-stitch, and Indian taffeta. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, when long, and have only two divisions: one broad flounce is a prevailing method of decorating the border; and the corsage is often finished with drapery *à la Circassienne*, both in front and at the back. Gowns for evening-parties have sometimes long sleeves, very wide, made of *Alençon* point-lace; and over the dress is worn a drapery scarf of the same lace. The dresses for walking are made quite as short as those for the ball-room. The sleeves of morning dresses are cut straight without

any bias, and are only confined next to the hand by a wristband. This is the only kind of gown which is not plaited equally full all round the waist; for the skirt on each hip is in bias, in the old form. A sash encircles the waist, with very long ends falling almost as low as the feet. Almost all the sashes now worn are of painted riband,—a fashion which gives full employment to many

young female artists. On many are painted beautiful wreaths of a multitude of flowers; and on some are seen human and other figures.

A new hat for an evening party is of white chip, ornamented under the brim with flowers of gold: this hat is placed very backward, and much on one side: five white feathers tower over it, mixed with branches of gold.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to the viscountess Duncaunon and the ladies Kintore and Byron, and to the wives of the hon. and rev. H. Bridgeman, Mr. T. Chitty, Mr. W. B. Bell, Mr. John Laurie of Sydenham, Mr. B. G. Hodges of Lambeth, the majors Rowley and W. C. Brooke, captain James Hay of the navy, and Mr. Denny of High-Wycombe.

Daughters to lady Charlotte Sturt and lady Catharine Legge, to lady Jolliffe and lady E. Belgrave, and to the wives of Mr. H. Bull of Ely-Place, Mr. Shirley of Chatham-Place, Mr. Laurence of Black-heath, C. D. Halford, captain-Martin of the navy, and lieutenant-colonel Webster.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. J. H. Langham, to the hon. Margaret Kenyon.

The second son of lord Stafford, to Miss Smythe, niece of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Count Vander-burch, chamberlain to the king of the Netherlands, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. W. D. C. Cooper, of Ilighgate.

Captain Hollowell of the navy, to Mary, daughter of Sir M. Maxwell.

Captain H. M. Wainwright, of the army, to Miss Prescott.

John Manley, M.D., to Miss Lambert of Barking.

Mr. C. R. Cockerell, to the youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. Rennie.

The eldest son of lord Ashbrook, to Frances, daughter of the rev. Sir J. Robinson.

Mr. J. M. Key, of Denmark-hill, to Miss Birch of Norwood.

Mr. C. T. Caruel, to Josepha, daughter of Mr. Hume of the Post-Office,

Vice-Admiral Sir T. Williams, to Miss Mallory of Woodcote.

Captain Short, to the eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. Barwell.

Mr. J. Golding, to lady Jane Coventry.

Mr. Innes, of Leyton, to Miss Pead, of Walthamstow.

DEATHS.

THE duchess dowager of Beaufort. Mrs. Cockburn, wife of the dean of York.

Matilda, wife of Mr. T. Campbell the poet.

The rev. John Digby Fowell. The rev. J. Parker, rector of St. John's, Bedford.

In his 90th year, the rev. J. Pinnock, rector of Bosworth.

Mr. John Webb, of Lee-Hall, Staffordshire.

By an act of suicide, Mr. John Cotton, a retired merchant.

Lord H. Fitzroy.

Sir G. B. Brograve.

Lieutenant-general Backhouse.

Major-general Davies.

Colonel Weguelin, in the service of the India Company.

Mr. Watts, proprietor of Peerless-Pool.

In his 83d year, Sir Henry Dashwood. At the same age, the rev. William Cox, distinguished by his useful historical works, and his accurate illustrations of the political and general state of various European countries.

At Woolwich, by his own hand, Mr. John Long, a merchant and ship-owner.—and, at Barking, by a similar act of violence, Mr. Wagstaff.

Captain Dickenson, in the ordnance

Mr. Dugald Stewart, the philosopher.
Admiral Sir William Domett.
Colonel Meares, of the Royal Marines.

The third son of general Francis Fuller.

The hon. Anne Seymour Damer, distinguished by her skill in sculpture.

Miss Grant, sister of Mr. Charles Grant, late president of the board of trade.

At the age of 21 years, the eldest daughter of Mr. Dunn of the Custom-House.

The dowager lady Levinge; also lady Dunsany.

The relict of Ralph lord Neville.

The widow of Sir Gregory Page Turner.

At Waddon, Mrs. Hallowell, in her 96th year.

The relict of Mr. F. Carter, F.A.S.

In consequence of the bodily injury sustained from the fall of the Brunswick-Theatre, John Abbot, carpenter,—the fifteenth victim of that accident.

From the effect of personal injuries

inflicted by some quarrelsome artisans at Windsor, Henry lord Mount-Sandford, at the age of 24 years.

At Shooter's-hill, Mr. W. Johnson.

At Mitcham, Mrs. Moore.

At Hampton, the second daughter of the rev. Dr. Hemming.

Near Swansea, in her 103d year, Mrs. Stephens.

At Little Chelsea, Mrs. Janet Peile.

At Whetstone, captain Lauzun.

At Sunbury, the wife of lieutenant-colonel Phipps.

At Rochford, Mr. W. Bathurst, solicitor.

Sir William Congreve, the reputed inventor of the famous rocket.

Charles marquis of Northampton.

Dr. Raphael Meldola, high priest of the Jews of Southern Europe.

Killed by being entangled in the shaft of a loom, at Bolton, Mary Anne Willis, about the age of 18 years.

In consequence of a sudden fall through a sky-light, Mr. Theodore Lane, a young artist of promising talent.

At Macao, Sir William Fraser.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE only answer to which Emma is entitled, involves a decided rejection of her paltry poem. Let her throw some meaning into her verses, before she makes another attempt to *wheel* or conciliate an editor. Flattery is not agreeable to our feelings.

If Damon's sheep could understand his poetical language, as well as they attend to his ordinary call, they would perhaps be pleased with his pastorals; but, in the eye of a critical reader, the simplicity at which he aims sinks into inanity and *niaiserie*.

The insertion of so *poor* a piece as the "Elegy on *poor* Mary" would not tend to *enrich* our Magazine.

A manuscript sent by Mr. R. had long disappeared; but we have now found it, and will send an answer without farther delay.

One who is apparently a young writer has sent an enigma, which, instead of leaving the solution to the acuteness of the reader, he has condescended to explain, though not in a way that is absolutely satisfactory. We reply, in the first place, that enigmas have long been discarded from our pages; and, secondly, we cannot be induced to approve such poetry (we ought rather to say, such nonsense) as the following lines contain.

"As, by an archer aim'd, the whizzing dart
The twanging bow in swiftness doth depart,
So lips must curve, the impetus to impart,
Which sends a thrilling kiss to reach the heart."

A young female critic may say that the last line is at least tolerable;—at any rate, it is natural; but the third line is undoubtedly more scientific.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

JULY 31, 1828.

THE RIVAL COLLEGES.

INTELLECT and learning are not synonymous; for the former is chiefly the result of natural acuteness, while the latter is the produce of continued study and cultivation. Common sense is necessary for both, as, without this preliminary quality, we cannot properly understand what we see or hear, or learn any thing with useful effect.—Those who speak of the “march of intellect,” apply the phrase to the progress of that illumination which arises from deliberate reflection, rather than from the perusal of literary productions; and there is some truth in the remark, though not so much as is generally supposed. It is very flattering to a mechanic or a laborer to be informed that people of his class know more, in this enlightened age, than their progenitors did; and such men are willing to give credit to the assertion, when it comes from superior authority.—Aware of the tendency of such hints to propagate self-conceit rather than knowledge, several distinguished men resolved to authenticate and verify the proud boast, by elevating, into wisdom and learning, that intellect which, they thought, was more widely germinating than it ever did before. Hence arose the London University,—an institution that we have traced in its progress, and which will soon be brought into active operation. The omission of religious

VOL. IX.

instruction among the studies at this seminary excited strong animadversion among those who did not consider that this object is regularly pursued in every parish of the realm, beside being taught in every well-regulated family. The directors alleged that they wished to open the doors of the new university to persons of every religious persuasion, and therefore forbore to hold out the prospect of lectures in that particular creed which, while it pleased some, might give disgust or dissatisfaction to others; but they have lately announced an intention of explaining, illustrating, and enforcing the doctrines and principles of Christianity.

The advance of this seminary to completion roused the zeal of the Tories, who deemed it expedient to convince the public, that they were not hostile to education or to literary proficiency.—The prime minister, while he lamented his own deficiency in academical learning*, professed his desire of extending it among the people, and of establishing it more particularly on a religious basis, without which, he said, it would be “worse than useless.” The primate and some of his brethren sanctioned the proposal, and a liberal subscription was immediately opened. It was the confident remark of a party journalist, that

* On this ground, and also for his political inexperience, the duke has been ludicrously styled the GREAT UNTAUGHT.

the new scheme would not merely rival but would ruin the former:—because he wished for such an event, he thought it so highly probable as to border upon certainty. But the projectors of the London University are not alarmed at this denunciation: they entertain no doubt of that degree of encouragement which will give prosperity to their establishment. There is ample room, indeed, for both seminaries, and both, we hope, will flourish. Some have proposed that the two colleges should be united; but there is reason to believe that the Tories will not agree to such an incorporation, and learning, we presume, will thrive more by their rivalry than by their union, as the excellence of the histrionic art is more effectually promoted by the existence of two great theatres in the metropolis, than if only one displayed its attractions.

It is not intended (nor is it necessary) that the power of granting degrees should be enjoyed either by the London University or the new King's-College, as that would be deemed too great an encroachment on the privileges of the old collegiate establishments: but this deficiency may in a great measure be remedied by the grant of certificates, stating the attainments of particular students in certain branches of learning or science. We do not mean that these documents should be worn like Waterloo medals; but they ought to be carefully preserved for occasional production, to "silence gain-sayers," and remove all doubts of the merit of the metropolitan *élèves*.

The question is, whether these colleges will augment in a *high* degree the amount of human learning and knowledge. Some benefit will undoubtedly result from them, and that benefit, we ought to state, will be procured at a moderate expense; but we apprehend that it will not be so striking or so remarkable as the chief advocates of these new institutions suppose. Lectures are soon forgotten unless notes of their substance be taken; and young men in general are unwilling to subject themselves to that sort of trouble. It may be said that the professors will be glad to refresh the memories of the students, by answering occasional interrogatories; but these gentlemen, like our orthodox preachers, may be disposed to believe that their lectures are sufficient without subsequent explanation. It appears,

however, that there will be regular periodical examinations, which, we hope, will be conducted with strictness and precision. In the intended course of study, a considerable number of the learners may be so zealously intent upon an augmentation of their knowledge, as to make a respectable proficiency, while the greater part, perhaps, will resemble the majority of the students of Oxford and Cambridge, who seem to learn very little except dissipation and vice. The two last-mentioned *kinds of study*, we believe, will not be wholly neglected by the London students; but that circumstance which has been brought forward as an objection to the rising university,—namely, the danger of contamination in a corrupt metropolis,—will be rendered less influential and operative by the subjection of the pupils to the daily *surveillance* of their parents or guardians.

Let not these remarks be considered as involving a discouragement of that scheme which we wish to promote. No mischief or detriment can result from it, and its beneficial tendency, though in a moderate degree, is obvious. Its immediate effects will be necessarily partial, because they embrace only a small portion of the community; but the influence of the example may be widely diffused. Among other results, it may rouse the zeal of those professors and preceptors who slumber on the banks of the Isis and the Cam, and stimulate them to a more effective course of exertion. We observe, with pleasure, that "the *schoolmaster* is abroad;"—not the mere verbal pedagogue, but the instructor of the mind; and every advocate of learning and mental proficiency must wish success to the labors of that meritorious personage, who has now secured the support even of the soldier and the man of the world.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN A POET AND A PHILOSOPHER, described by Dr. Drake.

ONE of the most pleasing, and, at the same time, most interesting circumstances in the early life of Milton, and during the period of his travels on the continent, is his interview with the celebrated Galileo. "There it was," he says, speaking of Italy in his speech for unlicensed printing, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old,

a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

It is probable that the attention of our immortal countryman had been peculiarly directed to this illustrious victim of bigotry and superstition, by the compassionate sympathy of Hugo Grotius, who, during the very month in which the poet was introduced to him by lord Scudamore, then our ambassador at the court of Paris, thus mentions Galileo in a letter to his friend Vossius. "Senex is," says he, "optime de universo meritis, morbo fractus, insuper et animi ægitudine, haud multum nobis vitæ suæ promittit; quare prudentiæ erit arripere tempus, dum tanto doctore uti licet."—"This old man, to whom the universe is so deeply indebted, worn out with maladies, and still more with anguish of mind, gives us little reason to hope, that his life can be long; common prudence, therefore, suggests to us to make the utmost of the time, while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor."

Little could be wanting to induce Milton to visit, and, with reverential awe, to offer an unfeigned homage to this truly memorable sufferer in the cause of science. Shortly, therefore, after reaching Florence, he sought out his abode, and found him at his seat near Arcetri. Galileo, in 1639, (the time of Milton's visit) was seventy-five years of age; he had been twice imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, for the supposed heresy of his philosophical opinions in defending the system of Copernicus, and his last liberation in December 1633, after a confinement of nearly two years, was on the express condition of not departing, for the residue of his life, from the duchy of Tuscany.

Let us now place before our eyes the picture which tradition has left us of this great and much injured character, when, near the close of a life of persecution, the youthful Milton stood before him. Not only was he suffering from the natural pressure of advancing years, but he was infirm from sickness, and had, a very short time before Milton was admitted to his presence, become totally blind, from a too intense application to his telescope, and consequent exposure to the night air. Yet this, the greatest calamity which could have be-

fallen a person thus engaged; he bore with Christian fortitude, with the piety of a saint, and the resignation of a philosopher. He permitted it not, in fact, either to break the vigor of his spirit, or to interrupt the course of his studies, supplying, in a great measure, the defect by constant meditation, and the use of an amanuensis. Nor, though the first astronomer and mathematician of any age or country, had he confined himself to these pursuits: his learning was general and extensive; theoretically and practically he was an architect and designer; his fondness for poetry was enthusiastic, and he played upon the lute with the most exquisite skill and taste. To these varied acquisitions in science, literature, and art, were added the blessings of an amiable disposition; for, though keenly sensible of the injustice of his enemies, he was cheerful, affable, and open in his temper, and his aspect, we are told, was singularly venerable, mild, and intelligent.

That such a man, though living in an age of extreme bigotry, should be an object of ardent attachment to those who best knew him, may be readily conceived. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he was enthusiastically beloved by his pupils, and that, when he was visited by Milton, Vincenzo Viviani, his last and favorite disciple, was attending upon him with all the zeal of the most affectionate son. So great, indeed, was the veneration entertained for him by this young man, who subsequently became a mathematician of great celebrity, that he never during the remainder of his life, (and he reached the age of eighty-one) subscribed his name without the addition of the "scholar of Galileo," and had constantly before him, in the room in which he studied, a bust of his revered master, with several inscriptions in his praise.

How must Milton have been interested and affected by the spectacle which opened to his view on entering beneath the roof of Galileo! How deeply must he have felt and penetrated into the feelings of the characters then placed before him, the sublime fortitude and resignation of the aged but persecuted astronomer, and the delighted love and admiration of his youthful companion! It is, indeed, highly probable, that the poet's deep-rooted abhorrence of bigotry and oppression was first imbibed on

beholding this illustrious martyr of intolerance. There can also be little doubt that the conference which, on this occasion, took place between the philosopher and the bard, led to those ideas in the *Paradise Lost* which approximate to the Newtonian doctrine of the planetary system, and that, when Milton, old and deprived of sight, was composing his immortal poem, he must often have recalled to memory this interview with the blind and suffering Galileo, under feelings of peculiar sympathy and commiseration; and, with the same Christian patience and firmness which so remarkably distinguished the great Florentine, he could truly say,

— "I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

It is somewhat remarkable that Milton, who appears to have been well acquainted with the Copernican theory of the world, as taught by Galileo, should have hesitated a moment in his choice between the system of his great contemporary and that of Ptolemy;—yet this dubiety, this trimming, as it were, between the ancient and modern doctrines, is too apparent in his sublime account of the creation, and interrupts in some measure the satisfaction of the philosophical reader. "If Pliny in regard to Hipparchus," says a pleasing and popular writer, "could extravagantly say, *Ausus rem Deo improbam annumerare posteris stellas* (he dared, without considering that he might displease the Deity, to reckon the stars for the benefit of posterity), what would that historian of nature have said, had it been foretold to him, that in later days a man would arise who should enable posterity to enumerate more new stars than Hipparchus had counted of the old; who should assign four moons to Jupiter, and in our moon point out higher mountains than any here below; who should in the sun, the fountain of light, discover dark spots as broad as two quarters of the earth, and by these spots ascertain his motion round his axis; who, by the varying phases of the planets, should compose the shortest and plainest demonstration of the solar system? Yet these were only parts of the annunciations to the world of a single person, of Galileo, of unperishing memory!

THE CROPPY; *a Tale of 1798, by the Author of the O'Hara Tales.* 1828.

WE are glad to meet Mr. Banim again on Irish ground, although, on this occasion, we do not fully approve his choice of a subject. We are not fond of a recurrence to those scenes of confusion and horror which resulted from the ill-treatment of the Croppies and their consequent discontent and indignation: yet we admit that, in a contest of this kind, such incidents may arise as may give considerable interest either to a work purely historical, or to one which unites fiction with fact. To his former tales, in our opinion, the present is not equal; but it would be difficult for this ingenious author to fill three volumes without many good points, faithful sketches, and happy illustrations of the period selected for his survey. We have, indeed, rather too much of the Irish jargon, which is still less pleasing than the Scottish *patois*; but, as he seems to revel in it, we are bound by courtesy to take it in good part.

As a tale of civil war will not please many readers without an intermixture of love, a heroine is here introduced under the appellation of Eliza Hartley. She is the daughter of a protestant baronet, and has been long attached to Harry Talbot, a young captain of yeomanry; but a handsome baronet, suddenly appearing in the neighbourhood, is captivated by her beauty, and also desirous of marrying her for her fortune. Her father continues to favor the suit of Talbot; but, after a few short struggles with contending emotions, the daughter's heart decides in favor of Sir William Juckin, and she writes to her old friend and schoolfellow, Belinda St. John, to inform her of this change in her affections, and to invite her to come and pass some time with her, that she may enjoy the benefit of her advice and friendship. Belinda at length arrives, but greatly altered in person and manner since Eliza left her at school: she explains the change, by telling her friend that she has loved and been deceived; but her wild and violent conduct induces a belief that the strange lady is 'moon-thruck,' and one old woman, Nanny the Knitter, is endeavouring one night to convince Eliza of this, by relating some scenes to which she had been privy, when Belinda

abruptly enters the apartment to take leave of her friend, asserting that circumstances compel her to leave Hartley-Court at that unseasonable hour, unwatched and unattended; and she solemnly adjures Eliza, as she values her own peace, *never to wed* Sir William Judkin! The latter has been absent on business at Waterford, during the period of this strange visit; and, when he returns, Eliza's vague fears are nearly dissipated, and he is received as a favored lover. Her father, too, begins to relent; and the rebellion being on the point of breaking out, he deems it advisable to give his daughter an additional protector in those times of political discord and fury; he therefore consents to her union with Sir William, and the marriage is to take place on the day when she completes her eighteenth year. Talbot obtains intelligence of this, and Nanny overhears a conversation between him and Ratting Bill, in which it is decided that Sir William shall be compelled to break off his union with Eliza. The old woman has just left her young lady, after relating to her a part of this conversation, when the following scene occurs.

"Eliza remained motionless on her seat under the ash-tree. Consternation filled her thoughts and her bosom.—Something fell at her feet and rustled in the grass. She picked up a piece of crumpled paper; she opened it and read—'Upon business the most vital to you, I come to speak one word;—but, though now looking on you, I will not intrude without thus preparing you for my appearance.

H. T.'

"She had scarcely perused the lines, when the writer of them sprang over the fence of the adjacent grove, and, bowing profoundly, stood before her. She had sufficient self-command to control a loud and long scream, the instinctive outbreak of her previous consternation into its climax. But the first struggle of a new passion—indignation and contempt for the person who thus intruded on her—checked her phrensy, and otherwise shaped her voice and conduct.—'Out of the path, Sir,' she cried, casting his billet to her feet, as she sprang up.—'I plead but for one word, Miss Hartley—but one word!' said Talbot, in a tone and manner of the humblest supplication.—'Back, Sir!' She proudly swept by him with a firm

step: 'long since, we have come to an understanding;—and, even were it not so, with the associate of a mean knave and villain I hold no converse!'—The connection is indeed, or seems to be, degrading to me; but it comes from necessity, not choice,' he replied, following her.—'Explain to others, Sir! I ask no explanation at your hands; and presume not thus to force your attendance upon me. Stand where you are, I say!'—as he gained her side.—'I must disobey you, Miss Hartley—must bear you company to the last moment when I can do so without observation.'

"Not once looking on him, she quickened her pace—every pace brought her nearer to home—her head erect, her brow knit, her cheeks flushed, and her bosom heaving.—'I am forced, Miss Hartley, by your own infatuation, into that very connection,' he continued; 'I am forced—if you do not pity me and protect yourself—to be a participant in acts which must sink me to the level of that very wretch! Save me, Eliza!—at present I ask—I entreat little from you;—I ask that you be but deliberate in your arrangements with my rival—that you take time'—'Rude gross person!' she muttered, while a deeper colour dyed her cheeks.—'Think of me as you will; I have no alternative but this plain mode of speaking to shield you, your father, and myself, from destruction.'—'You threaten, Sir? You would scare us with plots contrived by you and your worthy fellow?'—'Break the fellowship, Eliza! break it at one word. Restore me to myself!—Promise what I have requested! Defer'—'Until your plans be perfected?'—'No! I seek not to profit by the delay; but there is dreadful danger in a refusal.'—'I condemn it.'

"She was raising the latch of the orchard-door. The voice of her favored lover, pronouncing her name, echoed from the adjoining garden.—'Hark, Sir!'—she said, in a strong whisper, as she laid one finger on her lip, pointed with the other toward the garden, and flashed upon Talbot a glance of mingled triumph, consciousness of protection, and bitter taunt. He started at the voice of his rival, yet almost instantly seized her hand. She had stepped over the threshold of the orchard-door, and struggled spiritedly to

free herself. Talbot continued, during the struggle, to speak in snatches.—‘Your simple promise would have saved you from an avowal of the cause of my urgency; which now must be made, and which it will wither your heart to hear; which now must be made though you die under it, and though I foresee many other miserable results from the rash disclosure. But listen, Eliza Hartley!’—his closely whispered words pierced her ear like the hiss of a serpent;—‘You are about to wed—the husband of another.’ He dropped her hand, and precipitately withdrew. But he could now have held that hand without an effort to retain it. She stood mute and motionless as a statue; and her posture, and the deadly paleness of her cheeks and the vagueness of her eyes, formed a striking contrast to her late graceful though excessive vivacity. She felt the blood coldly rushing through every vein, until it settled in a sickening mass about her heart. Her head drooped, and she would have fallen, but that the voice of Sir William Judkin again reached her. The instinct of avoidance rallied her strength. She staggered into the middle of the orchard, flung herself to a shade formed by encircling fruit-bushes, and, panting for breath,* crouched close. In a few seconds, the footsteps of him she now dreaded, ‘the husband of another,’ bounded past her, and were lost to her ear, after having issued through a door that led to grounds at the back of the house. She sprang up, ran to her chamber, locked and bolted her door, and sank on her bed.”

Nanny the Knitter and Rattling Bill are the best-drawn portraits in the work. The former is a compound of sense and superstition, cunning and credulity; the latter is a reputed conjuror and a villain, who is thus introduced to our notice.—“Industry stamps value upon acquired means, indeed upon acquirement of every kind; but sudden and undeserved gains generally seem to be as little regarded by their possessor, as, in his person, by the world at large. Successful knaves often spend as fast as they get; and, amongst the lower classes at least, whatever may be their uniform good fortune, they never even *look* respectable. Their very clothes indicate their unsettled state of self-estimation. In the present instance, our individual rogue was

dressed in that style of shifting contrivance which marks his tribe. His coat, originally manufactured at the nation's expense, and first worn by some one of his majesty's soldiers, had undergone a process, by no means unusual, for adaptation to its present tenant. Its cape had been stripped off, and then it had been dipped into the hatter's vat, whence it emerged boasting a nondescript colour, liable, at a distance, to be called black, but, at a nearer view, showing the primitive underground of dusky red. The fellow's vest was of dappled calf-skin, the hairy side out, and buttoned (let us not suspect why, as since ~~his~~ day such a mode of wearing a vest has become fashionable) to his chin. Round his neck was loosely tied a tattered silk-handkerchief, stuffed with some uncouth kind of wadding into the shape—perhaps not unaptly prophetic—of a thick halter; and his rusty hat, much too capacious for its chance wearer, had been prevented from falling over his eyes by a contrivance that, in our opinion, gives a peculiar and finished air of vagabondism to its adopter—namely, the filling up, with a truss of rags, the superfluous space between the forehead and the inner edge of the beaver. On the little deal-table before him was a spacious sheet of paper, described at the top, in great red letters—“The New London Sheet Lottery.” It was divided into square compartments, each of which contained a number; and beneath every number might be deciphered either a certain sum, by way of prize, or the much more frequently occurring “blank, blank, blank :”—the former printed in red, the latter in mourning black, as if the meaning of the word could not sufficiently distinguish it, or sufficiently distress a loser. In a tin vessel, bulged, battered, and bent, the result of many spirited or despairing knocks against the table, he rattled a set of dice, eight or nine in number, fabricated without any attention to uniformity of size or shape—one being oblong, another nearly triangular, another inclined to a spherical form, but none exactly square; and so contrived, no doubt, in order to be managed to good advantage by the proprietor, and, in an increased ratio, by occasional amateurs.”

The manner in which this worthy personage obtained a wife, or at least a

female companion, is pleasantly described.—“Bill was universally known to be a fellow of daring, bravado humour, which feared neither man, devil, nor angel. And he was going along, on a stormy night, still more humorously and bravely inclined by the aid of whisky, and singing and shouting as loudly as he could, when suddenly he heard strange voices about him. He stopped and listened. ‘A horse for me!’ said a voice. He turned briskly to the quarter whence it came, but could see no one. ‘A horse for me!’ said another voice; and the same sounds were repeated in quick succession at every point around him. ‘And a horse for me, too!’ cried Bill, giving a shout and a jump. The words were scarcely uttered, when he found himself on the back of a steed that capered and curvetted ‘in great style:—he heard a ‘buzza!’ from a hundred tiny throats; away galloped his courser, like the north wind over a hill-side in winter; and, as he swept along, he could not be ignorant that, before him and behind him, and at each side of him, other horses were racing just as fiercely.—Away, away, over hedge, ditch, and brook, through thick and thin, he and his comrades galloped, until of a sudden, and of its own accord, his spirited steed stopped before a large house, situated—Heaven knows where! And all the attendant horsemen stopped too; and Bill, looking round him, now saw the riders; and from amongst them one melancholy-looking wight came to his side and addressed him. ‘Bill Nale,’ said he, speaking in a brogue of tiny cadence, ‘stand upon the back of your horse, and climb in through yonder window.’—‘For what reason?’ asked Bill. ‘Upon a sofa, in the chamber into which it leads, you’ll find a beautiful young lady sleeping: take her softly in your arms, and bear her down to us; we cannot assist you, because there is a certain spaniel, also asleep, at her feet,—so in with you.’—‘Never say it again,’ answered Bill; ‘an’ glad am I o’ the offer;’ and he climbed in at the window as desired, found the lady, took her in his arms without awaking her, descended with her from the window, placed her before him on his horse, and—‘Well done, Bill Nale!’ was the general cry; and the whole cavalcade set off over the ground they had come at even a wilder pace than before, until they reached the

spot where he first mounted his steed; and now there was a second halt, and they all surrounded him and the lady, shouting, ‘Down! down! down!’ He did not shout ‘Down!’ but remained quietly seated on his charger with the fair prize still asleep in his arms. ‘Come down,’ added the person who had before addressed him—‘you must come down, at least;—and Bill found himself standing on the road; but still he held the lady close. ‘Give her to me now,’ continued the same individual.—‘Give her to you?’ asked Bill.—‘Yes; she is my sweetheart.’—‘To the seventeen duouls wid you!’ said Bill; ‘I have a likin’ for her myself, and never as much as a finger will you lay on her.’ ‘Give her up, Bill, or rue it!’ exclaimed his enraged rival. ‘Give her up, give her up, or we’ll cripple you!’ shouted his friends. ‘Bother!’ shouted Bill, in return; ‘d’ye think, ye *sheeegs* [fairies] o’ the devil, that it’s a *bosthoon* ye have to talk to? I know how to match ye! an’ let ye only dare to come widin arum’s length, an’ see if I don’t pelt ye, by dozens, over Donard Hill, into the sey! Aha! I’m the boy for ye! Give her up, *inagh*?’—‘We’ll make you out a store of riches, Bill, if you yield possession of my sweetheart,’ said the most interested personage of the throng.—‘That’s more o’ the yarn, answered Bill: ‘*arragh*, go spake to them that doesn’t know ye! Riches? Ay; ye’ll fill me a bag full o’ slates, lookin’ like guineas, but they’d be nothing but slates in the mornin’. Make off, I tell ye! I have a charm here in my pocket; an’ if ye don’t, I’ll shake it at ye—hah!’—a cock-crow—‘do ye hear that? run for your lives now, or the cock’ll ate ye!’ Whether in despair of succeeding against him, or that the cock-crow was indeed a thing they could not withstand, the discomfited rout, with a low, wild wailing, that gradually died along the midnight blast, disappeared in a trice; and the lady thus won was, the neighbours said, the same he brought home to his cabin.”

In the progress of the insurrection, we meet with a forcible description of a hostile incursion into a village of supposed mal-contents.—“The buz of hurry and confusion was indistinctly heard in the village. The quick but not loud knock went from door to door. In a few brief and whispered words the inmates learned the approaching danger;

and some rushed forth, but half attired, only attentive to personal safety; some, in their headlong haste, endeavoured, with muttered threats or intreaty, to force out their families; some snatched at whatever was most valuable in their dwellings; and some, afraid to fly, crept into hiding-places; and, in a very short time, nearly the whole population, except some feeble women, or bed-ridden old men, or fear-stricken children over-looked by their parents, in the bustle and the darkness, were silently and stealthily speeding out of the hamlet. Half-way to their place of refuge, the galloping of horses came on their aching ears; and, at the sound, the half-clothed mother tried to stifle the cry of her startled infant, which she dared not stop to soothe into quietness; or the whispering inquiry after friends not seen by friends amid the throng, and the subdued warning to "stale asy," were the only accents of communication interchanged between the fugitives. A hill near the village was on one side clothed with oak and ash-trees, which, inserting their fibrous roots between rocky clefts, drew from the meagre soil a sustenance scarce to be expected. A streamlet, fringed with green turf, flowed by the foot of this declivity; and a smaller hill, more recently but more thickly planted, also arose from its edge, so that here was a secluded little glen; and hither came the inhabitants of the village, to wait beneath the concealing foliage, in the panting silence of extreme fear, until their dreaded enemies should have passed away.

"The frightened hare, when she has gained some distance from her pursuers, will pause, sit up, and lift her ears in the direction whence she apprehends danger; and so, after a pause of consternation, the closely-couched people began to question each other, and to start opinions or conjectures in more audible tones. Inquiries arose, as to the presence of members of their separate families, and low wailings were interrupted by sudden calls to attention, as the mother missed her offspring, or the daughter her parent. But the nearer noise of the horsemen soon hushed every breath, and every bosom became self-occupied.

"Shawn-a-Gow, the smith, clutching his son by the arm, had led on the body of fugitives. Arrived at the turfy

margin of the streamlet, he caused him to sit down; and, then commanding him not to stir till he should return, ascended the wooded hill, gained the summit which overlooked the village, descended a little on the other-side, and there, lying flat amidst a clump of furze, cast down his eyes to note the proceedings of the invading yeomen. No moon hung in the heavens; yet, though it was now the noon of a summer night, darkness, such as swathes the moonless nights of winter, did not reign around or below. Objects continued vaguely visible in the hamlet, and, to eyes long familiar with their shape and other identifying features, could not be confounded with each other. The watchers on the hill heard the approaching tramp of the horses' feet. With increasing clamor they heard them enter the straggling street, and drive along that quarter where the poorer cabins were situated; and, as they passed beneath, the swinging of the iron scabbards against the stirrups was loudly audible, and their closely-formed array, just a mass of shade deeper than that which surrounded it, became undefinedly visible. They proceeded toward the more respectable houses. Shawn-a-Gow raised his head above a screen of furze, and with a muttered curse saw them draw up before his own dwelling. There was a loud jingling of their arms and accoutrements as the men jumped from their saddles; then a score of voices cried "Open!" and he could hear the breaking-in of his own door. He judged that some entered, while the rest repaired to other houses in the village: for crash after crash echoed from different points, followed by imprecations and threats of future vengeance, as the enraged party ascertained the flight of the former inmates. But quickly were blended with their high and angry tones the cries of some few who, through fear or accident, had not joined the fugitives, and who were now drawn by force from their hiding-places, to the upper end of the street, where stood the commander directing the proceedings.

"And still much bustle went on before his own house. Lights glanced backward and forward, just touching with gleaming outlines the forms of those who bore them. He concluded that they were searching and rifling his dwelling; and, after some pause, he raised himself higher from his conceal-

ment, to ascertain if the feeble wailings of a woman's voice did not mingle with the louder vociferations of the yeomen. But he mistook; or else the tones became fainter, or were lost in the general uproar.

'They're at their work,' he said to Peter Rooney, in a cadence resembling the growling hellow of the bull, half terror, half a thirst for vengeance, when the tearing dogs have at last obtained the gripe that tames him.—'The night o' the great slaughter is come,' answered Peter; 'whisht! that's Whaley's voice above the rest; they have some o' the poor neighbours cotched.'—The words 'Tie him up!' were those to which Peter directed Shawn's attention, pronounced by the commander in a loud pitch of voice.—'An', d' you hear, Shawn? they're dhraggin' the creature along—an' its Saundlers Smyley, the ould throoper, that's callin' out 'Croppy rascal.'—Shawn raised his head again, as he asked, 'Isn't that like Bridget's cry among'em? An' didn't I see her thrudgin' wid the rest o' the women? Blood an' furies, no; now I recollect, she went back to get away the last o' the papers.'—'They won't do harm upon her,' said Peter.—'I'll go back for her,' resumed the smith.—'You'll do no sich thing, Jack Delouchery; have you a mind to give yourself up into their hands, an' lose us the strong-est arm an' one o' the bravest hearts o' the Wexford troops o' the Union! Lie down, man! lie down, I bid you!' continued Peter, with an energy that was natural to him, and that often had its effect upon his most colossal friends, as Jack half-started up—'down wid your head, an' lie close; is there no concern on your mind for us all, if you won't care about yourself? Wouldn't the sighth o' you, walkin' from this, tell them where to find every mother's soul of us? Maybe it isn't Breedge; or, supposin' it is, they have no business wid a woman; an' an ould mother of a woman 'ill get no other hurt among 'em, divils as they are, I tell you; so, asy, Shawn, asy; she's only cryin' out becace she's frightened.'—'Poor fool of a crature,' muttered Shawn, as he obeyed Peter's commands, and again lay flat—'she's yowlin' to think that she'll be a beggar in her ould days. Whisht!—a second time rising on his knee—'what's that Whaley is sayin' now?'—'Avoch, Shawn!—light it up,

boys, is his word,' answered Peter.—'By the Eternal!'—said Shawn, at last fully starting to his feet, 'my house is a-fire, blazin' up to give the hell-hounds light!'—'The Lord help you! 'tis blazin' sure enough,' said Peter.

"The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence; his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places, within and without; and, though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapour from the interior, or through the door-way, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air, in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-grey smoke. Sky and earth appeared reddened into ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hill-side seemed portions of fire; and Shawn's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof. His distended eyes were fixed too upon the figures of the actors in this scene, and upon their scabbards and their polished black helmets, bickering redly in the glow, as, at a command from their captain, they sent up the hill-side three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent; and little Peter now feared to address a word to him, while other sights and occurrences claimed their attention. Rising to a pitch of shrillness that over-mastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking toward a spot brilliantly illuminated, they saw Sanders Smyley vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybrechone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head, and, though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct. A second groupe challenged the eye. Shawn's house stood alone in the village. At a short distance before its tower was a lime-tree with benches

contrived all round the trunk, upon which, in summer weather, the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly against the glowing objects beyond it; and three or four of the yeomanry, their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black, seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling, with their hands lifted above their heads. Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them, and anon a human form, still like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch, and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch. His rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax for the present to his emotions, and at length caused some expressions of his pent-up feelings. A loud, crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hill-side; a gloomy, red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After every thing that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old home that now fell in.—‘By the ashes o’ my cabin, burnt down before me this night—an’ I stanin’ a houseless beggar on the hill-side, lookin’ at it—while I can get an Orangeman’s house to take the blaze, and a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I’ll burn ten houses for that one!’

Talbot is summoned before a magistrate to substantiate his charge against Sir William; but, as he is unable to prove it, his testimony is discredited. In the mean time a rebel leader calls upon Sir Thomas Hartley to join the united Irishmen; but he adheres to his resolution of remaining neuter, though he consents to escort his visitor to a house in the neighbourhood where the rebels are in the habit of meeting. The day appointed for the marriage arrives, and our heroine is united to the man of

her choice: scarcely, however, is the ceremony concluded, when Talbot, at the head of a party of yeomen, arrests both the father and the bridegroom on a charge of high treason. They are conducted to Enniscorthy and tried. Sir Thomas is generally supposed to be among the victims; but this circumstance does not at first reach the ears of his daughter, whose wanderings, and exertions in behalf of him and her husband, are related with great force and pathos. Sir William escapes from prison by the assistance of a mysterious female personage, and, imagining that his wife must be in the hands of Talbot, he joins the rebels in the hope of finding her, and avenging himself on his hated rival. Talbot is on the point of being sacrificed to the rage of the baronet, when he, in turn, is rescued by the same woman. The rivals once more meet in a skirmish, and Sir William falls, mortally wounded. The friendly woman proves to be Eliza’s old school-fellow Belinda, whom the baronet had seduced, espoused, and deserted. The heroine now finds that her father has been saved from execution by the interposition of Talbot, and she joyfully gives her hand to her first and faithful lover.

THE BETROTHED LOVERS, *a Tale of the Fourteenth Century.* 3 vols. 1828.

AMONG the Italian romance-writers of the present day, Manzoni is one of the most distinguished. He seems to be well acquainted with the productions of Sir Walter Scott, and occasionally imitates his style and manner. His plots, without being complicated or elaborate, are well digested, and his details are interesting.

Renzo and Lucia, two natives of Lombardy, are betrothed to each other; but their intended nuptials are suddenly prevented by the refusal of the priest Abbondio to perform the ceremony.—This refusal had been urged upon him by some agents of a powerful nobleman, Don Rodrigo, who, in consequence of a wanton wager with a dissolute relative, the young count Attilio, had resolved to possess the person of Lucia. On the announcement of this mishap, the little household of the betrothed is thrown into much dismay, until the mother of Lucia proposes a plan by

which the priest might be compelled to sanction the marriage. This was the scheme:—Renzo and her daughter were to present themselves before the priest, with two witnesses, and instantly declare themselves man and wife. By an old custom, the marriage would be thus concisely solemnised. After some demur, the attempt is made, and baffled in consequence of the feminine fears of Lucia, the whole formula not being repeated in the priest's presence without interruption.

Endangered by the base attempts of Rodrigo, the lovers retire from the neighbourhood. Their flight, we may here observe, is feelingly described.—Lucia is protected by the nuns of Monza, and Renzo takes refuge in the house of a relative.

Rodrigo now courts the aid of a strange character, called the Nameless, who contrives to carry off Lucia from the convent to his own castle; but, somewhat dismayed by the accounts of her, given by his bravos who conducted her thither, and urged by a strong feeling, he resolves to see one whose attractions had softened the hard hearts even of the ruffians.

"Cautiously ascending a staircase, he reached the chamber of the old woman who guarded her. The hasp was soon heard rattling in the rings, and the door thrown open. The Nameless, standing on the threshold, threw an eye-glance into the apartment; and, by the light of a lamp, he beheld Lucia squatted on the ground in a corner of the room.—'Who told you to throw her there, like a sack of rags, you savage?' said he to the woman, angrily rebuking her.—'She placed herself where she liked,' humbly answered the other; 'I have done all I could to encourage her; she can tell you so—but it is of no use.'—'Rise,' said he to Lucia, drawing near her. But she, to whom the knock, the opening of the door, the tramp, the voice, had brought a new and obscurer dread into a spirit already terrified, coiled herself yet more into the corner, hiding her face with her hands, and motionless, except for the tremor that pervaded every limb.—'Rise; I will do you no harm—and I may do you good,' repeated the chief.

"As if invigorated by terror, the miserable girl suddenly sprang from her knees; and, clasping her hands as

she would have done to a sacred image, raised her eyes to the face of the Nameless; then casting them down, exclaimed, 'I am here; kill me.'—'I have said that I will do you no harm,' he answered in a milder voice, gazing at those features which were disturbed by anguish and terror.—'Courage, courage,' said the old woman. 'Why,' resumed Lucia, with a voice which expressed a certain security of desperate indignation, 'have you made me suffer the pains of hell? What have I done?—?'—'Perhaps they have ill-treated you? Speak.'—'Ill-treated! They took me away by force! Why am I here? Where am I? I am a poor creature: what have I done to you? In the name of Heaven'—'Heaven,' interrupted the Nameless; 'always Heaven. They who cannot defend themselves, and who have no power, have always this Heaven to take the field with, as though they had spoken to it. What do you expect from this word? To make me——?' and he left the phrase half uttered.—'Oh, my lord! expect! What can a poor girl expect, if not to find mercy at your hands? Let me go; for God's sake, let me go. Why do you torment me? Send me to a church; I will pray for you all my life. What does it cost to say one word? Oh, there! you pity me: speak one word, speak it. God pardons so many things for a good deed!—'Oh, why is she not the daughter of one of those vile wretches who wish for my death!—thought the Nameless—'that I might now enjoy her sorrows, and instead——'—'Do not drive away a good inspiration!' pursued Lucia with fervor, re-animated by observing a certain air of hesitation in the face and gesture of her tyrant. 'If you show mercy to me, the Lord will show it to you. You may kill me, and you can do no more; but you—perhaps one day you too——But no, no; I will always pray to the Lord to preserve you from every evil.'—'Courage, be comforted,' interrupted the Nameless, in a manner so gentle, as to amaze the old woman.—'Have I done you any harm?'—'Oh, no! I see that you have a kind heart, and feel pity for a poor creature. If you would, you might kill me; but, on the contrary, you have consoled my heart. God reward you for it. Complete the work of mercy; free me, free me.'—'To-morrow——'—'Oh, free

me now, now——'—'To-morrow, we will meet again, I say. Courage, cheer up. Go to bed.'—He then desired the old woman to make her cheerful, and left her."

In the solitude of his chamber, he endeavoured to analyse the grounds upon which he had pledged himself to torment an unknown unhappy girl, who excited neither hatred nor fear, in order to serve Don Rodrigo. He seemed to think that he had been influenced, not by deliberation, but by an instantaneous movement of the mind, obedient to old and habitual sentiments, the consequences of many antecedent circumstances; and, to account for a single fact, he found himself engulfed in the examination of his whole life. He traced it from year to year, from pledge to pledge, from blood to blood, from iniquity to iniquity; each act re-appeared in his mind, separated from the sentiments that made him will and commit. The horror of his thoughts, re-born with each of these images, increased even to despair. He arose from his bed, and caught hold of a pistol; but, instead of terminating an existence become insupportable, his mind, surprised by terror, by still surviving anxiety, rushed forward to the time that might pass soon after his decease. He imagined, with horror, his carcass deformed, motionless, in the power of the meanest survivor; the astonishment and confusion of the castle in the morning; every thing turned upside down. Even the darkness and silence made him apprehend in death something more sad, more fearful. He thought he would not have hesitated if it had been day-light, abroad, in the faces of his people, to throw himself into the water, and disappear. Swallowed up by these torturing contemplations, he raised and depressed alternately, with the convulsive force of his thumb, the cock of the pistol. As he was thus employed, the thought of God and of futurity entered his mind. He let the weapon fall, tore his hair, gnashed his teeth, and trembled through every limb. Suddenly he recalled the words which he had heard a few hours before;—'God pardons so many things for a deed of mercy!'—And they were not recollected in that accent of humble prayer with which they had been uttered, but in tones full of authority, which drew along with them a distant hope.

That was a moment of relief. He placed his hands on his temples, and, in a composed attitude, fixed the eyes of his mind on the innocent girl who had pronounced those words. He beheld her not as his captive, his suppliant, but as one who dispensed grace and consolation. He anxiously waited for the next day, to go and liberate her—to hear from her mouth other words of relief and life. He thought of conducting her himself to her mother. And then? what shall I do for the rest of that day? What shall I do the day after? And the night? Oh, the night! He relapsed into the painful void of the future; he sought in vain an employment for his time. Now, he proposed abandoning his castle, and hastening to a remote country, where no one had heard of him. But he felt that he would always be with himself. Now, he revived a dark hope of recovering his ancient spirit, his ancient desires; but that was as a passing delirium. Now he dreaded the day which must show him to his people so miserably changed.—Now, he sighed, as if he were obliged to bring the light even into his own thoughts. Precisely at dawn, whilst he remained motionless on a seat, a wave of sound fell upon his ear, not perfectly expressed, but which communicated something cheerful. He listened, and recognised a distant festival chime, and, soon after, the echo of the nearest mountain, which, at intervals, languidly repeated the harmony, and became blended with itself. Presently, he heard another chime break forth, nearer, and festive also; and then another. He went to a window, and looked out. The mountains were half veiled in mist; the sky was not cloudy, but of an ashy grey; and, by the light that gradually increased, a number of people were observed covering the road at the bottom of the valley, and passing along in haste."

It appears that the villagers were assembled to welcome cardinal Borromeo, who immediately undertakes the conversion of the Nameless to a better course of life. Lucia is now restored to liberty; but, instead of giving her hand to Renzo, she makes a vow in repugnance to his pretensions. For a long time he is unacquainted with the place of her abode; but he at last finds her in the city of Milan, in a state of

convalescence after the plague. She is absolved by a priest from her vow, and is thus left at liberty to revert to her original promise, and to gladden the heart of Renzo.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND. 2 VOLS. 1828.

IT must not be inferred from this title, that we have here a real Persian visitant of our country:—No—the adventures are imaginary; but the detail is amusing, because it is such as a Persian might be supposed to give, and the remarks are consonant with those feelings and modes of thinking which are habitual to a native of Ispahan or Shiraz.

The author (Mr. Morier) thus states the object of his new publication. He hints that his former work wounded the feelings of the Persian gentry, but he laughs at their anger, and says, “I look upon it as an encouragement to have produced any sort of sensation among a lively people like the Persians, by which they may be led to reflect upon themselves as a nation. Touch but their vanity, and you attack their most vulnerable part. Let them see that they can be laughed at, you will make them angry. Reflection will succeed anger; and with reflection, who knows what changes may not be effected? And, having produced this effect, let me ask what farther good may not be expected by placing them in strong contrast with the nations of Christianity, and more particularly with our own blessed country? And it is this which has been attempted in the following pages. In talent and natural capacity, the Persians are equal to any nation in the world. In good feeling and honesty, and in the higher qualities of man, they would be equally so, were their education and their government favourable to their growth. What is wanted, then, but some strong incentive to reflection?”

Hajji Baba and his companions are supposed to disembark at Plymouth, and to be conducted to a respectable inn.—“What (says he) was our astonishment, when we alighted at the door of a house, at the gate of which stood several denominations of Franks, without their hats, and two or three women unveiled, who, placing themselves in a sort of procession, preceded the ambassador until they reached a room fitted

up with looking-glasses, and surrounded by many contrivances too numerous now to mention. The melmandar or interpreter then told us that this was to be our habitation for the present, and added, that, whenever we wanted any thing, we had only to pull a string pendant from the wall, when slaves ready to obey our orders would appear, quicker than even the *gins* did to Aladdin. All this bewildered our senses. Here we were in a house which no shah of Persia, since the days of Noushirvan, could have seen, even in a dream—fitted up with more luxuries than decked our largest palaces—with windows glazed with the purest glass—with carpets of such little account, that every one walked over them in their shoes—with walls beautifully painted—with chairs enough to seat all the elders of Tehran; in short, with such inconvenient abundance, that it was long before we could be convinced to look upon it as the abode of the stranger. ‘Adieu,’ said we, ‘adieu, the vaunted hospitality of the East, if this is the way the stranger is received by the European!’ But what was still more extraordinary, we had remained in this state of surprise only a few minutes, when in came a fair-faced daughter of England, asking us through the melmandar, whether we should like to ‘see our beds;’ at least so we understood her. We knew of no other beds than those which we carried about and spread on the floor, and therefore we all willingly pressed forwards to the sight; and here our wonder was again excited. The shah’s throne, on which he sits to administer justice, and to make the two extremities of the world tremble, was not more magnificent than the bed intended for the ambassador. It must have been constructed upon the model of the famous peacock-throne of the Moguls. Upon four pillars of curiously wrought wood was raised a canopy of rich stuffs, from which were suspended curtains as ample as those which screen the great hall of Tehran. The seat was overlaid with the softest and most luxuriant mattresses, and pillows to recline upon were raised one above the other in heaps. Here our moonfaced conductress proposed that the ambassador should pass the night; and the invitation, as may be expected, was greedily accepted; an event to which she appeared perfectly accustomed, inasmuch as it was settled without the least indication of a smile

or a blush on her part. 'Allah!' exclaimed Mirza Firouz; 'I am in a state of amazement. We have not only the repose of paradise made ready for us, but also the hours thereof awaiting our pleasure.' Suddenly a great sensation appeared to be made in the caravanserai, and the ambassador was informed that the Circassian was arrived. The infidels, still treating her with the same attentions that we had remarked on ship-board, were bringing her to Mirza Firouz, when they were prevented by the sagacity of Seid and Mahboub. Not one of them could understand that she was only a slave; the mehmandar himself, when he reached England, seemed to take part with his own countrymen in paying her a respect that was not her due. 'Where shall we put the lady?' said he to the ambassador. 'Lady, indeed!' said Mirza Firouz; 'what words are these? You know better than I that she is no lady; that she is only a poor slave; and, therefore, for the love of Ali, do not allow her to be treated as a lady. Give her a corner, and there let her sit.'

The ambassador is shocked at being received with coolness, and sent off to his appointed residence.—'The ambassador (we are told) got out of the carriage with his temper all crooked, totally ignorant whether in so doing the hour was fortunate or unfortunate.—Nobody appeared before him to say, 'you are welcome;' no one with a present in his hand to greet him; not even a pomegranate was offered to him; and, rushing up a rapid flight of stairs, he threw himself in despair upon a sofa. In vain was he invited to partake of a magnificent repast of sweetmeats, fruits, and ices, which had been prepared, and which the English mirzas and the mehmandar assured him had been provided at the express orders of the government: nothing would console him; he swore his face was black, and black he swore it should remain. The mehmandar then presented him some food in a dish, and asked whether he would not eat. 'Eat!' said the ambassador; 'if all your receptions are like this, and if you think to wipe off the disgrace which my shah has this day received, by giving me to eat, you are much mistaken. Let me see some one to say 'welcome' on the part of your shah, and then, perhaps, I may eat. No salt will be lawful till then.'—'But do you count the British

mirzas for nothing?' said the mehmandar. 'Mirzas, indeed!' exclaimed he in a fury; 'did we send a writer of firmans and a clipper of paper to your ambassadors? What words are these? Don't beat the air with more useless words! My face is black; your face is black; and your government's face will also be blackened (praise be to God!) throughout the world when this fact is known!' Seeing that nothing could be made of him in this humour, we left him to roll on the sofa, whilst Seid rubbed his feet, and Feridoun, the barber, kneaded his back and loins, which produced relief more effectual than either speeches from the mirzas or the mehmandar. I consoled myself for the miseries of the last hour by seeking the company of my countrymen. I found them settled near the entrance of the house, in a large room, supported at one end by two pillars, surrounded with chairs, and encumbered by a large wooden case mounted on four legs.—Here they had spread their carpets; arranged their saddles and trunks; hung up their carbines, swords, and pistols; and had made all the arrangements usual in a caravanserai. They had traveled through the country in a style worthy of kings, for their carriage was provided with every convenience; horses ready harnessed at frequent intervals were awaiting their arrival to carry them on with increased rapidity; and they had not once had recourse to either sword or carbine, such little impediment had they found. It is true, they were obliged to proceed whether they would or not, for the inexorable driver would not give them time even to prepare a *kalioun*; but they found so much pleasure in being as they were masters, whilst every body seemed toiling and toiling for their advantage, that, to hear them talk, they would not have cared if the journey had never come to a close. On arriving at the house in London, they were at a loss, amidst the variety of rooms which it contained, where to deposit themselves; but knowing from experience how much more convenient and safe it was to keep together, and to sleep under each other's protection, they settled to remain where I found them, rather than to take separate beds and separate rooms at the top of the house. They were visited every morning by a good old infidel, a doctor, (so they thought), who had been very kind to

the cook, who felt unwell from the fatigue of the journey. He had generously felt his pulse, and had sent his deputy to give the proper medicines.—We were expressing our admiration of Frank doctors, when the said old man came in, accompanied by the mehmandar. We all rushed to have our pulses felt, and our tongues looked at, which is the Frank mode of ascertaining health, when the mehmandar, to our astonishment, burst into a fit of laughter.—‘What news is this?’ said he; ‘what do you do thus for?’—‘He is our doctor, praise be to God!’ said the cook; ‘he has cured the pain in my heart.’—‘Doctor!’ exclaimed the Frank; ‘he is no doctor—he is my uncle!’—‘Well,’ said I, ‘and suppose he is? he may be a doctor, and your uncle too: there is no harm in that, is there?’—‘But he is a lord, and a man of the sword; he never made up a drug in his life.’—‘How should we know that,’ said the cook; ‘how are we to distinguish between your lords and your doctors?’—This puzzled the mehmandar; for truly every body seemed to be on an equality in this strange country. To judge of people by their dress here was impossible. Finery certainly was not the criterion; for, if it were, then those who drove the coaches in the streets, and those who stood behind them, must be the nobility of the land; for they were the finest-drest people we saw. We found, when we came to draw inferences from all that met our eye, that our difficulties increased; and therefore, until our senses should have become more expanded, we thought the best plan for the present was to seat ourselves upon the hill of patience, and open the eyes of astonishment upon the prospect of novelty.”

Other customs and circumstances also excite the wonder of the strangers.—“We passed the first night very ill. Each of us had a bed, the curtains of which were so pretty, that we longed to cut them up for *alcoloks*,* or to bind them round our waists; but we were unaccustomed to their heavy coverings, and found, after we had been a short time under them, that our coat and trowsers became disagreeably oppressive. We all agreed, that certain white pieces of loose linen, which ac-

companied each bed, would make excellent shirts; and Taki, the *ferash*, who had only one, determined immediately to improve his stock. The whole household was on the stir long before the Franks thought of moving; but Mohammed Beg was much puzzled about the true hour for saying his morning prayer, for we heard no *muezzins* to announce it from the mosques; and, besides, the nights were so much longer than any we had been accustomed to, that we had almost settled among ourselves, that the sun never rose in this ill-conditioned city. We had walked about the house for several hours almost in total darkness, and were in despair waiting for the dawn, when, at length, we heard noises in the street, indicating that the inhabitants were awake. During the whole night, at intervals, we had watched the cries of the guards of the night; but those we now heard were quite different. At first, we thought they might be *muezzins* appointed to cry out the *Frangi azan*, the invitation to the inhabitants to arise and pray; and, indeed, looking at them through the twilight, we were confirmed in our idea, for they were dressed in black, as all the English men of God are; but we were evidently mistaken, because, although they uttered their cry in a variety of loud shrill tones, yet still no one seemed to rise a moment the sooner, or to have the least idea of praying on their account. And still we were uncertain; for, when the day had completely broken, Mohammed Beg came running in, in great joy, exclaiming, ‘*Muezzin! muezzin!*’ and pointing to the top of one of the minars, which are seen on all the houses, we there saw one of these street clergymen, crying out his profession of faith with all his might.”—These criers, the reader will easily guess, were chimney-sweepers.

The remarks on the manners and behaviour of the English women are very amusing.—“Our house was thronged with the women of London, and with those tongues of theirs, which, as Sadi saith, ‘make the heart to talk, and the foot to walk, without the *mehmandari* of the head,’ they set on foot a sort of pilgrimage to the shrine of this unfortunate maiden†. But, in so doing, (Allah! Allah!) wonderful sights did

* The under-vest, usually made of flowered chintz

† The fair Circassian.

they exhibit to us poor sons of the faithful. Marvellous eyes! without mercy, without compassion were they! I really saw some beauties among them, before whom our blessed king of kings (upon whom be mercy and peace!) would be happy to creep on his hands and knees. They, however, cared so little about being seen, that it never occurred to them once to attempt to throw a veil over their faces. Poor Frauks! thought we, to be restricted only to one for life! If our divine prophet had set up his staff here, instead of the blessed regions of Mecca, he would have given his followers six instead of four. For my part, I died daily; and, as for our ambassador, we all saw how it would be! His heart would become roast meat before another noon was over, and he would soon become thin upon cheek-nurture and eye-food. But day after day they came to see the Circassian, bringing with them all sorts of toys and presents; all out of compassion, said they, to her imprisoned and deplorable state of slavery. Some gave her pictures, others dolls, others books. Dilferib was grateful for their attentions, and deplored their degraded state; but she became indignant when they endeavoured to persuade her, and even to attempt force, to wear their stockings. To her astonishment they protested that nothing could be more indecent than to appear with naked feet. 'How?' exclaimed Dilferib, 'you make such a point of covering your legs, and still, in defiance of all modesty, you expose your faces! Strange ideas of decency you must have indeed! All women's legs are alike. There can be no immodesty in leaving them naked; for nobody, by seeing them, could know one woman from another; but the face, that sacred spot, sacred to modesty, sacred to the gaze of none but a husband; that which ought to be covered with the most scrupulous delicacy; that you leave uncovered, to be stared at, criticised, laughed at, by every impudent varlet that chooses. Allah!' exclaimed the offended Dilferib, to a young female infidel, who was one day pressing upon her acceptance a pair of long cotton stockings, 'Allah forgive me! Are you mad? Has your brain become disordered? Give me free legs, a muffled face, and the favour of the holy prophet, and say no more. Strange ill-luck has ours been that has brought us to a country

where the women cover their legs, and uncover their faces!' But, with all their good-nature towards Dilferib, there was part of their conduct which we could in no wise understand. Although they all freely came to see her, yet not one would help to cheer her solitude by procuring her a companion. 'Who would keep company,' said they, 'with a woman who is not married to the man she lives with? It was as much as their reputations were worth.' There was one person to whom the ambassador offered various advantages, if she would live with and educate his slave; but she became quite outrageous at such a proposal. She would walk and talk with men in the open streets, look at men, take them by the arm, be visited by men, and nobody would think the worse of her for such doings; but she became all rage and fury the moment it might be said of her, that she did the like with one of her own sex, who stood in the predicament of the inoffensive Dilferib. Now, what should we say of such a woman in our country! Why, her hair would be cut off, and she would be paraded throughout the city on an ass, with her face to its rump, and its tail in her hand, and then thrust out into the open desert, as one soiled with impurities. Such is the difference of manners in different countries!'

THE VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN POPANILLA,
by the Author of Vivian Grey.

WHILE one humorist is propagating new ideas of England under the character of a Persian, another writer (supposed to be the junior d'Israeli) treats us with satirical effusions, in the name of an adventurous inhabitant of an island in the Indian ocean, called Poutaisie.—Popanilla, having lost a lock of his sweetheart's hair, goes toward the shore to look for it, and, in his search, stumbles upon a chest saved from a shipwreck. In this chest he finds books on the Hamiltonian system and on political œconomy, and the tracts of the Society lately organised for the promotion of useful knowledge. By the eager perusal of these attractive publications, he speedily becomes a linguist, philosopher, and politician. In the last of these capacities, he makes long speeches, which have for their objects only such trifling results as the abolition of the

order of nobility, the overthrow of the Fantaisian church and state, and the establishment of a democratic government. He is now banished, and arrives at Hubbabub (London), where the system of banking, Stock-Exchange proceedings, the North-west Passage, diplomacy, theatricals, the Catholic claims, and other interesting subjects, are discussed in a pleasant but sometimes too sarcastic vein.

In allusion to a great personage and to the corn question, we find the following *tirade*.—"Skindeep led Popanilla to the top of a tower, from which they had a complete view of the whole island. Skindeep particularly directed the captain's attention to one spot, where flourished, as he said, the only corn-fields in the country, which supplied the whole nation, and were the property of one individual. So unrivaled was his agricultural science, that the vulgar only accounted for his admirable produce by a miraculous fecundity! The proprietor of these hundred golden acres, was a rather mysterious sort of personage. He was an aboriginal inhabitant, and had lived many centuries; and, to the consternation of some of the Vraibleusians, and the exultation of others, exhibited no signs of decay. This awful being was without a name. When spoken of by his admirers, he was generally described by such panegyrical periphrases as 'soul of the country, foundation of the state, the only real and true and substantial being; while, on the other hand, those who presumed to differ from these sentiments, were in the habit of styling him 'the dead weight, the vampire, the night-mare,' and other titles equally complimentary. They also maintained that, instead of being either real or substantial, he was, in fact, the most flimsy and fictitious personage in the whole island; and then, lashing themselves up into metaphor, they would call him a meteor, or a vapour, or a great windy bubble, that would some day burst.

"The Aboriginal insisted that it was the common law of the land, that the islanders should purchase their corn only of him. They grumbled, but he growled; he swore that it was the constitution of the country; that there was an uninterrupted line of precedents to confirm the claim; and that, if they did not approve the arrangement, they and their fathers should not have settled

upon his island, or they must now quit it. Then, as if he were not desirous of resting his claim on its mere legal merits, he would remind them of the superiority of his grain and the impossibility of a scarcity; in the event of which calamity, an insular people could always find a plentiful, though temporary resource in sea-weed. He then clearly proved to them, that, if ever they should have the imprudence to change any of their old laws, they would necessarily never have more than one meal a-day as long as they lived. Finally, he recalled to their recollection, that he had made the island what it was, that he was their mainstay, and that his counsel and exertions had rendered them the wonder of the world. Thus, between force and fear and flattery, the Vraibleusians paid for their corn nearly its weight in gold."

The ministerial mode of settling a colony is thus ridiculed.—"The Gazette contained an order for the immediate fortification of the new island by the most skilful engineers, *without estimates*. A strong garrison was instantly embarked. A governor and a deputy-governor, and storekeepers, more plentiful than stores, were to accompany them. The private secretary went out as president of the council. A bishop was promised; and a complete court of judicature, Chancery, King's-Bench, Common-Pleas, and Exchequer, were to be off the next week. It is only due to the characters of courtiers, who are so often reproached with ingratitude to their patrons, to record, that the private secretary, in the most delicate manner, placed at the disposal of his former employer, the marquis Moustache, the important office of agent for the indemnification claims of the original inhabitants of the island. The post being a sinecure, the income being considerable, and local attendance being unnecessary, the noble lord, in a manner equally delicate, appointed himself.—Upon what system, one day inquired the Fantaisian ambassador of his old friend Skindeep, 'does your government surround a small rock in the middle of the sea with fortifications, and cram it full of clerks, soldiers, lawyers, and priests?'—'Why, really, your excellency, I am the last man in the world to answer questions; but, I believe, we call it the *colonial system*.'

A RAMBLE AMONG THE MUSICIANS OF GERMANY, *by a Musical Professor.* 1828.

SOME of our readers may perhaps recollect the travels of Burney, the great *Mus. Doct.*, which were amusingly ridiculed by a wag, who, under the appellation of Joel Collier, pretended to give a scientific account of the state of music in the towns and villages of England. The doctor never could forgive the publisher of this *jeu d'esprit*: the author, we believe, he never could discover;—if he had met with the bold offender, a duel would probably have ensued.

Dr. Burney's account of his tour was only fit for the perusal of a votary of music; but the present *Ramble* is more varied and general, and consequently more entertaining. The author is not merely a musical professor on this occasion, but an intelligent observer of men and manners.

At Cologne, his favorite propensity was highly gratified: yet he was not uniformly pleased.—In religious processions (he says) "the streets are strewed with rushes, so that the performers glide along noiseless as ghosts, and nothing interrupts the solemnity of the harmony. The singers consisted of young girls and boys, youths and maidens, and lastly of consummate men, walking in double rows of immense length, and sometimes accompanied by bands of wind instruments. The simple hymn, sung by the girls in three parts, pitched in a low key, nicely in tune, and without any vociferation—this, replied to by the men's voices, and then in return by those of the youths, produced the most affecting appeal to the feelings of which music is capable—tears came unbidden. The pauses in the music, the large body of voices, the contrast between the trebles, tenors, and basses, the sudden breaking-out in different parts of that long line, some voices from their distance merging into silence, others unexpectedly swelling out near at hand, produced an entire and delicious novelty in the art, and such as might by a great master of effect be turned to infinite account.—It would be gratifying to try how a regular motet for several choirs, of slow movement and artful counterpoint, with judicious marks of piano and forte, would succeed, the performers being placed in

bodies at certain distances apart. I am sanguine in the conviction, that an extensive and entirely untrodden field of exertion is open to a composer; but in this, as well as in orchestral writing, great experience and actual experiment are necessary to success. In the present instance, the ear was not offended by any jarring or discordant harmony, because the signals for the different parties to begin were regulated with judgment, one not commencing until the other had stopped. The priests, however, who took upon themselves to roar the Gregorian chant, made great blunders in the harmony; their basses and *appoggiature* were uniformly wrong.—Two horns, clarionets, bassoons, and a bass trombone, played in a smooth manner and extremely subdued, supplied the place of an itinerant organ, and supported the voices in those parts where the modulation was somewhat more learned than suits merely vocal music."

At Darmstadt, he found the passion for music very prevalent, the grand-duke himself being an orchestral director.—Here he saw and heard Mademoiselle Madler,—"who has a sweet voice, and would make an excellent chamber-singer, though in the *forte* parts of every bravura she was almost inaudible, because the band is really too large for accompanying opera music, especially songs. But whoever looked at her would hardly wish for a higher pleasure than his eyesight would afford him; she is a model of German beauty, which is indeed a condensation of female loveliness, including all the sentiment of it. The lady must be thus imagined; a being somewhat about the height of Shakespeare's *Rosalind*, with that undulating flow of outline in her figure which never wearies in contemplating; a face perfect for its symmetrical regularity, and its look of goodness; hair (almost distracting to mention) of an auburn colour, and in such profusion that, when allowed to escape from its confinement, it descended nearly to the feet. This abundance of hair is the dowry which every German woman brings her husband; and I find that in this country they have engrossed the fabled strength of Samson in that particular, which should by lineal descent have been ours; but, if they are usurpers, they are certainly not tyrants."

In speaking of Munich he sacrifices his musical taste, for a time, to a less

refined appetite.—“It is not the custom in Munich for the inhabitants to dine much at their own houses; but they indulge their gulosity with considerable vigour at the various hotels. In the south of Germany the dinner-hour is universally one o'clock; and, as the breakfast barely justifies its etymology, being a most ethereal meal, an appetite is seldom wanting at that hour. A great proportion of the guests at these public tables are officers in the army, generally fine and intelligent looking men, whose overgrown slaggy mustachios disguise much good-nature, and are only the semblance of fierceness. Then comes the cook's ordeal; and a German cook is an artificer so dexterous in the occult refinements of his art, so delicate in his flavours, so profound in his combinations, that the eater shall experience no malign results in the concoction of any dish in which his subtle hand hath been employed. The courses follow one another in slow but numerous succession, and the conversation of the company, which at first commenced *pianissimo*, soon, under the influence of generous fare, becomes gradually louder as the talkers increase: at last, those who have the misfortune to be engaged in some knotty argument or metaphysical discussion, are obliged to halloo at the top of their voices with a most harmless but amusing violence. When talking earnestly upon a subject in which they are interested, the Germans roll out their fine, rough, energetic words with infinite gusto. All this time the *mädchen* (generally a pretty girl, who assists in serving the guests individually) acts as a moderator of the asperities of dispute: she insinuates her gentle form, craving attention to some fresh dainties, and generally receives in return from the men a sly embrace or extempore compliment, or from the women some approval of her well-chosen dress; and this familiarity, which results entirely from a benevolence of disposition, never degenerates into grossness on the part of the superiors, or impudence on that of the menial. Human nature is a very pleasant and good-natured thing in Bavaria. I have thought it necessary to panegyrise the German cooks on account of the vivacity and mental activity which their dishes leave to the eater, who is after them never more

cogitabund, or more luxuriant for a sonnet or other piece of off-hand eloquence.”

He seems to have been pleased with the *agrémens* and the society of Dresden.—“At the Great Garden, the music was generally excellent, and it was my practice, on a fine warm afternoon, having dined and duly discussed my glass of Wurtzburg wine, to jump into a fiacre, and drive there through pleasant avenues of trees and country-houses; and the agreeableness of the ride was not lessened by seeing from time to time groupes of handsome girls seated in the bowers of their gardens, bare-headed, reading or working together—then to leap out of the coach to the first *finale* in Figaro, or something as good, and to take coffee seated under the fine old arm of a tree, looking upon the evening sun or the golden clouds about it, surrounded by a throng of happy faces.

“This park, which was attached to a royal residence, but is now given up for the gratification of the public, is a most charming place; the trees, instead of being younger than one's self, as they appear at Vienna, look ancestral and venerable. The ladies who visit this place very wisely employ their hands in knitting, though I believe from their looks that the manufacture does not absorb much of their thoughts; the gentlemen in the mean time lounge about, recognising and exchanging amenities with their acquaintances. Great cheerfulness results from this open-air existence in Germany; life runs good to the last here, for in no place have I seen so many happy old men, or met with more innocent or steadfast politicians, especially if England was the theme of discourse. One of these used to single me out every day with a fresh eulogium on *Herr Canning*, until the relation of his virtues became rather tedious. In this garden the late Weber was in the habit of meeting his friends, and would sometimes good-naturedly correct the band if they misapprehended the style or time of his airs. An opinion still prevails in Dresden that disappointment at the reception of Oberon in England hastened the composer's death—a mistake as to the fact, and even as far as emolument and the carresses of the fashionable world are concerned. The Germans formed their

expectations of his success from their ignorance of the class of character which is calculated to make a man of genius the rage in England. That simplicity of manners which attends conscious talent will not do alone for a drawing-room in Grosvenor-Square. When Rossini came among us, he assumed the man of fashion, and with it a stock of impudence as remote from a proper degree of self-respect, as the extreme of servility would have been; he could sing, and, though he did not complete the opera which he was to write in England, his ready pen and voice stood him in good stead, as may be remembered in the musical lamentation which he composed *extempore* on the death of lord Byron. On that occasion the *maestro* himself was the mournful jack-pudding wailing the loss that was gain to him with the happiest sorrow. By this craft, and by being the nightly lion of evening parties, he retired from England in the jovial possession of more thousands of pounds than were ever acquired by any other musician in as many months. Had Weber possessed the same florid health, and elastic spirits, and left behind him that baneful quality called modesty, he might have trebled the amount of his contract with the theatre.

"As all the actors, singers, and artists of the city frequent this garden, it is neither an unpleasant nor disagreeable occurrence to find oneself seated next to some person who, the evening before, was filling you and a whole room of company with admiration and pleasure. The applause of the public does not spoil the *bonhomie* of the man, and the repulsiveness of an overweening conceit is unknown. Every talented performer exerts himself to please, and receives praise as his due, but forgets the next day to rate himself higher than his neighbour, whose only merit is good-nature, and a discreet management of his pipe.

"The most noticeable music here given was some of the *sinfonias* of Beethoven and Haydn—the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Anacreon*, Mozart's finales to *Don Juan* and *Figaro*, ably adapted, and the voice parts taken in for a band by Meyer, brother of the celebrated composer of that name. I will not say that this music was so dashing played as it might have been by our philhar-

monic orchestra, but it was complete enough for those who enjoy the display of an author's mind more than the pride of perfect fiddling. Our artists play too well; and this is a paradox of which the initiated will require no explanation. In this garden it is not unfrequent that concertos or solos on the bass trombone are to be heard. The other evening there was a waltz with variations played, which for tone, the rapid tonguing of the notes, and extraordinary shifting, was delightful. On my complimenting the youth who had thus signalled himself, he smiled and said, "It requires good lungs;" a conviction which had pressed upon me before from seeing his inflated cheeks, and the suffusion of moisture on his skin. The cavity of his chest in supplying this enormous tube must have been at every blast as the exhausted receiver of an air-pump; and the appearance of exertion would have been laughable, had not the effect counteracted any tendency of that sort. It is no more possible to affect ease in an achievement of this kind, than it was for a fat man whom I once saw scrambling up a garden wall to get out of the reach of a mad dog that was pursued in full huc and cry down a country lane."

He is of opinion that the taste of the "operatic community" at Vienna is decidedly bad. Not only Rossini is extravagantly admired in that city, but even his worst imitators are praised, while the best German music is undervalued. He speaks more favorably of the state of music at Prague.—"A musician who lives in Prague with an unmixed devoted attachment to his art, will find no ostentation or pretence in the habits of the professors there; he will enjoy music in pleasant and easy quarters, with all kinds of town and country beauties, gardens, views, and grand buildings for his walks and recreation, among a simple and good-hearted people, who live to themselves for enjoyment and happiness, without the drudgery of a too active business. There is a calm enthusiasm* in all the Bohe-

* *Calm enthusiasm* involves a contradiction in terms: a sailor might as well speak of a *calm gale* or a *quiet storm*.—A person who is habitually an enthusiast may be calm and composed at times, but not while he is under the influence of those feelings which constitute enthusiasm. The author (Dr. Crotch, we believe) may be inclined to allege in his defence the authority of Shakespeare who exhorts the players to "acquite and beget,

mians do; they acquire for the most part a greater skill in instrumental music than any other class of Germans, from their firmness of purpose and desire for the best. Where people live out of the great world as they do here, with a common interest in one pursuit, in a picturesque and romantic country, with money sufficient to procure those luxuries which are necessary to imaginative and enjoying persons, they must be amiable; Nature herself looks amiable, which is more than one may say every day of the week in Holland."

A NEW ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT-BLANC, *by Mr. John Auldjo, of Trinity-College, Cambridge.*

To ascend Mont-Blanc is an attempt which requires a strong head and a bold heart, and the peril is so great, that every one who has property ought to make his will before he commences the enterprise. Yet the eagerness of curiosity prevails, in many cases, over the sense of danger, and adventurous men fearlessly soar above the clouds.

In August 1827, Mr. Auldjo began his march from Chamoniix with eight guides. Having connected themselves by ropes, they proceeded on their way, hastening to avoid avalanches where they prevailed, crossing crevices by the aid of their batons, and otherwise taking every precaution which their safety demanded. At the Grands Mulets they scaled a wall of ice, drawing each other up, after the first guide had made his way by cutting footsteps with his hatchet, where a false movement might have been fatal to more than one of the party; and here they displayed a red handkerchief, as a signal to the people at Chamoniix that they had attained this point in security. It was now four o'clock; a fire was lighted, and preparations were made for passing the night.—"I sat (says the author) on the summit of the rock, astounded with the magnificent spectacle around me: magnificent indeed it is,—beautiful, and extensive. The panorama embraces, within its mighty

grasp, mountains than which few are more sublime—masses of ice and snow vying with them in grandeur—valleys smiling in sunshine and verdure—the placid lake Leman, sheving like molten silver—the far blue hills of Jura;—and forms a picture more varied than can easily be conceived, the effect of which was much heightened by the deep colour of the sky, and the clearness of the atmosphere."

After dinner, which was devoured with keen appetite, our adventurer attempted to smoke, but the rarity of the air rendered the scent of the tobacco so powerful and disagreeable, that he was obliged to desist.—"I then amused myself by looking down upon Chamoniix, and plainly saw, with the aid of my telescope, the people crossing the bridge. It was not long before the tent was in order. By placing the batons in a sloping direction against the rock which formed a back to our structure, and laying a sheet over them, we made a comfortable covering. A good supply of straw had been left by the last party who had made the ascent, and this we found acceptable and useful. The sun, now about to set, tinged with a purple of softest hue the whole scene below us, which, gradually deepening into a beautiful crimson, shaded every thing with its colour, the Jura seeming on fire, and the lake of Geneva reflecting the glow. Every moment, as the sun retired from the world beneath us, the hue shed by his departing rays became deeper, and then wore into a dull gray; the lake, the lower mountains, were soon clothed in the sombre shade; but we still enjoyed the presence of the god of day. Now the violet tint was on us, but the summit of the mountain was still burnished with a line of bright gold. It died away, leaving a bright lovely red, which, having lingered long, dwindled at last into the shade in which all the world around was enveloped, and left the sky clear and deeply azure. It was getting cold (the thermometer had descended to 45 deg. Fahrenheit); and, as we were to be early risers, I was not reluctant in preparing for my stony couch. I had the first place, Devouassoud was next to me, and the rest of the guides, in a row alongside each other, lay as close as they could. I soon fell asleep, though the thunder of the falling ava-

in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, a temperance that may give it smoothness." This, however, is an evident incongruity. but it is rather more excusable in speaking of a theatrical assumption of character than in treating of real feelings.—*ENR.*

lanches might well have kept me awake. In the middle of the night I awoke, but experienced none of the unpleasant nausea and sickness which have attacked others when sleeping on this rock; nor did the guides appear to suffer from any such feelings. A solitude and stillness prevailed, which affected me more than any of the occurrences of the day, though they now crowded on my mind. The silence was broken only by the loud crash of falling ice, echoing and re-echoing with thrilling sound. The sky had become more darkly blue, and the moon shone in the softest brightness, the stars shedding a dazzling and brilliant lustre. Before I composed myself to sleep, I looked at my companions, all sound at rest, thinking not of the dangers they had past, or of those which they must meet with before the expedition could be finished. I longed to get out of the tent, to behold the wonderful scenery under the influence of the moonlight; but I could not have done so, without awakening every one of my guides, and I was unwilling to sacrifice their repose to this gratification. I laid myself down, and it was not long before I participated in the sound sleep which they enjoyed."

The next morning, the party advanced amidst intense cold, and at length arrived at the Grand Plateau. They traversed this plain by a new route, and reached the Red Rocks, near which was a deep and wide crevice. "One bridge was tried, but it gave way. A little farther another was found, over which we managed to pass by being drawn across on our backs, on batons placed over it. Two or three managed to walk across another, using great care; but, when we had proceeded a little way up the acclivity before us, we were surprised by a shrill scream, and, on turning, beheld Coutet up to his neck in the snow covering the crevice. He had wandered from the party, and, coming to the crack, sought and found the place where the guides had walked across, and attempted to follow their course; but, not taking the proper care to choose their footsteps, had got about eighteen inches on one side of them, and the consequence was, that, in the centre of the crevice, he sunk up to his shoulders, saving himself from inevitable destruction by stretching out his arms, and by his baton by mere chance coming ob-

liquely on the bridge; otherwise he must have slipped through. He was seasonably drawn out, and soon recovered; and he acknowledged his want of precaution, which had very nearly destroyed the pleasure of the undertaking. The ascent from this point was very steep, and the difficulty of surmounting it was greatly increased; for the effects of the rarity of the atmosphere now became exceedingly oppressive. I was attacked with a pain in my head; my thirst was intense, and the difficulty of breathing very great. I also experienced a violent palpitation of the heart, a general lassitude of the frame, and a very distressing sensation of pain in the knees and muscles of the thigh, causing weakness of the legs, and rendering it scarcely possible to move them. The highest visible rocks are merely a small cluster of granite pinnales, projecting about twenty feet out of the snowy mantle which envelops the summit, and clothes the sides of the mountain. On reaching these rocks, I was so much exhausted that I wished to sleep; but the guides would not permit it. We now saw that there were many people on the Breven, watching our progress; among them we recognised some female forms,—a discovery which renewed our courage, and excited us to still greater efforts. Turning to the side of Italy, a spectacle was presented of great magnificence, from the assemblage of the vast and numberless white pyramids which appeared on the left of the view; Mont Rosa, in its surpassing beauty, being the most distant, the Col du Géant and its *aiguille* the nearest; while all the snow-clad rocks which lie on each side of the glacier running from Mont-Blanc down the Mer de Glace, and again up to the Jardin, added splendid features to the scene.

' Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.'

"On the south, a blue space shewed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and, far in the back-ground of this, rose the long chain of the Apennines, and lofty Alps forming the coast of the Mediterranean, and running thence toward the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and canopied by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it with-

out fear and astonishment. The impression of so mighty a prospect cannot be conceived or retained. It was with some difficulty that I could be persuaded to leave these rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end ; lassitude and exhaustion had subdued my spirit. I was anxious to get to the summit ; but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the moment I attempted to ascend a few steps ; and I was convinced, that in a few minutes I should be quite overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides. We had to climb about one hour ; but this part of the undertaking required a most extraordinary exertion, and severe labour it was. After every third or fourth step, we were obliged to halt for the purpose of taking breath, and to turn our faces to the north wind, that sufficient strength might be regained to take the next two or three paces. Our weakness painfully increased the difficulty of advancing up the ascent, which became at every instant more steep. Although the sun was shining on us, I felt myself extremely cold on the side exposed to the cutting blast ; and the other side of the body being warm, my shivering increased to such a degree as to deprive me almost of the use of my limbs. My eyes were smarting with inflammation, the reflection from the snow nearly blinding me, at the same time burning and blistering my face. I had, during the morning, as a protection, occasionally worn a leathern mask, with green eye-glasses ; but latterly I found it oppressive, and wore a veil instead ; that also I was now obliged to discard. I desired to have a few moments' rest, and sat down. I besought the guides to leave me. I prayed Devouassoud to go to the summit with them, and allow me to remain where I was, that, by the time of their return, I might be refreshed to commence the descent. I told them I had seen enough ; I used every argument in my power to induce them to grant my request. Their only answer was, that they would carry me, exhausted as they were, to the summit, rather than that I should not get to it : that, if they could not carry, they would drag me. Being unable to resist, I became passive, and two of the least exhausted forced me up some short distance, each taking an arm. I found that this eased me,

and I then went on more willingly, when one of them devised a plan which proved of essential service. Two of them went up in advance about fourteen paces, and fixed themselves on the snow ; a long rope was fastened round my chest, and the other end to them. As soon as they were seated I commenced ascending, taking very long strides, and doing so with quickness, pulling the rope in ; they also, while I thus exerted myself, pulled me toward them, so that I was partly drawn up, and partly ran up, using a zig-zag direction : and the amusement derived from the process, kept us in better humour than we were before. I was less fatigued, and felt the effects of the air less by this process, than by the slow pace in which I had hitherto attempted to ascend. I had taken very little notice of the progress we were thus making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit. I hastened to the highest point (toward Chamonix) and, taking my glass, observed that the party on the Breven had noticed the accomplishment of our undertaking, and were rewarding us by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, which salutation we returned. I noticed, also, that the people in Chamonix had also collected in considerable numbers on the bridge, watching our progress and success. It was exactly eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The wind blew with considerable force. I was too much worn out to remain there long, or to examine the scene around me. The sun shone brilliantly on every peak of snow that I could see ; hardly any mist hung over the valleys ; none was on the mountains ; the object of my ambition was gained ; yet the reward of my dangers and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough to gratify me for a few moments. My mind was as exhausted as my body ; I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold, and, throwing myself on the snow, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun ; nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb. In this state I remained a quarter of an hour, when I was roused to survey the mighty picture beneath. I found myself much relieved, but still had a

slight shivering. The pain in the legs had ceased, as well as the head-ach, but the thirst remained. The pulse was very quick, and the difficulty of breathing great, but not so oppressive as it had been. Having placed the thermometer on my baton, in a position in which it might be as much in shade as possible, I went to the highest point to observe my friends on the Breven and in Chamoniix once more, but was summoned immediately to a repast; and willingly I obeyed the call, for I felt as if I had a good appetite. Some bread and roasted chicken were produced, but I could not swallow the slightest morsel; even the taste of the food created disgust. One or two guides ate a very little; the rest could not attempt to do so. I had provided a bottle of champagne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me; for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at that moment. The wire being removed,

and the string cut, the cork flew out to a great distance, but the noise could hardly be heard. The wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zest. But not three minutes had elapsed when repentance and pain followed; for the rapid escape of the fixed air which it still contained, produced a choking and stifling sensation, which was very unpleasant and painful. The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness, almost unbroken even by the voices of those who speak to each other in such a situation; for their feeble sounds can hardly be heard. This impression weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power the effect of which it is impossible to describe."

Satisfied with the wonders of the scene, Mr. Auldjo and his associates descended in safety from their exalted station, where, except themselves, they saw no living creature; and gladly returned to the haunts of men.

STANZAS,

written after Illness.

WHEN conscious virtue whispers peace,
Though health and all its joys should fly,
The anxious soul expects release,
Nor dreads the hour that bids us die.

The pious mind, in that sad hour,
Calmly awaits life's final close;
Thus robbing pain of half its pow'r,
Thus triumphing o'er virtue's foes!

Not so the soul, whose guilt's deep dye
Its blackest terrors has impress'd;
It fears to stay,—it dreads to fly,—
And looks around in vain for rest.

Oh! guard my steps from error's maze;
Through life let Virtue put forth bloom;
Her fruit matur'd, in life's last days
Shall be my solace to the tomb.

THE LAY OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN,

by Sir Walter Scott.*

AH, poor Louise! The live-long day
 She roams from cot to castle gay;
 And still her voice and viol say,
 Ah, maids, beware the woodland way—
 Think of Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
 It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye;
 The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
 Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
 To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
 Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
 The wolves molest not paths so fair;
 But better far had such been there
 For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
 She met a huntsman fair and bold;
 His baldrick was of silk and gold,
 And many a witching tale he told
 To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
 Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
 For peace of mind, that gift divine,
 And spotless innocence, were thine.
 Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft,
 I know not if by force or theft,
 Or part by violence, part by gift:
 But misery is all that's left
 To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
 She will not long your bounty crave,
 Or tire the gay with warning stave—
 For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
 For poor Louise.

THE FIELD-FLOWERS,

by Mr. Campbell.

YE field-flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;
 Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teem'd around me with faery delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

* See our Review of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, p. 264.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
 And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
 And the deep mellow tone of the wood-pigeon's note
 Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
 When the magic of Nature first breath'd on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes !
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the wild water-lily restore !
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
 Had scathed my existence's bloom :
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

ABSENCE,

by the same Writer.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
 It is not doubting what thou art,
 But 'tis the too, too long endurance
 Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish.
 When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
 Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
 Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
 Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck,
 Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
 Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
 From more than light, or life, or breath ?
 'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
 The pain without the peace of death !

THE CARRON SIDE,

from Mr. Planché's new Opera.

On! 'tis sweet at noon to stray
 By the Carron's winding way
 Where the silver birches shiver
 O'er the deeply dimpling river,
 Which, like some coy beauty, flies,
 Trembling, to that shady cover,
 From the sun, her glorious lover;
 Who, adown the cloudless skies,
 Rushing through the leafy bower,
 Woos her in a golden shower,
 As of old his father Jove
 Won the maid of Argos' love!

THE AGE OF FOURTEEN,

by Mr. Snow.

All hail to fourteen! that spring-time of youth,
 Whose skies are all azure, whose pathways are green,
 When the eyes in their brightness are mirrors of truth,
 And the hopes of the heart are the hopes of fourteen.

And such is thine age, lively Fanny, to-day;
 And, if pray'rs could avail, not the world in its spleen
 Should sadden thy bosom, or tarnish a ray
 Of the pleasure that beams in thine eyes of fourteen.

Thy life is before thee, dear niece of my love;
 I will not disclose its least danger unseen;
 Thy comfort be this, that in regions above
 There are joys more enduring than joys of fourteen.

THE PEERLESS MAIDEN,

by Mr. Sotheby.

I KNEW a gentle maid: I ne'er shall view
 Her like again: and yet the vulgar eye
 Might pass the charms I traced regardless by:
 For pale her cheek, unmark'd with roseate hue,
 Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
 Nor flash'd her nameless graces on the sight:
 Yet beauty never woke such pure delight.
 Fine was her form as Dian's in the dance;
 Her voice was music—in her silence dwelt
 Expression, ev'ry look instinct with thought:
 Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture wrought,

Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
 The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt;
 And on her lips, when gleam'd a ling'ring smile,
 Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while:
 Thy like, thou gentle maid! I ne'er shall view.

THE DIVIDED GRAVES OF A FAMILY,

by Mrs. Hemans.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 They fill'd one home with glee;
 Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow;
 She had each folded flower in sight:
 Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
 By a dark stream is laid:
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one;
 He lies where pearls lie deep;
 He was the lov'd of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
 Above the noble slain:
 He wrapp'd his colours round his breast,
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
 Beneath the same green tree;
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
 Around one parent knee;

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheer'd with song the hearth—
 Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, oh, earth!

CONVERSATIONS AMONG THE DEAD.

No. II.

BONAPARTE AND BYRON.

(continued from page 286.)

Bon.—Well met, milord Byron! I see you come prepared to answer my questions; your brow is smooth, your lip uncurled, there are no remains of that expression in your countenance which would announce you as the descendant of that unlucky admiral, whom the sailors termed “foul-weather Jack.”

Byr.—I have certainly shaken off the mental bile engendered by the king of Cockaigne, and now wonder that I suffered such a fly to sting me into anger—I cannot imagine how I could be so weak!

Bon.—But I can—no man is too strong to be wounded by an altered friend or a powerful enemy, and the fact is, that Hunt is both to you. He had a great regard for you, and, with all his ignorance of the world, his egotism and vanity, he is a man capable of friendship;—he is moreover, though neither a Milton nor a Bacon, a man of sufficient talent to make his inflictions felt; but, as the world will quickly forget all he has said, and the press of Britain has avenged you by immolation equal to Indian tortures, the sooner you forget the affair the better; otherwise a sense of justice may stimulate you to rescue even Hunt from the pangs of his tormentors, by admitting the truth of his allegations.

Byr.—Well then, I will say no more of him, but will proceed to answer your questions with regard to my wife. To the first, “Did she eat too much?” I reply, I believe she did not;—she was a young woman and in good health; besides, during all the time we lived together, Nature demanded in her case support for two. This I never considered, and I had contracted certain ridiculous ideas on the subject of female delicacy, which I did not discard as men in general do, when they live constantly with those mortal halves whom they have previously mistaken for angels. Nevertheless, lady Byron was not wise; she might have humored me, and she was not agreeable in her style of eating,—that is certain.

Bon.—Then she was to blame—she

ought to have humored the poet who dreamed of sylphs, until the time came when a loving husband would have pressed her to take that which common sense told him was required by the woman and the mother. A more ridiculous affectation cannot exist than that of women living without a sufficiency of substantial nutriment; the lives of many females and the health of their offspring have been sacrificed to this folly. When Madame de Stael asked me whom I considered as the greatest woman, I answered, “She is the greatest who has produced the most children.” There was more in this than the woman of genius had the wit to see. Say what we may of woman, her highest qualities, and eventually her most endearing ones, are intimately woven with her character as a mother, both physically and sentimentally:—but I am giving a dissertation myself, instead of listening to you.

Byr.—I wish I had heard you on the subject before I listened to the marriage ceremony. I now think that the romantic and the profligate are equally unfit for marriage, more especially when the characteristics of both are mingled as they unhappily were in my character. Having met with vicious women who were pleasing, I fancied that virtuous women must be infinitely more pleasing, for my heart bowed to virtue in despite of my practice. As I ought to have known that only the weak endeavour to compensate, by manners, their deficiency in morals, and, in forfeiting our esteem, seek to bind us by the fascinations of passion, I was wrong perhaps in expecting this charm from my wife; yet I *did* expect it, and the people around us, instead of teaching her to delight me, as I am certain she might have done, or reasoning with me on the wisdom of being content with sober happiness, only inflamed my irritability by reproach, and augmented her sense of injury by commenting on my follies of temper and errors of conduct.

Bon.—By errors, do you mean criminality?

Byr.—I do not—we lived very unhappily together before I had violated any law—she resisted imaginary slights until I was piqued into giving her cause for complaint by real errors.

Bon.—In that case she was wounded rather in her *pride* than her *affectio*;

she was the injured lady, rather than the suffering woman :—yet pain *is* pain, and, though mortified pride may have little sympathy, it is nevertheless acute suffering.

Byr.—She had no lack of both. As a woman of rank and an heiress, an only child, and a person of high attainments and talents, she may be supposed to have been inspired with a sense of her own value; nor have I any right to say that she did not love me, or did not entertain that full confidence and self-slightingness which a woman, when she loves fully and fondly, is so capable of feeling. I think she loved freely but fearfully; she was afraid that I was mad, or likely to become so; and, altho' I was angry with her for this apprehension, I had no objection to the idea of terrifying her into it.

Bon.—Matrimony was with you any thing but stupid, I perceive;—but what did the woman do whom you stigmatised?

Byr.—Very little, I think; but that little was against me. I hated her as the minion of my mother-in-law, whom I also hated, and I could not forgive lady Byron for loving either of them.

Bon.—I cannot imagine how you could afterwards persuade yourself to use the money of that same mother-in-law.

Byr.—I had a right to a share of it by law, for I was not divorced from my wife, nor did she make the slightest objection to my claims: I might have taken the whole without her resisting me.

Bon.—Very probably. Lady Byron was in a situation in which money, as the source of pleasure and importance, became void. Condemned in the very morning of life to solitude, desirable only in its evening, incapable from sorrow, or forbidden by delicacy, to mix with the world, and possessing sufficient to shield her from want and afford her the means of educating her child, she might be reckless on the subject, and willing that you should even shew the world that you were capable of adding the injury of stripping her of property to the rest. I can readily conceive this conduct in a high-souled woman whose temper was haughty enough to aid her principles: but how *you* could take *her* money after having taken another openly to your arms and your heart, I cannot conceive.

Byr.—I did not take *all* the law permitted.

Bon.—Why do you talk of the *law*? We all know that the laws of England are hard even to cruelty in their conduct to females; but you and I were made to give laws, not receive them. The law of honor, as written in your own heart, must tell you that it was meanness to accept fortune from the woman who had rejected you, or whom you had compelled to quit you?

Byr.—I do not view the case in the same light with you. When I sold Newstead Abbey the first time, it was on the express condition that the purchaser should deposit a certain sum:—the buyer, on seeing the place, preferred the loss of this sum to the completion of his treaty, by which means twenty thousand pounds fell into my hands. I was thus enabled to pay my debts, and was left in possession of the paternal mansion. Many people blamed me for taking it; but no person of common sense would do so. I had broken no bond either of law or usage; and, if one man's folly proves another man's benefit, he is not to be blamed for accepting it. As a general, I presume you have yourself taken frequent advantages of the errors of another.

Bon.—I have of course, and for the auction affair I do not blame you. I have no idea that a poet is a being to be out-witted by his inferiors, or short-sighted in his worldly affairs; but our intercourse with the fair sex is a distinct affair. Either I would have had lady Byron fully restored, or I would not have taken her money, and I should have treated the offer of it as an insult.

Byr.—But I wanted the money for Greece—for that country which was the object of my young idolatry, the subject of my best poetry. Take my character into the account, and you will surely think it right that I should achieve, or seek to achieve, a great good, rather than indulge a petulant spirit, and give new pain to a really-generous woman. All disputes on the subject would have revived past miseries.

Bon.—By the same rule they would have renewed past feelings of kindness and produced feelings of confidence, and might have brought you again together, rendered wiser by experience, and more likely to “bear and forbear,” which is the great secret for conjugal happiness; and, since her mother was gone, and

her governess would not approach your atmosphere, you might have lived tolerably together in the first place, and in time very happily, as your child or children would have proved ties of a strong and endearing nature.

Byr.—No—we never should—she would have resented my regard for the Guiccioli. Then I would not have lived in England, and she would not have trusted herself with me out of it, nor would her friends have allowed her to do so—altogether, therefore, it was as well as it was.

Bon.—Your answer goes a good way farther with me than ever Hunt's assertion did, to prove that you could not love; at least that you could not so love, but that the indulgence of ill-temper was to you more necessary than the intercourse of tenderness. If you came together at all, we have a right to suppose that your meeting would be accompanied by all the repentance, generosity, enthusiasm and sensibility, likely to be excited by extraordinary circumstances in persons of high talent, acute feeling, and impassioned temperament, whereas the first circumstance which strikes your mind as a consequence of such re-union, is a probability, on your own part, of wounding your wife for the sake of doing so,—that is, of being confoundedly ill-natured.

Byr.—I was not good-tempered, that is certain—I once remained in bed almost a fortnight, that I might mortify the many idlers who came to look at me, and, more than all, mortify lady Noel, who wanted to exhibit me.

Bon.—I remember hearing of that circumstance with this addition, that, when you *did* rise, it was to join a large dinner-party, where you played the agreeable so admirably as to “win golden opinions” from all the Leicester gentry.

Byr.—Hunt says, I had no address; but, when I condescended to shine, no one, I believe, found out my deficiency—the women at least did not, and they are unquestionably the best judges.

Bon.—In France they are, but I have my doubts on the subject, as it regards women of other countries. In Spain and Italy, the women either care not for you at all, or love you devotedly; such persons can never be judges of merit since passion for one excludes observation on others. In Germany and England, women have sound understand-

ings; but they see through their imaginations, and the gentle heart which had wept over the death of the Corsair's wife, or the bold spirit which had gloried in the revenge of Gulnare, was too much predisposed in your favor, to be a judge of your manner or your talents in conversation. The wit of your Don Juan is wonderful; but whether you had the power to scatter rays in your conversation as effectively as you could concentrate them in your poetry, is questionable. In my own opinion it was well for the world that you found your mind's strength to be included in your pen, and that you exhibited it therefore in the right place; but I am talking when I should be listening. I enquired what were your *real* feelings as a father?

Byr.—I fancy they were much like those of other men, who seldom think much of mere infants, though they afterwards become attached exceedingly to their own representatives as rational creatures.

Bon.—You mistake—a great proportion of men are by nature endued with love of offspring, scarcely less acute in its action on the mind than that of females, many of whom have in fact little of the mother beyond her physical powers.—Of this you were not aware, I am certain; and, since no man touched the subject more pathetically, it is evident that Hunt was at least right when he divides your powers as a poet, from your feelings as a man?

Byr.—It is the peculiar character of genius to supply imagination with the objects on which it desires to expatiate; but surely it is hard to suppose a poet seeks that from without, in a case of common feeling, which, unless his sensibility is singularly obtuse, he will find *within*. To infer that a man is more noble, more tender, more wise, because he has written like Milton, Waller, or Bacon, may be foolish, since the dictates of every mind in its retirement may be, and must be, of a superior nature to the actions and feelings of the same individual in the world, which mingles at every moment the alloy of selfish feelings, and momentary disgust or ill-humor, with our best emotions;—yet to conclude that the man of genius is devoid of the common affections of his nature, is still more foolish. Many husbands have felt all that I did, and probably much more, when I wrote that farewell to lady Byron which has

melted so many hearts in my favor; but to say I felt nothing of that which I described is childish; for, while I was a poet, involved in the construction of verses, I was also a wounded man, seeking, through a natural and to me habitual medium, to express that which deeply affected me.

Bon.—You have a right to claim this justice from your fellow-men unquestionably.

Byr.—Since you concede so far, I will assure you, that, although from the irritability of my nature I was little likely to exhibit that patience with children, by which nurses and preceptors ought to be distinguished, I was yet a man capable of loving them even to excess; and, had I ever led a regular life and associated domestically with them, I should have been found with one on my knees, another on my back, and a third in my arms. I should have been delighted to teach a boy to swim, a girl to sit well on her horse—to tell my little circle the glories of Greece, and read, in the sparkles of their young eyes, a corresponding share of my own enthusiasm;—in short, when I had renounced women, I should have found children the infant angels best calculated to draw from my heart the thorns which adult angels had planted there.

Bon.—I have, myself, precisely the same conception of happiness in a family. It was this idea of my son's influence on my heart, which made me so earnestly desire every memorial of him during my banishment. May I ask whether the love you felt for your children was equal?

Byr.—It was not. I loved my wife's child ten times better than Miss —'s, though I could be said to know nothing of it personally. Men have in general no other attachment to their natural children than that which springs from passion for the mother; and, when that subsides, what is the child but a living memento of folly? It is only by a peculiar combination of circumstances that a man is allowed to be proud of his natural child; that he can own it, toy with it, educate it, play the fond fool in its young days, or the exulting father in its mature years. The curse which Abraham felt with regard to his Ishmael hangs on all illegitimate issue; for, with the strongest claims to pity as well as love, how continually are the

kindest natures rendered cruel in their case!

Bon.—Then you had no particular interest in the child whom you sent so far to find a grave;—you did that strange thing to offend your wife?

Byr.—I did it from anger to her, certainly.

Bon.—But how could such anger be consistent with that indifference which you consider in your works as an inevitable consequence of matrimony?

Byr.—Because it suited my rhyme or my intention so to say, you are not to conclude that such was my opinion fixedly and decisively—no! I knew better, for I could not bring myself to feelings of indifference for my wife, or to endure that she should care little for me! I preferred provoking her, abusing her, calling up her ill-will, to being forgotten by her.

Bon.—I am satisfied. I perceive that you would have made an excellent husband and exemplary father at fifty years of age, when common sense should have tamed you into peace. In the mean time you would have killed a couple of ladies by your temper, your talents, and your habits.

Byr.—Your conclusion may not be wrong, for I do not remember having any female friend or companion on whom I did not inflict much suffering; but then I shared what I inflicted—I was not a tyrant for the love of tyranny.

Bon.—Nor by the same rule, I suppose, were you covetous for the love of money, as Hunt insinuates.

Byr.—I think I was not. It is however certain that I was glad to scrape money up for Greece, and that I saved in many matters from principle.

Bon.—So did I; for I knew the value of money as every conqueror does; yet I could not withhold those common proofs of love to the woman for whom I felt that passion even temporarily. To Josephine I could have given worlds at one time—however! love was far less my ruling passion than ambition, and so it is with most men. With *you* vanity was the prevailing influence, and another Pope in another age may say,

“Ask you why Byron broke through ev'ry rule?
‘Twas all for fear the wits should call him fool.”

●
Yes—it was to win the applause of Moore and Hunt that you reviled your king and abused his ministers; and you

never had either their motives or their enthusiasm for your excuse; you had neither any actual desire of a change, nor any acquired taste for a degradation; but you wished to be an idol amongst those who would place you on the altar at no less a price than subscribing to their creed, though fully aware that you were not half a convert. Where the world has gained so much as it has done by your poetry, it would be invidious to look too closely into your private character or criticise your foibles; therefore England does well, and even wisely, to defend you warmly, and place your monument amongst her imperishable names; but I trust that her future poets will take warning from you never to bring their feelings as men so immediately before the public eye as you have done, unless they can better bear the scrutiny. Public characters may be termed public property; but there is no occasion to *invite* inspection into our most sacred feelings for the sake of gaining partial pity for our sufferings: it is unworthy of the great mind thus to serve the little ones. Such beings command sympathy as a right, not solicit it as alms, nor even betray that necessity for it which I grant they will feel. No! if they would know us, feel for us, and with us, let them seek diligently and unfold slowly the recesses of those hearts so distinguished among their kind. The slave digs for the *ore*, and dives for the *pearl*: nor ought they to be his without this labor, for then only will he value them as they merit.

B.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTERISTIC
SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PER-
SONS LATELY DECEASED.

Lady Caroline Lamb.—This ingenious lady was the only daughter of Frederic earl of Besborough, by a sister of the present earl Spencer. About the age of nineteen she was married to the hon. William Lamb, by whom she had a daughter who died very young, and also a son. She did not live on the most cordial or amicable terms with this gentleman, and therefore, about three years ago, they agreed to a separation. Lord Byron was one of her professed admirers, and the beautiful

poem which he addressed to her* may be adduced as a testimony of his ardent love, unless it be supposed that poets are too full of enthusiasm and too fond of fiction to deserve implicit credit.—She was distinguished by a masculine character, proofs of which she gave not only in private society, but also at a parliamentary election for Westminster, where she publicly solicited votes for her brother-in-law. Having a talent for literary composition, she wrote some pleasing poems which found their way to the press; and three spirited novels, entitled *Glenarvon*, *Graham Hamilton*, and *Ada Reis*.

Mrs. Anne Seymour Damer.—Being the daughter of field-marshal Conway, the highly-esteemed friend of Horace earl of Orford, this lady was favored by that nobleman with the bequest of his famed villa of Strawberry-hill.—Her husband, the hon. Mr. Damer, was little known; but *her* fame was diffused over Europe. In early life she had received instructions in sculpture from Ceracchi, and also from the elder Bacon; and she studied the same art amidst the remains of antiquity in Italy. She sent a bust of lord Nelson, completed by herself, as a present to the king of Tanjour, chiefly with a view of exciting in India a taste for the fine arts. Two colossal heads of river-gods on the bridge at Henley, a statue of George the Third at Edinburgh, a bronze figure of the same monarch at Somerset-Place, and many busts in private hands, attest her skill and her tasteful elegance of execution.

Madame Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline Guizot.—M. de Meulan, who held an office in the financial department under the celebrated Necker, was ruined by the effects of the French revolution, and died in 1790, leaving a widow and two daughters, one of whom, being eagerly desirous of contributing effectually to the support of the family, resolved to court, by writing, the favor of the public. Under the guidance of her father's friends, Suard and Devaines, she took up the pen with all the confidence of hope, and produced a lively work of fiction, styled *Des Contradictions*. This was followed by *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, the plot of which she borrowed from an English romance. Both these works

* See our Volume for 1825, p. 705.

were very successful; and the miscellaneous pieces which Mademoiselle de Meulan published in some respectable journals were so far approved, that her reputation for talent, if not for the soundest judgement, was established in the literary world. In 1807, a decline of health rendered a suspension of her labors expedient, and a remarkable incident resulted from the seeming misfortune. She received a letter from a person, who, without naming himself, offered to write for her in *Le Publiciste* as long as she pleased. At first she declined the offer; but, on renewed application, she acceded, and was soon favored with several articles, in happy accordance with her own taste and feelings. Still the author remained concealed; conjecture and inquiry proved equally futile. At length she addressed her mysterious correspondent through the medium of the paper; and the result was that M. Guizot, a young gentleman of a Protestant family, avowed and presented himself. He was fourteen years younger than the lady; but, notwithstanding this disparity, there seems to have been a perfect congeniality of sentiment and character between them. The most friendly intimacy succeeded the first interview; to friendship succeeded exclusive preference and passionate tenderness; but they were not married before the year 1812. After writing for many years in harmonious concert with his ingenious and amiable wife, M. Guizot lost her when she had reached the age of 54.

Mr. Peter Moore.—He was born about the year 1752, and was the son of a respectable clergyman. In his youth, he went to India, as one of the civil servants of the company; and, in a course of years, he accumulated by fair means an ample property. He so strongly disapproved the arbitrary acts of Warren Hastings, that, after his return to England, he furnished Mr. Burke with important materials for the prosecution of the impeachment. He was thenceforward connected in politics with the Whig party; but the weight of that interest was not sufficient to secure his election, in 1796, for Tewkesbury. In 1802, he declared himself a candidate for Coventry, and, by expending 25,000 pounds, procured the honor of representing that city. He was re-chosen for several subsequent parlia-

ments; but, at the last general election, a local dispute occasioned his rejection. The majority of the electors are silk-weavers, and they suspected that in a contest for high wages their two old members (Moore and Ellice) had favored the master weavers. The corporation or Tory party took care to increase this suspicion, and, by treating the voters with plenty of liquor, carried the election. This event weighed heavily on Mr. Moore's mind.

When the rage for speculation broke out in 1824, the known abilities of Mr. Moore caused him to be much courted by the projectors of new companies; but he by no means lent his name to them indiscriminately, and his friends offer evidence of the sincerity of his professions of belief in the stability of those which he adopted. When the bubbles burst, he was made the scape-goat for the sins of a multitude, and was so assailed by legal process, that he retired to France to avoid a prison.—He first resided at Dieppe. He occupied himself in writing the memoirs of his own life and times; but he did not proceed steadily, because his mind was much harassed by his reverses and his anxieties respecting the affairs in which he had been engaged in England. Latterly he endeavoured to divert his attention by giving instruction, in several sciences with which he was conversant, to the sons of the gentlemen to whose houses he resorted. His health, however, sank rapidly, and he died at Abbeville, leaving a son (who is now in the East Indies) and two daughters.

Captain Hugh Clapperton.—This bold adventurer was born at Annan, in 1788, being the son of a surgeon whose very numerous family and inattention to frugality kept him in a state bordering on poverty. The boy had an imperfect education, but found the means of acquiring some knowledge of practical mathematics, before he went to sea at the age of seventeen years. He made several voyages as a cabin-boy in a trading vessel; but, having inadvertently infringed the revenue laws, and being consequently menaced with punishment, he was glad to escape it by suffering himself to be pressed into the king's service. When he was a midshipman, he learned the improved cutlass exercise from Angelo the fencing-master, and taught it with success in the fleet com-

manded by Sir Alexander Cochrane.—While he was thus engaged (says one who knew him well), his “manly form, and sailor-like appearance on the quarter-deck, tended to fix the attention and improve the patriotic spirit of the crew. At his own as well as the other messes, where he had the honor of being a frequent guest, he was the very soul and life of the party; sang well, told merry tales, painted scenes for the ship’s theatricals, sketched views, drew caricatures, and, indeed, was an exceedingly amusing and interesting person. He afterwards served as lieutenant in the flotilla on the North-American lakes, and rose to the command of a schooner; but the return of peace checked his advancement. After living in retirement for some years, he removed to Edinburgh, where he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Oudney, by whose suggestions his thoughts were first directed to discoveries in Africa. His progress in that quarter of the world has been accurately noticed in our miscellany.—He witnessed the premature death of his lamented friend, without losing the hope that he himself might be more fortunate. He continued to explore the country, until his progress was stopped at Sackatoo, where he was detained for five months by the arbitrary will of the sultan Bello. While he was waiting for permission to proceed to Timbuctoo, he was weakened by the heat of the climate, and a dysentery carried him off. It was reported that he had been murdered by the sultan’s order; but his own servant brought to England the news of his natural death. How many brave, enterprising, and estimable men, have fallen victims to their zeal for African discovery!

A PICTURE OF FRENCH SOCIETY AND ENGLISH LOVE; *from a new Work entitled the English in France.*

THE heart that has once loved, is apt to love always. It is natural. How can such a void as fickleness or disappointment may leave, be filled but by a new affection? If there be any consolation, that can at all soften the anguish or soothe the despair of one who has ceased to love or to be loved, it is the hope of rekindling the flame, of reviving the cherished sentiment, in favor of

some new object. The world is full of beauty, of warm and not unkind hearts. The freshness of one’s own heart is never doubted—its capability of loving. Or, perhaps, selfishness whispers, that the charm of affection lies more in winning and in having, than in feeling. How cruel, how prostrating is the disappointment! Beauty is again beheld, again admired. All attraction, all fascination, surround it. The fickle lover, free from all past fetters, resolves to be again enamoured. He sees minutely each perfection of mind and person, that, before, his fresh affection would have adored without stooping to analyse. His taste is sharpened; the void within craves imperatively for the lost happiness of loving; a goddess to adore is not wanting either in mind or form; but, alas! the heart within is dead—its spring is gone, its fire past all the power of re-excitement; and vanity and habit must repeat those smiles and attentions which true-felt tenderness alone can first suggest. So felt Bedington, as he singled out from the society of Madame de Miromenil the beautiful *baronne*. No countenance could be more lovely and expressive than hers, no *tournure* more enchanting; and, what formed a new and foreign charm to the Englishman, her manners and feelings were delicately and warmly feminine, whilst her mind was fraught with male information, and endowed with male solidity. She practised none of the little coquettish caprices that the fair Briton always thinks calculated to set-off her charms,—none of that infantine affectation, which, in the street or saloon of the Continent, always marks as extravagant the manners of our countrywomen. Bedington chose his place by her side, “One more throw in the game of love,” thought he, “and this time surely success shall not fail me for want of coolness.” He commenced his addresses without a flutter of the heart; yet were those addresses seemingly far more warm and extravagant, than those which passion had formerly dictated. Natural heat was wanting, but it was more than supplied by facitious. And a simple maiden might have been flattered by what awakened the suspicions of the woman. First and true love is patient too, and hastens to its goal with lingering step. The very

way is delightful, and the pleasures of expectation are sipped in content. But in the fictitious, the re-excited, the after-fits of would-be passion, the lover hurries on;—the slow approaches, once so full of charm, are insipid, and he precipitates the cast that is to decide his happiness or disappointment. Unfortunately for Bedington, the object of this zeal on his part, was by no means prepared to share it. The baronne looked for a friend, or for very little more than one; for amusement, not excitement. She took a lover, as she had taken a fashionable shawl, because the better sort of her acquaintance wore one.—And Bedington was an enviable article of this kind, being a foreigner, high-born, sad, sentimental, sarcastic. And be it said, that, for some years subsequent to the peace, a young Englishman of breeding somewhat outshone the youths who filled a similar rank in France.

There were two classes of these French gallants, and it would be difficult to determine which was most *gauche*. We may mention, first, the pure aristocratic brood, that had been nurtured close in the palaces of the Faubourg de St. Germain; few of them had breathed the pure air either of heaven or of life, having, from the age of four to that of twenty-four, never been allowed to stir abroad, lest they should catch the epidemic of revolutionary ideas. Many, notwithstanding, had scampered off to fill the ranks of the imperial armies; and these formed a mixed and neutral race. Those who remained at home were truly the queerest of beings, infantine in their ways, their ideas, and their jests. They paid compliments, wore a kind of demiruffles, and were only rescued from being utter non-entities by their national vivacity. The second class consisted of heroes and Bonapartists, ennobled by their exploits and red ribands, and in many instances claiming alliance with the first, whom they at the same time affected to despise. Among these gentry, certain *formule*s of politeness were joined with the rude manners and *brusque* tone of the camp. It was like the embroidery on their ill-cut habits, making bad taste and deformity more conspicuous. To rivals as to enemies these were certainly formidable antagonists; but they sadly wanted polish

or refinement. Common-place was the ideal as well as the real of such heroes. Among these, a Briton's character offered all the charms of variety; his refinement in all things, from the *minutiae* of every-day life to even his taste and imagination, his real sentiment and affected apathy, his almost oriental gravity and gentleness united, and lastly the impossibility of unheroising his character by entering upon the trifling topics which absorbed his interest at home. To a French belle it would be idle to talk Bond-street or secret biography, make a digression to Newmarket or Tattersall's, or even to utter a Pæan over so many head of game bagged in a season, and counted as scampulously, on the same principle likewise, as an Indian doth his scalps. All this precious puerility, that fills the heads and mouths of the class self-denominated *the better sort* in England, was foreign at Paris. Each possessor, however rich in such specie, felt that it would not pass. With such as Bedington, this embargo put upon nonsense, forcing them to produce their sense, had a most beneficial effect, and made them appear like men of taste.

With regard to Bedington and the baronne, we may say that attachment was undertaken by both on calculation; by Bedington to fill the void in his heart, by the lady to fill the void in her time,—so that it promised little durability. If pleasure, however, is not always to be drawn from the representation of simple truth, something better may. Calculation and prudence are scarcely better managers of love affairs than vulgar instinct. So at least the pair of would-be lovers felt, reflecting after a time, that, if the heart was given to mislead, the head was sometimes no less so. The baronne loved tranquillity of mind. She would have at least folded Cupid's wings, if she would not have cut them, and probably converted the little god into a soft pillow for repose. Now Bedington wanted excitement; and the deity was to him a vulgar cherub, without his weapons, his quarrels, his agitations, his paroxysms both of pleasure and of pain. He, had he been a poet, would have sung his Cupid as a fury, clothed in love's attributes and beauty. Hymen, in short, had he been employed on this occasion, could not have brought together a more

ill-assorted pair. When hostile influences come in contact, the disturbing power is always more powerful than the lulling. Hence Bedington had more effect in breaking the baronne's tranquillity, than her impassibility could have in calming him. Never was one so craving in the way of sentiment as he. Devoured by anguish for the slightest cause, or believing himself so, he accused his mistress of a total want of affection, because she did not share in his griefs. She was unreasonable enough to demand a cause, ere she could do so; and he declared her to want that penetration which feeling gives. Such, however, was the influence which their friendship or affection in the first instance gave him over her, and which his exaggerated passions and modes of expression increased, that the poor lady did actually endeavour to be as impassioned as himself. She yielded to his caprices, and affected the *femme aux sentimens*. The attempt, however, was difficult to one who had never met but with good fortune. Her years had been a series of blessings;—she had been born rich, tenderly nurtured, highly married, a young widow, endowed with beauty. The thing was impracticable; and, as a lady of her acquaintance observed, although she had

found a Léonce, there was not stuff either in her character or life to make a Delphine. The consequence was, she lost her *embonpoint*. Her character as a woman of sense suffered somewhat—but what of that? She was one of those whose beauty depends upon fullness of person and feature; and on this account the diminution of her person alarmed a host of friends, whom a diminution of her character would have slightly affected. They interfered, expostulated. She shed the first tears they had ever seen from her, and expostulated in her turn. She vowed she loved, and preferred her affections to her beauty. They replied, that her beauty was of a kind which could not afford to be sentimental at the price of being thin. Moreover, they assured her that she was very ill, whereupon she took to her bed. Bedington, alarmed, flew to her hotel; but the porter had been made secure in his faith, and the lover was denied admittance. This to him was the happiest point in his wooing, inasmuch as it excited him, and put him in a passion. A cold-blooded visit from some of the above-mentioned friends, with a cold-blooded and polite dismissal from the affection of the lady, signed by her own hand, put an end to the *liaison*.

Miscellaneous Varieties.

A Defence of Angling, by a Philosopher.—We consider angling as a silly amusement, or rather no amusement at all; but, as many persons are enthusiastically fond of it, we are so far from wishing to check their propensity, that we will introduce Sir Humphry Davy's vindication of it.—“The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game or a fish with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same; but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterize man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to

assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then, as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature;—amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from

the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous *strata*. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enameled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily: and, as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine!"

A remarkable Discovery.—When the Welsh gentry speak of pedigrees, they laugh at those who cannot trace their genealogy to a more ancient prince than Caractacus; but what is the antiquity of such a family, compared with antediluvian traces or remains? or what are the pyramids of Egypt, when subjected to a similar comparison? In the county of Dumfries, (says Mr. Grierson), "in a sandstone quarry, four tracks of different kinds of animals have been found. The simple inspection of these tracks made it impossible to doubt in what manner they had been produced. The great number of the impressions in uninterrupted continuity, the regular alternations of the right and left foot-steps, their equidistance from each other, the outward direction of the toes, the grazing of the foot along the surface before it was firmly planted, the deeper impression made by the toe than by the heel, and, in one instance, the sharp and well-defined marks of the

three claws of the animal's foot,—are circumstances which immediately arrest the attention of the observer, and force him to acknowledge that they admit only one explanation. The impressions of one of these tracks, Dr. Buckland thinks, have been produced by the feet of a tortoise or crocodile. These impressions of quadrupeds, to say the least, may be denominated *foot-steps before the flood*!"—This may well be called the age of discovery!

Luminous Appearance of the Sea.—"Nothing is more singular (says Mr. Finlayson) than the phosphorescent appearance of the Indian sea at night;—it shows like a vast lake of liquid fire, melted sulphur, or phosphorus. In many bays, such as the harbour at Prince of Wales' Island, the bodies which emit this light, exist in such vast quantity, that a boat may readily be distinguished at the distance of several miles by the brilliant light, resembling that of a torch, proceeding from the agitated water. We have seen the sea rendered of a green colour and slimy appearance by day, so that it might have been mistaken for the green vegetable matter common on stagnant pools. We have taken up a quantity of this green-coloured water, and, by keeping it till night, have ascertained that the green colour by day, and the phosphorescent appearance by night, were occasioned by the same substance. The causes of this luminous appearance in the sea are doubtless various in different parts of the ocean. We know that fish, when dead, afford similar light; and experiments have shown that dead fish immersed in sea-water, after a time, afford it also. The spawn of a fish is said to afford it, and putrefaction is considered as a very common cause of this appearance. In the present instance, it appeared unequivocally to proceed from innumerable granular gelatinous bodies, about the size of a pin's head. These, when taken upon the hand, moved about with great agility for some seconds, when they ceased to be luminous and remained immoveable."

Difference between the Inhabitants of the North and South of France in the Cultivation of the Mind and the Exercise of Industry.—It appears, from authentic documents, that, in the year 1820, 740,816 children were sent

to school in the thirty-two departments of the North of France, and only 375,931 from the fifty-four departments of the South; and that, in 1827, at the annual exhibition of the products of French industry, the northern departments obtained thirty-nine gold-medals, the southern only ten; the former gained one hundred and twenty-seven silver medals, the latter only twenty-five.—Is this difference to be attributed to the relaxing nature of the southern climate? In some measure, perhaps, but not wholly.

A Reform in one of the Swiss Cantons.—The grand council of the Valais has, both humanely and wisely, abolished capital punishment, except for the heinous crime of murder. No government, we conceive, has a *right* to deprive any one of life, unless his offence be of that horrible complexion which, according to nature and reason, annihilates all claim to mercy; but we all know, from the established practice of nations, that *power* too often supersedes *right*. A man's life is, *ipso facto*, forfeited by murderous guilt; but to doom him to death for sheep-stealing, or for extorting a small sum on the highway, betrays a want of discrimination, of justice and of humanity. We are informed that the example of the Valais is on the point of being followed by the rulers of Geneva, as well as by the king of Bavaria.

Morbid Excess of Feeling.—"I do not think (lord Chedworth properly observes) that a tremblingly-alive susceptibility is a certain diagnostic of virtue; it is sometimes, perhaps most frequently, what we call prudery. Conscious innocence is bold, and often much more unguarded than guilt, though the feelings of calumniated innocence will be often in the highest degree irritable: but the feelings of no friend of mine, whether man or woman, do I wish to be 'tremblingly alive all o'er,' for the inevitable consequence is, that the person cursed with such feelings must 'smart and agonise at every pore.' He will find ten thousand things to render him miserable; ten thousand unintentional slights will pierce him to the quick, which would never have occurred to the mind of a man of less refinement and susceptibility. This was remarkably exemplified in the life of Rousseau, who was exqui-

sitely ingenious in rendering himself unhappy. Every man, who values his happiness, will be studious to eradicate a susceptibility, which is certainly a scion of that passion which, the wise son of Sirach truly, and with a fine sarcasm, remarks, 'was not made for man.'"

The Pump, or the Hydraulic Controversy.—"About the time (says Mr. Cradock) that every knight-errant was inclined to break a spear on the Gibbonian shield, Sir T. A——e was advised to enter the lists, and he informed me that he should engage in a controversy with Gibbon. 'With Gibbon, Sir, about what? his Roman History?'—"No, about his pump."—At that time he was next-door neighbour to Mr. Gibbon in Bentinck-street, and there was a pump common to both premises, and some wits had furnished Sir Thomas with a dissertation on the subject. When he first wrote to Gibbon, the great historian sent for a workman, but he could find nothing that was amiss with the pump. The first letter not obtaining an answer, Sir Thomas followed it up with a learned "Dissertation on the Origin of Pumps," and favored me with the sight of a copy, which, he said, 'if he could obtain no full answer, he would publish, and he was assured that it would sell.' I told him 'I did not doubt it;' but, being intimate with his lady's family, I earnestly entreated him to desist. He however continued the persecution, till Gibbon became much annoyed. Some time after, I asked Sir Thomas what became of his controversy. 'Oh!' said he, 'Gibbon never dared to write an answer; he gave in, and only at last sent a message to desire, 'that I would take the pump altogether, and do what I pleased with it.'—The essay on the pump was not ill drawn up, either as to elegant style or historical information."

The Farewell Address of an Oriental Journalist.—On the discontinuance of a Persian news-paper, the editor thus addressed an ungrateful public. "Be it known to all men, that from the time this paper, the Shems al Akbar, was established by me to the present day, which is about five years, I have gained nothing by it except vexation and disappointment, notwithstanding what idle and ignorant babblers may

please to assert. The inability of the people in the present day to appreciate desert, and their indifference to the exhausting and painful exertions made in their cause, verify the verse, 'I am consumed, and my flames have not been seen; like the lamps on a moonlight night, I have burned away unheeded.' It is time, therefore, to desist, and, instead of undergoing fruitless labor, I am determined to repose on the couch of idleness."

The English and the Hindoos.—In Central India (says bishop Heber), "the European complexion and dress are objects of greater curiosity than I should have expected; of both the natives see many specimens in officers traveling through the country, and their own tint is so much lighter than that of the people of Bengal, that my habituated eyes have ceased almost to consider them as different from Europeans. I can perceive, however, in the crowds of women and children who come out to see us, that Dr. Smith and I are lions of the first magnitude; and an instance which happened this day shows that we are reckoned formidable lions too. A girl about twelve years old, whom we met in a walk, stopped short, and exclaimed in a voice almost amounting to a cry, 'Alas, mighty Sir (maharaja), do not hurt me! I am a poor girl, and have been carrying bread to my father.' What she expected me to do to her I cannot tell; but I have never before been addressed in terms so suitable to an Ogre."

Facetious Remarks, Blunders, &c.

When Mr. Kean made his *debut* on the metropolitan stage, and excited admiration by his great tragic powers, some one said to Bannister, that he was an excellent harlequin.—"Yes," replied the comedian, "he leaps wonderfully; he has already jumped over the heads of those who stood highest in the theatre."

Mr. Green, being entreated by a certain gentleman to allow him a seat in his car, when he was preparing to ascend with a balloon, asked him whether his temper was good. "Yes, Sir, it is," replied the gentleman; "but why do you ask?"—"For fear we should have a *fall out*," said the aeronaut.

An Italian, conversing with some friends on the subject of the great injury which Rome had recently sustained from an inundation of the Tiber, declared that they ought all to pray for that river to be seriously indisposed in future. Being asked for his reason, he replied, "Because he does nothing but mischief when not confined to his bed!"

When an Irishman of no talent became a member of parliament, he found the senators in general very unwilling to listen to his eloquence, and consequently conceived an aversion to the common symptom of a cold. One night "a good substantial winter cough" was heard while he was speaking; upon which he stopped and said, "Mr. Speaker, I should like to have some private talk with any honorable gentleman who will do me the favor to *identify himself with that cough*."

The editor of an American paper was lately charged with having, contrary to established custom, taken a compensation for announcing a death in his paper. In vindicating himself, he assures his subscribers, that "it will afford him *pleasure* at all times to insert any notice of the kind gratis, and especially if it should concern any of the patrons of his paper."

At a dinner of the African Institution, at which Mr. Wilberforce presided, a toast intended to be given was, "The Health of King Henry of Hayti;" which the waiter, who was to announce it to the company, and who had never heard of such a personage, converted into "The Health of Henry the Eighth." A blunder equally ludicrous was committed some years since at a corporation dinner. The town-crier, being desired to give the memory of a deceased alderman, vociferated, "You must drink to the better health of the late Mr. D——."

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE,

second Series;

(continued from Page 268.)

THE villains who figure in Sir Walter's stories are as well characterised in their way as his amiable or meritorious personages. Dwining the apo-

theary, in particular, is represented in striking colors, as are also Sir John Ramorny and his brutal agent Bonthron. These are, at present, the friends of the prince, and promote his designs upon the Fair Maid.

Before we trace the progress of the story, we will take notice of a scene which will interest our fair readers, because it seems to throw obstacles in the way of that love which, from preceding hints, might be supposed to have been settled on both sides.

“Henry remained with Catharine entirely alone. There was embarrassment on the maiden's part, and awkwardness on that of the lover, for about a minute, when Henry, calling up his courage, pulled a pair of gloves out of his pocket, and asked her permission to pay the usual penalty for being asleep at the moment when he would have given the slumbers of a whole twelvemonth to be awake for a single minute.—‘Nay,’ said Catharine, ‘the fulfilment of my homage to St. Valentine infers no such penalty as you desire to pay, and I cannot therefore think of accepting them.’—‘These gloves,’ said Henry, advancing his seat insidiously toward the maiden as he spoke, ‘were wrought by the hands that are dearest to you, and see, they are shaped for your own.’ He extended them as he spoke, and taking her arm in his robust hand, spread the gloves beside it to show how well they fitted. ‘Look at that taper arm,’ he said; ‘look at these small fingers; think who sewed these seams of silk and gold, and think whether the glove, and the arm which alone the glove can fit, ought to remain separate, because the poor glove has had the misfortune to be for a passing minute in the keeping of a hand so swart and rough as mine.’—‘They are welcome as coming from my father,’ said Catharine; ‘and surely not less so as coming from my friend, as well as my Valentine and preserver.’—‘Let me aid to do them on,’ said the Smith, bringing himself yet closer to her side; ‘they may seem a little over-tight at first, and you may require some assistance.’—‘You are skilful in such service, good Henry Gow,’ said the maiden, smiling, but at

the same time drawing farther from her lover.’—‘In good faith, no,’ said Henry, shaking his head; ‘my experience has been in donning steel gauntlets on mailed knights, more than in fitting embroidered gloves upon maidens.’—‘I will trouble you then no farther, and Dorothy shall aid me—though there needs no assistance—my father's eye and fingers are faithful to his craft; what work he puts through his hands is always true to the measure.’—‘Let me be convinced of it,’ said the Smith; ‘let me see that these slender gloves actually match the hands they were made for.’—‘Some other time, good Henry,’ answered the maiden, ‘I will wear the gloves in honor of St. Valentine, and of the mate he has sent me for the season. I would to Heaven I could pleasure my father as well in weightier matters—at present the perfume of the leather harms the head-ach I have had since morning.’—‘Head-ach! dearest maiden,’ echoed her lover.—‘If you call it heart-ach, you will not misname it,’ said Catharine with a sigh, and proceeded to speak in a very serious tone. ‘Henry,’ she said, ‘I am going perhaps to be as bold as I gave you reason to think me this morning; for I am about to speak the first upon a subject on which, it may well be, I ought to wait till I have to answer you. But I cannot, after what has happened this morning, suffer my feelings toward you to remain unexplained, without the possibility of my being greatly misconceived. Nay, do not answer till you have heard me out. You are brave, Henry, beyond most men, honest and true as the steel you work upon.’—‘Stop—stop, Catharine, for mercy's sake! you never said so much that was good concerning me, save to introduce some bitter censure of which your praises were the harbingers: I am honest and so forth, you would say, but a hot-brained brawler and common sworder or stabber.’—‘I should injure both myself and you in calling you such. No, Henry, to no common stabber, had he worn a plume in his bonnet and gold spurs on his heels, would Catharine Glover have offered the little grace she has this day voluntarily done to you. If I have at times dwelt severely upon the proneness of your spirit to anger and of your hand to strife, it is because I would have you hate in yourself the sins of

* See the annexed Engraving for an elegant representation of this scene

vanity and wrath. I have spoken on the topic more to alarm your own conscience than to express my opinion. I know that, in these forlorn and desperate days, the customs of every Christian nation may be quoted in favor of bloody quarrels for trifling causes.—But I know that for these things we shall one day be called to judgement.”

A declaration from the maiden that she cannot accept Henry's love, appears to him somewhat capricious, after the encouragement already given; but he consoles himself with the hope of her relenting. It appears in the sequel, that the obstacle to the union arose from her intention of retiring into a monastery, to please an abbess and a monk, who declared that they would otherwise denounce her and her father as obstinate heretics. To avoid this danger, the maiden is escorted to Falkland, where she expects protection from the duchess of Rothsay. She finds, however, that this lady has left her castle, and that the prince, her husband, has been persuaded by his pretended friend Ramorny to retire to the fortress. Catharine thus falls, as it were, into the lion's den; but she finds that the supposed lion is on the point of being hunted to death by ignoble beasts. Knowing the baseness and malignity of Ramorny, she urges the prince to dismiss him without delay. She endeavours to save the heir of Bruce from destruction, but without effect: he is starved to death. The earl of Douglas avenges the murder by hanging Ramorny and Bonthron; and their accomplice, the apothecary, would have suffered in the same ignominious way, if his professional skill had not pointed out another road to death. Catharine, visiting him at his express desire, finds him—"the same humble obsequious-looking individual she had always known him. He held in his hand a little silver pen, with which he had been writing on a scrap of parchment.—'Catharine,' he said,—'I wish to speak to thee on the nature of my religious faith.'—'If such be thy intention, why lose time with me?—Speak with this good father.'—'The good father,' said Dwining, 'is already a worshiper of the Deity whom I have served. I therefore prefer to give the altar of mine idol a new worshiper in thee, Catharine.

This scrap of parchment will tell thee how to make your way into my chapel, where I have worshipped so often in safety. I leave the images which it contains to thee as a legacy, simply because I hate and condemn thee less than any of the absurd wretches whom I have hitherto been obliged to call fellow-creatures. And now away, or remain and see if the end of the quack-salver belies his life.'—'Our Lady forbid!' said Catharine.—'Nay,' said the mediciner, 'I have but a single word to say, and yonder nobleman's valiancy may hear it if he will.'—'Lord Balveny approached, with some curiosity; for the undaunted resolution of a man who never wielded sword or bore armour, and was in person a poor dwindled dwarf, had to him an air of something resembling sorcery.'—'You see this trifling implement,' said the criminal, showing the silver pen. 'By means of this I can escape the power even of the Black Douglas.'—'Give him no ink nor paper,' said Balveny, hastily; 'he will draw a spell.'—'Not so, please your wisdom and valiancy,—he, he, he!'—said Dwining, with his usual chuckle, as he unscrewed the top of the pen, within which was a piece of sponge, or some such substance, not bigger than a pea. 'Now, mark this'—said the prisoner, and drew it between his lips. The effect was instantaneous. He lay dead before them, with a contemptuous sneer on his countenance.

“The treasures of the wicked apothecary were distributed among four monasteries; nor was there ever after a breath of suspicion concerning the orthodoxy of old Simon or his daughter. Henry and Catharine were married, and never did the corporations of the glovers and hammermen trip their sword-dance so feately as at the wedding of the boldest burghess and brightest maiden in Perth.”

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR
JUNE AND JULY.

June 9.—Strong and anxious sensations were excited in all parts of the realm by the catholic question, which, after a favorable vote in the house of commons, was again subjected

to the cognisance of the peers. Some were of opinion, that the dread of danger from a rejection of the claims would induce even the bishops to comply; but their spiritual lordships were more alarmed at the risque of admitting the enemies of the protestant church to high political power; and we do not blame them for that conduct which arose from this ground of apprehension. The archbishop of Canterbury, with all his moderation and liberality of mind, could not persuade himself to accede to the request of the commons. He argued the case as a question of security on the side of the church, and of power on the part of the catholics, rather than as a religious dispute. The duke of Wellington opposed the desired concessions, not (like the archbishop of Tuam) on doctrinal grounds, but because the ecclesiastical government of the catholics tended to make them refractory subjects of a protestant monarch. After an animated debate, the peers, by a majority of 45, refused to concur with the commons. The disgust and resentment of the Romanists at this decision may easily be conceived; and those of the county of Clare have since shown their insubmissive spirit, and their disregard to the existing laws of parliamentary election, by choosing Mr. O'Connell, a professed catholic, for their representative; but this gentleman seems (in his conduct at least, certainly not in his speeches) to be less arrogant and presuming than his electors; for he has not ventured to produce the writ of return in the only place where it can be rendered available.

15.—*Danger of idle Curiosity.*—We do not presume to censure the eagerness of well-disposed persons to hear a good sermon; but, when a place of worship is already sufficiently full, it is very imprudent to swell the throng so as to endanger yourself and others. The church of Kirkaldy was lately crowded to excess, in expectation that the popular Mr. Irving would officiate. The church, which was built in 1807, was calculated to hold eighteen hundred individuals; but on this occasion at least two thousand were present. Just before the usual time for commencing service, a great part of the range of galleries at the west end fell with a tremendous crash, and indescribable

confusion ensued. A rush was instantly made to the doors, and such was the calamitous result, that, although most of the people in the gallery escaped, and only two of the crowd under it were killed, twenty-five others lost their lives. Mr. Irving, it is said, was desirous of preaching on the following evening in the church-yard, but was dissuaded from his intention by the remonstrances of the provost, who doubted the propriety of permitting him to obtrude himself in so singular a manner on the notice of a mourning population.

18.—*Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.*—It is very natural that the hero of Waterloo and his brave associates should annually celebrate their triumph, and congratulate each other, in joyous bumpers, on their escape from the perils of war; but there was no reason for a commemoration of that victory by a paltry rowing-match, pompously called a *Regatta*. A journalist says, that it was a *novel* and *interesting* spectacle; but it was neither one nor the other. The duke of Clarence presided on the occasion; and, when six watermen, starting from Waterloo bridge, had rowed up and down the river, the best rower received ten sovereigns as a reward for his activity, and the rest had also a golden recompense. In the state-barge of the city, his royal highness entertained the duke of Sussex, three of his sisters, the prime minister, and other persons of distinction; and (to use an *elegant* modern phrase) the whole went off with *éclat*.

30.—We do not think it necessary (like the Morning Post) to take notice of every grand *fête* that is given by the members of fashionable society; but, as a late entertainment of this kind excited the notice and animadversion of royalty, which seemed to think itself burlesqued on the occasion, we are induced to give the *official* account of it.—"The marchioness of Londonderry gave a fancy-ball to more than five hundred persons of distinction. In the vestibule the servants were drawn out in their liveries of purple, embroidered with silver. From the hall the company ascended a double flight of stairs, between columns of highly-polished Sienna marble, and white marble vases filled with living flowers, to the noble quadrangular corridor, which led to the

seven saloons, splendid apartments adorned with statues and pictures, and furniture of high and costly fashion. The largest apartment was the Throne-Room, where sat the noble hostess herself, surrounded by her court. The dresses were copied from Mr. Bone's historical series of enamel portraits, after the originals lent to him by different noblemen and gentlemen. That worn by "her majesty" was said to be worth more than a hundred thousand pounds in brilliants alone; and many of the dresses of the ladies in her train were proportionately rich. The characters in this splendid groupe were represented by twenty ladies and twenty-eight gentlemen. We select the following from the list of fair attendants:

Mary Queen of Scots	Lady Ellenborough
Lady Sidney.....	Marchioness of Salisbury
Lady Ann Russell.....	Marchioness of Worcester
Catharine Seyton.....	Countess Gower
Lady Hunsdon.....	Countess of Jersey
Countess of Bedford.....	Countess of Belknap
Lady Paget.....	Lady Emmeline Mansers
Countess of Lincoln	Lady Augusta Baring

"Her majesty," having held a court, attended by the dukes of Clarence, Cumberland, and Cambridge, and prince Leopold, descended from her throne, and giving her hand to "Philip of Spain" (the marquis of Worcester), she proceeded to make the grand tour of the rooms in royal state. The throne and all its appendages were then removed, to make room for dancing, which had already commenced in the statue gallery; and the windows were opened to give access to the veranda, which had been previously covered with canvas, and filled with the choicest flowers, so as to form a most refreshing conservatory. From this time until two o'clock, the company was occupied with the dance and the promenade; and, the royal dukes having then taken their leave, "her majesty," leaning on the arm of prince Leopold, and attended by king Philip, descended in the same state to the banquet laid out in the noble suite of rooms on the ground-floor; after which the dance and the promenade were resumed, and it was almost six o'clock in the morning when the

last carriage rolled away from the door."

26.—At the New Tivoli, near Paris, the *incombustible man* (as M. Martinez is called) performed his wonderful feats. An oven being heated in a high degree, he placed himself within it in a thick woollen dress, holding a chicken; and, when the fowl was perfectly baked, in about twelve minutes, he left his warm situation. When the heat of the oven, in one part, reached 110 degrees, he remained in it seven minutes. At both those times, the oven was open, and he was seated; but, on the third experiment, it was shut, and he rested on a plank surrounded by candles. On his retiring from this temporary hell, after five minutes of endurance, he felt himself incommoded by a thick smoke; but, on plunging into a cold bath, he was "himself again." His pulse, which at first beat 72 in a minute, nearly rose to 200.—In this account, which we translate from a French periodical, there may be some exaggeration; but, as the human frame can bear extreme cold for a long time, it is not altogether unreasonable to conclude, that it can bear intense heat for a short time. The most improbable part of the story, in the opinion of many, would be the use of the cold bath by a man who was apparently in a high fever: yet it is well-known that cold water has been poured over a feverish patient without injury.

July 6.—A case, peculiarly interesting to the fair sex, is said to have been brought forward at the Mansion-house. It purported to be a complaint in writing from the father of a family at Kentish-town:—even if it be a hoax, it is worthy of notice, because the letter in question contains strong and just animadversions on a foolish and dangerous habit.—"I have rather an extraordinary sort of complaint to make to the chief magistrate; but, *although there exists no legal mode of counter-acting* that evil to which I wish to call his lordship's attention, the interference of a man of influence, from his station in life and his experience, may produce some alleviation of the mischief I am about to describe. I have three daughters, over whom their mother, I regret to say, exercises a control quite independent of me. This control, so far as it regards moral and religious restraints,

is most unexceptionable. They go to chapel regularly, and are as rigid in their conversation as any females in the world. What I have to object to simply refers to their dress, and only to a very narrow portion of that. It is with a deep sense of self-abusement I state, that my wife encourages my children, by her example, to persist in following the hideous and perilous fashion of squeezing-in the waist until the body resembles that of a pismire or ant. Of all the dandy abominations that ever received the sanction of our aristocracy, this is the worst. The least injurious effect of it is, that it fixes a deformity upon the human shape; and yet this effect, instead of working in the way that might be expected upon the vanity of the sex, seems to be the great charm and recommendation. The whole of the region upon which the stays press becomes, if we may believe great authorities, diseased as well as distorted. The lungs and liver, and other parts of the *viscera*, are all screwed up together, and the stomach is totally divested of its power of regulating the system. My daughters are as yet living instances (God knows how long they may continue so) of the baneful consequences of this dreadful fashion.—Their stays are bound with steel in the holes through which the laces are drawn, so as to be able to bear the tremendous tugging which is intended to reduce so important a part of the human frame to one-third of its natural proportions. They are unable to sit, walk, or stand as women used to do. To expect one of them to stoop would be absurd, and to witness the attempt alarming. My daughter Margaret made the experiment the other day to satisfy me that she was quite loose. The effort was too much for the strength of the steel and whalebone vise with which she was enveloped. Her stays gave way with a tremendous explosion, and down she fell upon the ground, and I almost thought she had snapped in two. But this, ridiculous as it was, was not the least advance towards a remedy or an abatement of the evil. My girls are always complaining of pains in the stomach, and lassitude; and, if something be not done to stop this wasp-waist mania, rapid decay must follow. Hoping that the lord mayor will excuse this liberty in con-

sideration of the fatal nature of the grievance, and that some advice and admonition may be given to both mothers and daughters, I have the honor to remain, &c.

18.—*Female Skill in Archery.*—At Nowton in Suffolk, Mr. Oakes invited about 130 ladies and gentlemen to a rural entertainment, and to a trial of skill in the use of the bow. Targets were fixed on a spacious lawn, at proper intervals, and the archers commenced their operations with alacrity. Miss Sarah Lawton sent her arrows *point-blank*, and they flew from her bow without any seeming exertion. Mrs. H. Blake also shot exceedingly well, as did Mrs. Powell and some other ladies; but much difference was visible in their style of exercise; the most common error seemed to be pointing the arrow too high, so that, if it hit the target, it was by the arrow dropping down upon it. The gentlemen did not display equal skill with the ladies. After an elegant repast the company again took the field, and a match was made for the married ladies against the spinsters, and another for the married men against the bachelors. The result was, that Mrs. H. Blake and Miss Lawton were equal on their respective sides; they therefore again shot four arrows each, and victory placed the laurel on the brow of Miss Lawton.

THE LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

It is a prevailing opinion in the metropolis, that the Cockneys will soon become the wisest of men. Two colleges, co-operating with this and other institutions, may remove from them the reproach of ignorance; but, whether their subsequent acquirements will be strikingly great, we may easily be induced to doubt. Mr. Denman, however, whose authority is superior to our own, expects wonders from the new Institution; and he lately opened it with an "Inaugural Discourse," which some critics have censured and others have praised. We proceed to quote some specimens of his eloquence.

"Two peculiar circumstances occur to my mind, as happy auguries of the

enduring and increasing grandeur of English Literature.

"The first is our community of language with the United States. Our own colonies, however distant and extensive, seem but to echo back our voice; but the inheritance of our language by the great North-American commonwealth, an independent, a powerful, and a rival nation; the attachment to our habits of thinking and speaking, on the part of one of the most civilised countries, if civilisation depends on the diffusion of knowledge and the protection of equal laws; the identity of education between our sons, and the multiplying millions of those boundless regions; the filial but formidable competition with which the offspring has awakened the admiration, and must stimulate the energies of her parent; all these things hold forth the auspicious promise of stability to the literature common to both countries, as well as of peace, liberty, and happiness, to the Old World and the New.

"The other circumstance to which I advert, is the regular succession by which our literature has maintained its state, from an early period quite down to the present time. Its current, even at this point, so remote from its source, has betrayed no symptom of exhaustion, no danger of being swallowed up in the barren sands of the desert. Its unimpaired stream is still wonderful for depth and breadth, for clearness and power. Some flats indeed, some shoals, may be here and there detected, but so rare and partial, as scarcely to arrest our notice, and never to disturb our faith. To prove, by an appeal to living genius, how well the glory of former ages has been sustained in this, would be a pleasing but an endless task, and might by some be deemed an invidious one. But our sanguine hopes for the future are well justified by the consummation of the past, which shows Burke still in possession of the same commanding eminence attained by Bacon, and can trace the illustrious family of our poets, through an unbroken pedigree, from Byron back to Shakspeare.

"At the sound of that great name, I pause for a moment. Not ambitious to break a lance with the long train of our eminent critics, who have exercised

their talents in his praise, I will merely observe, that their eulogies always succeed in raising our estimation of the writers, but have as uniformly failed to do justice to their subject. A few simple facts record the praise of Shakspeare; the insatiable demand for his works—the swarming theatres, which find them ever new and delightful—the pride with which real dramatic genius aims at embodying his conceptions, while it disdains to receive its task from any meaner hand. His power is manifested in tears and smiles, in agony and rapture, on its first display to the sensibility of youth, and in the tranquil delight of reflecting age, on the hundredth repetition; in the permanency imparted to our language by the richness, the strength, the ever-varying graces of his style; in the gentle, yet generous spirit, the sympathy with all the kindly affections, the high feelings of magnanimity and honour, by which he has produced a lasting effect on the character of Englishmen.

"I seek not 'to gild refined gold,' but proceed to connect a very homely fact, yet not, I trust, unseasonable on this occasion, with that name which is absolutely foreign to no literary discourse. Suffer me then to remind you that the immortal tragedies and comedies of Shakspeare were almost all composed in this metropolis, without aid from the fastidious apparatus of literary leisure, and even under the pressure of straitened means, and amidst all the distractions of an active and unsettled course of living. It was in London also, and when plunged in the engagements and agitations that belong to the office of chancellor, that Bacon composed his greatest work, the *Novum Organon*. It was in London, busy, clamorous, crowded, commercial London, that Newton found opportunities to explore and lay open the deepest mysteries of nature.

"In this city, Milton, a native of London, was able to produce the most sublime of all human compositions.—His careful biographer, Mr. Todd, has so described the situation of his house, as to make it highly probable that we are now assembled on its site. It was then 'a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate-street, situated at the end of an entry, that he might avoid the noise

and disturbance of the street. Here he received into his house a few pupils, the sons of his most intimate friends, and he proceeded with cheerfulness in the noblest employment of mankind, that of instructing others in knowledge and virtue.' With what approbation would his free spirit look down on the work you have achieved! How congenial to his own profound and most liberal views of education, the business which now engages us! How gratifying to have foreknown, that the same scene in which a few were then urged by him to painful studies in certain branches of learning, would be eagerly resorted to by hundreds, as a theatre for teaching every thing that science and letters can bestow."

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"The number of our members now exceeds 600; and this ample total, sustained as it has been through a period of commercial distress, is perfectly sufficient to ensure the perpetuity and future importance of the institution. I need not state, however, that the advantages which it holds out will increase with every increase of its numbers, and that every member who introduces a friend to share in its benefits, adds at the same time to the benefits enjoyed by himself. We ought therefore to invite the accession of additional members; and the committee now do this with the greater confidence, as they feel that they can offer a full and assured equivalent for the subscription required. No means can be found in the metropolis, at once so efficient and economical as this institution, for gratifying literary tastes, or for multiplying scientific acquisitions.

"To all who contemplate the increasing knowledge, and the growing eagerness for improvement, which distinguish the present age, there will appear ample grounds for anticipating the steady advance of every institution destined to promote these grandest of all human objects. The desire of instruction will be more widely diffused, as the facilities for procuring it are augmented and brought into notice; each successive acquisition will sharpen the wish for more; and when the pleasure of growing knowledge and superiority has been once tasted,—when the feeling of self-esteem has been associated with intellectual advancement—the student will

not only attach himself the more warmly to the institution which has seconded his progress, but will become assiduous in communicating its benefits to others. The committee therefore feel authorised in counting upon the uninterrupted increase of this institution, as well from the improved tastes of the metropolis and the exertions of their present members, as from the character of the institution; the rules of which provide ample securities that the funds of the subscribers shall be devoted not only to their permanent benefit, but also to their immediate gratification.

"To those parents who are introducing their sons into professions, and are seeking to protect them against the multifarious temptations of London, this institution will be found peculiarly suitable. By entering their sons as members of it during early youth, and before other habits have been formed, they will materially contribute to form in them salutary and unexpensive tastes; they will secure for them studious and rational acquaintances; and they will teach them to render even their hours of leisure subservient to the acquisition of useful and estimable qualities. A parent who affords to his son the means of joining the institution at his first entrance into life, while tastes and associates yet remain to be acquired, will take the most effectual means of guarding him against idleness and bad company, and of prolonging those habits of diligent study which early education so often inculcates in vain. To parents, to masters, and to all who guide the early habits of the London youth, this important consideration is earnestly recommended. They may be well assured that their assistance will only be needed to initiate a youth at first into the benefits of the institution; that he will quickly be induced to continue his subscription from his own means; and that he will feel himself repaid for the sacrifice of expensive pleasures, as well by the example of his fellow-members, as by his growing sense of the dignity of their mutual object."

A LETTER FROM LORD BYRON,

lately brought to light.

MR. D'ISRAELI was one of the friends of the noble bard, from whom he received some interesting annotations and remarks on that well-known work in which he has ably illustrated the "Literary Character." Soon after he had taken the benefit of these notes, he was "surprised (he says) by receiving a letter from his lordship." That he was also highly pleased at this communication, appears from what he subjoins.—"Lord Byron was an admirable letter-writer. Independent of the personal details with which his letters abound, and which, from their nature, are of course peculiarly interesting, they are also remarkable for facility of style, vivacity of expression, shrewdness of remark, and truth of observation. I have, however, never met with any letter of lord Byron more interesting than the following, which, as it does not form one of a series of familiar correspondence, was probably touched with a more careful pen."

"Montenero, Villa Dupuy, near
Leghorn, June 10, 1822.

"Dear Sir,—If you will permit me to call you so. I had some time ago taken up my pen, at Pisa, to thank you for the present of your new edition of the 'Literary Character,' which has often been to me a consolation, and always a pleasure. I was interrupted, however, partly by business, and partly by vexation of different kinds; for I have not very long ago lost a child by a fever, and I have had a good deal of petty trouble with the laws of this lawless country, on account of the prosecution of a servant for an attack upon a cowardly scoundrel of a dragoon, who drew his sword upon some unarmed Englishmen, and whom I had done the honor to mistake for an officer, and to treat like a gentleman. He turned out to be neither,—like many others with medals and in uniform; but he paid for his brutality with a severe and dangerous wound, inflicted by nobody knows whom; for, of three suspected and two arrested, they have been able to identify neither; which is strange, since he was wounded in the presence of thousands, in a public street, during a feast-day

and full promenade.—But to return to things more analogous to the Literary Character; I wish to say, that, had I known that the book was to fall into your hands, or that the MS. notes you have thought worthy of publication, would have attracted your attention, I would have made them more copious, and perhaps not so careless. I really cannot know whether I am, or am not, the genius you are pleased to call me; but I am very willing to put up with the mistake, if it be one. It is a title dearly enough bought by most men, to render it endurable, even when not quite clearly made out, which it never *can* be, till the Posterity, whose decisions are merely dreams to ourselves, have sanctioned or denied it, while it can touch us no farther. Mr. Murray is in possession of a MS. memoir of mine (not to be published till I am in my grave), which, strange as it may seem, I never read over since it was written, and have no desire to read over again. In it, I have told what, as far as I know, is the *truth*—not the *whole* truth;—for, if I had done so, I must have involved much private, and some dissipated history, but, nevertheless, nothing but truth, as far as regard for others permitted it to appear. I do not know whether you have seen those MSS.; but, as you are curious in such things as relate to the human mind, I should feel gratified if you had. I also sent him (Murray), a few days since, a common-place book, by my friend lord Clare, containing a few things, which may, perhaps, aid his publication in case of his surviving me. If there are any questions which you would like to ask me, as connected with your philosophy of the literary mind (*if* mine be a literary mind,) I will answer them fairly, or give a reason for *not*, good—bad—or indifferent. At present, I am paying the penalty of having helped to spoil the public taste; for, as long as I wrote in the false exaggerated style of youth and the times in which we live, they applauded me to the very echo; and within these few years, when I have endeavoured at better things, and written what I suspect to have the principle of duration in it, the church, the chancellor, and all men, even to my grand patron, Francis Jeffrey, Esq. of the Edinburgh Review, have risen up against me and my later publications.

Such is Truth ! men dare not look her in the face, except by degrees ; they mistake her for a Gorgon, instead of knowing her to be Minerva. I do not mean to apply this mythological simile to my own endeavours ; but I have only to turn over a few pages of your volumes, to find innumerable and far more illustrious instances.* It is lucky that I am of a temper not to be easily turned aside, though by no means difficult to irritate. But I am making a dissertation, instead of writing a letter.

I write to you from the Villa Dupuy, near Leghorn, with the Islands of Elba and Corsica visible from my balcony, and my old friend, the Mediterranean, rolling blue at my feet. As long as I retain my feeling and my passion for nature, I can partly soften or subdue my other passions, and resist or endure those of others. I have the honor to be, truly, your obliged and faithful servant,

“NOEL BYRON.”

Fine Arts.

Mr. Pinney's Collection of Pictures.—Ancient and modern pieces are united in this assemblage. They are exhibited with a view to a productive sale, and many have been already purchased. Among the most striking is Christ healing the Blind, by Annibale Carracci :—the figure of the Divine Being is dignified and graceful, and the relieved object is finely represented.—Cambiaso's Venus and Cupid must, we think, be admired by all who have taste and judgement. Mola's small landscape, in which a sleeping nymph is introduced, is equally attractive ; and the Venus and Adonis of Rubens, though less elegant, cannot be viewed without high gratification. There is a good sketch, by the same artist, of Peace and War ; and we observed a fine landscape by G. Poussin.—The modern paintings are less valuable, but some are fine specimens of art, particularly the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, which, however, would have been still finer, if the artist (Sir Joshua Reynolds) had depicted (instead of concealing) the countenance of Henry the Sixth.

British Diorama, in Oxford-Street. Here four very large pictures court our notice, painted by Stanfield and Roberts. The first is a view of the Lake Maggiore. The distant hills, the glassy water, the dark boats on its tranquil bosom, and the flush of a summer sky diffused over every object, produce a romantic effect, and charm the gazer's mind. The next picture is the Interior of St. George's Chapel at Windsor ; this is a fine architectural painting. The coloring is gay and gorgeous, as the place itself is, very bright and showy. The third representation is the wreck of an India ship. The vessel is dismantled and on the rocks, with her hull nearly out of the water ; some of the seamen are already scattered among the waves, and struggling for life, while others are just leaving the ship, and trusting themselves to the boats. In the fourth painting, the ruins of Tintern-Abbey by moonlight are well depicted. The moonbeams on the roofless walls are well contrasted with the light of a small fire kindled by a party of gypsies.

Music.

AMONG the musical publications which offer themselves to our notice, we find some of a trifling character, while others have considerable merit. To the former class Mr. Cohan's “First Grand Concerto for the Piano-Forte” seems to belong ;—it is deficient in sen-

timent and in true spirit. Some other compositions of the same stamp may safely be suffered to fall into oblivion ; but those which we proceed to mention promise to be more permanent.

The “Songs of the Minstrels” are characteristic airs of twelve nations, ad-

justed and harmonised by Mr. Barnett. The peculiar taste of each nation is happily preserved, and the verses by Stoe-Van-Dyk are well suited to the music.

Twelve pieces, furnished by J. B. Cramer with symphonies and accompaniments, and by Mr. Bayley with elegant stanzas, constitute the first volume of the "Lays of a Minstrel." The *Bride-Maid* is one of the best, both for poetry and for music.

The "*Gems à la Sontag*," are skillfully strung together by Moscheles, who has adapted to the piano-forte the most admired airs sung by that lady, and has added a variety of embellishments at her suggestion and under her immediate superintendence. All these form an agreeable fantasia, in which performers will not find any great difficulties.

The "*Variations quasi Fantasia pour le Piano-Forte sur le Trio favori de Mezzanillo*," tend rather to exhibit artful

construction than to produce a fine flow of melody.

"A *Fantasia on a favorite French Romance*," by Sixto Perez, combines variety with elegance; and his adaptations of several airs in *Ricciardo e Zoraide* are equally creditable to his taste.

A *Canzonet*, and a *Divertimento* and *Waltz*, by Henry Craggs, evince the talent of this well-known pianist for composition; the last piece is more particularly admired for its varied modulation and harmony.

C. T. Martin's "*When will ye think of me?*"—and the ballad of the "*Lone Rock*" by Dr. Essex,—are very pleasing compositions.

Mr. P. H. Bernard, an officer of the 68th light company, not being at present engaged in active service, sometimes employs his leisure in musical studies. Two airs,—"*Sleep on, dearest Ellen*," and "*Oh! Time is like a River*," are favorable specimens of his talent.

Drama.



THE KING'S THEATRE.

MADemoiselle SONTAG, after a lucrative course of performance in this country, bade adieu on the 24th to her British friends and patrons. The opera of *Tancredi* being selected by M. Laurent for his benefit, this lady personated the heroine with considerable effect, and received very flattering applause. At the close of the representation, wreaths, bouquets, and copies of verses, were profusely thrown upon the stage. M. Schutz placed one of the wreaths upon her head; and, taking up a bouquet, she pressed it to her bosom with strong marks of feeling, and testified, by appropriate looks and gestures, her gratitude to the audience.

At this house French plays have been recently performed with success. A French star has appeared in our horizon, and has dazzled even cold critics into rapture. We quote the remarks of one of her admirers:—"In the comedy of *L'Ecole des Vieillards*, Mademoiselle Mars represents Hortense, the young and handsome wife of a fond husband; she is supposed to be in the

hey-day of life and spirits—he old enough to be her father; she, thoughtless, dissipated, and extravagant; he, grave, and attached to her and to retirement. The various scenes between this couple, so ill-suited in age, and apparently so dissimilar in taste, are well contrived, written with all the liveliness and spirit of French dialogue, and admirably conceived to display the powers of a great actress. It is in vain that the husband of *age mûre* listens with disapprobation to all her schemes of pleasure and fashion, until at length he becomes so angry, that he is on the point of assuming the prerogative of the husband, and forbidding them. A smile, a look, an affectionate kiss, reconcile him to her conduct, and procure his sanction; and who would not be softened by such tokens of attachment, bestowed as this lady bestows them? the softness of such a voice—the sweetness of such a smile? Her beauty, thoughtlessness, and the age of her husband, induce a fashionable duke to endeavour to seduce her; he pays her great attention, and follows her home from a masque-

rade, where he informs her of a place under the government, which he has obtained for her husband, and she, not suspecting that it is for her sake alone, thanks him in the most artless manner. At length, unable to make her understand his meaning by any other means, he openly avows his passion. The immediate transition of character, from thoughtlessness and frivolity to dignity and virtue, is a masterpiece of acting; and the indignation with which she repels her lover's advances, is at once natural and dignified. The whole of this scene is full of interest. Whilst she is commanding the duke to leave her house, she exclaims, "If my husband were to return"—and immediately hears his step upon the stairs. The consequences of her conduct rush upon her imagination; agitation and terror succeed to her former dignity and anger; she conceals the duke in a closet, and sinks overcome by her feelings, faintly whispering, *Je suis perdue*. The thrilling effect with which she delivered these words must be heard to be appreciated. The *dénouement* immediately follows; her husband, from her agitation, suspects that the duke is somewhere concealed, and, after dismissing her, drags him from the closet. A duel ensues; and the interception of a letter from Hortense to the duke explains her conduct, and reconciles her to her husband. It is said that Mademoiselle Mars is fast approaching to that age; which ladies are no longer anxious to conceal. If this be so, we can only say that her acting is a greater triumph of art than can be believed without witnessing it. Mrs. Siddons acted Lady Macbeth at nearly sixty; but to act the young and handsome wife of twenty-five when double that age, and to act it with such liveliness, gaiety, and freshness of youth, surpasses in this respect our tragedy queen herself."

In Valerie, a lighter character than Hortense, this actress is equally excellent. Her part in the *Tartuffe* affords few opportunities for the display of her great powers; but what she is required to do, she does remarkably well. She shines in the part of Emma, in the pleasing comedy of *La Fille d'Honneur*, and indeed pleases the best judges in every character which she undertakes.

Her person is agreeable, and her

figure is finely proportioned; her countenance, in repose, has a soft and sweet tone of expression, and, amidst the spirit and warmth of emotion, readily exhibits a corresponding change; her articulation is clear, correct, and varied; and in her demeanor there is an air of dignity, which marks the cultivated woman of genteel life.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

THIS theatre was opened on the 30th of June for its short season, with a strong and effective company; and the manager has since gratified the public with two novelties. One is an operatic romance styled *the Bottle Imp*; the other is founded on the history of La Vendée, and bears the title of *the Noyades, or Love and Gratitude*.

The story of the Bottle Imp may be found in a volume of German tales; but the writer who has adapted it to the stage has added some diverting matter to the most interesting parts of the original tale.—Willibald is the confidential servant of Albert, a young German, who is induced by Nicola to purchase a magic bottle, which ensures the fulfilment of every wish to its possessor, on the rather awkward condition, that, if not sold previously to death, for less than the sum it last cost, the wretched proprietor must become the prey of the insidious fiend who is supposed to be contained in it. The bottle passes from one purchaser to another with great spirit, and is at length resold by Albert to Nicola for the "smallest coin in the world;" and the wicked Spaniard, unable to get rid of it according to the condition, is claimed, amidst the flames of the Inquisition, by his terrible creditor. Throughout these incidents, Willibald—who becomes an agent in the sale of the bottle, purchases it unconsciously himself, palms it off to a Jew, &c.—was the main support of the piece. Nothing could be more perfect than Keeley's performance of this character; his perusal of the Dissertation on Devils, and his first sight of the horrible Bottle-Imp, were irresistible, both from their novelty and nature. Mr. James Vining played Nicola with judgement and feeling, and Mr. O. Smith personated the imp in a manner that was characteristically awful. The two Misses Cawse acted, one a woeful and the other a comic part, tolerably well, and sang better than they acted.

The music is stated to have been composed by Mr. Rodwell; but it would reflect more credit upon him than it does, if it did not appear to be, in a great measure, borrowed from Mr. Bishop.

The other novelty is more interesting, because it is more natural. The alleged incidents are assigned to the reign of terror, when *Noyades** (drownings) and other equally-summary modes of disposing *en masse* of those who were suspected of not entertaining the same exalted notions of freedom as its terror-spreading advocates, were among the blessings diffused by the anarchical innovations of the day. Captain Louvet, a republican officer, attached to a regiment employed against the Vendean royalists, having one day ventured alone far into a district inhabited by them, is espied by a party, chased, and forced to seek refuge in the humble dwelling of the widow Marguerite, in whose absence he is received by her daughter Carline, from whom he claims hospitality, and to whom he makes known his pressing danger. Carline, moved with compassion, conceals him in a corner of the room, by heaping over him her whole wardrobe, and has just completed the task when the armed Vendéans enter, and seek the fugitive to inflict on him an instantaneous death. Carline, however, succeeds in saving his life, and he passes the night under the hospitable roof. She becomes deeply enamoured, and before they part the next morning they exchange vows. An action soon after takes place between the Vendéans and the republicans, in which the former are defeated; and Carline, whose anxiety for her lover's safety has induced her to become a witness of the combat, falls into the hands of some of the soldiers of the victorious party, and is conducted with other prisoners to Nantes, where all are on the next day condemned to be thrown into the river. She succeeds, however, in giving intimation of her danger to her republican lover, who arrives on the quay just in time to save her and her companions in misfortune

from a watery grave. The conclusion is, that he proclaims her as his wife. Keeley, as a new compulsory recruit into the Vendean corps, gives some very amusing specimens of the reluctance with which he commences his short-lived career of loyalty and arms; and Miss Goward, as Eugénie, a military heroine, does something to deserve that name. The piece seems to have been principally written for Miss Kelly; and the result was, that her acting produced an impression on the audience which overpowered the faculty of criticism; she was applauded with enthusiasm.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

IMPROVED in its accommodations, and more gaudily (if not tastefully) embellished in the interior, this theatre was re-opened on the 16th of June with a new comic piece in one act, called *a Daughter to Marry*, borrowed by Mr. Planché from the French. This is an amusing trifle, of which we need not detail the plot, because the title sufficiently explains it. On the following evening, Miss Bartolozzi, sister to Madame Vestris, made her *début* as Rosina, in the opera of the Barber of Seville. Her person is pleasing, her manner graceful; her voice is clear and strong, and her musical taste has been well though not sufficiently cultivated. She was favorably received, and promises to be a good singer and an intelligent and lively actress.

A light piece in one act has been received with approbation. It is styled *the Milliners*, and is little more than a translation of a Parisian vaudeville.—Mr. Vanberg, a rich banker, marries a young woman in humble circumstances, and carries her abroad. On her return to England, visiting her dressmaker, she discovers, in one of the assistants, a relative, to whom a clerk of her husband is attached. The banker, going to the same house, hides himself in a closet on his wife's arrival, and overhears a conversation, in which his character is freely handled by Eustace, the girl's lover, whom he consequently dismisses from his service. But his lady, being informed of the situation of the young people, works upon her husband's pride by threatening to acknowledge her relative. Mr. Vanberg, on her promise of silence, provides for them, and the piece ends with their union.—Some of the scenes are highly humor-

* The writer of the play-bill (perhaps the author of the play) takes notice of the preparations for the destruction of the *noyades*, as if the acts of drowning, and not the persons, were to be destroyed.—"See the novelists, when with a nation a sacrifice. A *noyade* dies, has fallen into the same distant fate."



Walking-Dress.

Invented by Miss Perpoint, & Engraved for the Ladies Magazine No 7. 1848.



Evening Dress

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, & Engraved for the Lady's Magazine N^o 7, 1829.

ous,—particularly the first scene, exhibiting the interior of a “house of business at the West End.” The characters, which were supported by Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. T. Hill, Miss Glover, &c. with much spirit, were deservedly applauded, and a quartetto was encored. That scene was the most effective, in which Clementina finds that her sweetheart, whom she had taken for a lord, is only an attorney’s clerk, while he discovers her, whom he previously supposed to be at least as high in rank as a countess, to be a mere milliner.

THE SURREY THEATRE.

MR. ELLISTON has proved, by the mode in which he has conducted this establishment, that he is an able manager of theatrical concerns. He has made a good choice of performances, and has called talent and merit into action by liberal rewards. After the *Nightingale* and the *Raven*, with the music of Weigl, had entertained the audience for many evenings, he produced the “*Swiss Family*” of the same composer, with which the frequenters of this theatre were still more gratified. It is remarkable that almost all the performers in this opera are mere boys and girls.—Miss Coveney, who is the *prima donna*, has a good conception of her character, and acts with force and feeling; little Russell performs the part of an old man better than some real veterans would; and Miss Fanny Woodham treads the stage gracefully, sings sweetly, and acts correctly.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

At this “fair scene” there is a strange mixture of heterogeneous displays and performances; but some are

of a very amusing description. On the 8th, a “grand Dress Fête” took place, for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian refugees. It was attended by many members of the royal family, and a throng of nobility and gentry, each of whom paid a sovereign for admission; and the novel decorations and additional attractions then exhibited were continued on the anniversary of the coronation.

Several vaudevilles have been performed during the season; one of which, *She would if she could*, is lively and entertaining. The harlequinade which usually follows is not very striking; but the feats of strength and agility, the postures and distortions of Ching Lauro, the prince of tumblers, and the tricks of the Indian juggler, cannot be witnessed without astonishment. The concerts are well conducted by Mr. T. Cooke, and the songs are not borrowed, but composed expressly for this establishment. In the *Haunted Grove*, Mr. Child hunts grotesque figures or phantoms through the shrubbery. The “*Hydromantic Exhibition*” is a mingled display of colored fire and variegated water; it represents the British navy surrounded by water-gods, and the whole is illuminated by a splendid coruscation of fire. The aid of the pictorial art is also invited to increase the gratification of the attendant crowds. Six dioramic pictures decorate the various walks, and many cosmoramic paintings are dispersed over the gardens. A number of balloons are exhibited, and then sent up into the air, and other incentives to curiosity reward the attention both of the young and the old.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

WALKING DRESS.

THIS costume is formed of a white batiste gown striped with pink. A deep flounce surrounds the border in bias, headed with an ornament *en dents de loup*. The body is made high, and the sleeves are *en gigot*, confined at the wrists by bracelets of dark hair clasped with a cameo. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, with a branch of full-blown roses and their foliage placed in front; pink and green ribands, forming a bow, are attached to the right side beneath the brim.

Ear-pendants of gold, yellow kid gloves, and black shoes of Turkish satin, complete this elegant dress.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS consists of a dress of canary-yellow taffeta, with a broad ornament of gauze of the same color, *bouillonné*, round the border; this *bouillon* is surmounted by satin leaves, formed into separate stars, united by a rouleau of satin. The corsage is down the front, very neatly buttoned, and on each side of the bust are fichu-robings, edged with blond. The sleeves are short, full, but plain, and are finished round the arm by narrow ruffles of blond. The head-dress is formed of puffs of broad blue gauze riband, between which are seen small white plumes of the most delicate kind. Long strings depend from the left side of this head-dress, of blue and yellow ribands, sewn together.—The ear-rings are of pear-pearls, and the necklace and a convent-cross are of gold. On the wrists are broad gold bracelets, fastened with a coral brooch.

N. B.—The above dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

VAUXHALL, a brilliant scene in itself, was rendered yet more so by the fair forms of beauty and fashion, which, at the commencement of July, added to its splendor, as they paced its enchanting walks, arrayed in all that elegance and freshness of dress, so cheering to the eye, and so appropriate to the summer season: yet even this scene now begins to be nearly deserted; and, though some fashion may still thence be gleaned for evening costume, we must resort to the watering-places for the most correct information with regard to fashionable dress.

Nothing prevails more for out-door costume than a double round pelerine of exquisitely fine muslin, embroidered in feather-stitch. These beautiful but expensive appendages, with white scarfs of a light texture, the ends richly striped in variegated hues, form the favorite additions, with canezon spencers of embroidered muslin, for either the carriage or the promenade. When the canezon is not embroidered, it is generally trimmed with a profusion of lace.

In morning and sea-side bonnets, æconomy seems to be the order of the day. Those of the cottage kind, coarse Dunstable, and of stamped paper in imitation of Leghorn, are most prevalent. They have a simple band of colored riband round the crown, whence are formed the strings which tie down this convenient though not elegant bonnet. In the afternoon what a contrast presents itself! Hats of enormous magnitude, of every color that can be con-

ceived, and trimmed in a thousand different ways, are to be seen in every walk and in all sorts of carriages. The hats we have found most pleasing are of French white satin, or *gros de Naples*: they are tastefully trimmed with the same, and with blond; in front of the crown are three very large double garden-poppies. A beautiful hat of pale rose-colored *gros de Naples* is exceedingly becoming in shape, though somewhat too large; it is placed very backward, but the addition of a white veil renders it charming. A great quantity of riband is used in the trimming of bonnets of silk, for the public walks; but there are neither feathers nor flowers. Transparent hats of colored crape or of stiffened net, are sometimes seen in carriages, ornamented with light plumage.

White dresses are now coming into general favor, and there certainly is no attire so suited to the verdant scene of rural life. Colored muslins, particularly those of pink, with clouds of deep Modena-red, are much worn, as are also chintzes of light and unobtrusive colors, figured over in patterns of flowers of the most variegated and lively hues.

We are not pleased at the manner in which our ladies of fashion deform themselves, and injure their health by the excessive tightening of the waist. Not content with that effect which it is almost sure of producing in those who are inclined to *embonpoint*, they pad themselves till they appear like *bottle-spiders*. We cannot refrain from censuring this fashion. A medium, we

think, ought to be observed between the painful screwing-up of the waist, and the looseness of Asiatic attire.

For evening dresses, colored *crêpe aerophone* is much worn over white satin: it is trimmed with tulle *bouillonné*, and the corsage is in drapery. White gauze dresses, striped, are also worn. The corsages of the latter are made square across the bust, and very much cut away from off the shoulders; the sleeves are full, and, when long, are *à la Marie*. Bias folds, and very broad hems, stitched in Vandykes over the dress, or one broad flounce, form the favorite trimmings at the borders.

Caps for early morning costume are of fine lace, small, of the cornette kind, and of a very becoming shape, very slightly trimmed. Young persons arrange their hair with taste and elegance; the ringlets and curls on one side are fuller than on the other; sometimes a few flowers are added, and are placed sparingly, but very gracefully, among the tresses: they consist chiefly of sprigs of jasmine, and the mountain ranunculus. The dress hats are placed very backward; the puffs of ribands are large, and bouquets are sometimes placed between. The berets are of crape, and are often decorated with small flowers.

The prevailing colors for berets, hats, and bonnets, are rose-color, hortensia, green of every shade, slate-color, and ethereal blue; for dresses and pelisses, mignonette-leaf-green, stone-color, corn-flower-blue, and pink.

MODES PARISIENNES.

THE canezou muslin spencer, so prevalent in out-door costume at this season, is of very fine jaconot, and is laid in a multiplicity of small plaits; it is reckoned most fashionable to wear with it a silk petticoat of the most striking color. The pelerines are chiefly of tulle. Scarfs are worn at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, of white gauze; the ends richly striped and figured over with cherry-colored butterflies. A lilac-colored cambric pelisse, embroidered with white, with a plaited white muslin

pelerine, is a favorite dress for the morning walk.*

On hats of stamped paper, in imitation of chip, are placed full wreaths of various flowers; these wreaths are placed in a zig-zag form, and at each angle is a rosette of gauze riband, figured over in flowers. On some chip hats is seen a crescent formed of chip, and placed in an oblique direction on the crown. Round this crescent are twisted blue-bells, corn-poppies, and other field-flowers, and, to each point of it, a rosette is attached.

The dresses are of muslin with Arabic patterns, for *demoiselle*, and for the promenade. One very broad hem distinguishes these dresses. The petticoats are worn very short; the favorite corsage is *à l'Edith*, and the border of the skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce. At Kean's benefit, almost every lady was in white, either in muslin or organdy; some wore *gros de Naples*, and a few were dressed in colored muslin.

The last berets that have appeared are only fitted for full dress. Small dress hats of white chip, quite round, and placed very backward, are favorite evening head-dresses; they are ornamented with colored gauze ribands and feathers corresponding. Small blond caps, trimmed with ribands and flowers, graced the boxes on the last night of Kean's performance.

The hair is arranged in a very simple but elegant style. Dress hats are placed so backward, that they rise vertically above the forehead. Under the brim is a cordon of flowers, which crosses the hair in front, *en bandeau*, and is terminated at each end by a puff of riband. In full dress, some coronet wreaths have been seen on the hair, composed of marabout feathers, separated by silver lilies of the valley. Some young ladies adorn their hair with wreaths *à la Ceres*: these are composed of a variety of field-flowers, thickly grouped.

* Our tasteful readers, we trust, will be pleased with the Engraving annexed, which represents a Parisian *belle* attired for the promenade. The most striking parts of her dress are, a robe of jaconot muslin, a pelerine of tulle, and a hat of plaited straw.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to lady Ann Coke and the lady of vice-admiral Sir R. King, and to the wives of colonel Mayne, Mr. N. Ellison, Mr. P. S. L. Grenfell, Mr. L. Hanbury of Clapton, Mr. T. Anderson of Clapham, captain H. B. Henderson, Mr. R. H. Sneyd, Mr. E. C. Mac-Naghten, and Mr. C. Dimsdale.

Twins to lady Jane Peel.

Daughters to lady Jane Wodehouse and lady Cornewall, and to the wives of major-general Cookson, Mr. H. W. Wynn (envoy at Copenhagen), the hon. G. Dawson, Dr. Graham of Bath, Mr. T. Blayney of Evesham, the rev. Mr. Duffield, and Mr. Lucas of Finsbury-square.

MARRIAGES.

LORD TEYNHAM, to Miss Sarah Brazon.

Mr. F. J. Keene, to Miss Emma Davenport of Hampstead.

Captain Rawdon, to lady Cremorne.

Mr. R. Ward, of Whitehall, to Mrs. Lewin of Cavendish-square.

Mr. J. Malcolmson, to Miss Battye of Kensington.

Mr. H. Willoughby, to Miss Gwynne of Teignmouth.

Mr. C. Brownlow, M.P., to Miss Jane Mac-neil of Barra.

The rev. S. Curwen, of Frome, to Mrs. Davies.

Mr. E. Saurin, nephew to the marquis of Thomond, to lady Mary Ryder.

Mr. C. G. Clarke, to Miss Novello.

Mr. J. E. Saunders, to Mrs. Baker of Worcester.

Mr. John Barnet, of Pentonville, to Miss Sarah Dixon of Fitzroy-square.

Mr. J. Hayward, to Miss Goodson of Camberwell.

Dr. Alderson, to Miss Berthon.

Eugene de la Rive, to the eldest daughter of the late Dr. Marcet.

Mr. W. Watkins, of Horsham, to Miss Winckworth.

Mr. L. H. Chandler, of Islington, to Miss Margaret Street.

DEATHS.

DR. CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON, archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. T. Divet, M.P.

General the hon. C. Hope.

Lieutenant-general Mac-intyre.

At Balham, Mrs. Earnshaw.

At Fulham, Mr. M. Burchell.

At Stepney, from the effect of lightning, Mr. W. Dowell, in the service of the India company.

Mr. Woollett, of Chiselmurst.

Mr. J. Gibson, of Hackney.

At Bermondsey, Mr. Iselin.

At West-Brixton, Mrs. Spencer.

At Whinton, the relict of Mr. G. Gostling.

Found drowned in a fish-pond, the rev. Robert Loxam.

Drowned while bathing near Gravesend, Mr. J. Pugh, of the firm of Pugh and Redman.

The second daughter of the late Sir G. Chad.

From illness occasioned by long-continued work and sedentary confinement in the service of a dress-maker, Miss Catharine Aram, at the age of 19 years.

The dowager countess of Suffolk.

The widow of colonel Seymour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELIZA's poem is too long for our pages. If we should insert it, we must divide it; and the inconvenience of a continuation would be more felt in this case than in a prose article, because the excitement, being greater in poetry, would less "brook delay."

The Recollections of a School-Girl are trifling, though the vivacity of some parts would almost atone for the frivolity of others.

Epigrams are unworthy of the classical name which they bear, if they have no point; and those which J. W. has sent, are not only pointless, but absurd.

If a certain gentleman will compress the intended biography of Walter Williams, so that it may not exceed two continuations, his offer will be accepted.

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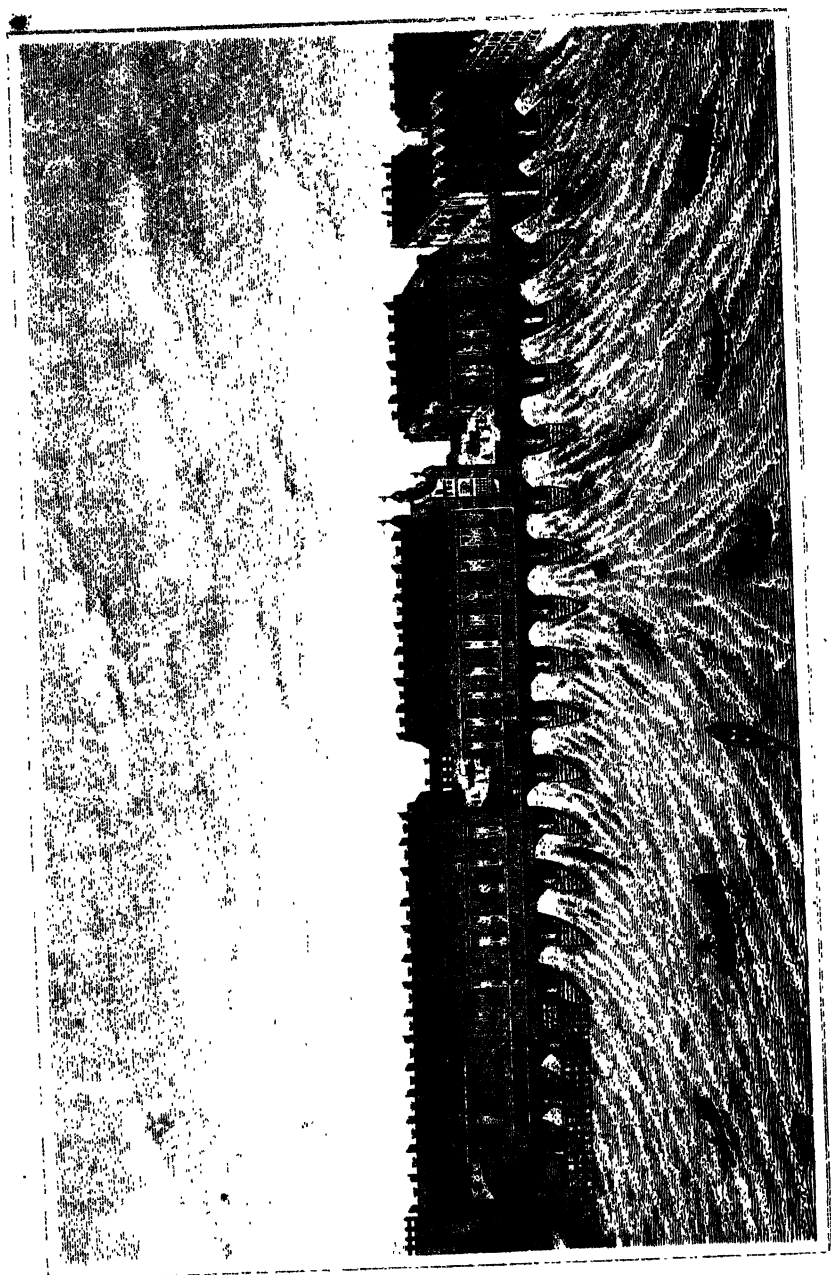
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No. XXI.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

THE antiquity of the ancient wooden bridge erected over the Thames has given rise to much controversy; Stow and other authorities making mention of its existence in the year 994, when Sweegen or Sweyn, King of Denmark, besieged the city of London both by land and water. We may, however, collect with certainty, from the Saxon annals, that no bridge existed at London in the year 993, Anlaf the Dane having in that year sailed up the Thames with a fleet of ninety-three ships, and ravaged the country on both sides. This invasion could scarcely have been successful, had there been a bridge over the river, as there can be little doubt that the citizens of London might have fortified it in such a manner as to obstruct the passage. From these circumstances, which are confirmed by other probabilities, it would appear that the first wooden bridge at London was erected in the reign of Etheldred, towards the year 1016, when Cnut, King of Denmark, caused an extensive canal to be cut on the south side of the Thames, for the purpose of carrying his ships through to the west side of the bridge.

From a special charter of Henry I., granted to Ralph, Bishop of Chichester, for exempting the manor of Alcestone and other lands from the expenses attending the construction, repairs, &c. of the wooden bridge of London, it appears that all such charges were supported by the public. As early as the 22d of Henry I., certain lands were appropriated for the

repairs of the bridge, a gift of *five shillings per annum* having been made from the same, by Thomas Arden, to the monks of Bermondsey.

In the year 1136, the wooden bridge was totally consumed by fire; and another which had been constructed fell into such a state of decay, in 1163, that the king (Henry I.) ordered it to be rebuilt under the inspection of Peter, chaplain or curate of St. Mary Cole-church, and who, in those days, was celebrated for his skill in architecture. These continual expenses at length became burdensome to the people, who, when the lands appropriated for repairs fell short of their produce, were taxed to make up the deficiencies: it was accordingly resolved that a stone bridge should be constructed, a little to the west of the old wooden fabric. This undertaking was commenced in the 22d Henry I., under the management of Peter, the curate above mentioned, who received great encouragement and patronage; the king and the Archbishop of Canterbury having contributed the sum of one thousand marks towards the accomplishment of the design. We find, however, that in the third year of King John, Peter either died, or, in consequence of his advanced age and infirmities, became wholly incapable of finishing his task. According to the opinion of most of our antiquaries, the completion of the work was intrusted to the care of Serle Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Botewrite, mer-

chants; by whom, in the year 1209, was terminated the building of the first stone bridge at London. We are, moreover, told by the authors referred to, that "the master mason of this great work not only erected the chapel here, but likewise endowed the same for two priests, four clerks," &c. This chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas, was a handsome Gothic structure, built on the east side of the bridge. It had an entrance from the river as well as from the street, and was beautifully paved with black and white marble. In the centre of it was a sepulchral monument, seven feet and a half by four, under which, according to Stow, Peter of Colechurch was interred. In the year 1266, the chapel and its appurtenances were given by Henry III. to the master, brethren, and sisters of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London, for the term of five years. So many chantries were subsequently added, that in the twenty-third of Henry VI., four chaplains were attached to it, who were chiefly supported by charitable legacies.

Notwithstanding the sums expended in the construction of the stone bridge, such was its ruinous condition in 1280 (about seventy years after its termination), that the citizens of London were obliged to petition Edward I. to order a grant for its repair. Its dilapidated state was in a great measure attributable to a calamitous fire which broke out in Southwark four years after the bridge was finished. Multitudes rushed out of London to assist in extinguishing the flames, which unfortunately seized on the opposite end, and thus enclosed the crowd literally between two fires. It was calculated that upwards of three thousand persons perished in the devouring element, or were drowned by overloading the boats which ventured to their assistance. In addition to the ruin caused by this disaster, five arches of the bridge were destroyed by the ice and floods after the great frost of 1282. In consequence of these various calamities, Edward, in the ninth year of his reign, "granted to the bridge-keeper a brief or license to ask and receive the charity of his well-disposed subjects throughout the kingdom, towards repairing the same" [the bridge]. And in the ensuing year, "his majesty issued out other letters patent for taking customs or toll of all commodities in London, to be applied to the repairs of the bridge; viz. of every man on foot

bringing merchandize or other things saleable, and passing over the said bridge, and he taking himself to other parts, one farthing; of every horseman passing that bridge, and he taking himself to other parts as aforesaid, with merchandise or other saleable things, one penny; of every saleable pack carried and passing over the bridge, one halfpenny."

According to the measurement made in 1725, the stone bridge of London was 915 feet long, 44 feet high, and 73 feet wide; but, as houses were erected on each side, the passage between was not more than 23 feet in width. A curious tradition formerly prevailed with regard to the foundation of the bridge, which was vulgarly supposed to have been laid upon woolpacks. At the period of its original construction, a tax had been levied on wool, in order to defray a portion of the expenses; and hence, probably, arose the mistake. In one part was a draw-bridge, protected on the north side by a strong tower, the building of which was commenced in 1426. From the summit of the tower were usually exposed the heads of those who had fallen either by the axe or by the sword during the various party feuds which in former times agitated the kingdom. Amongst other appalling exhibitions of this sort, were displayed the heads of several individuals who had been executed for their refusal to acknowledge Henry VIII. as supreme head of the church of England. The first who suffered under the act by which that monarch was so constituted, were some Carthusian monks of the Charter House, with their prior, John Houghton. The most eminent of those who perished on this occasion were Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. From an interesting work written by Hall, and entitled *The Life and Death of that renowned John Fisher, Bishop of London*, we extract the following curious passage:—

"The next day, after his burying, the head being parboyled, was pricked upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of the head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen dayes upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume; neither for the weather, which then was very hot; neither for the par-

boiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beheld the people passing by, and would have spoken to them; which many took for a miracle that Almighty God was pleased to show above the course of nature in this preserving the fresh and lively colour in his face, surpassing the colour he had being alive, whereby was noted to the world the innocence and holiness of this blessed father, that thus innocently was content to lose his head in defence of his mother the Holy Catholique Church of Christ. Wherefore, the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could passe; and therefore, at the end of fourteen daies, the executioner was commanded to throw downe the head in the night-time, into the river of Thames; and in the place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr, Sir Thomas More, h's companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion the 6th of July next following."

With regard to the relique of the celebrated chancellor, the circumstances related are scarcely less extraordinary. In his life, written by his great grandson Thomas More, and printed London, 1726, it is affirmed that "the hayres of his head being almost gray before his martyrdome, they seemed afterwards, as it were, reddish or yellow." The daughter of Sir Thomas More is said to have preserved his head in a leaden case, and to have ordered its interment with her own body in the Roper vault, under a chapel adjoining St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

In 1471, Thomas Falconbridge, commonly called the Bastard, besieged the gate, bridge, and buildings, but was gallantly repulsed by the citizens. At that period, the houses on the bridge were few in number; but afterwards, in the time of Stow the antiquary, both sides were built up, so that the whole length presented the appearance of a large street. The bridge consisted of twenty arches of unequal dimensions, but all sufficiently capacious to permit vessels of considerable burden to pass under them with goods. Nevertheless the dangerous passage through them, gave rise

to many proverbs and quaint sayings, amongst which may be mentioned the following:—"If London Bridge had fewer eyes, it would see far better;" and also another, which is quoted in Ray's *Compleat Collection of English Proverbs*, London, 1787.—"London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under." The numerous piers, too, and the extension of the *sterlings* intended for the preservation of the foundation-piles, greatly obstructed the course of the water, and increased the rapidity of the stream. The houses on each side of the bridge projecting in a most frightful manner, gave an appearance of deformity to the arches, and in many places concealed them altogether. In this state of things, it may be easily conceived that accidents frequently occurred, both to the boats passing under the bridge, and to the inmates of the houses. An act of the highest intrepidity and humanity is recorded of Edmund Osborne, ancestor to the Duke of Leeds, and who, in 1536, was apprentice to Sir William Hewet, a cloth-worker residing in one of the houses on the bridge. A maid-servant carelessly playing with the infant daughter of her master, at the window of an upper story, the child suddenly sprang from her arms, and fell into the river. Without a moment's hesitation, Osborne plunged into the water, and, being an expert swimmer, soon brought the infant in safety to the arms of the grateful father. The courage of the apprentice was not without its recompense, as, several years afterwards, Sir William rejected many advantageous proposals of marriage for his daughter, and, with her hand, bestowed her immense fortune on her gallant preserver. Osborne became Sheriff of London in 1575, and Lord Mayor in 1582.

In the year 1582, a Dutchman, named Peter Morice, constructed a water-engine for the supply of Thames water to the citizens of London; who, says Maitland, in his *History of London*, "granted him a lease for five hundred years, at the yearly rent of ten shillings, for the use of the Thames water, and one arch and a place for fixing his mill upon." In 1710, "the property was sold to one Richard Soams, citizen and goldsmith, who divided the whole property into three hundred shares, at five hundred pounds each share, and made it a company."

It has been stated, though, we believe, on questionable authority, that during the terrible plague of 1665, the inhabitants of the bridge were free from its ravages. This circumstance was attributed to the ceaseless rushing of the river beneath.

London Bridge suffered greatly from the disastrous fire of 1666, the buildings on it having been totally consumed, with the exception of the chapel and a few houses at the south end, which had been built during the reign of King John. Within five years after this calamitous occurrence, the north end was completely rebuilt; and, in five years more, the south end also was finished. In the year 1722, the old drawbridge was taken up, precisely on the fiftieth anniversary from the period of its construction. On the same day a new one was commenced, and terminated in less than five days. The gate at the south end was again damaged by fire in 1725: it was rebuilt in the year 1728, at the expense of the city.

During the years 1756 and 1758, various Acts of Parliament were passed to improve and widen the passage both over the bridge and through the arches. A temporary wooden bridge having been erected for the accommodation of the public during the progress of the improvements which had been ordered, the houses on the old bridge were demolished; the width of the street in the centre was increased from 23 feet to 31 feet; and on each side was raised a stone pavement,

seven feet in breadth, for the convenience and security of foot passengers. The two centre arches of the bridge were thrown into one, by which means the passage of boats, &c. was greatly facilitated. These measures were imperatively required in consequence of numerous accidents, by which, at different periods, several thousand lives had been lost.

On the 4th of July, 1823, the Royal assent was given to "An Act for the rebuilding of London Bridge, and for the improving and making suitable approaches thereto." It was determined to retain the old bridge till the completion of its successor, the site of which was fixed at about 100 feet westward of the old edifice, St. Saviour's Church standing above it. On the 15th of March, 1824, the first pile of the work was driven near the southern end of the old bridge, opposite the arch called the second lock from the Surrey shore, at the east end of the coffer dam, of which it formed a part. On the 15th of June, in the following year, the first stone of the new bridge was laid by the Lord Mayor (Alderman John Garratt), in presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, the Court of Aldermen, a large party of the Common Council, and several personages of distinction. Our limits prevent us from entering into minute details of this interesting ceremony; but the reader who desires a more particular account, may derive much gratification by referring to the "Chronicles of London Bridge, by an Antiquary."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO PARIS IN 1802.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

(Continued from p. 8.)

THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR, AND KOSCIUSKO.

One evening at Lady ——'s we met a party, consisting chiefly of ambassadors from different nations, and other strangers. I had not long entered the room when our hostess led me up to the Turkish ambassador, and desired me to "make the agreeable to him." — "Can he speak French?" said I. — "No, but here is a gentleman who will interpret between you." At the same time she introduced

to me a gentleman in an Asiatic costume, and I readily seated myself by the Turk. He was a little elderly man, splendidly attired in the dress of his country; and I prepared to answer his questions. One of them was, how long I had been in Paris; and when my reply, "A few days only," was repeated to him, he said, not very gallantly, "that he concluded so, *from my complexion*," which, I was very conscious, was tanned by the broiling heat of the sun on the recent journey, to a red

brown. At last we ceased to converse through our interpreter, and substituted signs for words. For instance, he took my fan, and made me understand that he wanted to know what I called it; and I tried to make him comprehend that it was *fan* in English, and *eventail* in French. He then pronounced its name in Turkish; and I was learning to speak it after him, when I was interrupted by my husband, who, with a glowing cheek and sparkling eye, exclaimed, "Come hither! Look, there is General Kosciusko!" — Yes, we did see Kosciusko; "Warsaw's last champion!" he who had been wounded almost to death in defending his country against her merciless invaders; while (to borrow the strong, expressive figure of the poet) —

"While Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell!"

Instantly forgetting the ambassador, and, I fear, the proper restraints of politeness, I took my husband's arm, and accompanied him to get a nearer view of the Polish patriot, so long the object to me of interest and admiration. I had so often contemplated a print of him in his Polish dress, which hung in my own room, that I thought I should have known him again any where; but whether it was owing to the difference of dress, I know not, but I saw little or no resemblance in him to the picture. He was not much above the middle height, had high cheek-bones, and his features were not of a distinguished cast, with the exception of his eyes, which were fine and expressive, and he had a high healthy colour. His forehead was covered by a curled auburn wig, much to my vexation, as I should have liked to have seen its honourable scar. But his appearance was pleasing, his countenance intellectual, his carriage dignified; and we were very glad when our obliging hostess, by introducing us, gave us an opportunity of entering into conversation with him. He spoke English as well as we did, and with an English accent. On our expressing our surprise at this unusual circumstance, he said he had learned English in America. The tone of his voice was peculiar, and not pleasing. However, it was Kosciusko who spoke, and we listened with interest and pleasure; though, at this distance of time, I am unable to say on what subject we conversed. What I am going to relate, however, it was not likely that I should forget.

During the course of the evening, while I was standing at some distance, but looking earnestly at him, and speaking to some one in his praise, contrasting, as I believe, his unspotted patriotism with the then suspected integrity of Bonaparte, he suddenly crossed the room, and, coming up to me, said, "I am sure you were speaking of me, and I wish to know what you were saying." — "I dare not tell you," replied I. — "Was it so severe, then?" — "I bade him ask my companion." And on hearing her answer, he thanked me, in a tone of deep feeling. "I have a favour to beg of you," said he: "I am told that you are a writer: pray do write some verses on me; a quatrain (four lines) will be sufficient: will you oblige me?" I told him I could rarely write extempore verses, and certainly not on such a subject, as I should wish to do it all the justice possible. "Well, then," said he, "I will await your pleasure." I saw him again only once before I returned to England; but the next time that his birthday was commemorated at Paris, I wrote some verses on the occasion, and sent them to him by a private hand. What they were I know not, as I have no copy of them. But if I had I should not presume to insert them here. I shall now indulge myself with giving the following brief extract of the life of the *Hero of Poland*: —

Thaddeus Kosciusko, who was born about the year 1752, was even more celebrated for his devotion to the independence of his country than for his exploits in arms. He was of a good though not an opulent family, and was educated at the school for cadets in Warsaw, where he made such progress in drawing and mathematics, that he was one of the four pupils chosen to travel in foreign lands at the expense of the nation, in order to perfect their education and talents.

Kosciusko went into France, passed several years there in study, and returned to his country rich in varied knowledge. He then obtained the command of a company, and intended to pursue his career in the Polish army, when the consequences of an unfortunate attachment to the daughter of a field-marshal forced him to quit his country. He sailed for North America, which had just shaken off the yoke of England, and distinguished himself as the adjutant of Washington, in the war waged by the new state against

the mother country. Having earned and received the order of Cincinnatus, he returned to Poland, where he lived in retirement till 1789. At this epoch he was promoted to the grade of major-general by the Diet, who were then making vain efforts to restrain the influence of foreign powers.

Kosciusko was as yet but little known, but, in 1792, the affair at Dubrinka, where he defended, during six hours, with only 4000 men, a post attacked by 15,000 Russians, acquired him considerable reputation. During that year he obtained equal distinction in the campaign, which he made under the young Poniatowski; but the weakness of Stanislaus rendered the most generous efforts useless. This monarch submitted to the conditions which were imposed on him by Russia; and, under the semblance of a treaty of peace, he signed the ruin of Poland.

The bravest officers of Poland, not being able to bear the shame of this transaction, gave in their resignation. Kosciusko was one of the number, and becoming an object of suspicion to the enemies of his country, he was obliged to quit it: this added greatly to his credit with the patriotic party, and obtained for him the title of "French citizen" from the Legislative Assembly of France.

He retired to Leipzig; and when his friends at Warsaw resolved to take arms against the Russians, they delayed not to inform him that they had chosen him for their chief.

At length, after some prudent delays, which he thought necessary to ensure success, he yielded to the impatience of the Poles in 1794, and reached Cracow at the very moment when Madalinski had raised the standard of insurrection, and he himself had been declared supreme chief of the national forces.

Never did he abuse the honourable confidence which was thus placed in him! To be brief, Warsaw was delivered from the presence of the Russians, and Kosciusko saw himself at the head of an army of 50,000 men, 25,000 of whom were regular troops.

It was with this force that he had to resist at the same time the Russians and the Prussians. Frederic-William the Second, who had just failed against the French, seemed to wish to revenge himself for the affront on the Poles; and at

the beginning of 1794 he marched against Warsaw at the head of 40,000 men.

Kosciusko, who could oppose to him at this point only 15,000, had, notwithstanding, the courage to attack the enemy, but at Szezekocin (9th of June, 1784), after a murderous battle, in which he had two horses killed under him, he was obliged to retire to an entrenched camp, which covered the capital; and there, for two months, he resisted the most violent and reiterated assaults.

At the same time, by his well-principled efforts, he succeeded in keeping in order a furious populace, ready to give way to the most terrible excesses. Scarcely was Kosciusko delivered from the Prussians by the diversion effected by the insurrection of La Grande Pologne itself, when he saw the Russian army of Suwarrow advance against him, and that which Fersen commanded. It was in vain that he tried to prevent the junction of these two armies: he was attacked on the 4th of October at Macijowich, by very superior forces, and disputed the victory with them, with desperate valour, during the whole day; at last, covered with wounds, he fell, exclaiming, "Finis Poloniæ!" and would have expired under the sabres of the Cossacks; but, happily, he was recognised, and in an instant saved and guarded by his enemies, who surrounded him with every mark of respect. He was then conducted as a prisoner to Petersburg; but as the Empress shared not the feelings of the troops respecting him, he remained there two years, *confined in a dungeon*, and was not released from it till the death of Catherine!

Paul, highly to his honour, set him at liberty immediately after this event, and lavished on him every attention possible and every mark of esteem. The first use which Kosciusko made of his liberty was to visit England, where he arrived, suffering from the wounds he had received, and in such ill health that he was scarcely able to stir from his sofa. Soon after, the Whig Club presented him with a sword of honour; and then, to show his patriotic struggle had rendered him an object of admiration and respect, crowded round the sick couch of this blameless hero.

From England he again went to America, where he passed many years with his ancient companions in arms.

He thence returned to France in 1798, where he was received with many marks of esteem; and he found there several of his countrymen, who had enlisted themselves under the banner of the new republic. Those who had served in the army of Italy sent him the sabre of John Sobieski, found at the Notre Dame de Loretta. From that time he lived either at Paris or in a country house, which he had hired near Fontainebleau.

When Buonaparte was going to invade Poland, in 1807, he wanted to make use of the venerated name of Kosciusko to excite the people to revolt. But the Polish general had too much wisdom and experience not to see why the conqueror had recourse to him; and he replied to his invitation by a positive refusal.

Notwithstanding, a fabricated proclamation to the Poles, signed with his name, was published in all the journals; nor was it till 1814 that he could appeal against this imposture: but for a long time the truth was known in Europe, and the hero of Poland had not ceased to be venerated in other countries; while the government of Buonaparte treated him as a suspected character.

When the Russians entered France with the united armies, the former were surprised to find their ancient foe living near them and in peace. It was then that the following rencontre took place, which I shall relate in the words of Helen Maria Williams, and which, with very slight variations, I had the pleasure of hearing also from his friend, fellow-patriot, and soldier, General La Fayette:—"When the allied troops were in France, a Polish regiment, forming part of the advanced guard of the Russian army, after expelling the French from Troyes, marched upon Fontainebleau. The troops were foraging in a neighbouring village, and were about to commit disorders which would have caused considerable loss to the proprietors, without benefit to themselves; such as piercing the banks, or forcing the sluices of some fishponds. While they were thus employed, and their officers looking on, they were astonished to hear the word of command bidding them cease, pronounced in their own language by a per-

son in the dress of the upper classes of peasants*; but they ceased their attempt at further spoliation, and drew near the stranger. He represented to the troops the useless mischief which they were about to commit, and ordered them to withdraw. The officers, coming up, were lectured in their turn, and heard with the same astonishment the laws of predatory warfare explained to them. 'When I had a command in the army of which your regiment is a part,' said he, 'I punished very severely such acts as you seem to authorise by your presence; and it is not on those soldiers, but on you, that punishment would have fallen.'

"To be thus tutored by a French farmer, in their own language, in such circumstances, and in such terms, was almost beyond endurance. But they soon beheld the peasants at the same time taking off their hats, and surrounding the speaker, as if to protect him in case of violence; while the oldest among their own soldiers, anxiously gazing on the features of the stranger, were seized with a kind of involuntary trembling. Being now conjured more peremptorily, though respectfully, to disclose his quality and his name, the seeming peasant, drawing his hand across his eyes to wipe off a starting tear, exclaimed with a half stifled voice—"I am Kosciusko!" The moment was electric. The soldiers threw down their arms, and falling prostrate on the ground according to the custom of their country, covered their heads with dust. It was the prostration of the heart.

"On his return to his house, in the neighbourhood of this scene, he found a Russian military post established to protect it.

"The Emperor Alexander having learnt from M. de La Harpe that Kosciusko resided in that country, ordered him a guard of honour, and the country around his dwelling escaped all plunder and contributions."

I fear that this anecdote, so honourable to Alexander, is not quite authentic; but it is said that he had a long interview with him.

Nothing could induce Kosciusko to return into his own country. In 1815,

* According to General La Fayette, he wore a sort of gardener's dress as he was working in his garden; an employment, which, as I before said, he was very fond of.

he visited Italy; and afterwards took up his residence at Soleure, in Switzerland; and there he died, at the age of 65, on the 16th of the tenth month (October), 1817.

Instantly his praises resounded throughout Europe! In every nation, in every country, justice was rendered to the courageous citizen soldier—to the venerable patriot—who, without any other end in view than the happiness and independence of his country, devoted himself, for her sake, to every peril and to every sacrifice.

It has been ascertained, that Kosciusko desired to have a private funeral, and certainly he was buried at Soleure; but his honoured remains were claimed by his grateful countrymen, and they were carried to the cathedral of Cracow, and deposited with public honours between those of John Sobieski and of Joseph Poniatowski. Ten years have passed away since Kosciusko died; but his memory is still "green in the souls" of his countrymen, and of those Frenchmen residing at Paris, to whom pure and genuine patriotism of all nations is still dear, and will, I trust, remain so for ever.

In the month of February (I think), 1830, a number of Poles, and of distinguished Frenchmen, met to commemorate the day of Kosciusko's birth; amongst the rest, General La Fayette, who was received with marked distinction, and whose reply to the speech addressed to him by the leading gentlemen present, eulogised his brother patriot and friend in his usual eloquent and impressive manner:—

"C'est avec une vive satisfaction et une profonde reconnaissance que je reçois le portrait de mon ancien frère d'armes, l'illustre Kosciusko, ce parfait type du courage, de l'honneur, et du patriotisme Polonais. Notre amitié date de cinquante-trois ans, lorsque, dans la révolution Américaine, nous avons eu l'honneur de combattre sous le drapeau républicain des Etats-Unis. L'histoire a consacré l'époque où la Pologne, à la voix de Kosciusko, se souleva pour reconquérir son indépendance, où il voulait l'unir tout entière dans une défense commune, et où la glorieuse mais mal-

heureuse journée de sa captivité fit échouer cette noble entreprise. On l'a vu, depuis, dédaigner tour à tour les avances, les cajoleries, de deux puissans empereurs, qui, au faite de leur prospérité, mettaient plus de prix à l'appui de son nom auprès de vous, qu'à la magie de leurs triomphes et à la force de leurs armes, et qui lui offraient tout, excepté les deux choses qu'il voulait, l'indépendance et la liberté de son pays..... Vous venez de dire, Monsieur, que les Polonais vivaient de souvenirs; mais il leur appartient de vivre encore d'espérances. Je me sens uni de tout mon cœur à leurs vœux, et je vous remercie d'un présent d'autant plus agréable pour moi, qu'il est l'ouvrage d'un talent Polonais, et qu'il m'est offert par une main qui a retracé avec tant de chaleur et d'esprit la gloire des légions Polonaises, pendant des années si honorables pour elles, et qui ont servi à maintenir cet esprit de nationalité que vous avez su conserver dans toutes les vicissitudes.....il deviendra un jour le salut de votre patrie....."

Translation.

(It is with lively satisfaction and profound gratitude that I receive the portrait of my ancient brother-in-arms, the illustrious Kosciusko*, that perfect type of courage, of honour, and of Polish patriotism. Our friendship began fifty-three years ago, when in the American revolution we had the honour to fight under the republican flag of the United States. History has consecrated the epoch when Poland rose at the voice of Kosciusko, to reconquer its independence, when he wished to unite the whole country in its own common defence, and when the glorious but unfortunate day of his captivity caused this noble enterprise to fail. Since that day we have seen him by turns disdaining the advances, the cajoleries of two powerful emperors, who, at the height of their prosperity, set a greater value on the support of his name in your eyes, than on the magical effect of their triumphs and of the force of their arms, and who offered him every thing except the two things which he desired; namely, the independence and liberty of his country. You have just said, Sir, that the Poles live on recollections, but it be-

* The likeness was by Antoine Oleszczynski, the first Polish artist in his line, and the eloquent historian of his country's glory is Leonard Chodsko.

longs to them still to live on *hopes*. I also feel myself united to their wishes with my whole heart; and I thank you for a present, which is the more agreeable to me, because it is the work of Polish talents, and offered to me by the hand which has traced with so much ardour and ability the glory of the Polish legions during years to them so honourable, and which have served to maintain that national spirit which you have preserved through all vicissitudes. It will one day insure the salvation of your country.)

To conclude: the name of Thaddeus Kosciusko is indeed one of the purest in the annals of war; and the lustre of his patriotism (as one of his biographers observes) faction itself could never sully or obscure.

An address to his memory, published without a name in 1817, is so congenial to my feelings, that I shall venture to insert from it the following lines. After paying a proper respect to Campbell's beautiful apostrophe to the champion of his country's freedom, the author says:—

“Though thou hast bade our world farewell,

And left the blotted land beneath
In purer, happier realms to dwell,
With Wallace, Washington and Tell,

Thou shar'st the laurel wreath,
The Brutus of degenerate climes,
A beacon light to other times!”

The following verses are probably, in the recollection of all who may read these pages, still I cannot forbear to insert them here as a fit conclusion to a memoir of Kosciusko:—

“Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the field, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven, he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the hand on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die!
He said, and on the rampart heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd,
Firm-paced, and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes omnipotent to charm
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:
O! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!”

THE GREEK SECRETARY.

During the rest of that memorable evening, when we had the gratification of seeing the Polish patriot, and of conversing with him, I did not venture to resume the seat next the Turkish ambassador, which I had so unceremoniously quitted; but I contrived to enter into conversation with the interpreter, whose handsome figure and features, added to the gracefulness of his costume, made him, next to our hostess, the most striking looking person in the assembly. He spoke French fluently, and his manner was particularly pleasing.

We had not conversed long, before he told me that he was secretary to the Turkish ambassador or embassy, (I forget which), adding,—“Madame, je suis Grec et Chrétien,” (I am a Greek and a Christian). Painful became the feelings with which I contemplated this noble-looking and intellectual being, when he said this! To see the Christian Greek waiting upon the Mahometan Turk!—waiting, as a sort of dependant, on one to whom he was by nature so evidently superior,—one with whom he could have nothing in common but a *turban*, and even his turban was of a more picturesque and graceful form than that of his master, setting off to the greatest advantage his long *thick* classic throat. He was such a realisation of that *beau idéal* which one learns in early youth to form to one's self of the storied sons of Greece, that even his dress, though certainly not that of the days of Pericles, became to me an object of interest.

The robe or vest was of aurora-coloured cachemere: the under garment white, and his under sleeves, from which he obligingly turned back the loose and coloured ones, that we might examine them, were of a sort of white crape, tastefully embroidered, as he told us, by the hand of his wife. The more I talked with this interesting man, looking occasionally from him to the Turk, the more indignant I felt at the degraded state of the Greeks, and the more I desired their restoration to independence; little imagining that I should live to hail the arrival of that happy time, when I should not only see my own country sharing in the honourable privilege of rescuing the sons of Greece from the Mahometan yoke, but making strenuous, and, I trust, blessed efforts to

promote Christian education throughout the Greek isles, and diffusing through that long degraded and benighted country a knowledge of the truths of the gospel!

Would that I could believe the Greek of whom I have been writing was alive, to welcome the joyful change in the situation of his countrymen! But I was informed, soon after I left France, that the Turkish ambassador, justly or unjustly, conceived a prejudice against him; and that, having sent him back to Turkey on some plausible pretext, he caused him to be overtaken on his road, and privately murdered!

When I heard this anecdote, I remembered with pleasure that I had forsaken the murderous Turk for the virtuous Pole.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

We had now been several days in Paris, and yet we had not seen the First Consul! I own that my impatience to see him had been abated, by the growing conviction which I felt of the possible hollowness of the idol so long exalted: for I lived amongst those who, though they had once believed him destined to establish that liberty for which so much blood had been shed, were more than beginning to suspect that his own aggrandisement, and not that of France, had been the impelling motive of his actions; and, feeling distrust succeed to confidence, and aversion to admiration, they were now exchanging idolatrous praise for indignant censure. But still we were desirous of beholding him; and I was glad when we received a letter from our obliging acquaintance, Count de Lasteyrie informing us that Buonaparte would review the troops on such a day on the Place du Caroussel; and that he had procured a window for us, whence we should be able to see it to advantage. But, on account of my shortsightedness, I was still more glad when our friend, Le Masquerier, a very successful young English painter, informed us that he had the promise of a window, for my husband and myself, in an apartment on the ground-floor of the Tuilleries, whence we should be able to have a near view of Buonaparte:—our friends, therefore, profited by M. de Lasteyrie's kindness, and we went to the palace.

As the time of seeing the First Consul drew nigh, I was pleased to feel all my original impressions in his favour return. This might be a weakness in me, but it was, I hope, excusable; and our sense of his greatness and importance was, as my husband observed, heightened by seeing the great man of our own country,—he who was there a sight himself to many,—cross the Place du Caroussel, with his wife on his arm, going, as we believed, to gaze, like us, on at *least* a more *fortunate* man than himself: for, at that time, Charles James Fox had not seen Napoleon Buonaparte.

While waiting his appearance, we were interested in looking at, and occasionally conversing with, the friend of Le Masquerier,—the gentleman to whom we were indebted for the apartment which we occupied.

I have forgotten his name, but not his story. The latter was remarkable. We were told that he had had his hair shaven close, for the better infliction of the axe of the guillotine; and I think, but dare not assert it, that he had even ascended its ladder, when news arrived of the fall of Robespierre, and the victim was saved!

How I should have liked to have asked him what his sensations were at that moment! But it could not be—and before I could have even expressed such a wish, the object of it had left us. Besides Le Masquerier and ourselves, there were present an English officer, (colonel, I think, of the Buffs,) a gentleman who claimed the title of Newburgh, and had possessed it ever since George III. called him "Lord Newburgh" one day at the levee. A person in green and gold, Buonaparte's livery, was also with us.

The door which opened into the hall of the palace was shut, but, after some persuasion, I prevailed on the attendant to open it; and he said he would keep it open till the First Consul had mounted his horse, if I would engage that we would all of us stand upon the threshold, and not once venture beyond it.

With these conditions we promised to comply; and, full of eager expectation, I stationed myself where I could command the white marble stairs of the palace,—those steps once stained with the blood of the faithful Swiss Guards, and on which I now expected to behold the Pacificator, as he was called by the people and his friends—the hero of Lodi.

Just before the review was expected to begin, we saw several officers in gorgeous uniforms ascend the stairs, one of whom, whose helmet seemed entirely of gold, was, as my friend in green informed me, *Eugène de Beauharnois*. A few minutes afterwards there was a rush of officers down the stairs, and amongst them I saw a short pale man with his hat in his hand, who, as I thought, resembled Lord Erskine in profile; but though my friend said in a whisper, "*C'est lui!*" (it is he!) I did not comprehend that I beheld *Buonaparte* till I saw him stand alone at the gate. In another moment he was on his horse, and rode slowly past the window; while I, with every nerve trembling with strong emotion, gazed on him intently, endeavouring to commit each expressive, sharply-chiselled feature to memory: contrasting also, with admiring observation, his small simple hat, adorned with nothing but a little tricoloured cockade, and his blue coat, guiltless of gold embroidery, with the splendid head adornings and dresses of the officers who followed him.

A second time he slowly passed the window; then, setting spurs to his horse, he rode amongst the ranks, where some faint huzzas greeted him from the crowd, on the opposite side of the *Place du Carousel*.

At length, he took his station before the palace, and as we looked at him out of the window, we had a very perfect view of him for nearly three quarters of an hour. I thought, but perhaps it was fancy, that the countenance of *Buonaparte* was lighted up with peculiar pleasure as the *corps d'élite*, wearing some mark of distinction, defiled before him, bringing up the rear, — that fine gallant corps, which, as we are told, he had so often led on to victory—but this might be my fancy. Once we saw him speak, as he took off his hat to remove the hair from his heated forehead; and this gave us an opportunity of seeing his front face

and his features in action. Soon after, we saw him give a sword of honour to one of the soldiers; and he received a petition which an old woman presented to him; but he gave it unread to some one near him. At length the review ended, too soon for me. The Consul sprang from his horse. We threw open our door again, and, as he slowly re-ascended the stairs, we saw him very near us, and in *full face* again, while his bright, restless, expressive, and, as we fancied, dark blue eyes, beaming from under long black eyelashes, glanced over us with a scrutinising but complacent look; and thus ended and completed the pleasure of the spectacle.

"What a fine body of men are these soldiers!" said Lord Newburgh, when Napoleon had disappeared; — "and I think I am a good judge of soldiers, having been so long a field officer. Well," added he, "I have seen a sight to last me for years — nay, for life!"

I could not speak — I had worked myself up to all my former enthusiasm for *Buonaparte*; and my frame still shook with the excitement I had undergone.

The next day, however, sobered me again, but not much, as the next chapter will show; but it was certainly very natural that the sight of the First Consul, and the admiration which his classic features, and his general appearance on horseback, excited in us, should increase rather than diminish our interest in him.

We saw him *no more*, and we did not see Josephine — nor, strange to say, did I then feel any desire to see her; but since her injuries, her sorrows, and her death, I have regretted much that we made no effort to obtain a view of her as well as of that ungrateful husband, who sacrificed the woman that tenderly loved him, and whose fortunes were identified with his own, to the heartless and, as it proved, weak project of his selfish and fatal ambition.

(To be continued.)

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

How have I loved the twilight hour!" — *Byron*.

(On heaven's sapphire bosom the gorgeous clouds rest
And the roses of sunset are strew'd in the West

And hush'd like a child is the beautiful deep,
As it laves the dark pines on the brow of the steep.

The gush of sweet waters, the murmur of bees,
The fragrance of flow'rs, and the whisper of trees,
Combined their enchantment, and gave my heart power
To feel the pure bliss of that exquisite hour.

And as I beheld the rich clouds that were roll'd
O'er the sky in their glory of crimson and gold,
I thought how the spirit, released from its cares,
Might bloom in a region immortal as theirs!

But their pageantry faded, and darker the hue
Of the scene wax'd with heaven's ethereal blue,
And I thought how the mind in its vigour and bloom
May be crush'd or obscured by the night of the tomb!

THE CAMEO.

THE philosophers of this matter-of-fact age have proved, perhaps to their own entire satisfaction, the utter impossibility of supernatural appearances. They have reasoned analytically and synthetically in support of their dogma that such apparitions may always be traced to natural causes: I am hardly enough to maintain a contrary opinion. With the scanty portion of scholastic lore which has fallen to my lot, I will not now presume to enter the arena of philosophical discussion: I shall content myself with simply relating a fact. Let not my reader pre-judge me; let it not be imagined that I am gifted with the marvellous faculty of second-sight, or that I am on visiting terms with the sheeted dead. The snows of fifty winters have chilled my imagination almost as much as the loss of youthful illusions has withered my heart: I am, therefore, neither a visionary nor an enthusiast. I am neither a seer of strange sights, a dreamer of prophetic dreams, nor can I recollect that I have ever been favoured with a single communication from the world of spirits; yet am I a believer in the possibility of such things. Why,—the reader will presently learn, if he have but patience to read this chapter to an end.

In early life it was my fate to be intimately acquainted with an individual, between whom and myself the similarity of our pursuits, as well the parity of our years, cemented a strict friendship. My friend, an artist of some promise, was

passionately attached to a young lady, who was by no means insensible to his merit; but insurmountable difficulties had hitherto prevented a union to which both looked forward as to an event whence alone their happiness could be dated. Great, indeed, were the obstacles which intervened between the lovers and the smiling perspective to which hope would occasionally point. Laura was an heiress, and Arthur had still to win the favours of fortune: she had her thousands, he but his pencil. The golden fruit, too, was strictly guarded, not exactly by the dragon of the Hesperides, but by a scarcely less ruthless animal—a maiden aunt, in whose moral code poverty was set down as a crime of the deepest dye. Aunt Bridget, therefore, wisely endeavoured to inculcate on her young charge a suitable contempt for “young men of no property.”

After the lapse of some years, circumstances separated me from my poor friend, whose letters, however, continued to acquaint me with his sorrows, and sometimes with the faint hopes that at rare intervals brightened his path. Arthur had all the fire, the exuberant and even disordered imagination, of one passionately devoted to his art. His nervous irritability of temperament, producing over-excited feeling, frequently betrayed him into extravagances, which, had they proceeded from one whose name stood higher on the scroll of fame, would have been deemed the brightest indications of ge-

nius, the sublime of inspiration, the very poesy of passion. In Arthur, they were but romantic absurdities — the wild and fitful ravings of an obscure enthusiast — a friendless, patronless, penniless unknown, who, from the mournful solitude of his garret, chilled by every blast that blew, durst in fancy transport himself to the same heaven, and mingle with the same celestial forms, which lent to the creations of a Raphael their loveliness, their majesty, their divinity. Poverty! is it for thee to shun the ridicule which is thy portion? — is it for thee to advance one step farther, and dare to be sublime?

Arthur thus lived in a world which yet exists not for all — the glorious world of imagination — the sphere over which god-like intelligences diffuse brightness and harmony, by the exercise of that mysterious power with which He of whom they are the image culled into light a universe of chaos. Let not the comparison offend the wise in words, or shock the hollow sanctity which dwells upon the lip. But for these gifted exceptions to the sordid selfishness of humanity (and, truth to say, they are not many), who would recognise in the creature the likeness of the Creator? By many was Arthur deemed a visionary, a madman, a fool; and so, perhaps, he was; for his outward garb lacked much of that sleek and comely appearance which betokens an acquaintance with the grand science of thriving in the world. Of a truth, he was not clad in purple and fine linen, nor fared he sumptuously every day. He was without pecuniary resources: need it be added that his friends were few? His prospects were not cheering, nor were his dinners always abundant. But a truce to these details of suffering: Arthur thought not of them beyond the instant of their immediate pressure; and, at such moments, he was wont to retreat as speedily as might be from the world and its materiality of evil to those fairy scenes of idealty, those dreams of the painter and the poet, which almost reversed the order of his being, and substituted the illusions for the realities of life. His was an enviable system of philosophy.

I have said that I was his confident; we knew each other; I was acquainted with his worth, his singleness of heart: he felt that, confided to my bosom, the secret of his sorrow was in safe keeping.

This was much; and it was, perhaps, still more, that I treated not as the wanderings of a diseased imagination the strange incomprehensible thoughts which gradually detached my friend from the positive concerns of existence. I scoffed not at that wild and sombre sport of fancy — that self-inflicted torture — which, to Arthur, rendered the gift of an ardent soul the direst of earthly curses. The contents of his letters were gloomy, often mysterious: nay, they were at times so incoherent that I with difficulty resisted the impression that his moral sufferings had, indeed, overthrown his reason. But why should I, like the unfeeling world, have pronounced him mad? Weigh in the same balance the visionary's day-dreams and the practical inconsistencies of his self-appointed judges, and say, in favour of which party will the scale incline?

Many months had elapsed since any tidings of Arthur reached me; and the circumstance distressed me the more, as I knew that one of his few consolations was to unburthen his heart of its sad secrets — to unfold, to the sole friend whom he cherished, his destiny of evil. At length this ill-omened silence was broken: I received a letter from him, but mournful, indeed, were its contents. The unfeeling guardian of his beloved had sacrificed her on the altar of pride; her wealth had served to gild the fading splendour of decayed nobility, and had purchased for her an alliance with an illustrious house, whose representative, in pity to his mortgaged acres, had condescended to espouse — her gold. Aunt Bridget was in raptures: the first wish of her heart was gratified. At the trifling sacrifice of a girlish romantic passion, her niece had obtained a title. The superannuated votary of the world, clinging to its follies still the faster as she advanced towards the tomb, knew not the splendid woes of hollow greatness — recked not of the anguish which wrings the heart, whilst the lips are tortured into smiles. To Arthur, the blow was annihilation: it crushed the spirit — it extinguished hope — it withered the honest pride of the artist — it broke down the man.

In a few weeks he again wrote to me, — for the last time. His letter I have carefully preserved, not only as a sad memorial of a dear and departed friend, but as a singular record of one of those inexplicable occurrences which belie the

reasonings of the pretended philosopher, and astound the intelligence even of the most gifted among Heaven's creatures. The reader may arm himself with a smile of incredulity : be it so. His scepticism tempts me not into a labyrinth of argument on a fact which I could not but believe, even had I the world's wealth wherewith to purchase the consolation of a doubt. But let me not wander from my narrative. Arthur's letter — his last letter — was in substance as follows :

* * * " I had perhaps done well to reserve for my next meeting with my friend the strange recital which my pen is now about to trace. My next meeting ! Edward, we shall never meet again ! I am not mad ; — you will not call me so, though they who know me less will have it so.

" My sad story provokes a smile of derision, — ay, of pity, on the lips of those who, to humour the poor maniac, are fain to lend an ear to his frantic ravings. Some, too, deal with me as with a child, — swear to believe my tale, and then charitably exhaust their scanty store of science to prove that what I have seen transgresses the laws of nature — exceeds the boundary of things possible. Oh ! could they but persuade me to adopt their senseless theories ! But no : it cannot be ; for, if there is truth in Heaven, *I saw it.*

" Let me at once, and in few words, disclose my secret ; for so passing strange is my tale, that 'tis only by hastening to its conclusion that I can again render myself familiar with the ideas and the phrases of ordinary men. About six weeks since I had passed the night in writing, and whole sheets scattered in disorder on my table, bore evidence that the most smiling fancies are not always those which chase each other through the brain in rapid succession. Towards morning I felt feverish, from the absence of sleep, and had recourse to my usual remedy in such cases, — a bath. Scarcely was I in the water, when my lamp, for want of oil, gradually expired, and at last left me in total darkness.

" My friend ! I must again beseech your indulgence. Be patient with me, and mock me not if I believe the testimony of my senses. I had almost fallen asleep in the bath, when I was aroused by a sudden shock. A clear silvery

light was reflected upon every object in the room. Before me stood one who gazed on me, as never man gazed. Astonishment and terror deprived me of the power to speak, whilst the spectre, advancing his left hand, presented to my view the antique cameo, — that which I prized so highly, — that which you may well remember was Laura's gift. I could not be deceived : it was the same superb stone enclosed in its medallion. More than once my visitor waved it before my eyes, as though willing to afford me the opportunity of recognising its identity. Afterwards slowly raising his hand, and displaying three of his fingers, he distinctly pronounced the word — *three*, — and disappeared.

" The horror of this scene deprived me of all consciousness. On recovering possession of my faculties, I found myself in bed, and surrounded by a host of persons, whom my cries, involuntarily uttered whilst in a state of insensibility, had summoned to my aid. My first care was to order my servant to fetch the case in which I had deposited the medallion, and the fatal cameo. No sooner had the words passed my lips, than Frederic turned pale as ashes, shuddered, and burst into a convulsive laugh.

" ' You know all ! ' said he, in the accents of despair.

" Quick as lightning the thought flashed across my imagination, that my friends, desirous of amusing themselves at my expense, had bribed Frederic to play the part of the apparition by which I had been so strangely disturbed. The idea was absurd ; yet I clung to it with transport.

" ' Ay,' said I, ' I know all ; but be assured that you shall not escape unpunished.'

" In the deepest agitation Frederick left the room. In about five minutes a violent explosion was heard. I ran to the poor fellow's chamber, and found him weltering in his blood : — he had shot himself through the head ! On his table lay a letter addressed to me, and couched in the following brief terms : — ' I am a dishonoured wretch — I have stolen your jewels — but my life pays the penalty of my crime.'

" On the perusal of this paper, the contents of which had been dictated by the most horrible desperation, I was seized with a violent access of fever, and

forcibly carried to my chamber. During the whole of that fearful night, the unearthly form which I had already seen never once quitted my bedside. This time the spectre extended two of its bony fingers, and with a hideous laugh pronounced the word, — *two* ! I could now but too well interpret the warnings and the mysterious gestures of my visitant. The cameo was destined to cause the death of three human beings. The doom of one victim was already sealed.

"The progress of my recovery was tedious, but at length I was able to quit my chamber. One morning, as I was preparing to go out for the first time during my convalescence, I was informed that a female, meanly clad, and with an infant in her arms, earnestly desired to speak to me. Having given orders that she should be instantly admitted, in a few moments, a young, pale, interesting woman stood before me. Her eyes were dimmed with tears ; her trembling limbs were incapable of supporting her emaciated frame. She seemed indeed the child of misery. For some moments she uttered not a word, but at last making a violent effort —

"*'Frederic,'* said she, '*was my husband !*'

"Oh God ! at that moment how black was my despair !

"*'Ay !*' added she, '*'twas for me that he robbed you of your jewels, — for me that he died, — for me, — and for my child ! Take back this fatal cameo ; for hunger is a stern adviser. Take it, — ere want and wretchedness urge me to another crime, that my infant may no longer stun me with his cries for food. Take it, — but in mercy do not betray me into the hands of justice !*'

"The wretched wife of Frederic held the cameo in her hand. At that moment the recollection of the horrid vision assailed me with renewed force, whilst the precision with which its first menace had been accomplished filled me with a dire foreboding of the evils yet to come. Meanwhile the suppliant, fearing that her prayers were rejected, seized my hand, and bathed it with her tears. Awakened from my gloomy reverie by this act, — '*Nay,*' cried I, '*this hateful stone shall no longer do the work of destiny ; give it me ; quick, — let me destroy it.*'

"During this dialogue we stood near an open window ; and whilst the forlorn sufferer hastened to obey me, the infant made a sudden spring from her arms, and fell into the street beneath. With a wild shriek the mother leaned forward, and beheld the pavement bespattered with the blood of her little innocent.

"The expression of sympathy would have been a cruel mockery ; — I gazed on the bereaved parent with despair scarcely surpassed by her own. Two of the predictions had been verified with appalling accuracy : I shuddered at the thought that a third yet remained to be realised. Again I contemplated the statue-like form of the distracted mother, and again my limbs stiffened with terror as I beheld the phantom hovering above her head. The spectral lips no longer pronounced a threat, — but the fleshless hand extended *one* finger. A *third* victim was still due.

"Inscrutable Ruler of man's destiny, whom shall the third shaft smite ! — Edward ! an irresistible presentiment overcomes me : to distrust it were madness ; to dread its fulfilment were scarcely less. — What have I to live for ? Yes ! the *third* victim is marked. The phantom beckons to me in the distance : * * methinks its smile is less hellish. Adieu !"

Accustomed as I was to the extravagant flights of my poor friend's heated imagination, the perusal of this letter affected me with a vague sensation of alarm. The event but too well justified my terrors. The public prints shortly afterwards informed me that the body of a stranger had been discovered in a horribly mutilated condition, on the high road. Whether the outrage had been perpetrated by an assassin, or whether the wretched individual had perished by his own hand, it was impossible to ascertain. The corpse was that of my ill-fated friend Arthur, the *third* victim.

Reader, — these facts occurred within the sphere of my own actual observation : I am therefore forced to credit them, despite of modern philosophy, and the march of intellect.

B.

THE BRITONS.

THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARTS, SCIENCES, AND GENERAL LITERATURE. No. IV.

THE SAXONS. No. I.

On the departure of the Romans from Britain, the inhabitants of the island found themselves unable to resist the ravages of the Scots and Picts — kindred tribes, but who retained all their native ferocity; whilst the British character had been emasculated through the process of slavery. They, therefore, invited to their assistance the Saxons*, a warlike people of the Cimbric Chersonesus, to whom the isle of Thanet, in Kent, was at first awarded as the reward of their exertions; and who, from this small beginning, succeeded in establishing themselves as masters over the whole island, hemming in its ancient inhabitants within the sea-girt shores and mountain fastnesses of Wales. The Saxons are the genuine stock from which the great mass of the English people are descended: their language is the foundation of our own; their manners and their customs have given a tone to the English character, modified by the admixture of Norman habits; but still the foundation is Saxon. Some account of this ancient people must, therefore, be desirable; and we shall endeavour to render our description of them at once more comprehensive, and not less accurate, than any which has previously appeared in so small a compass. To the elaborate works of Henry, Turner, Mallet, Strutt, and other expounders of Saxon antiquities, we shall owe great obligations: and it will be our endeavour to condense into a reasonable and attainable space all that has been said by them upon the subject, in expensive and elaborate works.

The Saxons are a branch of that other great family of the human race, the Goths, as the Britons were of the Celts. Descended, probably, from one source, these two tribes had very different peculiarities, and, to the observer, presented great diversity of feature. Equally brave, daring, and impetuous, the Goths (who were, perhaps, the more manly of the two) claimed their descent from Tuisto, a god sprung from the earth, and his son Man-

nius. They had also a tradition that Hercules had visited their country; and this hero they extolled above all others as they advanced to battle. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Germany were the countries of the Goths.

Mr. Palsgrave gives the best and most succinct account of the Saxon dominions on the Continent which we have seen.

"The 'three tribes of Germany,' the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons, by whom Britain was subdued, seem originally to have constituted but one nation; speaking the same language, and ruled by monarchs who all claimed their descent from the deified monarch of the Teutones, *Woden* or *Odin*. They frequently changed their position on the fine land of Europe as the stream of population rolled forward, impelled by the secondary causes, prepared and destined to act in fulfilment of the decree by which the enlargement of Japhet had been foretold.

"The Jutes, together with their neighbours the Angles, dwelt in the peninsula of Jutland, or the Cimbric Chersonesus; and in the adjoining Holstein, where there is still a district called *Anglen*. That, in fact, is the real *Old England*; and, properly speaking, our '*Old England*' is *New England*, though now we give that name to a province in America. The Saxons were more widely dispersed: Ptolemy places them in the Cimbric Chersonesus, near the Jutes and Angles; but they afterwards occupied a much larger extent, from the Delta of the Rhine to the Weser. After the migration of the Saxons to Britain, the name of Old Saxons was given to the parent stock. One very large body of Saxon population occupied the present Westphalia; but the tribes by whom Britain was invaded appear principally to have proceeded from the country now called *Friesland*; for, of all the Continental dialects, the ancient *Frisicki* is the one which approaches most nearly to the Anglo-Saxon of our ancestors.

* Some writers say the first Saxons who arrived in England were exiles from their native land; and, being driven to England, as their first resting-place, their aid was eagerly sought by the unwelcome Vortigern, and as readily given by the Saxons, stimulated by the promised reward.

"It is unnecessary, however, to remark, that the word 'Saxon' appears rather to have been intended to denote a confederacy of tribes than to have originally belonged to any nation. Learned men have sought for the etymology of the term in the 'saxa,' or short sword, a weapon with which they were armed. These, and other suppositions, upon which I have not room to enlarge, are, after all, only ingenious sports and fancies. We possess but a very small number of authentic facts concerning the early history of the barbarian nations of the West; and, though the general outline of their position upon the ethnographical map can be understood with tolerable precision, yet we must be always uncertain concerning the details."*

In their original state, on the continent, the Saxons appear to have been characterised by a great degree of ferocious cruelty: but they were, at the same time, in energy, strength, and warlike fortitude, superior to all their contemporaries. Their external appearance was pleasing: they were tall, had dark hair, fair complexions, and blue eyes; wore loose linen vests, ornamented with various coloured trimmings, and covered with a cloak. The females had gowns, and several ornaments for the arms, hands, and neck; and both sexes wore shoes. War appears to have been the principal occupation of the men, who on land were robbers and on sea pirates. In their excursions they combined prudence with severity,—not that prudence which was allied to doubt or fear, or which prompted to the adoption of precautions for their own defence; but that which enabled them to surprise their enemies, and to attack them when unprepared for their impetuous assailants. On land they braved every obstacle which could be opposed to them: and in their expeditions by sea, "they often preferred embarking in the tempest which might shipwreck them, because, at such a season, their victims would be more unguarded."† But in their character they had one dreadful trait. "Their warfare did not originate from the more generous

or the more pardonable of man's evil passions; it was the offspring of the basest. Their swords were not unsheathed by ambition or revenge. The love of plunder or of cruelty was their favourite habit; and hence they attacked, indifferently, every coast which they could reach."‡ Their arms were small shields, long lances, large knives, or crooked swords, and heavy sledges. They had also defensive armour for their horse, which Fabricius § says was very heavy.

The government of the Saxons on the continent is thus described by Bede, whose statement is corroborated by other authors. "The ancient Saxons have no king, but many chiefs set over their people, who, when war presses, draw lots equally; and whomsoever the chance points out, they all follow as leader, and obey during the war. The war concluded, all the chiefs become of equal power."|| At all times they seem to have shewn great respect for the aged: for most, if not all, of the words in their language which denote authority, also express age. They had four orders of men amongst them: the etheling (or noble), the freeman, the freedman, and the slave. The nobles were jealous of their name and rank. Nobles married nobles only, and the severest penalties prohibited intrusions of one rank into another.¶

Their laws were marked with the cruelty of their character: in some instances, pecuniary compensations were accepted; but in most the punishments were very severe. Take as a specimen those inflicted for adultery and sacrilege. If a woman became unchaste, she was, in some districts compelled to hang herself, her body was burned, and over her ashes her paramour was executed. In others, a company of females whipped the unhappy delinquent from district to district; and, dividing her garments near the girdle, pierced her body with their knives. They then drove her, thus bleeding, from their habitations; and wherever she went, the women gathered around her, and renewed the punishment till she expired.** The punishment of sacrilege

* Family Library, vol. xxi. p. 33, 34.

† Turner.

‡ Turner.

§ An author of the 16th century.

|| Bede, Hist. Eccles. lib. v. c. 10.

¶ See Turner, and the authorities he cites.

** Boniface describes this custom in his *Letter to Ethelwald*, the king of Mercia, in *Mag. Bibl. Patrum*, tom. xvi. p. 55.

was as dreadful:—"Whoever," says one of the laws of the Frisians, "breaks into a temple, and takes away any of the sacred things, let him be led to the sea; and in the sand which the tide usually covers, let his ears be cut off; let him be" otherwise mutilated, and then "immolated to the gods whose temples he has violated."

The ancient Saxons computed their time by nights, and not by days; their

year began on the day upon which we now celebrate Christmas-day; and it was divided into months, governed by the changes of the moon. Of their literature, if they had any, in their ancient state, we know nothing: it is even uncertain that, on their first arrival in England, they possessed an alphabet, though the probabilities are in favour of the supposition.

(*To be continued.*)

PHILLIS AND THE PAINTER.

Translated from the Italian of Giovanni de Rossi.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

"Pingimi un Amorino."

"Thou, whose art I most approve,
Skilful Painter! paint me Love,"
Phillis to Apelles cries—

"How should I?" he straight replies.

Much surprised at this, the maid
Turned about, and quickly said,

"If, indeed, thou dost not know,
List, and I will tell thee how!

"Paint a boy with angel face,
Full of charms, and full of grace;
In whose every look shall shine
Tenderness and truth divine.

"O'er those eyes no fillet bind,
For I know he was not blind
On that day when first his dart
Through those glances reached my heart.

"Heard'st thou not? Begin thy task;
When 'tis finished, come and ask
Large rewards, and thou shalt have
All thine eager wish can crave."

Phillis ceased; and he again
Answered, "Simple maid; in vain
Thou would'st tax, with guileless heart,
All the magic of my art.

"Ere I seek to picture Love,
Wait awhile, fair maid, and prove,
If I may indeed pourtray,
All the charms he wears to-day.

"Phillis, these enchantments bright,
All are brief and swift of flight;
Even now a dark alloy
Mingles in thy cup of joy.

" Pause a trifling space and see
If Love remain unchanged to thee;
If he should;—return! and I
Will freely give what thou would'st buy."

Joyful went fair Phillis home,
Sure again with joy to come,
And the promis'd semblance claim,
Of Love still smiling, still the same.

But the sad reverse, alas!
Vain illusions, how ye pass!
Hopes, enchantments, bright and fair,
All dissolve in empty air.

Love the maid has learned to know
As her fierce and cruel foe!
Charms and smiles have vanished all,
And his sweets have turned to gall.

" Ah!" the experienced Painter said,
" How your brilliant colours fade;
See how Love betrays the truth
Of ardent and confiding youth."

TRAVELS, PERILOUS ADVENTURES, EXPLOITS, AND DAYS OF ANGUISH, OF A REGIMENTAL CHAPLAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHN PAUL FREDERIC RICHTER.

THE translator whose aim is to render exact justice to the works of John Paul Richter undertakes a task of no ordinary difficulty. We might almost aver, that no other language than the German can serve as a vehicle in all respects suitable for the strange mixture of poesy, satire, critical acumen, and mysticism, to be found in the productions of that extraordinary writer. If there be another tongue capable of giving a faint expression to the conceptions of John Paul, whose epigrammatical enigmas are as sealed volumes even to many of his countrymen, that tongue is, perhaps, the English. Beyond all question, the French language presents few equivalents for the allegorical obscurities which form an indispensable ingredient in every modern German work; and yet, if we do not egregiously mistake, it is precisely in the frippery of a French costume that John Paul has been most frequently exhibited to his foreign fellow-labourers in the field of literature.

Notwithstanding our intimate conviction that, as a medium of translation from

the German, the English language possesses many advantages over the French—a conviction in which, we think, every student acquainted with German authors, and particularly with John Paul Richter, will participate,—we yet feel considerable diffidence in laying before our readers the following fragment. The hero, Attila Schmelzle, is one of those typical creations springing from the poet's brain, all complete in conformation, as Minerva from the forehead of Jove; one of those conceptions of character, fantastic as a dream, yet stamped with the realities of actual life. Like my Uncle Toby, Fustaff, or Figaro, Schmelzle, once introduced to the reader's acquaintance, is not easily forgotten: he, like them, has his date, his nationality, his indelible characteristics. He is, however, a much more complex personage than any of the heroes of whom we have just made honourable mention: he is a being such as ideal and scientific civilisation have made him; one who, by dint of diving into the depths of analysis, becomes an elaborate poltroon; a regimental chaplain, who, not-

withstanding his beautiful abstract theory of courage, might be taken for the emblem of moral weakness; in a word — for cowardice incarnate. He is a trembler on scientific principles; one who, for his hen-heartedness, will lay you down reasons "as plenty as blackberries;" for Schmelzle, be it known, is a philosopher, a dialectician, a metaphysician, an algebraist, and, withal, a chemist. He will analyse you into complete incapacity of thought or movement; his imagination is an encyclopædia, with an accurate nomenclature and description of all impending, probable, and possible perils. According to his convenient system, the possession of a virtue consists in the power of cheating the reason into a belief in its existence: thus, in his idea, to imagine heroism is to be a hero. Every action of Schmelzle is the result of intense calculation: as becomes a reflecting man, he would write a treatise on the elasticity of animal substances to justify the pedestrian who, on a rainy day, prefers boots to shoes. Enough, however, has been said in order to usher him on the scene: the reader who desires a more intimate acquaintance with our brave and honourable professor of German metaphysics, may gratify his wishes by a careful meditation on the following precautions against thunder; of which, be it well understood, Schmelzle by no means stands in bodily fear, but which he is determined to repel *secundum artem*.

"The vulgar," says our admirable Schmelzle, "presume to call me absurd, when they see me walking, beneath the canopy of a cloudless sky, with an oil-cloth umbrella over my head. Senseless dolts! — they are not, like me, versed in the chronicles of the middle ages, which prove, by a variety of examples, that, even in moments of apparent calm, the destructive bolt may be lanced from the azure vault of heaven, to the annihilation of a scientific pate. This umbrella, gentlemen, is a conductor: at the end of my travelling-cane is extended an oiled cloth; to the top is attached a chain, one extremity of which trails on the ground. Fall, thunderbolt! — thou shalt not touch me; — I brave thee; — my conductor will avert thy fury from my occiput, and force thee to waste thy terrors on the ground, at the feet of the triumphant chaplain Schmelzle.

"Thus far we war successfully against

the thunder; but, then, the *aërolites*! For some years the moon has cruelly bombarded our planet. That almost imperceptible satellite, that gawky *femme de chambre* of our globe, pelts us with stones, each large enough to crush an ordinary-sized honest man. We live in times of revolution and universal rebellion. A planet whose light, after all, is but borrowed, thus to revolt! 'Tis monstrous. Against such perfidious attacks what protective measures must we employ? Such is frequently the subject of my deep meditations by moonlight, while my gentle spouse snores, and my algebraic treatises lie before me on the table. Just heaven! our necessity for courage grows with the age of the world: we are surrounded by dangers. My fellow-citizens, inhabitants of this terraqueous globe! imitate my example, and arm yourselves with a grandeur of soul capable of resisting every shock. Scarcely has the conductor been invented by Franklin, — scarcely has the plan of this portable apparatus been discovered by the great Reimarus, from whom I, unworthy disciple, have borrowed the idea, — when now the seditious moon plants her batteries against us; and new comets, with fiery trains, traverse the menacing air."

The vulgar, whose unsophisticated notions afforded such bitter cause of complaint to the philosophic Schmelzle, continued to enjoy a hearty laugh at his expense; and obstinately attributed his well-concerted precautions to a sensation somewhat resembling fear. But hear how the professor repels the base insinuation: —

"My friends! bear witness for me; clear my fame of this odious calumny. Have I not ever delighted in the society of the brave — of soldiers, swaggerers, fire-eaters — merely stipulating, that, whilst in my company, their demeanour should be orderly and peaceable! Have I not held in the highest veneration my brother-in-law the dragoon — that pink of duellists! The truth is, that I am but too familiar with ideas of murder, of combats, of carnage. The Battle of Prague on the piano — *presto con violenza*; — the Siege of Toulon on the harp — these are my favourite airs: I purchase them, I admire them, I listen to them, I study them without end. Luckily, my fortune is limited, or my too passionate devotion to the theory of war might lead me to

commit follies innumerable. My courage, slanderers ! You shall have proof of my courage, if you will be present at my catechetical lectures — if you will hear my words of iron, my orations of steel — my lessons to my disciples, whom, by my unaided powers of eloquence, I would fain transform into heroes of bronze.

“ Manifold are the evidences that I might adduce in proof of that courage, the possession of which is denied me by my enemies. For instance, when, from the top of a hill, I perceive a group of bathers enjoying the coolness of the refreshing stream, I instantly make my escape with all possible speed ; and wherefore ? Simply because my instinctive sagacity forewarns me that, should one of the bathers disappear under water, my heart flying away with my head, and my head with my legs, I should infallibly throw myself headlong into some accursed gulf, and thus meet with certain destruction as the reward of my generous devotion to the safety of a fellow-creature. I have a hundred times related my dreams to my dearest friends : and what is a dream, if not a portraiture of waking existence ? I have dreamt as valiantly as Cæsar, Alexander, or my namesake Attila. I have taken Rome by storm ; I have thrown the pope and the sacred college out of the windows ; I have reduced the Vatican to ashes ; at Aix-la-Chapelle, I have borne away in triumph the peruke of Charlemagne ; at Berlin, I have captured the hat of Frederick the Great ; and as to batteries, I have spiked at least twenty of them.”

The good Schmeltzle continued to dream in despite of the sneering vulgar, whose understandings were too gross to comprehend the subtlety of metaphysical distinctions. In vain did he allege, as indisputable evidences of valour, the many brilliant adventures in which he had borne a distinguished part : amongst others, certain feats of horsemanship performed by him at Vienna ; and the memory of which he thus immortalises in his autobiography : —

“ On a certain day at Vienna, my evil destiny willed that I should exhibit my person on the back of a hired steed, a beauteous bright bay animal, but somewhat stricken in years, and with a mouth as hard as that of Satan. No sooner was I firmly seated in the saddle, than I felt

the accursed quadruped entirely beyond my control ; he absolutely *walked* away with me. In vain I tugged and pulled at the bridle, and sawed his mouth with the bit ; the fiery brute continued to walk on ; there was no stopping him. Thereupon I began to make signals of distress, and to exclaim aloud, ‘ Good friends ! do you not see that my horse is running away with me ? — stop him, for heaven’s sake ! ’ The unfeeling crowd only laughed at me ; and absurdly judging that no danger was to be apprehended because my courser apparently advanced with no greater speed than a lawsuit before the Aulic court, not one of them attempted to extricate me from my really hazardous position. ‘ Unthinking fools ! ’ cried I : ‘ the horse has taken the bit between his teeth ; ’ and then (will it be credited ?) the laughter was redoubled : the sight of a vicious horse walking steadily away with his rider seemed an irresistible joke. Half the ragamuffins of Vienna formed in groups behind me, and stuck close to my horse’s tail. The Prince de Kaunitz, one of the best horsemen of the day, rode by me, but soon reined in his steed, in order to contemplate me as I passed. There I was, pulling my bridle with desperate effort, and endeavouring to balance myself on my restive charger ; every limb stiff as a flake of ice floating on the Northern Ocean. A letter-carrier, in scarlet coat and three-cornered hat, as he distributed his epistles to the right and left, passed and repassed before me, and persecuted me with a sardonic grin ; a catif employed to water the streets — a *schwanschleuderer* in command of a leathern pipe as long as his name — directed his aquatic battery against me and my horse. I could expect no less than an inflammation of the lungs, for my unparalleled exertions had thrown me into a profuse perspiration. Wretch that I was ! And thou, steed of perdition ! — thou worse than wooden horse of Troy ! I arrived at Malzein, one of the suburbs of Vienna, my mind disordered, my body fatigued. The hour was late, and the evening-gun had already warned the citizens to quit the Prater, and retire to their homes. The infernal beast which I bestrode was still untired. I verily believe that my ride might have continued all night, had not a lucky chance thrown my brother-in-law the dragoon in my path. Thanks to kind Providence, I arrived at my own door without a broken

bone, or even a contusion. As soon as I had alighted, I made a solemn vow never again to risk my safety by mounting an unbroken horse."

The next adventure in which the professor figured was his departure from his native town for Fløetz, a celebrated but imaginary city, situate at a short distance from his own residence. The excellent and courageous ecclesiastic had been deprived of his post of regimental chaplain on the flimsy pretext that a martial life was ill suited to his pacific character: he accordingly set off with all convenient expedition for Fløetz, in order to remonstrate with General Shabacker against the injustice of a measure by which his military flock would lose the services of their spiritual pastor. Before his departure, however, Schmelzle assembled his domestics, whom he harangued in a speech, which, for prudence and forethought, merits the highest meed of eulogy. In imitation of the categories of Kant, he classed with admirable regularity the divers accidents by which his property might be deteriorated during his intended absence of eight days, and gave a masterly exposition of the various fires, burglaries, marches of troops, commotions, thunderstorms, &c., which, during the aforesaid period, might more or less materially affect his interests. But we must leave him to speak for himself:—

"I recommended my wife, my Teutoberga, to hang my Æolian harp outside my chamber window, in order that, should the house be attacked by robbers, they might imagine the master at home, and busily engaged with his favourite instrument. I also requested Teutoberga to tie up the house-dogs during the day, and to loose them at night-time. Above all, I cautioned her against the focus of destruction so often established, by accident or careless fabrication, in the centre of the thick coarse panes of glass with which stable-windows are usually provided. Many instances did I quote of dreadful conflagrations which had been occasioned by similar casualties. I explained to her that the sun's rays, traversing this dangerous focus, might fall upon a bundle of hay, and kindle in a blaze, first, the stable; secondly, the house; thirdly, the suburb; and lastly, the whole town. Science!—experience!—light and safeguard of humanity!—to you I am indebted for the prudence by which I

am distinguished. Such admirable lessons could have been taught but in the philosophic laboratories of Germany!

"I took care to pack up two sorts of medicine—the one cooling, the other stimulant; as also my surgical instruments, my crutches, and some lint, in case the carriage should be overturned; not forgetting several cordials, and a valuable treatise on the reduction of compound fractures. Oh! that man could always, like Thales, carry his wealth about his person!"

To "make assurance doubly sure," Schmelzle was accompanied by his brother-in-law the dragoon, and another friend. Notwithstanding this additional precaution, no sooner had he set eyes on his fellow-travellers in the diligence than he was attacked with his customary symptoms of philosophic terror. He thus continues:—

"Near me was seated a female, who, to all appearance, belonged to the class yecléped—of easy virtue. On her lap was a dwarf, whom she probably intended to exhibit at a neighbouring fair. Opposite to me was a lynx-eyed gallant, a rat-catcher by profession. At his elbow was a half-blind traveller, enveloped in a red cloak, and ever and anon displaying a visage of most sinister expression.

"'The devil!' muttered I inwardly; 'how is it possible to guard against the devices of such comrades? Should I be seen in such company, who knows but I may be compelled to appear before some accursed tribunal? I, who, from prudential motives, have never so much as stopped at the door of a prison, lest a police spy, mistaking me for a confederate of one of the inmates, should accuse me of an attempt at rescue!'

"Let it not be said that I am easily alarmed. The rat-catcher,—that male Atropos, who peopled with mice the region of shadows,—ingenuously avowed that, during the course of his existence, he had with much success transpierced the abdomina of ten men, dissected about fifty arms with the nicest precision, subdivided into shreds at least thirty hearts, and reduced to imperceptible atoms some sixty brains. 'I am afraid of nothing,' continued this unrivalled homicide, 'I am invulnerable; you may place red-hot coals on the crown of my head without producing the slightest effect.' Upon this, my brother-in-law,

the dragoon, drew from his pocket a fire-box and some tinder, the latter of which, when lighted, he placed upon the bald occiput of the personage in question. The rat-catcher seemed the very genius of fire: he budged not an inch, and smiled with the utmost complacency, whilst we regarded him with amazement.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you could not do me a greater pleasure than to warm this part of my outer man, which, truth to say, has ever been cold as ice."

"The dragoon, applying his hand to the marvellous pericranium, exclaimed, with surprise, 'Good Heavens! the place is not even warm!'

"To the horror of the spectators the rat-catcher detached the roof of his skull from his head, and, holding the bony cap in his hand, burst into an extravagant fit of laughter.

"The gallows," said he, "has furnished me with this supplementary night-cap, which I find excessively comfortable in cold weather. It once formed a portion of the skull of a very industrious gentleman, who came rather suddenly to his end. My occupation as dissector in a theatre of anatomy affords me many opportunities of providing myself with similar conveniences."

"But I perceive that I have not yet spoken of my travelling companion in the red cloak. Alas! he was not a whit less terrible or less dangerous than the others. For my part I think he must have been an emigrant, and a refugee, for he alternately spoke French and German. His name, as he said, was John Peter, or John Paul*, or some such name,—if indeed he could be said to have a name. It was not his red cloak,—red as the executioner's mantle,—that occasioned my alarm. No: I am too much of a philosopher to yield to vulgar prejudices; but the traveller's penetrating glance was no less inexplicable than redoubtable. Each time that we alighted from the diligence he walked up close to me, gazed at me with a keen undefinable searching expression of countenance, then turned upon his heel, and walked away. I have no objection to war in the open field, but to know not what bush or brake may shelter the ambushed foe! this is too horrible. The

red cloak absolutely gave me a spasmodic affection. My suspicions redoubled when the wearer opened a large mouth, and began to talk of philosophy, sentiment, and philanthropy. When a man once holds forth in that strain, he intends either to dive into your secrets or to pick your pocket.

"Sensibility! tenderness! mildness!" cried I, "talk not to me of those contemptible virtues. Mine is a lion's heart: there lies my failing—my misfortune. I have just returned from the army with my brother-in-law, the dragoon, and both of us are but too partial to murder, conflagration, massacre, and pillage. When the hot blood boils in the heart 'tis a delightful thing, sir, to be invested with the ecclesiastical dignity, which, inclining to peaceable pursuits, acts as a check upon the thirst for carnage. But yet," added I, hastily, that my hearer might form no rash conclusions from my avowal,—"patience has its bounds; the meekest animal in creation seeks vengeance for an unjust attack. The first access of my rage is generally terrific: at such a moment I am not master of my actions. Moreover, my brother-in-law, the dragoon, is by my side; and he is a man who will listen to nothing, and who, when I am attacked, generally settles matters in a trice."

"The wearer of the red cloak smiled ambiguously. What a smile! He declared himself attached to the *corps diplomatique*, and, in fact, I had already remarked something of the fox in his countenance. I continued to inform him of my courage, without swaggering or gasconade, but with that calm self-possession which ever distinguishes real heroism.

"I resemble Montaigne," said I: "there is but one thing which I fear, and that is—fear."

"But," replied the diplomatist, "suppose you were not sufficiently afraid of fear?"

"That," resumed I, "is, indeed, a subtle distinction: yours is a philosophy that would trisect a hair."

The learned professor here commences a profound dissertation on the dread of fear; and the limits of this dread of fear; from which he is led to an examination of the different species of fear. The whole

* The reader will perceive, that under the name and costume of the traveller in the red cloak, John Paul Richter intends to designate himself.

passage forms an admirable satire on the German school of philosophy; its distinctions, subdivisions, sophisms, and paralogisms, without number and without end. The travellers are then overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, on which the deep-reasoning ex-chaplain observes:—

“I have long meditated on the principles of natural philosophy, and am therefore armed against the warfare of the elements. The following precautions are of the utmost utility when the loud roaring of the thunder is heard amongst the clouds. On those occasions I always seat myself upon a straw-bottomed chair in the midst of my apartment. So long as the heavens continue lowering, there I remain, taking especial care to remove from my person watch-chains, shoe-buckles, clasps, and all other electric conductors. I recollect that a storm happening one day to burst forth during divine service, I suddenly quitted my congregation, and took refuge in a vault, where I remained till the atmosphere was again serene.

“Such is my usual plan of defence. But, alas! in the diligence, in which I was now confined, not one of my companions could boast the slightest acquaintance with natural philosophy; not one of them had studied under Schelling. When I beheld the clouds collecting and rolling their dense black masses above our luckless vehicle; when I saw the forked lightning sporting, and frisking, and twining in the heavens, I earnestly, but in a low voice, entreated my fellow-travellers to deposit in one of the pockets of the diligence their watches, rings, and money, which I well knew were terrible electric conductors. All of them laughed at me; when at that moment my brother-in-law, the dragoon, springing upon the coach-box, drew his sword, and exclaimed, ‘My interposition will induce the thunderbolt to fall harmless to the ground!’ Sublimity of heroism! self-devotion, for which the page of history can find no parallel!

“To complete my desolation, I became a butt for the satirical remarks of the rat-catcher and the frail damsel opposite. I was swollen with compressed fury; and the storm which raged within my breast was scarcely less violent than the tempest without. I abstained, however, from a discussion which could only have augmented our danger; for anger

is an electric conductor. Covered, as we were, with transpiration; tightly packed in a moving habitation of wood and leather, and mingling in this incommodious prison the breath of our lungs, had we, by the heat of argument, increased the effervescence of the surrounding atmosphere, our fate had been sealed; the same thunderbolt had crushed us all. Penetrated with these truths, I spoke without opening my lips; I muffled every phrase. At the same time I elucidated with perfect clearness the theory of electricity; carefully avoiding all expressions that might have excited the terrors of my auditory; for Erxleben and Reimaruss have abundantly proved that fear alone is sufficient to cause death; and, moreover, that the excessive perspiration produced by it attracts lightning.

“‘Yes, friends,’ said I, ‘I tremble at the bare idea that you may yield to terror; I dread, too, that I myself may be seized with fear: but observe the situation in which we are placed. Stowed like herrings in a barrel; preceded by a naked sword, which glitters from the top of our diligence; all breathless and palpitating as we are, by what dangers are we not surrounded! One additional degree of fear, and we are lost! Friends, be not afraid—if you would not in two seconds be pulverised—shivered into atoms—crushed—annihilated. Courage! courage! magnanimity! heroism!—for we need them in this trying hour!—Good fellow-travellers! when we are all safely out of this diligence, indulge in terror as you please; when the danger is past, be cowards at your ease: but at present, for the love of God, be not afraid; for great, indeed, is the peril!’

“This exhilarating harangue would in other days have gained me the civic crown; the recompense accorded to those who saved the lives of their fellow-men. As it was, it produced its effect, conducting us safe and sound to Vierstädten, where a magnificent rainbow displayed its triumphal arch above our heads.”

On the departure of the diligence from Vierstädten, the travellers fell asleep, with the exception of the philosophic and heroic Schmelzle, who felt a strange inclination to measure the facial angle of his companions, according to the rules laid down by Lavater. Dreading, however, that one of the sleepers might sud-

denly awake and resent his physiognomical experiment, he resisted the temptation, and quietly replaced in his pocket the instrument with which he had intended to ascertain if the distance from the chin to the mouth was equal to that between the upper lip and the radix of the nose, and to the interval which separates the eyebrows from the upper part of the forehead.

The burlesque recital of Schmelzle might be entitled the philosophy of fear. It is the very anatomy of cowardice. The grotesque caricature, too, is, in reality, a keen satire on philosophical

speculation. Every augmentation of human science is an addition to the stock of man's terrors. Like Schmelzle, the philosophical bookworm discovers that in climbing his bed he may fall and break a limb; that he may be crushed by the descent of an *aérolite*, or poisoned in a *fricassee* of mushrooms. He pays his adoration at the shrine of fear; and, like the poor Hindoo kissing the dust before the shapeless temple that moves but to destroy, he bows his frame, he prostrates his spirit before the ruthless idol whose worship is sacrifice, and whose votaries are victims.

SOLITUDE, A SKETCH;

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

SPIRIT! thine eye betrays the depth of thought
Which kindles it with beauty;—thou dost love
To wander in the starry hush of night,
Or, throned upon a rock, survey the pride
Of gorgeous woods, and verdant plains afar;
And thou art loneliest of the sister-band,
Whose bosoms are instinct with poetry.
At morning's flush of crimson on the clouds,
Or in the twilight's lute enchanted gloom,
We've met thee, child of thought! with tranquil eye
Dilating on the clouds that fringed the West,
And seen thee listening to the village-bells,
Whose music seem'd to mingle with the air,
And glide into thy spirit like a dream.

On the brow of rock or steep,
In thoughtful silence she reclines,
When dews upon the roses weep,
And soft winds whisper through the pines;
And there, as she beholds the day
Retiring from the sunny West,
Her spirit wanders far away,
Beyond the mountain's crest.

Or in some stately ruin'd fane,
With ivy-wreaths around it spread,
Whose mouldering tombs conceal the plain,
Mementos of the dead!
She rests beside the pensive urn,
Which crowns the wall defaced by age,
And bows her beauteous head to mourn
O'er life's sad pilgrimage.

Or in the quietude of night,
With placid brow, uplifted eye,
She meditates upon the bright
And countless orbs that gem the sky;

And hopes that when an earthly blight
 Shall cloud her silent bliss with cares,
 Death's mandate may in heaven unite
 Her gentle soul with theirs!

ADVENTURES OF A PRUSSIAN RECRUITING OFFICER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from p. 97.)

THIS letter reached me at that highly-excited period which preceded the breaking out of the one-year Bavarian war. My heart beat with exultation at the idea of being thought worthy to assist in the annihilation of projects hostile to my sovereign's views. I burned with impatience to execute my task, and a hundred times a day read the letter I had received. My curiosity, too, was not a little excited. That the individual to be arrested was of no mean rank, the mystery attending the information, as well as the secrecy to be observed in the execution of the order, sufficiently proved. During my intercourse with the Count de Palvi's family, I had received many unpleasing impressions, which were now revived. The many bitter comments on Frederick which had escaped from DePalvi himself, as well as from Walter; the unseemly triumph displayed at the accounts from time to time spread of the wretched state of the king's health, again occurred to me, followed by the thought that both might be engaged in the plot alluded to, and that Walter was most probably the individual more particularly designated. His income, the source of which was unknown; his continual allusions to noble connexions; his frequent journeys, confirmed my suspicions.

In a few days I received a letter, brought by a stranger, and the contents of which were as follows:—"At nine o'clock to-morrow evening, the individual alluded to in my former letter will be found in the vicinity of the farm-house lately burnt down in the neighbourhood of Augsburg. He will approach the ruins with an appearance of haste and mystery; and by properly concerted measures, it will be easy to seize his person. For greater security, however, the sound of a whistle from some neighbouring bushes will serve as a signal that he is the

right man; and he may, on such signal, be arrested without further hesitation."

The signature of my colonel, as well as the cipher completely corresponding with that affixed to the former letter, left no doubt as to the authenticity of the document. My measures were speedily taken, and at the appointed hour I stood on the watch, with four of the most trustworthy of my soldiers and a dog, in the vicinity of the fallen house. The surrounding country had the fame of being the rendezvous of thieves; and not without cause, as for many miles round it was uninhabited. We had not long waited, when a man strode down the path leading to the ruins. It was not the figure of Walter, nor his manner of walking; but the stranger's hat pressed down upon his brow, his cloak flowing in large folds around him, together with the darkness of the night, rendered it impossible to distinguish his features. Scarcely had the unknown approached my ambush, when the piercing sound of a whistle served my companions as the signal for attack, and in a trice the stranger was seized. He drew a small pistol from beneath his cloak: a brief contest ensued. He was, however, speedily overpowered; for the dog, too, set on by my people, fiercely attacked him in the rear. He had till now silently defended himself; but at length, yielding to force, he exclaimed, "I am betrayed!" The voice was familiar to my ear. At the same moment, a ray from a dark lantern, which my companions had hitherto concealed among the bushes, illuminated the scene, and with horror I recognised the features of Hermann the painter! He fixed his eye on me with a mingled expression of wrath and terror; my blood ran cold in my veins. "Unhappy man!" I exclaimed, affected as much by sympathy as by zeal for the ser-

vice in which I was engaged; "what desperate designs have you contemplated?"

Without attending to my address, he cried, in accents of the bitterest scorn, "This, then, is the friendship of Von Arnstein! Well, be it so: I am betrayed! but what more do you require?"

With averted countenance, I replied, "You must follow my men."

"What!" exclaimed he thunderstruck, "the recruiters?—impossible!"

The soldiers, who had previously received their instructions, violently laid hold of him; and Hermann was at length dragged away. Thoughts of a jarring nature crowded upon my brain. Ought I not to have questioned, to have examined Hermann?—But the order contained no such instructions.

My letter to my colonel was despatched, and might reach Berlin still earlier than Hermann, although he, under escort of the recruiters, immediately proceeded on his journey in a carriage, which had been kept ready in the vicinity of the place whence the recruits were commonly transferred to the capital.

One day, as I sat immersed in grief, Schlensky made his appearance. He appeared intoxicated, and on his entrance greeted me with an air of insolent familiarity:—"What! my tight little lieutenant," he began, tapping me on the shoulder, "always so sad! Thou shouldst not hang thy head now: there is, surely, no rival *now* dangerous to thy love!"

"Rival!" I exclaimed, "what are you prating about, fellow?"

"I know all," said Schlensky; "have long known that love for the fair Agatha alone induced you to visit at the Count de Palvi's, though the world thought otherwise; thou shouldst be merry and of good cheer, since that tall fellow Hermann has been put out of the way."

"Hermann!" said I, with excited attention, "what do you know of him?"

"Well," he exclaimed, suddenly assuming a serious air, "he has disappeared; and you must be aware that he was the person whom you were directed to arrest. But suppose he were *not* that person, but had been betrayed into your hands—*there* were a trick to merit some little gratitude!"

"How were that possible?" cried I, with difficulty mastering my indignation.

"If I must speak the truth," replied

he, "you must know that I discovered Agatha's intention to elope with the painter. I had heard, too, that you had been charged to seize secretly on somebody; so, instead of the other, the painter was doomed to fall into your hands on his way to the deserted farm-house, where he meant to conceal Agatha during the night, until all had been prepared for her flight."

"But how," exclaimed I, with ill-suppressed horror, "how didst thou become acquainted with the circumstance of the contemplated arrest?"

"Well," answered he with hesitation, "if I must avow all—and no doubt you would guess it at last—when alone in your chamber, I once saw your writing-desk open, and—and a letter lying in it. People of my calling are not punctilious: any intelligence; the slightest hint—a cursed habit, too—will never allow me to see a written paper without——But enough—I found the means; the matter was easily accomplished. But no responsibility can be attached to you in the business; for should the genuine order now arrive, you would only have to inform your colonel of the circumstances, and enclose to him the forgery, with his signature so perfectly executed that it would deceive himself. The whole affair will be considered as a joke. Now pursue your fortune with the charming Agatha. Your love will gradually dry her tears.—But now for my reward."

"Yes, accursed villain!" I exclaimed, no longer able to restrain my rage; "I will reward thee as thou deservest." Seizing him at the same time, I began to ply him most lustily with my Spanish cane, exclaiming, in a voice almost choked with anger, "Crafty scoundrel! so thou openest my desk; pryest into my secrets; forgest signatures and letters!—receive thy reward!"

Schlensky endeavoured to avoid my blows; and having at last succeeded in gaining the door, he sprang from the steps into the street, uttering the most horrible curses. My feelings were now indescribable; I imagined a thousand plans for the deliverance of Hermann, all of which, on mature deliberation, I was obliged to reject. As soon as I became somewhat calmer, I acquainted my father with the whole affair, and implored him most earnestly to leave nothing untried

to restore the innocent man to freedom. The colonel of my regiment was a personal friend of my father; and as soon as my letter was despatched I felt myself somewhat consoled. With very mingled feelings, I looked forward for the next intelligence respecting this unhappy arrest; but none arrived, and I found myself obliged, a few nights afterwards, to follow up a recruiting adventure, which I ardently hoped would be my last.

It was already quite dark, as I, accompanied by my followers, issued from the city gate. The place of rendezvous with the intended recruit was in a wood in the neighbourhood of his dwelling, to which one of the soldiers, well acquainted with the localities, served as a guide. Scarcely had we reached the spot, when a large party of the peasantry rushed out of a thicket. We grasped our weapons; shots were heard; in the midst of which and the shouts of the peasants, I thought I distinguished Schlensky's odious laugh. I felt myself seized, but succeeded, nevertheless, in discharging my second pistol. Suddenly a fearful blow from behind fell upon my head—I was stretched senseless on the ground—

* * * * *

Brightly shone the sun upon a white-washed little chamber, from the only window of which I looked upon an extensive country. A neat steeple, embowered among shady lindens and tall pine-trees, at its side a smiling village, were presented to my view. Had I not then—but it was long, very long ago—often beheld the same scenery? From the apartments, which as a boy I occupied with my tutor, it was even thus that the village of Menkleben lay before us. But why this little window, with its iron bars? why the coarse frock which I wore? was I then not * * * *

The door opened; an elderly well-dressed man entered, and advanced towards me. I knew not if he questioned me, nor what I answered. But long and earnestly he looked at me, and in a tone of deep sympathy, "Thank heaven," said he, "reason regains her sway!" A long interval elapsed before it was considered prudent to inform me of the real nature of my situation. I learnt that I was in the fortress of Ingolstadt, and in the hospital for the insane; that I had been found by some Bavarian peasants, who, believing me a violator of the terri-

tory, severely wounded in a skirmish, had conveyed me to the fortress; that my wounds were soon cured, but that I had long remained in a state of mental insensibility, until a physician, newly attached to the establishment, had judged it expedient to pay more than ordinary attention to my case. A newspaper which was placed in my hands, informed me that more than three years had elapsed since my accident. They were lost; and, alas! still more—my character, my station in the service of my country, the good opinion of my superiors—all had vanished! Without hesitation, I discovered myself to the physician, who expressed his readiness to write to my father; adding, that the latter, when informed of my situation, might take measures for my liberation. I gratefully acknowledged my obligations to the benevolent physician, and the letter was despatched.

The answer at length arrived: my father had been dead a year! Hermann, too, was no more! The physician, who was well known in Augsburg, had ascertained that within less than two years from the period of his enlistment the unfortunate man had been carried off by illness. It required no small share of sympathising friendship to support me under such afflicting intelligence. The worthy physician was not deficient on his part, and the commandant did all in his power to render my situation supportable.

My imprisonment had lasted considerably above a year, when one day the cannon of the fortress began to thunder forth their greetings in honour of some high-born personage. A widowed princess of the house of Bavaria, on a journey to some medicinal baths, was passing through the place. Scarcely had the noble lady been conducted to the hotel destined for her reception, when I received a summons to attend her. The commandant received me in the ante-chamber. With a countenance beaming with joy, he informed me that my release was certain, the dowager-duchess Clementina of Bavaria having obtained my liberation from the authorities of the country. The commandant most decidedly disclaimed my thanks as due to him. I felt, however, no doubt that he had presented a petition in my behalf to the duchess, whose benevolent disposition was universally known. I was graciously and kindly received. The duchess ques-

tioned me minutely as to my family connections, and the immediate causes of my misfortunes. Then pointing to an elderly lady who stood near her, she added, "Madame de Golzheim will inform you of some arrangements I have made to facilitate your return into the Prussian states; and when you shall have attained an honourable situation in the service of your king, it will afford me a pleasing recollection that I have been instrumental to your success." Overpowered with gratitude, I withdrew; but Madame de Golzheim accompanied me into the antechamber, where she informed me that the king, displeased at the many abuses committed in the recruiting service, had already replied with expressions of deep displeasure to a petition presented by my relations on my behalf. It was to be expected, therefore, that, immediately on my return, an enquiry into my conduct would be instituted, and that the result would consign me for several years a prisoner to some fortress. To avoid this, the noble duchess had provided me with letters of recommendation to several influential personages at the Prussian court. I was moreover to travel in her suite as far as Gotha, where her journey took another direction. I returned my grateful acknowledgments, though not without a painful sensation of wounded self-love, which revolted at the idea of my return among my comrades as one who had escaped punishment only through the favour and protection of the great. With deep emotion I took leave of my kind protector the commandant, and early on the following morning bade adieu to Ingolstadt.

After an expeditious journey, we arrived at Gotha, where Madame de Golzheim requested me to accompany her on a visit to her brother, Count S—, who resided at his country seat in the neighbourhood, to which he had invited several guests, and amongst them a young female friend of her sister. On our arrival, we learnt that the Count had the evening before set out for Berlin, on receiving a summons from the king. The guests had consequently dispersed, with the exception of Madame de Golzheim's young friend, who, expecting her arrival, had remained behind, but who was then out on a walk. "There is no remedy but patience," said Madame de Golzheim, who had for a considerable time con-

ferred in secret with an elderly domestic: "we must pass away the time as well as we can, till my young friend returns from her walk. The count has, I am informed, engaged a foreign artist to make copies from some of the most celebrated painters. He is now at work in the house. We may, therefore, amuse ourselves by inspecting his performance." Though little inclined to look at pictures, politeness required my assent. We passed into a saloon, in which a painter, with his back towards us, sat at his easel. The sight painfully reminded me of Hermann. When at length, disturbed by the noise of our entrance, the artist rose, and turned towards us — Gracious Heaven! the strange forms which had haunted me in my madness seemed again to glare upon me: — it was Hermann himself! In the deepest agitation he advanced towards me, and received me in his arms. He who has felt the weight of remorse, and who, like me, has in one moment, as if by magic, been released from the cruel burden, — he alone can judge of my feelings, when I again awoke to consciousness and certainty. "But how," exclaimed I, "can miracles happen? — and Agatha?" I ventured to add, not without fear of hearing some disastrous intelligence. "She is mine," replied Hermann. "You shall see her — she shall herself tell you the anxiety your uncertain fate has occasioned us." With these words he drew me down the steps into the park. I was again to see Agatha! but as the wife of another! — Hermann warmly invited me to accompany him to his house; but a servant of Madame de Golzheim previously placed in my hands a letter from that lady, which contained the following: — "The commands of the duchess call me hence. Our journey must be resumed very early to-morrow. I leave you with friends to whom destiny has so unexpectedly reunited you, with the warmest wishes for your future welfare; the promotion of which I have now the consolation to be able to commit to Heaven and the truest friendship."

Hermann and myself now entered a neat country house, and proceeded into a garden, at the farther end of which two ladies were sitting. One rose as we entered, and advanced towards us — it was Agatha. Overpowered by the violence of my feelings, I pressed her hand to my lips, while my looks alone pleaded for

pardon. "All is forgotten," exclaimed she: "evil has turned to good. Be, therefore, the bitter past no more remembered." She now conducted me to the arbour, where her fair companion, whom Hermann introduced as Mademoiselle Feldern, the daughter of the village pastor, had remained. With a feeling for which I found it difficult to account, I gazed on her charming features. She appeared the very ideal of refined sensibility, of bewitching modesty. I was not myself aware how deeply I was lost in the contemplation of this lovely being, till I observed the sly smile on the countenance of Hermann, who at last accompanied me back to the count's residence where, by Madame de Golzheim's desire, an apartment had been prepared for me.

On the following morning the artist proceeded to satisfy my curiosity with regard to his past fate. He had been dragged from Augsburg, his heart a prey to the most bitter pangs, occasioned by my supposed treachery. On his arrival in Berlin, where he was questioned by the authorities, he was at length undeceived. After a protracted confinement, he was released, equipped as a recruit, and sent to drill. The circumstance of his false arrest having been explained, he conceived a hope that he might obtain his discharge from the service into which he had been so unjustly enlisted. In this, however, he was disappointed. His education was evidently superior to that of his comrades; he wrote a good hand, and was therefore considered a desirable recruit. In this situation, Agatha—the gentle Agatha—determined to share his lot. She possessed some jewels which had belonged to her mother. The sale of these defrayed the expenses of her journey to Berlin, and left a surplus, on which, aided by her skill in the finer kinds of needle-work, she might reasonably expect to exist till happier times. The most important step was to obtain Hermann's discharge. This, however, was no easy matter. An ingenious stratagem at length achieved what fair representations had failed to effect. On pretence of sickness, Hermann was transferred to the military hospital, where meagre diet and want of fresh air had nearly reduced him in reality to the condition which he at first so successfully counterfeited. One of the attendants was then induced, for a

considerable bribe, to disinter the body of a soldier, lately deceased, and who in features had borne some resemblance to the painter. In the night the mournful remains were introduced into the hospital; and at the same moment, and by the same window, Hermann escaped. On the following morning his death was reported, whilst he issued in disguise from the Potsdam gate. Shortly afterwards he arrived in safety at Wittenberg, where the nuptial benediction united him to his beloved Agatha. "Your fate," added Hermann, in conclusion of his story, "remained in impenetrable obscurity, till the letter of your physician fell into the hands of your cousin, little Mary, whom you may perhaps remember. Her idea of interesting Madame de Golzheim in your behalf was as happy as its effects have been fortunate. You might have passed many a tedious year in confinement, had not *love* accomplished your liberation."

"Love!" repeated I; "what mean you?" — "Ay," repeated Hermann, "love alone has prompted your cousin to the efforts which she has made for your freedom: a love of the purest description, which is intimately interwoven with her existence, and which, if unreturned, will bring her to the grave. But more of this another time," added he, gaily; and, rising at these words, we sauntered together down the long avenue. At a turn of the walk I perceived Agatha and Mademoiselle Feldern, in company with an elderly lady, whose features, as I advanced, seemed not altogether unknown to me; every instant they called to mind the impressions of my early years—it was herself—my kind aunt, the fosterer of my childhood;—she, too, held back no longer; she hung on my neck, and amidst tears of joy, named me her beloved, lost, recovered child! Hermann and Agatha had disappeared. Mademoiselle Feldern seemed to weep.

"Do you not recollect little Mary, your cousin?" said my aunt.—"Undoubtedly," I exclaimed; "I deeply feel my obligations to that generous girl." — "Then, thank her now; for she stands before you! The strange child insisted on being presented to you under a feigned name. But it is now time to conclude the comedy."

After the lapse of some days passed in the intoxication of happy love, I began

to reflect upon my future lot. I had once more become attached to life. I was no longer a prey to remorse; and the prospect of again lingering in a dungeon was insupportably bitter. It was decided that my aunt and Mary should precede me to Potsdam; and that I should immediately follow. This plan was no sooner formed than executed; and on my arrival I assumed another name, and repaired to the hotel appointed as the place of *rendezvous*. Early the next morning I stood at the window of my chamber, sadly out of humour with my destiny, when sounds of martial music, from the opposite park, fell upon my ear. Unable to resist the force of ancient habit, I hastened into the fresh air, to enjoy the spectacle of a military parade. I was lost in admiration at the aspect of the king, who, though bowed down by the weight of years and bodily sufferings, presided over the exercises of a regiment of the guards, with unabated ardour and skill: my breast swelled with the proud feeling of patriotic pride; and in my reverie, I failed to observe that the troops had at length retired; the king, surrounded by a circle of officers, remaining on the ground. The few spectators of this military show had gradually dispersed: I alone had, unconsciously, remained rooted to the spot, and, buried in thought, riveted my eyes on the quarter whence the last martial sounds had reverberated. A touch, not of the softest description, at length awakened me from my dreams. Looking hastily round, I beheld a gigantic orderly of the guards, who, in a harsh tone, thus addressed me:—"The king must speak with you." I stood petrified, and nothing but the imperious pantomime of the orderly at length urged me forward. With tottering knees I approached the spot where stood the king, who had advanced a little in front of his attendants, and whose eagle eye darted on me a look of the most searching expression.

"Who are you?" was his first question.

"My name is Arend," replied I, in confusion: "I am a student of Halle."

"How came you hither?"—"I am on my way to pass the vacation with my friends at Berlin."

"But what do you *here*?" pointing to the exercise ground.—"A long-cherished

wish to see your majesty's guards induced me to remain."—"Have they pleased you?" asked he, with an ironical smile. I know not to what exclamation of admiration I might have given utterance, but his keen eye scanned me from head to foot, and then remained for a while fixed on my countenance. At length he again accosted me: "You are no student: repair to the quarters of General K—; tell him your name, and your real business." And thereupon, turning his back on me, he returned to the officers; and, followed by them, directed his course towards the palace. After I had collected myself sufficiently to pay obedience to his order, I enquired for the quarters of General K—; and was obliged to wait some time in the orderly room, before he made his appearance. When summoned to his presence, I had had time to form my plan. I mentioned my real name, and gave the general a short sketch of my adventures. He listened to me with astonishment. My liberation by the Duchess Clementina seemed particularly to gratify him: but when, at the close of my tale, I drew forth the packet containing the letters of recommendation given me by the duchess, and delivered it to him with a request that he would immediately destroy the letters, or, at least, not forward them to their respective addresses until the king had decided on my fate, as I wished to leave my case to my sovereign's gracious consideration alone; the general nodded his approbation, locked up the letters in his writing desk, and desired me to return to my hotel, there to wait further instructions.

In the course of a few hours I received an order to the following effect:—

"Lieutenant Von Arnstein will proceed immediately to Berlin, where the colonel of his regiment will communicate to him his majesty's decision on his case."

And thus was I to separate from Mary with a heart full of fearful expectation. She promised to follow me with my aunt next day; and I set out on my disconsolate pilgrimage towards the capital.

Early the next morning I stood before my colonel. He smiled in a friendly manner, and said:—

"It is the pleasure of the king that you should resume your rank in the regiment, participate in any promotion that

may have taken place, and receive all arrears of pay. But I am at the same time charged to recommend to you in future to combine with your zeal in the execution of your duty, the necessary moderation and discretion."

I vowed *that* with joyful heart, and my long career can testify that I have

kept my word. Mary, when she heard of this happy change in my circumstances, sank, with tears of joy, upon my breast. An indissoluble bond shortly united us; and a lengthened course of unchecked felicity has more than compensated for my earlier years of suffering and disgrace.

T. H.

MUSICAL CIPHER.

VARIOUS attempts have, on different occasions, been made to render music available as an auxiliary to the progress of art and science. Porta and other physicians even recommended it as a universal panacea for the cure of every known or unknown disorder; and in modern days it serves as a language of signals, of incontestable utility in the communication of naval and military intelligence. It is, perhaps, not generally known, that towards the middle of the eighteenth century, a musical professor at Lyons, named Audibert, conceived the idea of employing the notes of music as ciphers for the transmission of diplomatic despatches. In the month of February, 1746, the professor addressed to the then French minister for foreign affairs a letter, accompanied with some comments, on the discovery, to which he appeared to attach no slight importance; adding, that the necessity of his daily exertions for the support of a numerous family alone prevented him from waiting on the minister, and personally disclosing his grand secret.

The memorial annexed to Audibert's letter bears the following curious title:—"Plan of a newly-discovered Cipher, with Instructions for expressing by the Notes of Music all that can be communicated by the Use of Alphabetical Letters in any European language." Audibert's memorial, however, contained no explanation of his secret, which was reserved for the minister's ear alone, and that, solely in case actual proof were previously obtained by the inventor, of the munificence of the French government. But in the event of his offers being rejected, the professor, whose confidence in his own merit seems to have been unbounded, declares his resolution

of carrying his secret to the grave. With regard to the impossibility of discovering the mechanical arrangement of his cipher, he thus expresses himself:—"Few people," observes he, "can imagine that a minuet, a saraband, an adagio, an allegro, &c., with which a hundred different ciphers are intermingled, can afford the means of transmitting important intelligence. The *Sieur Audibert* is ready to submit his secret to the test of examination. He maintains that the first musicians of France, the most eminent men in the art of deciphering, will be unable to find the key to his cipher, even though they should have before them the original of the communication secretly conveyed through his notes," &c.

The sequel proved that the poor professor's confidence in the infallibility of his discovery was unfounded; the first musical epistle which he forwarded to the minister as a specimen having been analysed and deciphered with the greatest facility. This beginning was unfortunate; wherefore in due time the *Sieur Audibert* received an official letter, informing him that musical ciphers (many of which had been presented to the government) being considered rather curious than useful, and being unsuitable for ordinary occasions, the minister could only thank him for the offer of his services, and commend his loyalty and zeal.

The letter and memorial, addressed by Audibert to the minister; the analysis of his system, the translation of his musical cipher, and the minister's answer, are to be found in a manuscript collection now in the royal library of Paris. The existence of these documents has hitherto escaped the notice of the curious in such matters.

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

MUSIC.

PATRIOTIC SONGS, dedicated to the King.
By Misses Agnes and Susanna Strickland. Music by Green.

THE above volume is very tastefully got up, and does great credit to the fair composers, whose patriotism none can doubt. They well deserve the approbation which we are informed His Majesty has bestowed upon them. We wish we could say as much for the music as for the poetry: indeed the composer does not seem very happy in his effort on this occasion; and we regret it the more, as it in several places destroys the force and meaning of the words. We can, nevertheless, recommend the book to all lovers of the style of Dibdin.

O'ERPICTURED HOPES AND PARTED DAYS.
Music by John Bird, Esq. Green.

WE have received a copy of the above, and know not which to condemn most, the words or music, as they are both unworthy of publication; more particularly the latter. It appears to us that the immense profit attached to writing music induces many to make the attempt who are wholly unqualified for the task. In these times of reform, we may take the opportunity of observing, that were some spirited individual to publish songs at about one third less than the present exorbitant price, the speculation might prove a good one.

DE CLIFFORD'S BRIDE.—The words of this song are romantic and pretty. The music, although badly arranged, is far above the general productions of the present day. We may recommend it to our fair readers as a song not unworthy a place in their portfolio.

DRAWING-ROOM LYRICS. *Seven Songs, written by P. W. N. Bayley, Esq.; composed by J. Green. Green. London.*

THIS is an appropriate offering to the vocal portion of our fair readers. The poetry is of a light and graceful character,
VOL. IV.

and perfectly in unison with the title. "*Drawing-Room Lyrics*" are not of a nature to challenge the terrors of critical severity, even if they appeared in a less pleasing shape; but we should find some difficulty in dealing ungenially with Mr. Bayley's songs, even were we so disposed. "*The Mother's Lullaby*" is very pretty, and "*They say she is laid in the cold, cold earth*" will be a favourite with most amateurs. The music is in Green's best style, and very suitable to the poetry.

The volume is excellently got up, and both in its embellishments and tasteful binding, does credit to the publisher.

THE GARDENS AND MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. Volume Second. — Birds. Tilt.

WE have in two separate notices done justice to the former volume of this excellent work, which has the rare quality of advancing in merit towards the conclusion. We consider the plates of the birds superior in natural delineation and spirited engraving to those of the quadrupeds in the preceding volume. In support of this opinion we would direct the attention of the reader to the plates of the emeus and their young, the wild turkey, and most of the eagles. The literary portion is highly interesting, particularly the history of the wild turkey, of the sociable vulture, and the Arici toucan. From the description of the marabou stork we extract, as peculiarly interesting to the ladies, an account of their favourite plumes:—

The three species of gigantic storks furnish, in more or less perfection, the beautiful plumes, superior in estimation even to those of the ostrich, known by the name of marabous: those of the Indian species are far superior to the others. The tail is black, and the under parts, which furnish the celebrated plumes, pure white. In the Argala, these plumes are frequently of a greyish slate colour; but a similar variation has not yet been observed in the African species. On the other hand, the white of the latter is by no means so beautifully clear and brilliant as that which has obtained for the finest Indian plumes the first place in the estimation of connoisseurs.

To this we beg leave to add, that from the breast and body feathers of the gigantic Indian stork, commonly called at Calcutta the adjutant, are made those elegant feather muffs and boas so highly prized by the belles of the present day. When imported from India, they are wholly without wadding; the muffs, which are lined with shorter feathers, are so light that they can scarcely be felt on the arm. They are worn during the yearly cessation of heat which the fair residents at Calcutta call winter.

NATURE DISPLAYED: A new and infallible Method of acquiring Languages.

By N. G. Dufief. Twelfth Edition. J. and C. Adlard, &c.

It may be imagined that a system adopted at Harrow and Rugby, and books which have reached the twelfth edition, can scarcely need our approval to assist their popularity; the author, however, is aware, that to no species of literature do we more earnestly direct our attention than to that connected with education. Our periodical being devoted to British ladies, we are proud to assist mothers in their most sacred duty — the cultivation of their children's minds; on the right direction of which, the general welfare of society depends.

The speaking and hearing part of every language, we well know, is chiefly mechanical. M. Dufief follows nature, by teaching it mechanically, in opposition to the practice of most other teachers: he has, therefore, begun at the right end of tuition. An extract from his first volume will explain his method: —

We now arrive at a very interesting and most important exercise, to which I earnestly solicit attention. It consists in the Master communicating to the Class, in the following manner, short French phrases, founded on each of the ten words which have been just recited.

Master — *on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver à Londres*; Class repeat simultaneously and loudly — *on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver à Londres*. The Master then informs the Class that he will call out the meaning of the above sentence in English, which they are to listen to with attention, but not to repeat after him. Master (loudly and distinctly) — *I was told that he had just arrived at London*. The Master, having uttered this sentence, proceeds to repeat the phrase — *on m'a dit*

qu'il venait d'arriver à Londres, which the Class repeat once more after him — *on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver à Londres*. The Master proceeds to break into detached parts the French sentence, and the English translation; the Class repeating only the French, as follows: Master — *on m'a dit*; Class — *on m'a dit*. Master — *I was told*; Class (the French only) — *on m'a dit*. Master — *qu'il venait d'arriver*; Class — *qu'il venait d'arriver*. Master — that he had just arrived; Class — *qu'il venait d'arriver*. Master — *à Londres*; Class *à Londres*. Master — at London; Class — *à Londres*.

The Master, in order to ascertain what degree of attention has been paid by every individual of the Class, and to impress the above sentence on the memory more forcibly, proceeds to particularise it again in the following manner: he will tell the Class that every one of them should look at him during the whole of this process; he will then fix his eyes on one of the pupils, who is to answer him, and who is immediately informed, as well as the whole Class, that, whatever French words are uttered, he is to repeat them, and then the English of them, previously pronounced by the Master, and also the French a second time; and, as soon as that is done, the whole Class, upon hearing some preconceived signal, (the stroke of a small hammer, for instance,) must echo the part of the French sentence spoken by the Scholar. The Class should also be informed that they must repeat, in a low tone, the part of the French sentence when first uttered by the Master; but this will be better understood by putting it into practice. Master — *on m'a dit*; Scholar loud, and Class low, — *on m'a dit*, I have been told, *on m'a dit*. Master strikes: Class (loud and simultaneously) — *on m'a dit*. The Master then fixes his eyes on another Scholar, and says — *qu'il venait d'arriver*; Scholar loud, and Class low, — *qu'il venait d'arriver*, that he had just arrived, *qu'il venait d'arriver*. Master strikes: Class — *qu'il venait d'arriver*. The Master fixes his eyes on a third Scholar, and says, *à Londres*; Scholar loud, and Class low, — *à Londres*, at London, *à Londres*. Master strikes: Class repeat — *à Londres*.

In order that this phrase should be engraved on the memory of each scholar, so deeply as to render it next to impossible that time or circumstance should ever erase it; the master will have recourse to an exercise so powerful that it can scarcely fail to accomplish the purpose. The plan may be thus exemplified. Each pupil being ready with his slate and slate-pencil, the Master will again repeat the phrase — *on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver à Londres*; the Class will echo — *on m'a dit*

qu'il venait d'arriver à Londres. The Master says — on; Class on. Master — o; Class (write on the slate, and say aloud) — o. Master — n; Class n. Master — on; Class — on. Master — m'a; Class — m'a. Master — m' apostrophe; Class — m' apostrophe. Master — a; Class — a. Master — m'a; Class — m'a. Master — on m'a; Class (read from their slates, loud and simultaneously) — on m'a. Master — dit; Class — dit. Master — d; Class — d. Master — i; Class — i. Master — t; Class — t. Master — dit; Class — dit. Master — on m'a dit; Class — on m'a dit. Master — qu'il; Class — qu'il. Master — q; Class — q. Master — u' apostrophe; Class — u' apostrophe. Master — i; Class — i. Master — l; Class — l. Master — qu'il; Class — qu'il. Master — on m'a dit qu'il; Class — on m'a dit qu'il. Master — venait; Class — venait. Master — v; Class — v. Master — e; Class — e. Master — ve; Class — ve. The Master will observe to the Class that every syllable of the words written on the slate must be connected by a *trait-d'union*. The class will therefore immediately place it after *ve*. Master — n; Class — n. Master — a; Class — a. Master — i; Class — i. Master — l Class — l. Master — venait; Class — venait. Master — on m'a dit qu'il venait; Class (from their slates) — on m'a dit qu'il venait. Master — d'arriver; Class — d'arriver. Master — d' apostrophe; Class — d' apostrophe. Master — a; Class — a. Master — d'a; Class — d'a. Master — double rr; Class — double rr. Master — i; Class — i. Master — rri; Class — rri. Master — d'arri; Class — d'arri. Master — v; Class — v. Master — e; Class — e. Master — r; Class — r. Master — ver; Class — ver. Master — d'arriver; Class — d'arriver. Master — on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver; Class (loud and simultaneously, from their slates,) — on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver. Master — à, accent grave; Class — à, accent grave. The Master will call out to the Class *soulignez à* (underline à) which they will immediately do. Master on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver à; Class — on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver à. Master — Londres; Class — Londres. Master — I, lettre majuscule; Class — I, lettre majuscule. Master — o; Class — o. Master — n; Class

— n. Master — Lon; Class — Lon. Master — d; Class — d. Master — r; Class — r. Master — e; Class — e. Master — s; Class — s. Master — dres; Class — dres. Master — Londres; Class — Londres. Master — on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arriver à Londres; Class (from their slates) — on m'a dit qu'il venait d'arri-ver à Lon-dres. The Master will apply this process, which has been described so minutely, to every phrase formed on ten words just recited.*

The first volume is devoted to the development of the system: it contains an alphabetical vocabulary of various words, classed according to the parts of speech; and examples of their variation (a plan that meets our highest approbation), conversation phrases, a collection of idiomatical and proverbial phrases, and an easy *Lecteur Français*. The second contains the conjugation of verbs, Syntax made easy, and a *Lecteur Français* drawn from higher sources. ♦

We think that a literal translation, as well as a parallel sentence, ought to have accompanied all idiomatical and proverbial phrases. We do not think any thing is well remembered that is not thoroughly understood; and we have, in the review of a work by another author, expressed our approval of the dissection of idioms. If a child learn the following sentence, with the English *as a translation* to the French, will he not be inclined to apply detached parts of the phrases very oddly? —

Ce jeune homme est réglé comme un papier de musique :

This young man is as regular as clockwork.

In consequence of M. Dufief's extreme economy of teachers, there can be little individual explanation: therefore, will not a dull but well-meaning child have a very comical association of ideas relating to music-paper, and clockwork? And, perhaps, following mechanically M. Dufief's excellent plan of variation of sentences, the scholar may be induced to transplant

* The attentive reader cannot fail to observe, that in these exercises the French occurs many more times than the English; and that, throughout the System, the English is employed as little as possible: the reason for this is founded upon the principle, that the less the organs of speech are put into motion by native sounds, the sooner they become adapted, or, as it were, moulded, to the sounds of the language which is the object of study. The ears of the learners soon become, if I may use the expression, completely saturated with French sounds; and this is one of the circumstances which concur in promoting wonderfully the progress of those who learn by this plan: so true it is that the simplest means are generally the most powerful.

such phrases in the most laughable manner into conversation. Candour obliges us to own that the author, by the use of Italics, has pointed out the words which cause the sentences to clash; yet is not this as if, where several roads meet, a passenger were forewarned by a finger-post—"This is a wrong road," but without receiving the slightest intimation of the place to which it leads? There is nothing we more earnestly recommend in tuition than the dissection and analysis of idioms, whether they are proverbial, metaphysical*, or such as convey lively ideas to the mind, under what appears to a foreigner a difficult arrangement of words; as the following:—

Allons, courage; *la milà qui revient à elle.*
Come cheer up; *she is recovering her senses.*

De quelle part vient il?
Who sent him?

Je n'ai que faire de votre argent.
I do not want your money at all.

Qu' a-t-il à jeter les hauts cris?
What ails him that he complains so loudly?

We repeat, that translations, as well as parallel sentences, ought to accompany all such examples of idioms, or the ideas of the learner remain confused and indefinite.

To sum up our examination of M. Dufief's plan, we consider that his mode of tuition lays a most admirable foundation for the acquirement of languages; one that never was surpassed—perhaps, never equalled. His books are equally instructive to the teacher in the art of teaching, as to the pupil in that of learning. In saying this, we bestow no slight praise; for, in most works of the kind, the first is an object that does not receive the slightest consideration. Nevertheless, we cannot allow our numerous friends who superintend the education of their own children, or that of others, to consider French tuition finished when M. Dufief has done with his pupils. They will, it is true, be able to speak French intrepidly, hear it clearly, and write it correctly; but, to establish that intimate literary taste for the language (without which, or constant colloquial practice, an acquired language soon fades from the memory), we would advise M. Dufief's highest class to be broken into smaller divisions,

consisting of ten or fifteen, and each to be placed under the tuition of an intelligent teacher, who would read with the pupils, and open their minds to the beauties of French literature. Thus would our only objection to M. Dufief's plan be obviated, viz. that the enormous size of the classes cuts off all intellectual communication between pupil and teacher: however desirable such a system may be in the elementary branches, it is greatly detrimental to the finishing work of instruction.

DIVINES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
Nos. XIV. and XV. *Jeremy Taylor,*
Vols. II. and III. A. J. Valpy.

"AY, Sir, there were giants in those days," was the remark of George III. to a learned person in his court who was praising the writings of this great divine. The justice of the single-hearted monarch's terse criticism will be generally known, as Mr. Valpy's excellent press unfolds the rich treasures of Jeremy Taylor's works; which, much as they are celebrated, are more universally talked of than read; more known in extracts than as a whole: and that not from the want of a desire to read, but literally from the want of books. As unbelievers, of good literary taste, often read the Bible, to enjoy the high relish of its poetical beauties, so many modern men of genius, who would not, on any account, read a book of devotion for the sake of edification, will dwell with delight on the pages of Jeremy Taylor, through admiration of his sublime eloquence, his keen observation, his sparkling wit, lofty poetry, and deep learning. The last qualification is, indeed, his chief fault in the eyes of a Christian reader; for it is rather more apparent than needful in his style: yet so captivating is that style to every class of readers, that we can scarcely wish it to be other than it is. In the present volume we find, among other sermons, that beautiful series, "On the good and evil Tongue:" many of its precepts are admirably adapted to increase the happiness of society in general. For the purposes of utility, as well as to show the powers of the author, we give the following extracts:

Do not many men talk themselves into anger, screwing up themselves with dialogues of fancy, till they forget the company and

* The idioms of a cultivated people are often highly poetical; proverbs, however hackneyed and vulgarised, are frequently expressed with the truest feeling of poetry.

themselves? And some men hate to be contradicted or interrupted, or to be discovered in their folly; and some men being a little conscious, and not striving to amend by silence, they make it worse by discourse; a long story of themselves, — a tedious praise of another, collaterally to do themselves advantage, — a declamation against a sin to undo the person, or oppress the reputation, of their neighbour, — unseasonable repetition of that which neither profits nor delights, — trifling contentions about a goat's beard, or the blood of an oyster, — anger and animosity, spite and rage, — scorn and reproach begun on questions which concern neither of the litigants, — fierce disputations, — strivings for what is past, and what shall never be: these are the events of the loose and unwary tongue; which are like flies and gnats on the margin of a pool; they do not sting like an asp, or bite deep as a bear; yet they can vex a man into a fever and impatience, and make him incapable of rest and counsel.

A cheerful spirit is the best convoy for religion; and though sadness does in some cases become a Christian, as being an index of a pious mind, of compassion, and a wise, proper resentment of things, yet it serves but one end, being useful in the only instance of repentance; and hath done its greatest works, not when it weeps and sighs, but when it hates and grows careful against sin. But cheerfulness, and a festival spirit, fill the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts, it makes and publishes glorifications of God, it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity: and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about: and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy, does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys, concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbour's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all.

But when the jest hath teeth and nails, biting or scratching our brother; when it is loose and wanton; when it is unseasonable; and much, or many; when it serves ill purposes, or spends better time; then it is the drunkenness of the soul, and makes the spirit fly away, seeking for a temple where the mirth and the music are solemn and religious.

But, above all the abuses which ever dis-

honoured the tongues of men, nothing more deserves the whip of an exterminating angel, or the stings of scorpions, than profane jesting: which is a bringing of the Spirit of God to partake of the follies of a man; as if it were not enough for a man to be a fool, but the wisdom of God must be brought into those horrible scenes. He that makes a jest of the words of Scripture, or of holy things, plays with thunder, and kisses the mouth of a cannon just as it belches fire and death; he stakes heaven at spurn-point, and trips cross and pile whether ever he shall see the face of God or no; he laughs at damnation, while he had rather lose God than lose his jest; nay (which is the horror of all), he makes a jest of God himself, and the Spirit of the Father and the Son to become ridiculous. Some men use to read Scripture on their knees, and many with their heads uncovered, and all good men with fear and trembling, with reverence and grave attention. "Search the Scriptures, for therein ye hope to have life eternal;" and "All Scripture is written by inspiration of God, and is fit for instruction, for reproof, for exhortation, for doctrine," not for jesting; but he that makes that use of it, had better part with his eyes in jest, and give his heart to make a tennis-ball; and, that I may speak the worst thing in the world of it, it is as like the material part of the sin against the Holy Ghost, as jeering of a man is to abusing him; and no man can use it but he that wants wit and manners, as well as he wants religion.

The third instance of vain, trifling conversation and immoderate talking is, revealing secrets; which is a dismantling and rending of the robe from the privacies of human intercourse; and it is worse than denying to restore that which was intrusted to our charge; for this not only injures his neighbour's right, but throws it away, and exposes it to his enemy; it is a denying to give a man his own arms, and delivering them to another, by whom he shall suffer mischief. He that intrusts a secret to his friend, goes thither as to a sanctuary, and to violate the rites of that is sacrilege, and profanation of friendship, which is the sister of religion, and the mother of secular blessing; a thing so sacred, that it changes a kingdom into a church, and makes interest to be piety, and justice to become religion. But this mischief grows according to the subject-matter and its effect; and the tongue of a babler may crush a man's bones, or break his fortune on her own wheel: and whatever the effect be, yet of itself it is the betraying of a trust, and, by reproach, oftentimes passes on to intolerable calamities, like a criminal to his scaffold through the execrable gates of cities; and, though it is infinitely worse that the secret is

laid open out of spite or treachery, yet it is more foolish when it is discovered for no other end but to serve the itch of talking, or to seem to know, or to be accounted worthy of a trust.

The sermon entitled "The Duties of the Tongue" inculcates a strong lesson on the necessity of using delicacy and tenderness in reproof. How many people who deem themselves actuated by the best motives, yet seize every opportunity of venting the whole effervescence of a splenetic and detracting temper on a friend or relative suddenly overwhelmed with calamity! What numbers of broken hearts, of wounded spirits, and even of suicides, might be spared, were the following excellent observations duly considered:—

Use not liberty of reproof in the days of sorrow and affliction; for the calamity itself is enough to chastise the gaieties of sinning persons, and to bring them to repentance: it may be sometimes fit to insinuate the mention of the cause of that sorrow, in order to repentance, and a cure; but severe and biting language is then out of season, and it is like putting vinegar to an inflamed and smarting eye: it increases the anguish, and tempts unto impatience. In the accidents of a sad person, we must do as nurses to their falling children, snatch them up and still their cryings, and entertain their passion with some delightful avocation; but chide not then, when the sorrowful man needs to be refreshed. When Crates, the cynic, met Demetrius Phalereus in his banishment and trouble, he went to him and spoke to him friendly, and used his philosophy in the ministries of comfort, and taught him to bear his trouble nobly, and so wrought on the criminal and wild Demetrius; and he moved him to repentance, who, if he had been chidden, as he expected, would have scorned the manners of the cynic, and hated his presence and institution.

Avoid all the evil appendages of this liberty; for since to reprove a sinning brother is, at the best, but an unwelcome and invidious employment, though it may also be understood to be full of charity; yet, therefore, we must not make it to be hateful by adding reproach, scorn, violent expressions, scurrility, derision, or bitter invectives. Jerome invited Epicharmus to supper; and he, knowing that Jerome had unfortunately killed his friend, replied to his invitation, *Atqui nuper cum amicis immolares, non vorasti*, "I think I may come; for when thou didst sacrifice thy friends, thou didst not devour them." This was a bitter sarcasm, and might, with more prudence and charity, have

been avoided. They that intend charitably and conduct wisely, take occasions and proper seasons of reproof; they do it by way of question and similitude, by narrative and apoloques, by commending something in him that is good, and discommending the same fault in other persons, by way that may disgrace that vice, and preserve the reputation of the man. Some use to mingle praises with their reprehensions, and to invite their friend's patience to endure remedy, by ministering some pleasure with their medicine; for as no wise man can well endure to be praised by him that knows not how to dispraise and to reprove, so neither will they endure to be reproved by him that knows not how to praise; for reproof from such a man betrays too great a love of himself, and an illiberal spirit.

In the third volume, the beautiful sermons entitled "The Serpent and the Dove," and "The Foolish Exchange," are well deserving attention.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, &c. *Tales from the German of Tieck.* Moxon.

It is long since we have opened a genuine work from the German with all its metaphysical dreaminess and ghostly romance. Germanised English romance is fashionable enough; but since the stars of Schiller, Goethe, and Kotzebue have set, no one but Fouqué has succeeded to the magic sceptres vacated or resigned by these potent enchanters.

We trace much of the national mannerism of German romance in this translation, which, despite of verbal faults and affectations too numerous to mention, is a work of genius; indeed, it possesses more genius and imagination than talent and clever arrangement. The story of the first tale is carelessly put together,—evidently for the purpose of throwing out a variety of fanciful and sometimes beautiful opinions on the mystery of human existence, and the usages and customs of society: at one moment the reader laughs at some flighty absurdity, while at the next he is presented with some trait no less touching than true. The Old Man of the Mountain is a sort of benevolent misanthrope, resident on the Hartz. The Lovecharm is likewise a vehicle for fanciful theories: the story is horrible and unsatisfactory. Those who delight in diablerie will really revel in the tale of Pietro of Abano; for the author has

there forgotten all his dreamy philosophy, and written a thorough-going romance. From this tale we give the following extract : —

The nightingale began singing before his window, and he saw that it was blowing hard and raining : his fondness for the bird made him take it in, and set it atop of a high old wardrobe. He clambered up, and was leaning over to place the cage steadily, when the chain from which the portrait of his beloved was hanging broke, and the picture slid to the wall and down behind the old chest. The unhappy are terrified by the veriest trifles : he got down hastily to seek for his darling treasure. He stooped down to the ground, but his search was in vain ; it was not to be seen beneath the large heavy cabinet. Everything, whether of great or little moment, in his life, seemed to be persecuting him, as it were, under some spell. He shoved at the old piece of furniture, and tried to push it out of its place ; but it was fastened to the wall. His impatience grew more vehement with every hinderance. He seized an old iron bar which he found in the anteroom, and laboured with all his strength to move the wardrobe ; and at last, after much heaving and wrenching, and a hundred fruitless efforts, it gave way with a loud cracking, as if an iron cramp or chain had snapped. The cabinet now, by degrees, came forward, and Antonio was at length able to squeeze himself in between it and the wall. He immediately saw his beloved portrait ; it was lying upon the broad knob of a door, which jutted out of the wall. He kist it, and turned the handle, which yielded. A door opened ; and he resolved to push the great wardrobe somewhat further away, and to explore this strange matter ; for he thought the owner of the house himself could hardly be acquainted with this secret passage, which had been concealed with so much care, and, as it appeared, for so long a time. When he had gained a little more room, he saw that, behind the door, there was a narrow winding staircase. He went down a few steps ; the thickest darkness came round him. He descended lower and still lower ; the stairs seemed to lead down almost to the bottom of the house. He was on the point of returning, when he struck against a stoppage ; for the flight of steps was now at an end. As he groped up and down in the darkness, his hand hit on a brass ring, which he pulled, and instantly the wall opened, and a red glow streamed into his face. Before he passed through, he examined the door, and found that a spring, which the ring had set in motion, had driven it back. He put it to, and stepped cautiously into the room. It was covered with costly red tapestry ; purple cur-

tains of heavy silk hung down before the windows ; a bed of brilliant scarlet, embroidered with gold, rose in the middle of the room. Everything was still ; no sound was heard from the street ; the windows looked into a small garden. A painful anxiety came over the youth as he stood in the midst of the chamber ; he listened attentively, and at length seemed to hear the low whisper of a breath, as from a sleeper. With throbbing heart, he turned round, and went forward, to spy whether any one was upon the bed ; he spread open the silken hangings, and — he thought he must be in a dream ; for before him lay, pale as a corpse, but in a sweet slumber, the form of his beloved Crescentia. Her bosom heaved visibly ; something like a slight blush had tinged her pale lips, which were softly closed, quivering imperceptibly, as a gentle smile, ever and anon, flitted over them. Her hair was loose, and lay in dark heavy locks upon her shoulders ; her dress was white, with a golden clasp at her girdle. For a long time, Antonio stood lost in gazing ; at last, as if driven by a supernatural power, he snatched the lovely white hand, and began to pull up the sleeper by force. She started a plaintive cry forth ; and, frightened by it, he let go the arm again, which dropt languidly upon the pillow. But the dream so seemed it) had flown away ; the net of sleep, which had held the wonderous form inclosed, was rent asunder : and as clouds and mists move along the side of the hills on the gentle morning breeze, in wavy forms, and now rise and now sink again, so the slumberer began to stir, stretch herself as if powerless, and, in slow and graceful motions, seemed striving to emerge from her sleep. Her arms raised themselves ; so that the broad sleeves fell back, and displayed their full beauteous roundness ; her hands folded themselves, and then dropt down again ; the head arose, and the bright neck lifted itself freely up ; but the eyes were still fast closed ; the black tresses fell over the face, but the long taper fingers stroaked them back. Now the fair one was sitting quite upright ; she crost her arms over her breast, heaved a hard sigh, and on a sudden her large eyes stood wide open and glancing.

She gazed at the youth, but it was as though she saw him not ; she shook her head ; then she graspt the gold tassel which was fastened to the top of the bed, lifted herself strongly up, and the tall slender form was now standing on its feet, raised up on high in the midst of the scarlet drapery. She then stepped safely and firmly down from the couch, walkt a few paces up to Antonio, who had drawn back, and with a childish exclamation of surprise, as when children are suddenly gladdened by a new plaything, she laid her

hand upon his shoulder, smiled lovelily upon him, and cried with a soft voice — “ Antonio ! ”

But he, pierced through and through with fear, and horror, and joy, and amazement, and the deepest pity, knew not whether to fly from her, to embrace her, to cast himself at her feet, or to melt away in tears, and die. That was the selfsame sound which, of yore, he had heard so often and with such delight, at which his whole heart had turned round. “ Thou livest ! ” he cried, with a voice which the swell of his feelings stifled.

The sweet smile that had mounted from her pale lips over her cheeks, even into her radiant eyes, suddenly split, and froze into a stiff expression of the deepest, most unutterable woe. Antonio could not endure the glance of those eyes : he covered his face with his hands, and shrieked — “ Art thou a ghost ? ”

The figure came still closer, pressed down his arms with her hands, so that his face lay bare ; and said, with a gently fluttering voice — “ No ; look at me. I am not dead ; and yet I live not. Give me that cup there.”

A fragrant liquid was floating in the crystal vessel. He held it out to her, trembling : she set it to her mouth, and sipped the drink by slow draughts. “ Alas ! my poor Antonio ! ” she then said : “ I will only borrow these earthly powers that I may disclose the most monstrous of crimes to thee ; that I may beseech thy aid ; that I may prevail on thee to help me to that rest after which all my feelings so fervently yearn.”

She had sunk back into the arm-chair, and Antonio was sitting at her feet. “ Hellish arts,” she again began, “ have seemingly awakened me from death. The same man whom my inexperienced youth honoured as an apostle, is a spirit of darkness : he gave me this shadow of life. He loves me, as he says. How my heart shrank back from him when my awakening eye beheld him ! I sleep, I breathe ; I may, if I choose, be restored to life altogether (so that wicked man has promised me), if I will give myself up to him with my whole heart — if, in secret concealment, I will let him become my husband . . . O, Antonio, how hard is every word to me — every thought ! All his art crumbles before my longing for death. It was frightful, when my spirit, already at rest, with new visions already unfolding before it, was summoned back so cruelly out of its calm peace. My body was already a stranger to me — a hostile and hateful thing. I came back, like the freed slave, to chains and a dungeon. Help me, my true lover — save me ! ”

“ How ? ” said Antonio. “ Oh, God in Heaven ! what have I lived to ! — in what a state do I find thee again ! And thou canst

not, mayst not, return to life altogether ? — thou canst not again be mine — again be thy parents' dear child ? ”

“ Impossible ! ” cried Crescentia, with a tone of anguish ; and her paleness became yet whiter from dismay. “ Alas ! — Life ! — how can any one seek it again who has once been set free from it ? Thou, my poor Antonio, conceivest not the deep longing, the love, the rapture, wherewith I think upon death, and pant for it. Even more intensely than of yore I loved thee ; even more fervently than my lips at the Easter festival pined for the holy wafer, do I now yearn for death. Then I shall love thee more freely and more wholly in God ; then I shall be given back to my parents. Then I shall live ; formerly I was dead ; now I am a cloud and a shadow — a riddle to myself and to thee. Alas ! when thy love and our youth have gleamed in upon me in my present state — when I have heard my well-known nightingale from above pouring her song into my loneliness — what a sweet shuddering, what a dark joy and pain have then rippled through the dusk of my being ! O, help me to get loose from this chain.”

“ What can I do for thee ? ” asked Antonio.

Her talking had again broken the strength of the apparition : she paused awhile, with closed eyelids ; then she spake faintly — “ Alas ! if I could go into a church, if I could be present when the Lord is lifted up, and appears to the congregation in the sacrament, then, in that blessed moment, I should die of rapture.”

“ What should hinder me,” said Antonio, “ from informing against the villain, and delivering him up to the tribunals and to the inquisition ? ”

“ No ! no ! no ! ” groaned the figure, in the greatest terror : “ thou dost not know him ; he is too mighty ; he would make his escape, and again tear me to him within the circle of his wickedness. Quietly, and by silence alone can we succeed : he must feel secure. A chance has brought thee to me : thou must make him believe himself quite safe, and keep everything secret.”

The youth collected his senses ; he talked much with his former betrothed. But speaking became more and more difficult to her ; her eyelids dropt down ; she drank once more of the wonderous potion ; then she made him lead her to the couch. “ Farewell ! ” she said, as if already in a dream : “ do not forget me.” She mounted upon the bed, laid herself gently down ; her hands searched for the crucifix, which she kissed with her eyes closed ; then she held out her hand to her lover, and beckoned him away, as she stretched herself out to sleep. Antonio gazed

at her awhile ; then, with the spring, he shut the invisible door again, crept back up the narrow winding stairs to his chamber, fixt the wardrobe in its old place, and burst into hot tears as the song of the nightingale welcomed him with the swell of its mournful notes. He, too, loured for death ; and only wisht, beforehand, to release her who, but a few days since, was to have been his earthly bride, from her marvellous and awful state.

We cannot lay aside this book without condemning the manner in which the style is deformed by the affected mode of spelling : the author ends every verb in the preterite with *t* instead of *ed* ; as *reproacht, furbisht, ceast, talkt, walkt*, in the place of *reproached, furnished, ceased, talked, walked*. The English language, it is true, has a few corrupted verbs that end legitimately thus ; but, by all orthographists, they are considered a reproach and blot on the language. Many other words are printed very oddly ; as *uprove, light*, for *uproar* and *height*.

JOURNAL DE L'ACADEMIE D'HORTICULTURE. *Monthly Periodical*. Nos. I., II., III., IV. Paris.

We are far in advance of our Parisian neighbours as regards horticulture, both in theory and practice ; nevertheless, the universality of the French language renders such a work as the present an object of interest to every naturalist in Great Britain, as it is the general receptacle, through French translations, of horticultural proceedings in the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy ; whose languages are far less familiar to the British cultivator. It is singular that with such facilities of soil and climate, gardening is so little the passion of the French. While floriculture and botany are amongst the most refined accomplishments of English ladies, the Parisian belle is contented with doating in sentimental fashion on her bouquet, but remains in perfect ignorance of the natural history of her flowers. There are no cottage window flowers in France, and few cottage gardens. Till lately, the science of botany and horticulture was confined to a few learned men ; but since the French have taken a high national pride in their beautiful garden-cemetery of Père la Chaise, gardening has gradually become a favourite occupation, amongst all classes in the neighbourhood of Paris ; hence the work under review. It is our

bounden duty to give our fair readers notice of any novelty in continental literature that may assist them in the pursuit of horticulture ; which so delightfully combines utility and amusement, and in which for once fashion and worth are happily united. The English subscribers to the French Journal of Horticulture must expect to find half of it, at least, made up of translations from Mr. Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, and other English works of the same kind ; nevertheless, it contains much to repay the reader and translator, particularly a very interesting account of a beautiful variety of white double Camellia, raised from seed ripened at Nantes by M. Hectot. We select a few other passages that appear new and useful :—

METHOD OF PROCURING DWARF DAHLIAS.

M. Deschiens, a distinguished horticulturist of Versailles, has communicated his mode of obtaining beautiful dwarf varieties of this flower. As soon as the dahlias spring up (after the roots are planted ; to the height of six or eight inches, the gardener must crush them down to the earth with his heel, and before the shoots spring again they must be replanted either in the border or in pots. In June they will reach the height of two or three feet, but will never grow higher ; they will be entirely covered with flowers, rather smaller than usual it is true, but not the less beautiful. To reduce the plant to fifteen inches in height when the principal stalk springs the second time, it must be cut to half the height and some notches cut under the leaflet buds, whence will spring many branches bearing a great profusion of miniature flowers two or three weeks later than usual, but exceedingly perfect ; by this means dahlias are made window flowers, and are very ornamental in Paris. The method is likewise useful where dahlias are planted in graduated stages.

The French Horticultural Journal likewise communicates the method of increasing double Dahlias by means of slips ; but as that account in the course of the spring made the tour of the English periodical press, and was also mentioned by our Magazine a twelvemonth ago in a biography of flowers, with other peculiarities of the Dahlia, we forbear repeating it, and proceed to greater novelties.

BLUE CHERRIES.

This is a delicious variety with blue juice, raised in Holland by M. Van Mons from the stones of the small black cherry ;

it is considered by horticulturists a most happy discovery.

THE ZELKONA.

This fine new forest tree has been introduced into the Jardin des Plantes, and Père la Chaise, by M. André Michaux, from the borders of the Caspian Sea, and from those of the Black Sea, in the province of Ghilan. The Zelkona rises, with a stately trunk, to the height of at least eighty feet, and does not begin to branch till it reaches the height of five-and-twenty or thirty feet. The wood is dry, and close grained; more durable and strong than elm, and perfectly applicable to domestic or naval uses. The grain is very fine, and is susceptible of a good polish. The foliage is highly ornamental, and is never destroyed by insects. Hitherto it has been grafted on the elm with great success; but in the Jardin des Plantes are some plants which M. Gamba has raised from seed, and which are in a promising state: hopes are entertained that this noble tree will be naturalised in the forests of France.

Among these numbers are a few plates of little value. In the July number a representation is given of the new *Camellia Hectotiana*, very coarsely done in lithograph; indeed it seems as if some young lady from school had designed the original, in that most unnatural of all daubing called oriental tinting. Our botanical and horticultural publications in England are differently illustrated.

ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE. Nos. XVIII. XIX. XX. and XXI. Tilt.

THE series of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* is finished in No. XVIII. The expression of the faces in the beautiful outline miniature of the last scene is well preserved by the artist: he has failed, however, in representing the deathlike rigidity of the Countess's figure, so wonderfully depicted by Hogarth; but that figure, in the original, both as to drawing and colouring, is a miracle of art. We are much pleased with the copy of Wilkie's *Rent-day*, in No. XIX., and with that of Opie's *Historical Picture of the Conjuror in Henry the Fourth*, in No. XX. With the *Grecian Harvest Home* we are less satisfied; the limbs of the dancing female figure are not in good proportion. Allan's picture of the *Circassian Captives* is most accurately represented in No. XXI.

THE WATERING PLACES OF GREAT BRITAIN. Part Third. Hinton.

THE present number contains a picturesque view of Southampton; a very correct one of St. Leonard's, Hastings; and a view of Eastbourne: the letterpress is still devoted to the localities of Brighton. We think, at this time of the year, when so many fashionables are migrating, the work will be extremely useful to those who have not yet chosen the place of their destination.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. No. XIX. —*Juvenal and Persius*. A. J. Valpy.

JUVENAL and Persius, in one neat pocket volume, with biographical sketches of those great satirists, and Dr. Johnson's imitations of the third and tenth satires of Juvenal to boot! This is indeed *multum in parvo*. The spirit and interest of the Latin authors have been well preserved in the versions of Badham and Sir W. Drummond; whilst a few passages which required the pruning hand of taste have been softened and retrenched. By the adoption of this precaution, the work has been rendered better adapted for the perusal of the general reader.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. No. XX. —*Thucydides*. Volume First. A. J. Valpy.

IN the twentieth Number of this excellent undertaking, Mr. Valpy has presented the English reader with Dr. Smith's translation of a portion of Thucydides, containing the first three books of the Peloponnesian war. A biographical sketch of the Athenian historian is prefixed. The translator has done ample justice to the vigorous style and picturesque descriptions of the original; and in the neatness of its typographical execution, the volume fully equals its predecessors.

EPITOME OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, Part III. Locke. Valpy.

THIS volume contains the continuation of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, from the twelfth chapter of the second book to the end. The work is supported with the ability manifested in the former numbers.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN. *By the Rev. Wm. Fletcher.* N. Hailes.

SEVERAL of these little devotional poems are written in a strain of pleasing simplicity. "The Little Invalid's Prayer," and that on "Cruelty to Animals," are calculated to benefit juvenile minds.

STORIES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. *By the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry."* Longman.

THE author of the celebrated "Conversations on Chemistry" has condescended to write a book for infants: we cannot congratulate her on her success in this department, and would not advise her again to leave the path in which she is unrivalled. Minds habitually exercised in abstruse sciences too often suppose that very young children delight in puerile and babyish phraseology: such authors know they must stoop, but they stoop too low. In books written for the use of children, great clearness and simplicity is required, yet no class of readers detect and reject nonsense with more acumen than they do. Authors of superior talents, but whose genius is not universal, when endeavouring to write for young children, generally assume an odd style of bald simpleness, whilst condescension to the inmates of the nursery is offensively apparent in every line. Of this character is the work under review. Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Napoleon" is a noted instance of this order of writing: children never read it without feeling indignant at the contemptuous measurement allowed to their intellects; yet the same children will read Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" with tearful earnestness; for that mighty master of the human heart can make it respond to his touch, whether it belong to the little miniatures of the nursery, or to children of a larger growth.

GERALD FITZGERALD; an Irish tale. *By Ann of Swansea, in Five Volumes.* Newman.

THE authoress of these volumes has written many similar works of fiction, at least so we conclude from the goodly list set forth in the title page, and rounded off with *et cæteras*. To possess the pen of a ready writer, is something: it is a description of merit without which, in this productive age, all others were vain. We shall not attempt to analyse the story of Gerald Fitzgerald, which belongs to a class of novels whose day has gone by. It is not, however, wholly devoid of interest, though plentifully interspersed with improbabilities, and wire-drawn to the interminable length of five volumes. It might almost be imagined that the authoress intends to be satirical upon the great, for at every page we find her titled personages interlarding their conversation with French phrases so inveterately at war with the rules of grammar, that if admitted into the exercises of a schoolboy, they would indisputably produce certain disagreeable results which form so many drawbacks to the felicity of young gentlemen in shining morning faces. "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" and generally speaking, we are aware that "lords and ladies bright" enjoy the gift to that moderate extent which places them in jeopardy. But then, to show up well bred folks as such barbarous confounders of number, gender, mood, and tense! to represent them as so utterly lost to notions of etiquette! The very words—the dislocated phrases thus invidiously introduced together seem to stare wildly about, as if amazed to find themselves in each other's company. We opine that the authoress is in this respect too severe upon harmless earls, and unoffending countesses. She out-Herods Herod—she absolutely out-Morgans *miladi* Morgan.

Drama, etc.

KING'S THEATRE.—On the 6th of August the season at this theatre closed with the opera of *Anna Bolena*, in which Madame Pasta, as the heroine, confirmed the impression previously made on the public by her admirable impersonation of Henry's ill-fated consort.

The ensuing season will open under the direction of Mr. Mason, who is the new lessee of the King's Theatre. This gentleman is already known to the public as the composer of an Italian opera on a subject connected with the history of Ireland. We understand that the most spi-

rited alterations and improvements, both as regards first-rate singers and novel performances, are to take place under the new régime.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A translation, or adaptation, from the French has been performed here, under the title of *Madame du Barry, or a Glance at a Court*. This novelty, which is from the pen of the indefatigable Mr. Poole, is in three acts, though, from the elaborate tediousness with which the plot is developed, its curtailment to two would be a decided improvement. For several reasons, we can by no means congratulate the dramatist on his choice of a subject. Audiences of the present day are beginning to conceive that the flattering portraiture of regal libertinism and aristocratic despotism may be in bad taste, as well as of immoral tendency. Some portions of the dialogue are good, especially those which satirise the monstrous tyranny of the nobility under Louis XV., during those good old times which the amiable ex-ruler of France so pertinaciously endeavoured to revive for the welfare of his people. A *lettre de cachet* is a convenient argument; it is a saving of time, breath, and logic. Mrs. Ashton played with much spirit the part of *Florine*, the unwilling rival by whose introduction to the monarch the Duke de Richelieu endeavours to supplant the influence of the royal favourite, Madame du Barry. The character of the last mentioned notorious heroine was rather overacted by Miss Taylor. Harley was a most efficient representative of the *Duke de Lavrillière*, and, with commendable equanimity of temper, distributed the arguments of which we have already made honourable mention. Mr. Wallack's performance of Louis XV. was not precisely in accordance with our preconceived notions of the deportment of a French monarch of the olden, or indeed of any other time. Mr. Webster, too, as *Richelieu*, appeared sadly out of his element.

Another translated novelty, entitled *Fricandeu, or the Coronet and the Cook*, has been imported to the Haymarket. The part of the cook, *Fricandeu*, in the original French piece, *Quoniam*, so imitatively played by Bouffé, was sustained by Harley. Notwithstanding his efforts, and those of Mesdames Ashton and Humby, we fear this English *rechauffi* is destined to go the way of most translations.

My Wife or my Place, a comic trifle in

two acts, written, we understand, by Mr. Shannon, has been brought forward at this theatre with much success. The principal characters are *Dupely*, a place-hunter, ably represented by Farren, and *Sir Harry Hairbrain*, a dandy aristocrat, who contrives to extract an income of 3000*l. per annum* from the pockets of the public. With regard to the nature of the services performed for this paltry pension, the dramatist has left us in the dark. We cannot suppose that the fashionable boroughmonger could have accepted the stipend as a remuneration for the arduous task of beguiling, by a thousand endearing attentions, the loneliness of young wives, neglected by stupid or unfeeling husbands. We cannot, we say, suppose this, because such services are beyond all price: moreover, we are aware that by elevated personages the consciousness of being engaged in the moral actions to which we allude is generally considered an adequate recompense; virtue, according to the schoolmaster, being its own reward. Vining, with much ability, hit off the ornamental inutility, if we may so express ourselves, of the place-holder, Sir Harry. Miss Taylor, as *Mrs. Dupely*, played well, and, but for her redundancy of exertion, might have played better. The farce was announced for repetition without a dissentient voice.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.—The principal attraction of this house is a new serio-comic opera, *The Sorceress*, the music of which has been composed by Ferdinand Ries expressly for the English Opera company. It is of the *Der Freischütz* school. The story mainly turns on the exploits, disguises, and final discomfiture of *Black Nuddock*, a bandit chieftain. The plot is delectably absurd, and the dialogue generally insipid; but these drawbacks are counterbalanced by some good music. The overture is excellent, especially towards the conclusion. The delightful trio, "To-morrow we keep carnival," sung by Miss H. Cawse, Miss Novello, and Miss Ferguson, was honoured with an encore. In the part of *Liska* there is a beautiful ballad, which Miss H. Cawse sings with exquisite taste and feeling. In the part allotted to him, Mr. Phillips sings with his usual effect, and, on the whole, is a good representative of the captain of banditti. Mr. J. Reeve, as *Granx*, exerts himself to the utmost to make the audience laugh; and when that

actor entertains serious designs upon the risible muscles of the public, he generally succeeds.

A new afterpiece, called *Arrangement*, and written by Don Telesforo de Trueba, has met with complete success. Wrench sustains the principal character, *Tom Trim*, a sort of Marplot, whose mania for arranging his friends' affairs is the source of much laughable confusion. If we mistake not, this agreeable trifle was last season acted in another shape at the Queen's Theatre.

Peake's new musical drama, *The Evil Eye*, the music by Rodwell, continues to attract considerable applause. Both author and composer are much indebted to the admirable acting and singing of Miss H. Cawse, Miss Kelly, and Miss Poole. The groundwork of the piece is the ancient superstition, that certain evil spirits, gifted with the power of blasting with a look, are allowed to wander on the earth, and cast their withering glance on the devoted beings who, for sundry untold reasons, are subjected to their influence. This wild belief is still prevalent in the East, and in many parts of Greece.

Mr. Collins, who has now established his name as "the English Paganini," has concluded his engagement at this theatre. We have also a Polish Paganini. We marvel that some Hibernian catgut scraper does not, for the honour of the sham-rock and shillelah, make a similar experiment on the pockets of John Bull. Our hint may perhaps be taken.

COBURG THEATRE.—Such of our readers as will venture upon the *terra incognita* on which has been erected this goodly edifice, may reward themselves for the feat by witnessing a very interesting melodrama, borrowed from the French, and bearing the title of *The Victim of Saint Vincent*. We have seldom seen a dramatic version from another language more efficiently arranged. The incidents are highly romantic. The manager of this theatre, who seems aware that the present are stirring times, has announced, as in a state of active preparation, an English version of another melodrama, "which is now delighting all Paris!"

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c. — The Italian theatre at Paris opens on the 1st of September, with the representation

of *Anna Bolena*. The opera season will last seven months, and close on the 31st of March, 1832. The following singers have been engaged:—Mesdames Pasta, Malibran, Schreöder-Devrient, Caradori, Tadolini, Michel Amigo, and Rossi; Signors Rubini, Nicolini, Bordigni, Lablache, Santini, Graziani, Berattoni, and Derosa. In the course of the season three new operas will be represented.

A new opera in two acts, entitled *Le Livre de l'Ermite*, has been successfully performed at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique. The affairs of this establishment have long been in an embarrassed state; in consequence of which the theatre has for the present been closed. It is expected to re-open under a new management.

At the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, Victor Hugo, the author of *Hernani*, has brought forward a new tragedy, with the title of *Marion de Lorme*. Report speaks most favourably of this production. The poet has sold the manuscript of his play to a fashionable Parisian publisher for the sum of 8000 francs. This, however, scarcely exceeds one half of the price which he received for the copyright of *Hernani*. Our readers may recollect that during the season which has recently terminated, a version of the last-mentioned drama was represented at Drury-Lane theatre, under the title of *The Pledge, or Castilian Honour*.

The celebrated piano-forte and harp-manufacturer, Sebastian Erard, died on the 5th of August at his château (La Muette) at Passy, near Paris. He had more than completed his 79th year. His funeral, which took place on the 8th of the same month, was attended by the most distinguished artists of the capital. To commemorate the superior talents of M. Erard, his relatives and friends have resolved that a medal shall be struck in his honour.

In our last number we contradicted a report which had been circulated throughout Germany of the death of the celebrated pianist, Field. We have since been informed that he has not retired to St. Petersburg, as we had been led to suppose, but that he resides at present in London.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

FÊTES CHAMPÊTRES, in the neighbourhood of Paris, seem to have taken the lead of every other species of amusement. Although these are generally resorted to in an evening, yet evening full dress is not worn, but promenade costume of the lightest and most elegant description.

BONNETS.—The cottage fashion, so long prevalent, is gradually giving way and being modified into a more showy style. It may be also remarked, that every new bonnet or hat is made smaller than its predecessor. Very small bonnets are now confined to the leaders of the mode, and the very *recherchés* in fashion; but their reign will soon be general. Meantime large straw or muslin bonnets (*capotes*) are worn in the country and by the sea-side, for the sake of utility and comfort. In carriage or promenade costume, and for *fêtes champêtres*, or for public breakfasts and *spectacles*, small bonnets are decidedly in vogue. Many of these bonnets are cut out at the ears for ribands to pass through. Stars of cut riband are plentifully used in trimming bonnets and bonnet caps. Feathers are still much worn in out-door costume: fancy feathers, in small *esprits*, placed on the front of the crown. Three of these *esprits* are sometimes placed like a fan. Small ostrich or marabout plumes, arranged in a fan form, and put on the top of the bonnet, have very lately been noted as a novelty. *Pompons*, or suns and stars of cut riband, are mixed with the ribands at the base of these plumes. These suns have been fashionable since the first fortnight in August; they increase in size in every new bonnet that comes from the milliners' hands, and are at present as large as dahlias; they have entirely superseded the *choux* of cut riband. One of the prettiest bonnets for *fêtes champêtres*, or full walking dress, is as follows; it is quite newly-invented:—The material white crape, divided into longitudinal compartments, stiffened with wire and ornamental white gimp, and edged with the same; a border painted in colours in each of the compartments. The shape may be called a hat-bonnet; having the dress of the one, and the

modesty of the other; rather small, round, and short at the ears, lower on the left than on the right side; the trimming is quite new. From the right side, near the strings, springs a riband feather, supported by a wire, and formed of loops of white gauze ribands, and ends cut in heart-shapes. This ornament is about seven inches in length, and terminates in a white plume of the *esprit* kind, which waves to the other side of the bonnet. Bouquets of the heart-shaped ends are put on a small curtain that finishes the bonnet. No ribands inside the front, but a neat quilling of narrow net at the parting of the hair, but not under the cheeks. *Feronnieres* are not now worn in any species of dress excepting court dress: from walking dress they are excluded entirely. Feathers are in general preferred to flowers; but flowers of the season, if made exquisitely to nature, are always in good taste. Altheas, cistuses, and small asters are the favourites.

PELERINES AND CHEMISSETTES.—Fancy seems never exhausted with inventing new forms for these elegant auxiliaries to walking-dress. The epaulettes worn with them are deeper than ever; and to give greater depth, and yet preserve the shape neatly, a deep mantilla, edged with small square dents, is trimmed round plaited shoulder-pieces, which cover the top of the shoulder. This invention prevents the disagreeable height which trimmings on the shoulders sometimes give. Another may be thus described:—The corsage from the throat to the waist, in horizontal plaits set in longitudinal bands, and buttoned down with a beautiful new sort of fancy studs in imitation of pearls, the size of peas. A strait *revers*, edged with vandykes, put on rounding behind, and to the belt, beneath which it appears for several inches, falls over another very deep vandyked fall fully plaited; a ruched riband at the throat*; the material, very fine clear Scotch cambric. When plaited frills are used, no work is worn with pelerines and canezous. The last new invention consists in chemisettes with points round the bosom.† In place of pelerines, a few ladies wear half-handkerchiefs of black English lace, crossed on the bust,

* See plate of Carriage Dress.

† Ibid.

and finished at the neck with a *ruche* of black net.

PELISSES AND WALKING DRESSES.—White dresses are nearly universal. *Jacconot*, or corded muslins, are still the favourite materials; and for simple walking dress, these are plain, without work, trimmed with cord or braid. Small flowers on a white ground are likewise seen in muslins. The corsage of these dresses is *en gerbe*, with gathers on the lower part of the shoulders, and at the belt and throat; round shoulder-pieces, with a mantilla fall continued round the bust, but a slight depth in front; very deep round the shoulder-pieces and behind. A *ruche* of pale lilac satin riband loops, at the throat; belt and wristlets, bands of the same riband. For coloured dresses, with *pelerines* and *chemisettes*, which are not worn with white, the striped *mousselines de laine*, or Paris poplins, are in high favour. This pleasing material is of various shades and patterns: perhaps, the most elegant is pink and dove colour, which, with a white canezeou, is *charmin*. For full, carriage, and *champêtre* ball dress, watered silks, and net or muslin pelisses over straw-coloured *gros de Naples*, are the fashion: these are richly worked. Embroidery in coloured lambswool (never wholly in disuse) is reappearing, worked in wreaths at the heading of flounces, in white muslin and *jacconot* dresses.

TOUT ENSEMBLE OF WALKING DRESS.—A gown of white chali, ground white, covered with wood-coloured designs, mixed with red and blue. Cambric *pelerine*, plaited. Hat of straw-coloured watered silk, with white *esprits*. Boots of pale green prunella and leather. Gloves of white Scotch thread. Parasol of white watered silk.

ANOTHER.—Whole high dress of white muslin; crossed corsage; cut *ruche* of primrose-coloured riband. Hat of rice straw, lined with primrose colour, ornamented with two pale-coloured poppies. Scarf of muslin cachemire, painted at the ends with roses. Boots of *gris poussière gros de Naples*.

ANOTHER.—Dress of *gris poussière* watered silk. Bonnet of the same, lined with rose colour crimped satin; trimmed with satin suns, and white feathers edged with black. Hair in Madonna bands. *Cravate* of white silk, cut in two leaves, edged with green silk embroidery. Scarf

of muslin cachemire, printed in *mosaïque*. Boots of grey silk and black leather. Pink and grey brocaded belt and wristlets: the last edged with narrow lace. Pocket-handkerchief with a large violet stripe at the border.

EVENING DRESS.—Nothing decidedly new can be quoted in evening dress. White tulle or clear muslin over white satin or *gros de Naples*, painted gauze or organdi are the usual materials. Full gigot sleeves are worn for evening; while the parted sleeve is preferred for morning or walking costume, in firmer materials. All evening dresses are made *à la schal*. Hats of painted crape are worn; and the hair of younger ladies is arranged in Madonna bands on the temples, and *en couronne* on the head: natural flowers, particularly geraniums, mixed with the hair, are considered very elegant. One *tout ensemble* will suffice. Skirt and sleeves of white crape. Two unequal flounces edged with blonde; above the flounces, a wreath of painted flowers; corsage of folded white satin. Satin shoulder-pieces; vandyked mantilla fall round the back and shoulder-pieces. Lilac althea flowers in the hair, arranged with soft bows on the temples; and curls falling from the *couronne*. *Mosaïque* chain; bracelet and belt-buckles set in bronzed gold.

APRONS.—These are made of white muslin, worked in charming patterns of lambswool; in green shades, or green and lilac; likewise of printed chali. Sometimes they are cut in small square dents, and sometimes plain.

FURNITURE.—In place of ivory or silver-handled dessert knives, knives with handles made of jasper or agate have been greatly admired.

CARRIAGE AND WALKING DRESS. [No. 115.]—Cottage bonnet of white watered silk called by the French *moire*, trimmed with white and pink shot riband, and surmounted by clustered plumes of white ostrich tips. Dress of pearl-coloured watered silk; the lower part of the corsage plain, the upper trimmed with two broad pointed *dents* before, and two behind, edged with thread lace, a very large point on each shoulder as an epaulette. A wreath of alternate bows and bands of riband shot pink and pale green finishes the bust. The sleeves tight to the lower arm, and very full and round above; the cuffs are new, being bands of the trimming riband, edged with lace at

the top and bottom. Belt of the same, fastened with a bronze gold buckle. Skirt nearly plain in front, but exceedingly full on each side: it is finished with a wreath of leaves of the same material as the gown, four pair bound with green riband and placed alternately with a green star. Gloves and stockings of wrought Scotch thread, which are worn in Paris in preference to those of any other material. The chemisette of lace stands high round the bosom in large vandykes: this is quite new; likewise the *ruche* of riband loops in place of a ruff: it is made with large loops behind, and small in front of the throat. The sitting figure is habited in pink chali, and shows the cut of the former dress at the back. The side of the bonnet is cut à *bec de corbin*: when this gown is made as walking dress, the trimming of the skirt is changed into two plain flounces of unequal depth, the under very broad, the upper narrow, and a long white scarf of cachemire muslin, or fine mull, is worn with it. The star rosettes with which the bonnet and gown are ornamented, are the last invented trimming in Paris.

MORNING COSTUME, FOR THE DRESSING-ROOM. [No. 116.] — Cap of clear muslin richly trimmed with fine work: it has long lappets trimmed in the same manner. Jacket and skirt of white jacconot muslin; the sleeves gigot, with neat ruffles of work and plaited cambric turning back from the wrists; two plaited frills at the knees of the skirt. An elegant morning pelerine, rather long, made of bands of work and jacconot muslin, is thrown over the dress; it is bordered with frills of plaited cambric. Slippers of green *gros de Naples* worked in front, and cut into four vandykes on the instep.

CHILD'S DRESS. — Frock of jacconot, made with a cape full on the bosom, and trimmed with two rows of worked muslin, the upper row of rather deep pointed *dents*, falling over small square *dents*. The fullings of the corsage gathered *en gerbe*; the skirt is made with wide robings *en tablin*. Trousers to match the dress.

WALKING DRESS. [No. 118.] — White *gros de Naples* bonnet, trimmed with straw-coloured gauze riband; a flower of the same hue is placed on the right side under the brim. Redingote of striped *chalin*; two pelerines fall very

low over the corsage, which is *en cœur* in front, and flat at the back. The skirt is trimmed up the front with pieces of the same material as the dress, cut in the shape of a leaf, and edged with a piping. This trimming decreases in size as it approaches the belt. Collerette of quilled net, fastened in front with a bow of straw-coloured gauze riband; chain of *fer de Berlin*; black kid slippers; gloves to match the riband of the bonnet.

MODES PARISIENNES.

ROBES. — On est à court d'inventions pour les formes des robes, et, jusqu'à un changement de saison, nous ne verrons sans doute rien de très-nouveau. Cependant nous mentionnerons aujourd'hui un corsage très-original et d'une double utilité: il présente d'abord une forme guimpe, boutonné sur les épaules, et depuis le milieu du dos et de la poitrine jusqu'au cou. Ce corsage, ainsi divisé en quatre parties, se porte fermé avec une *ruche* pour sortir, et peut spontanément présenter une coupe toute différente, au moyen des boutons que l'on défait sur les quatre parties, qui, retombant alors comme des revers, forment jockeys, schall, et en fait de suite une robe décolletée, en dedans de laquelle peut se trouver une guimpe ou chemisette. Un landau peut donner l'idée de ce genre de corsage.

— Les manches ne varient plus cet été. Seulement on remarque que les amadis du bas montent un peu plus haut, ce qui fait retomber la manche presque comme si elle était repliée et froncée double autour de l'épaule.

— Pas plus de garnitures que jamais. Des broderies seules peuvent orner un bas de jupon. De petites dentelles aussi encadrent quelquefois l'ourlet du haut et du bas.

— La partie des manches qui colle sur le bras est souvent richement brodée, tandis que le haut est uni.

— Quelques peignoirs en jaconas, garnis en mousseline ou batiste festonnée, ont les coins du devant du jupon coupés en rond afin de mieux dégager le jupon. Cette coupe est plus gracieuse et plus élégante que les autres; mais ne peut s'adapter qu'aux peignoirs les plus recherchés.

Si les toilettes n'offrent rien de nouveau, elles ont généralement un ensemble

qui plaît: telles sont celles que nous avons remarquées dans plusieurs grandes réunions.

A la dernière fête de Tivoli, où se trouvaient beaucoup d'étrangers, la majeure partie des robes était blanche, et les chapeaux en paille de riz; une légère écharpe de gaze de couleur complétait cette mise simple mais élégante.

Nous avons remarqué que des dames avaient remplacé l'écharpe longue par le petit fichu de tulle noir: d'autres avaient des demi-écharpes mises en sautoir.

Quelques ceintures se font en ruban large, dont les deux bouts s'agrafent par derrière: un nœud, semblable pour la forme à ceux que l'on porte sur les capotes, cache l'endroit où la ceinture est agrafée.

On remarquait à l'une des dernières représentations de l'Opéra, une capote en taffetas bleu-ciel, à passe tuyautée, et soutenue, ainsi que la forme, par des baleines: un bouquet de plumes lui servait d'ornemens.

Les canezous en mousseline se multiplient, et leur forme varie beaucoup. Un des plus nouveaux que nous ayons vus avait deux jockeys tuyautés qui retombaient sur les épaules, le devant et le derrière étaient plissés à plis très-réguliers et égaux: le collet se tenait un peu relevé à la Médicis.

Un chapeau que nous venons de voir est fait en blonde: il a pour ornement un nœud de ruban de gaze.

La pagne grise s'emploie toujours pour chapeaux: on la double assez généralement en rose.

On voit rarement d'autres redingotes que celles à pélicrins, et ouvertes sur le devant dans toute leur longueur, de manière à découvrir une jupe de dessous, presque toujours brodée. — Une toilette fort élégante, quoique simple, se fait remarquer; c'est une robe en mousseline blanche, dont le corsage forme un canezou également en mousseline; le collet à la chevalière est double, et une ouverture sur chaque côté forme dent de loup; une

garniture part du milieu en travers, haute de quatre doigts sur la poitrine, et forme d'amples jockeys sur les épaules; une autre garniture part de la ceinture, et vient aussi garnir les épaules devant comme derrière. — Un ample ourlet à la jupe, une capote en moire lilas; ceintures, poignets et brodequines lilas.

On porte beaucoup de schalls en chalis, ou en crêpé de Chine. Ces derniers, brodés en soie de nuances vives, sont d'un bel effet. — Depuis quelque temps l'on faisait chez les papetiers de grands écrans, dont la forme était celle de la fleur connue sous le nom de tournesol; ces écrans étaient de papiers de différentes couleurs. — Maintenant on voit sur des capotes, au lieu du chou en rubans, quelques-uns de ces soleils également en rubans de soie satinés.

La racine odoriférante que l'on nomme vety-ver des Indes, est pour ainsi dire de mode, il est presque indispensable d'en garnir ses armoires. Cette racine répand un parfum agréable, et garantit toute étoffe des vers qui pourraient s'y mettre.

NO. 115.

Toilette de visiter en organdi garnie de nœuds en ruban de satin; collier en coque de rubans; capote demi-anglaise ornée de plumes, la capote est en moire.

NO. 116.

Camisolle en jaconas à barbes tombantes, garnie d'entre deux et de jaconas plissés à très petit, la garniture continue par les épaules et forme pelerine. Jupe garnie d'un très petit volant également à très petit plis bonnet en jaconas; toilette d'enfant en jaconas.

NO. 118.

Capote en gros de Naples à petits carreaux, verts glacés de blanc, ornée de rubans de gaze brochée.

Redingote en chalis à raies nuancées à pelerine découpée à la Grecque, chaîne Grecque en fer noir.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE anniversary of "the three days" was celebrated with great rejoicings in Paris. The grouping of the vast multi-

tudes collected together on this memorable occasion presented a most interesting coup d'œil. The windows and the

roofs of all the houses on the quays were crowded with occupants, and but few accidents, and those comparatively trifling, occurred amongst the hundreds of thousands assembled to witness and to enjoy this grand national fête.

The address of the Chamber of Deputies was presented to the King of the French on Wednesday evening, the 17th ult. The hereditary character of the peerage is to be abolished, and the crown will be invested with the prerogative of creating peers *ad libitum*. The chamber will continue, as at present, a branch of the legislature, but the individual members will lose their hereditary political privilege. It has not as yet been determined whether there shall be any reservation for present vested rights.

In the French provinces some local disturbances have taken place between the Carlists and republicans. It is said that the Duchess of Berri, who is at present at Massa Carrara, frequently sends emissaries into France, for the purpose of rallying the partisans of the exiled dynasty. The ex-déy of Algiers is in Paris, and is in the daily habit of sporting his portly person in the Bois de Boulogne.

The armistice existing at Antwerp between the Dutch and the Belgians having been interrupted, the Prince of Orange gained a complete victory over the Belgian army of the Meuse, under the command of General Daine. After a feeble resistance, the routed forces fled in the utmost disorder towards Liege, whither General Daine also escaped, leaving his ammunition and baggage in the hands of the Dutch. In consequence of this disaster, Leopold was compelled to fall back. On the first march of the Dutch troops against Belgium, the King had despatched an application to Paris for assistance. Orders were immediately issued by the French Government or the advance of 50,000 troops, under Marshal Gérard, into Belgium, which the French army entered in three columns. This measure speedily produced its effects. Despatches from the Hague were received at Brussels on the 11th, announcing that the Dutch troops had orders to retire before the French, and to return within their own frontiers. This retrograde movement accordingly commenced on the 14th.

As soon as Marshal Gérard's despatch communicating the retreat of the Dutch had reached Paris, a telegraphic notifica-

tion was made to the frontiers that all the reinforcements then on their march to join the French army should be stopped. A special courier was also sent off to Marshal Gérard, desiring the immediate return of 30,000 men. The French princes were likewise ordered to Paris, and the remaining force was to be entirely at the disposal of the London Conference.

It is a curious fact, that the Duchess of Saxe Weimar is sister of our gracious Queen, and wife of the general who commanded the Dutch forces against King Leopold! The Duchess is expected to avail herself of the cessation of hostilities to join her husband. The report of the marriage of Leopold with a French princess is repeated.

The Poles are unanimously resolved to defend Warsaw to the last extremity, and to sacrifice their capital and their lives together. At the termination of a grand council of war lately held in that city, the second chamber of the diet proceeded in a body to work at the fortifications with their own hands, in order to set an example of patriotism and devotion to their fellow-citizens. The approaching contest will be most sanguinary. The Emperor of Russia has issued another proclamation, in which he invites his revolted subjects to rely on his clemency. The customary appeal to Providence is not omitted: from which it may be inferred that his Imperial Majesty is most devoutly bent on massacre and spoliation.

From Hamhurg papers, dated Aug. 8. it would appear that the Russian army was then marching upon Warsaw; and that a decisive engagement under its walls was expected in a few days. The Poles appeared confident of success, but nevertheless expressed themselves prepared for the worst. Other accounts received at Frankfort from Buda and Vienna allege that General Paskewitsch was commissioned to enter into negotiation with the Poles.

The cholera has almost ceased its ravages in St. Petersburg. During its prevalence in that capital, the Emperor remained secluded in his apartments in Peterhoff, where he was surrounded by a corps of 11,000 men. It is even added, that through dread of contagion his Imperial Majesty at first refused to take into his own hand the most important despatches from the seat of war. Up to the 3d ult. thirty cases of cholera had

occurred amongst the seamen of the British ships at Cronstadt; ten of whom had died. On the authority of a Spanish physician, the *Medical Gazette* states that individuals afflicted with the itch are exempt from the attacks of the pestilential malady which is now the scourge and terror of Europe.

The business of reform progresses but slowly. The people, however, seem in earnest in their watchfulness over the bill, whilst the opposition, by throwing unnecessary and vexatious delays in the way of this grand measure, hope to avail themselves of all the petty accidents to which they imagine such a course is calculated to give birth. These tactics betray a littleness of spirit worthy of the corrupt object in view. The ten pound qualification clause, after it had been separated from all its proposed amendments, was carried by a great majority.

The preparations for the coronation are proceeding with rapidity, and the interior of Westminster Abbey now presents the appearance of a forest of beams. One hundred workmen are daily employed. The Commons have claimed their right to be present at this august ceremony; in consequence of which, the Government intend to provide six hundred seats on either side of the choir. An additional tier of galleries is to be erected in the transepts, the seats of which will be carried up obliquely, nearly to the height of the great oriel windows. From these seats the best view will be obtained, as their Majesties are to be crowned immediately in the centre. In a few days the temporary retiring rooms for the King and Queen will be erected in the western entrance, and will project a considerable distance in the open space of ground, presenting outwardly a very neat elevation, in the pointed style, according to the design of Mr. Smirke. At this entrance the carriages of the royal family will set down. Eight thousand persons will be accommodated in the Abbey under the new arrangements. The musical department will be under the direction of Sir George Smart, and on the most extensive scale. This gentleman recently visited the Abbey, to inspect the music gallery and organ. At the last coronation a new organ was provided, which afterwards became the perquisite of the organist. It is now considered that the present one will fully answer the purpose re-

quired. In order that the public may not be disappointed, from the ceremony in the Hall being dispensed with, it is intended that all the great officers and official persons shall accompany the King and Queen in procession from St. James's to Westminster Abbey. This arrangement will enable thousands to gratify themselves with a view of this magnificent spectacle. The champion, Dymoke, has received an intimation that his valuable services will not be required at the approaching ceremony.

"Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious"—
championship,—

Adieu, brass inexpressibles and iron waist-coat—"Othello's occupation's gone!"

Our readers have, no doubt, perused in the daily prints the account of the awful calamity which befel the *Rothsay* Castle steam boat and her passengers. The ill-fated vessel left the pier head, Liverpool, on Wednesday the 17th of August. She was in the habit of sailing regularly between that place and Beaumaris and Bangor; and on this occasion her passengers consisted principally of individuals who had sailed on a party of pleasure. The majority were strangers in Liverpool, and were composed of persons from York, Leeds, Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, and the adjoining districts. Many of them were women and children. It has been calculated that upwards of 100 passengers were on board.

About twelve o'clock the *Rothsay* Castle cleared the light-house; but the wind being fresh, some of the passengers, aware of the crazy state of the vessel, became alarmed, and importuned the captain to put back. This he obstinately refused, and it is reported that both he and the mate were in a state of intoxication. A little after midnight the ship struck on that part of the Dutchman's Bank called the Spit, near Puffin's Island, and in the general confusion men, women, and children were precipitated into the waves. The sacrifice of human life was terrific; for it is supposed that but for the want of a boat and the absence of all authority, many of the passengers might have been saved. As soon as it became known that the wreck had taken

place, the life-boat and the pilot-boat put off from Trwyende Point. The first carried off eight persons, and the other six. The announcement of the wreck was conveyed to Liverpool through the telegraph. When the melancholy news was made public by being posted in the exchange rooms, the scene of confusion and terror which ensued baffles all description: every avenue to the telegraph office was crowded with persons, anxious to learn the fate of their relatives and friends.

It was at first rumoured that the Rothsay Castle had not for a long time been considered seaworthy. This report, however, was subsequently contradicted in the most satisfactory manner. On the day previous to the horrible calamity she had sailed in perfect safety from Bangor to Liverpool, and amongst her passengers on that occasion was Mr. Matthews, the celebrated comedian.

We understand that the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Augustus Fitzclarence has been positively named for one of the vacant Irish mitres.

The archbishop of Dublin expired on Thursday morning, 18th ult. in Dublin. The bishop of Cloyne (Dr. Brinkley) is expected to succeed to the vacant archbishopric.

That indefatigable punster, that judicial Momus, Lord Norbury, has departed this life — we trust for a better. "Where be your gibes now — your gambols — your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the *jury* in a roar?"

The ceremony of the opening of the new London Bridge took place on the 1st of August, and presented a truly grand and attractive spectacle. The preparations made for the reception of their Majesties on the Thames, and at both sides, from Waterloo to London Bridge, were most judiciously planned, and were carried into effect with the utmost precision and regularity. To facilitate the passage of the royal party down the river, and to prevent confusion and inconvenience to the spectators, it was arranged that two parallel lines of vessels should form a passage of 150 feet width. The vessels employed for this service consisted of the barges belonging to the several corporations and companies, steam vessels, and the large flat trading barges of the river. The number of craft accepted, and for which only space

could be allowed, amounted to 170, but beyond that number upwards of 1000 had been tendered. At an early hour that part of the metropolis through which the procession was to pass exhibited an unusually gay appearance; all the shops were closed, the houses decorated with flags, and every window and roof thickly studded with heads. The bosom and banks of the Thames, excepting the avenue, zealously kept for the procession, exhibited one dense mass of gaily attired people, the vessels in which they were seated being completely hid. The national flags of every nation in Europe were displayed from the vessels, and from the platforms erected on the banks and wharfs. The roofs of churches and houses were similarly decorated, and thronged with spectators. The Royal Family and suite left the palace at a quarter before three o'clock. The King entered the last carriage, accompanied by the Queen and the Duchesses of Cumberland and Cambridge. In the preceding carriages were the Duke and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess and Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, accompanied by numerous attendants, and escorted by the Life and Royal Horse Guards. Their arrival at Somerset House was announced by the hoisting of the Royal Standard of England, and by numerous discharges of cannon from the wharfs and barges. When the King and Queen appeared on the platform from which they were to embark, the cheers were almost deafening. Their Majesties graciously acknowledged the compliment by bowing repeatedly. His Majesty looked extremely well, and descended the stairs with a firm step. Two barges of the Lumber Troop were stationed off Paul's wharf, with a military band and twenty-one brass cannon, which they continued to fire at intervals. His Majesty acknowledged the compliment by taking off his hat. On arriving at the bridge, their Majesties were received by Mr. Routh and Mr. Jones, and graciously expressed their satisfaction at the grandeur of the spectacle, and the beauty of the edifice. On reaching the top of the stairs, the sword and keys of the city were tendered to His Majesty by the Lord Mayor. His Majesty was graciously pleased to return

them, and signify his wish that they should remain in his Lordship's hands. The chairman of the committee then presented His Majesty with a gold medal, commemorative of the opening of the bridge, having on one side a likeness of the King, and, on the reverse, a well-executed view of the new bridge. Their Majesties, attended by the principal members of the Royal Family, then proceeded to the end of the bridge, amidst the most enthusiastic cheers. Many members of both houses of parliament, and nearly all the ministers, attended the royal procession. Among these were Sir Robert Peel. He was extremely ill-received by some of the company, who expressed their opinion of his late conduct by hissing him. In going to and returning from the Surrey end of the bridge, their Majesties threw medals to spectators on each side of them. Among the company assembled in the royal pavilion, were the Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, and his nephew. An elegant cold collation was provided of which the distinguished company partook; after which the Lord Mayor proposed "the health of the King;" and Sir C. S. Hunter that of "the Queen." They were drunk with loud and enthusiastic cheers. The Lord Mayor then presented a gold cup to the king, who said, "I cannot but refer, on this occasion, to the great work accomplished by the citizens of London. We are commemorating a most extraordinary instance of their skill and talent. I propose the source from whence this vast improvement sprung, 'The trade and commerce of the city of London.'" The king then drank of what is called the loving cup, of which every other member of the Royal Family partook. His Majesty next drank "the health of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress;" and, at about six o'clock, he returned with his suite, to the palace, in the same state and greeted with the like popular demonstrations of joy and loyalty, which had attended his progress in the morning. Excellent order was kept, both in the water and land processions; and the only serious accident was at Bankside, where a young man was pushed off a wharf and drowned, though only a very short time in the water. After the entertainment, notwithstanding the abundant supply of wines, several of the aldermen and members of the committee, were unable to

obtain even a single glass. Sir C. S. Hunter, after running about for some time to accommodate a few of his female friends, was obliged at last "to give it up." It appeared that the waiters, who were trust-worthy persons, many of them proprietors of respectable taverns, had taken especial care of the remaining Hock, Champagne, &c. The Marshals, in going round, perceived that almost all the waiters were blind drunk, and moved them by dozens from the scene of festivity, amidst the laughter of the crowds at the barriers. Their zeal in drinking the health of their Majesties had quite overcome their discretion. On Tuesday and Wednesday the new bridge was opened to the public, and about 200,000 passed over to see what remained of the decorations. The splendid pavilion was drenched through with rain, showing that had the weather been inauspicious on Monday, the shelter would not have protected even the sacred head of royalty.

In honour of this imposing ceremony great liberality was shown on the part of the Inner Temple. The gardens were fitted up with an extensive range of seats, and the chambers of the members were filled with distinguished visitors, who were regaled with ices and refreshments in abundance. The members of the inn in the most handsome manner voluntarily gave up their right to seats under the awning, in order to accommodate visitors, and even restricted themselves to one admission each. A similar spirit, we are informed, actuated the benchers, who on their parts personally subscribed for a band of music, (which, by the way, we are also informed could not play,) and issued more than 400 tickets to a public breakfast in the hall, where the choicest wines, forwarded from their private cellars, and the delicacies of the season, provided from Groom's and such celebrated establishments, were spread upon the tables; so great had been the liberality of the benchers, that they had been able to invite scarcely any but their own personal friends, and of those scarcely any members of the inn, and yet the rooms were completely filled. The splendour of the entertainment gave rise to the absurd report that the tickets were issued at two guineas each; as if the benchers, a dozen or eighteen gentlemen then in town, were unable, or at least unwilling, once in the way to treat their friends!

A hostile meeting, the result of which proved fatal to one of the combatants, took place at Boulogne-sur-Mer on the 11th. The parties, Mr. Bond, an English gentleman, and a Belgian officer of the name of Esse, met at four o'clock in the morning in the neighbourhood of Capicure, about a mile from the town. The principals having been placed at the distance of twenty paces, sticks were planted in the intervening space, ten paces being left between each stick. The signal having then been given by the seconds, the principals, according to the terms of the agreement, were allowed to advance each as far as the stick next to him. On reaching the prescribed limit, M. Esse fired, and wounded his adversary mortally in the groin. The ball passed nearly through the body, and lodged near the back bone, whence it was extracted by a French surgeon. Mr. Bond died in great agony within seven hours after the meeting. The dispute which gave rise to the unfortunate affair is believed to have originated in a disputed debt at cards. After the fatal result, the survivors, both principals and seconds, immediately fled. The French authorities have instituted an enquiry into all the circumstances.

THE COURT.

On Saturday, the 15th of August (the Queen's birth-day), Her Majesty gave a *petit déjeuner* at Adelaide Lodge to the King and the royal visitors staying at Windsor Castle. This was the first occasion on which the new lodge had been occupied. In consequence of the size of the building, which consists only of two rooms (besides a retiring room for the Queen, and the pages' room), the company was limited to about twenty five or thirty persons. In this number were included the royal visitors, the Princess Augusta, the young Princes and Princesses, and the royal suite. None of the neighbouring nobility and gentry were present. The distinguished party left the Castle a little after one o'clock, and proceeded on foot through the slopes to Adelaide Lodge. About four o'clock the company left the Lodge, and proceeded towards Virginia Water in the royal carriages and four. In the evening a large party, consisting of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of Windsor, had the honour of dining with their Majesties.

The Duke and Duchess of Braganza, accompanied by Donna Maria, left town on the 15th, to take leave of their Majesties at the palace at Windsor, previously to their departure for Paris on a visit to the King of the French.

The ceremony of investing the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen (the Queen's brother) with the Garter took place on Saturday evening the 20th, in Her Majesty's drawing-room at Windsor. About sixteen knights of the order were present. The formula observed occupied little more than half an hour. His Serene Highness is thirty-six years of age. The banquet given on the occasion of the investiture took place at seven o'clock in the St. George's Hall, where between eighty or ninety distinguished personages sat down to a sumptuous dinner. The company consisted of the principal members of the Royal Family, the illustrious foreigners on a visit to their Majesties, the Knights of the Garter, and the Ministers of State. The band of the Coldstream guards was stationed in the gallery, and played during dinner time. After dinner the company adjourned to the drawing-room, and were entertained by the Queen's band which was stationed in the music gallery.

The ensuing day (Sunday) being the King's birth-day, a dinner party, consisting of the Royal Family, was given at Windsor Castle.

On Wednesday, 19th, at half past one o'clock, the King accompanied by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, attended by Lord Clinton, arrived at the Palace, St. James's, from Windsor. Shortly afterwards His Majesty held a court and levee, which was attended by the Foreign Ambassadors and ministers, the cabinet ministers, the great officers of state, and other distinguished personages. After the levee His Majesty held a privy council, at which an order in council was agreed upon for the form of divine service at the coronation of their Majesties in Westminster Abbey, on the 8th of Sept. next. A little before six o'clock His Majesty left town for Windsor.

On the 28th, their Majesties and the whole of the court left Windsor Castle in three of the royal carriages for Chiswick, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire, whose splendid *fête* they honoured with their presence. Their Majesties did not reach the castle on their return till nearly twelve o'clock at night.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS — Sons.

Aug. 14. At St. Alban's, Mrs. F. J. Osbaldeston. — Aug. 18. The Right Hon. the Countess of Bradford. — Aug. 19. At Mill Hill, Hendon, Mrs. Rhodes. — Aug. 21. In Eaton Square, the Lady *Agnès Byng*. — Aug. 21. At her father's, on Richmond Hill, the lady of *Bulkley J. M. Prad*, Esq. — Aug. 19. The lady of the Rev. Dr. *Butler*, Gavton, Northamptonshire. — May 24. On board the *Medway*, during her passage from Van Diemen's Land to England, the lady of the late Captain *Thomas Paterson*, of the 63d Regiment. — Aug. 24. The lady of *Nicholas G. Glass*, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's Service. — Aug. 8. Lady *Charlotte Boileau*, of Upper Brooke Street. — Aug. 12. The lady of *Jeremiah Filcher*, Esq. of Russell Square. — Aug. 12. The lady of Dr. *Golding*. — Aug. 10. At his house in Russell Square, the wife of *Richard Groom*, Esq. — Aug. 16. In Portman Street, the lady of the Rev. *Charles C. Barton*. — Aug. 13. At Worcester, the lady of the Rev. *Ralph Woodrife*. — August 13 At Betchworth Castle, near Dorking, the lady of *D. Barclay*, Esq. — August 14. The lady of *Sheriff Poland* of a son, which survived only a few hours. — August 13. In Cadogan Place, the lady of the Rev. *Francis Thackeray*.

BIRTHS — Daughters.

August 2. At Mount Place, Mrs. *Goddie*. — August 1. In George Street, Hanover Square, the lady of Dr. *Seymour*. — August 2. The lady of *Robert Sayer*, Esq. of Sibton Park. — August 8. At East Sheen, Surrey, the lady of the Rev. *Edward James*. — August 10. At Ramsgate, the Countess of *Cavilor*. — August 7. In Devonshire Street, Portland Place, the lady of the Rev. *W. Bennett*. — August 14. At Chertsey, the lady of *Francis John Lambert*. — August 14. At Duncroft House, Staines, the lady of Colonel *Carmichael*. — August 13. Vicountess *Chetwynd*, of Great Myless. — August 14. At Walworth, the wife of Dr. *Hall*. — August 12. At Archer Lodge, Hants, the residence of her father, the lady of *John J. Vaughan*, Esq. — August 7. At the Countess *Morel's*, the lady of *Charles Wager Watson*, Esq. — Aug. 19. At his house in the Regent's Park, the lady of Sir *J. B. Johnstone*. — August 22. The lady of *Western Wood*, Esq. — August 21. The lady of *W. L. Sclater*, Esq. of Tangin Park, Herts. — Aug. 23. In Gower Street, Mrs. *Charles Trevor*. — August 23. In Cavendish Square, the Countess of *Wick-*

low. — August 25. At Twickenham Park, Middlesex, the lady of *Thomas Todd*, Esq.

MARRIAGES.

August 2. By the Rev. J. Saumarez, M. A. Captain *Henry Bell*, third son of the late *Matthew Bell*, of Wooslington House, Northumberland, Esq. to *Helen*, only child of Sir *Bagenal William Burdett*, Bart. — Aug. 2. At Chiswick, by the Rev. J. F. Bowerbank, *William Bond*, Esq. of Kingsbury, Middlesex, to *Cecilia*, youngest daughter of the Rev. *Samuel Curtis*, LL.D., of Heathfield House, Turnham Green. — Aug. 4. At Greenwich, by the Rev. J. V. Povah, *Richard Comyn*, of Queen Street Place, to *Elizabeth*, eldest daughter of *Edward Wilkinson*, Esq. of Blackheath, Kent. — March 5. At St. George's Church, Madras, Captain *Henry Peach Keighly*, of the 3d Regiment of Native Cavalry and Judge Advocate General of the Army, to *Emma Spicer*, third daughter of the Rev. *William Godfrey Hull*, of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. — June 21. At Brooklyn, New York, by the Rev. Joel Parker, *James Dickson*, Esq. of Kidbrooke, Blackheath, Kent, to Miss *Mary Sullivan Parsons*, only daughter of the President of the United States' Bank at Hartford, Connecticut. — August 4. At Willesdon, by the Hon. and Rev. *Edward Keppel*, the Hon. *George Thomas Keppel*, second son of the Earl of *Albemarle*, to *Susan*, daughter of Sir *Coultis Trotter*, Bart. — At North Weald, Essex, by the Rev. C. W. Pitt, *Granville Sharp*, Esq. of Great Winchester Street, to *Anne Elizabeth*, eldest daughter of *James H. Hill*, Esq. of Bedford Row. — August 6. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, *Robert Price*, Esq. of Caroline Place, Guilford Street, to *Eliza*, second daughter of *Thomas Horne*, Esq. of Southampton Row, Russell Square. — Aug. 9. At West Ham, by the Venerable Archdeacon Jones, Colonel *James F. Saller*, Bombay Army, to *Emily*, daughter of the late *William Stanley*, Esq. of Maryland Point. — August 11. At St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, by the Rev. Charles Twyford, Rector of Trotten, Sussex, *Samuel Twyford*, Esq. of the same place, to *Dora*, daughter of the late *G. A. Simpson*, Esq. of Calcutta. — Aug. 11. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain *Banks Davies*, of Myrtle Hill, Carmarthen, to Mrs. *Harding*, of Placey Park, and of Parade House, same County. — Aug. 11. At Leamington, Mr. *John Hoppe*, of the Minorities, to *Mary Ann*, eldest daughter of the Rev. *John Gore*, of the same place. — August 11. At St. George's, Hanover Square,

Mr. John Clifford, of Chelsea, to Martha, second daughter of the Rev. R. H. Shepherd, of Pimlico and Chatham Place, Blackfriars, Minister of Ranelagh Chapel, Chelsea. — August 10. At Trinity Church, St. Mary, Islington, by the Rev. H. F. Fell, Mr. John Fuzgibbon, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Yallop, Esq. of Russell Square; and, at the same time and place, Mr. Alfred Mitchell, to *Jemima*, youngest daughter of the said Thomas Yallop, Esq. — August 9. At the Cathedral, at Bangor, by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, the Rev. John William Trevor, Vicar of Caernarvon, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. John Warren, Dean of Bangor. — August 16. At Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. J. Hitchins, Vicar of Hargrave, H. P. Boyce, Esq. of 2. Upper Wimpole Street, to Caroline, fourth daughter of the late J. V. Cooke, Esq. of Hertford Street. — August 15. At Marylebone, William Henry Baron Von Donop, of Wocbbel, in Westphalia, to Frances Mary, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart., K. C. B. — August 13. At Millon, near Gravesend, by the Rev. Charles Lenny, Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. to Mrs. Isabella Evans Raymond. — August 18. At Walcot Church, Bath, by the Rev. Henry Marriott, the Rev. John Olive, Rector of Ayott St. Lawrence, Herts, to Ellen, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Thomas Brown, Esq. of Winifred House, Bath. — August 28. At Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. G. A. E. Marsh, M. A., Lieutenant-Colonel William Monteith, K. L. S., Madras Engineers, to Maria, sixth daughter of Thomas Murdoch, Esq. of Portland Place. — August 23. At Cirencester, by the Rev. Henry Cripps, Edward Bullock, of the Inner Temple, Esq. to Catherine, daughter of Joseph Cripps, Esq. M. P. — July 13. In Matilda, Upper Canada, Mr. Israel Satan, journeyman cabinet maker, to Mrs. Grace Parlor, of the same place. The local papers celebrate the event in these lines: —

Mankind are free, peace shall abound,
Since Grace by Satan has been found,
And in full proof that peace is meant,
Israel by Grace has pitched his tent:
No more in deserts wild he'll roam,
He's got a Parlor for his home.

DEATHS.

July 27. At his house, in Dublin, John Tuler, Earl of Norbury and Norwood, in the 86th year of his age. — Feb. 16. At Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, Captain Thomas Paterson, of the 63d Regiment — Aug. 3. Edward Tomkins, Esq. of Norwood, Surrey, and late of the Bank of England. — August 1. At Chatham, John Malcolm, the youngest son of Colonel Paisley, R. E., aged 16 months. — July 30. At Stoke De-

marel, near Devonport, S. B. S. A. Chaundy, youngest daughter of the late Rev. J. A. Chaundy, in the 20th year of her age, sincerely regretted by all who knew her. — August 1. At the Rectory, Workington, Mrs. How, the recent relict of the Rev. P. How, aged 77. — July 29. The Rev. Joseph Philimore, Vicar of Orton-on-the-Hill, Leicester, aged 82. — August 3. At Great Malvern, after a severe illness, Colonel Dawsonne West, late of the Grenadier Guards, in which distinguished Regiment he served during almost the whole of the late war. — August 2. At his house, in Guilford Street, Russell Square, Matthew Consett, Esq., aged 74. — July 25. At Teignmouth, Devon, Lieutenant-Colonel Royston, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, aged 77. — July 31. At Peterhead, Barbara, relict of the late T. Ferguson, Esq., W. S., Edinburgh. — July 24. In Manchester Street, Manchester Square, Mrs. Halhed, widow of the late Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, Esq., aged 73. — July 5. At Great James Street, Buckingham Gate, the infant daughter of William Rothery, Esq. — Aug. 18. At Southampton, Lieutenant-Colonel Oke, late of the 61st Regiment of Foot, aged 53, greatly lamented by all who knew him. — August 15. At his residence, in Summerland Place, Exeter, Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, son of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, aged 78. — Aug. 13. At Brighton, the Rev. Richard Roberts, Rector of Sprawl, Norfolk, and for many years formerly, resident at Mitcham, Surrey, aged 68. — July. John Carlen, Esq., of Worcester. — August 18. At Goldington, near Bedford, the Rev. Charles Semple, aged 38. — August 19. At his seat, Sydney Park, Gloucestershire, the Right Hon. Charles Bathurst, aged 78. — August 13. At Margate, Francis Cobb, Esq., aged 73. — Aug. 19. In York Street, Portman Square, John Hughes, Esq., aged 68. — August 14. At his house, in Berkeley Square, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., aged 75. — August 11. In Montagu Square, Charles Ikey, second son of J. C. Cox, Esq. aged 47. — August 9. Colonel Roger Elliott Roberts, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, aged 78. — August 15. At Montfield, Lancashire, the seat of James Cross, Esq. James G. Cross, Esq. of Downing College, Cambridge, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, aged 26. — August 18. At Deal, Captain Richard Budd Vincent, R. N., Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

We purposely omit the names of those (in number more than one hundred) who are supposed to have perished on board the *Rothsary Castle*, from Liverpool, fearful lest we might inadvertently give wrong particulars.

GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY.

MANY applications for SHARES having been made since the Books were Closed on the 1st of SEPTEMBER, it has been resolved to issue FIVE HUNDRED ADDITIONAL SHARES at TWENTY SHILLINGS PREMIUM, to be subscribed for on, or before, the 20th of OCTOBER next; the Premium to be applied to the Funds of the Company.

Shares, and every information, may be obtained of Messrs. Snow, Paul, and Paul, Bankers, 217. Strand; of the Treasurer, S. Inner Temple; and also of the Secretary, to whom all communications are to be addressed (if by letter, post paid).

By Order of the Committee,

C. B. BOWMAN, Secretary,
18. Milk Street, Cheapside.

A Model of the Ground of the Cemetery may be seen daily (gratis) at Mr. Milbourn's, Carver and Gilder, 347. Strand, opposite Waterloo Bridge.

A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR LIVER and STOMACH COMPLAINTS.

THE CELEBRATED MR. ABERNETHY'S ANTIBILIOUS AND STOMACHIC PILLS, as prepared by Dr. USON, formerly a Pupil of that great man. These Pills are a mild and stimulating aromatic, tending beyond all other Medicines to invigorate and restore a weakened state of the Digestive Organs. In all Diseases which arise from disordered digestion, such as head-ach, flatulency, lowness of spirits, acidity of the stomach, irregularity of the bowels, loss of appetite, disturbed rest, cramp, spasms, &c. &c., Dr. USON has administered no other Medicine during a practice of fifteen years, partly in Britain, but chiefly on the American continent. So great is the value of these medicines, that parents, heads of families, and individuals generally, may, by their early and judicious application, almost invariably prevent disease, and most assuredly keep from their house that expensive personage, the Doctor.

Dr. USON has appointed JOHN FLEMING, Chemist, &c., No. 8. Holborn-bars, London, his sole Wholesale Agent, and from whom they may be procured retail, in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Likewise the ANTIBILIOUS PILLS at the same rate; and the FAMILY MEDICINE in Bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 5s. each, with full instructions for their use. They may also be procured wholesale at Barclay and Sons', Farringdon Street; and retail at the most respectable Chemists in town and country.

N.B. None are genuine unless signed on the outer wrapper both by Dr. USON and JOHN FLEMING.

THE success of READ'S APPARATUS

for the prevention and removal of Costiveness, has led to an extensive circulation of spurious and destructive instruments, which are daily sent by the disappointed purchasers to the PATENTEE from all parts of the Kingdom, to be repaired and fitted up with his materials. He, therefore, begs to give this public notice, that he will no longer receive these applications, the pultry nature of the articles not admitting of their being put into permanent repair; nor ought his Friends and Agents to expect he should give his opponents' trumpetry the benefit of his tried and unfailing materials. By means of READ'S APPARATUS, which is alone patronised by the Medical Profession, persons of a confined habit of body may preserve the bowels in a regular and comfortable state, by a little warm water only; and all those who are of a bilious constitution, or subject to stomach complaints, head-ache, and other disorders arising from indigestion, will find the Apparatus invaluable, as it may be applied by an invalid or infirm person without assistance.

Manufactured and sold by J. READ, 85. Regent Circus, Piccadilly, where explanations and directions may be obtained (by personal application, or by letter, post paid) gratis.

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IMPORTANT CAUTION.

R. DAWES'S PATENT RECUMBENT CHAIR is a piece of Furniture which only requires to be known, in order to be duly appreciated. The patent principle consists in the method by which the back is adjusted at discretion to 12 or 15 equal gradations, for sitting, reclining, or lying. It embraces perfection to a degree beyond the probability of being credited. There are many chairs made to imitate it—as a Counterfeit does a Sovereign; of which counterfeits R. DAWES has prepared a Description, to be had Gratis.—R. D respectfully solicits the Nobility and Gentry to obtain a Copy of it—to peruse it—to compare, and judge for themselves.

TO FAMILIES ABOUT TO FURNISH.

WAITHMAN and CO., 244. Regent-street, submit to the attention of the Nobility and Gentry their very superior STOCK of PRINTED CHINTZES, MERINO, DAMASKS, FURNITURE, MUSLINS, &c. The surprising reduction in price at which they are enabled to offer them, renders this a most favourable opportunity to Families furnishing. Having previously to the late advance laid in a splendid assortment of Brussels and other Carpets, they are for the present selling them at the former prices, and persons likely to want that article will effect a great saving by an early purchase.

NOTICE RESPECTING THE FASHIONS

which appear in the Lady's Magazine.

THE designs are all *original*, that is, they are executed in Paris *exclusively* for the Lady's Magazine and the "Follet," and "Courrier des Salons," by a joint proprietorship. By the arrangement made, the plates are published, *some* of them *simultaneously*, in both countries; and others (in the Lady's Magazine) *two weeks* before any impression of the "Follet" reaches London. The present plates exhibit the adaptation of two beautiful portraits to the fashions, a plan both new and desirable: the charge for doing this is Five Guineas; not so much as is generally paid to artists for a mere outline. The greatest care will be taken of portraits sent to the publisher; but *the Ladies* must be pretty.

In the Lady's Magazine for July was published, an alphabetical List of all the Ladies presented at Court at the eight Drawing-rooms holden since Her Majesty's accession. Vols. I., II., and III., price 17s. 6d. each, may now be had; or any separate Numbers can be obtained to complete sets.

All letters must be sent free, and addressed *only* "Lady's Magazine," 112. Fetter Lane.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR OCTOBER, 1831,
IMPROVED SERIES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

- Portrait of His most gracious Majesty, republished in honour of the Coronation, and for the benefit of recent Subscribers.
 Portrait of Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis the First.
 One Plate (No. 123.), exhibiting two figures (one a portrait), in Evening Dresses.
 One Plate (No. 124.), exhibiting two figures (one a portrait), in Carriage or full Walking Costume.
 One Plate (No. 125.), exhibiting a whole length figure, in a full or Evening Costume, with fashionable Chamber Furniture, Ornaments, &c.
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CONTENTS.

	Page
Biography of Marguerite de Valois	179
The Grave in the Desert	185
Recollections of a Visit to Paris in 1802. By Amelia Opie	186
The Sincurist's Prayer. By Charles Fudge, jun.	191
The Remonstrance; picked up in the House of Commons. By Charles Fudge, jun.	191
The Fratricide's Grave; a Highland Legend	192
Poland	200
The Smile of my Love	202
Gilles de Retz, the Original Bluebeard	203
Biography of Flowers. (Asters.)	205
The Story of a Palikar; an Albanian Sketch	207

REVIEWS.

Count Robert of Paris. By Sir Walter Scott	211
Family and Parochial Sermons. By the Rev. William Shepherd, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Curate of Cheddington, Author of "Sermons on Baptism," and "Liturgical Considerations."	212
A Key to the Familiar German Exercises. By N. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, London	218
On Distortions of the Spine; with a few Remarks on Deformities of the Legs. By Lionel J. Beale, Esq.	219
Millman's Tales. Adapted for the higher Classes of Youth	223
The Watering Places of Great Britain. No. IV.	224
English School of Painting. Nos. XXII. XXIII.	224

Drama, &c.—King's Theatre, 224.—Haymarket Theatre, 224.—Queen's Theatre, New City Theatre, 224.—Foreign Theatricals, Music, &c., 225.—*Fashions.*—Costume of Paris, 225.—Bonnets and Hats, 226.—Dress Hats, 226.—Walking Dress, 226.—Evening Dress, 226.—Pelerines, 226.—Jewellery, 226.—Hair, 227.—Gloves, 227.—Evening Dress (123.), 227.—Carriage Dress (124.), 227.—Walking Dress, 227.—Modes Parisiennes, Robes, 227.—*Monthly Chronicle*, 229.—The Coronation, 229.—Paganini's Departure from Dublin, 234.—*Births, Marriages, and Deaths*, 235.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Moorish Queen, a Record of Pompeii.

The Stanley Tales, by Professor Millman.

Watering Places of Great Britain, Part IV.

English School of Painting.

British and Foreign Temperance Society.

Divines of the Church of England, by Rev. T. Hughes.

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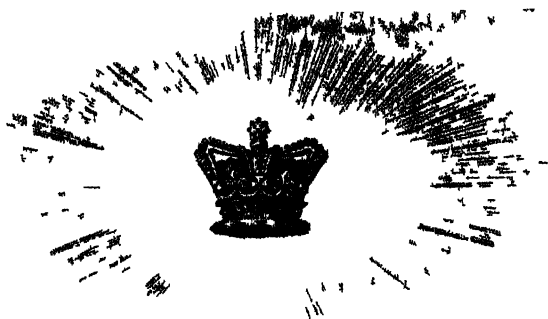
Journal de l'Academie d'Horticulture, up to Sept. 1.

P. P. R. S. 49. 17. received.

F. of Worcester has our thanks; we might not otherwise have seen the article.

We owe obligations also to the stranger who transmitted "The *Courier*."

We have complaints of the substitution of other works for our Magazine at Cheltenham (lately) and other places. Some of these, we know, are "dirt cheap" in the market: but we trust, notwithstanding the temptation to a menial, that no bookseller would attempt such a fraud. We have this month put the date of our work (1756) upon the top of the outside of the cover, to make a decided difference from every other.



ENGLAND - 1914

Reprinted in honor of the 100th

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE
 - Lady's Magazine



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MARGUERITE DE FRANCE

Sister of Francis Ist

Born 1472. Died 1649

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

Improved Series.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1831.

No. XXII.

BIOGRAPHY OF MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

MARGUERITE de Valois, only sister to the renowned Francis the First, and successively duchesse d'Alençon and queen of Navarre, was the most accomplished woman in France, and, with the exception of her friend and correspondent, Vittoria Colonna, the first female writer of her day. She was the daughter of Charles count d'Angoulême and Louise daughter of Philippe duke of Savoy. The count died in early life, and his children, Francis and Marguerite, were left, while infants, to the care of his widow Louise, herself a girl of sixteen. These princely children did not, at their birth, seem entitled to the brilliant destiny which afterwards was theirs. Charles the Eighth, the monarch who filled the throne of France, was in the prime of life, and had a son living. Moreover, the duke of Orléans, afterwards Louis the Twelfth, and his children, stood between Francis and the hope of sovereignty. The house of Angoulême was a younger branch of that of Orléans; and the guardianship of Francis and his sister devolved on Louis, their nearest relative. He performed its duties in the most paternal manner, and, under his superintendence, the young princess, as well as her brother, received, from the first masters in France, a most learned and superior education. This was the more necessary, as Louise of Savoy, one of the weakest and wickedest women of her time, was wholly incapable of forming and directing a mind

ardent and energetic like that of Marguerite. The most tender friendship subsisted between the princess Marguerite and her brother: it began in the cradle, and ended but with life. Charles the Eighth, and subsequently Louis the Twelfth, died, and left no sons; and the brother of Marguerite became sovereign of France. The baneful passions of her capricious mother occasioned her first unhappy marriage. Suzanne de Bourbon was the heiress to an immense estate, on which the constable de Bourbon (who was the poorest and handsomest prince in Europe) and Louise of Savoy had equal claims. Louise, who was still young, fell in love with Bourbon, and would have married him; but he refused her rather rudely, and wedded the young Suzanne. Although he disliked and despised Louise, he could scarcely have loved his wife, who was only thirteen, of a sickly constitution, and hideously deformed. His heart was devoted to the charming and spirited Marguerite; but his own poverty, and the mad passion of her mother, had barred their union. Whether Marguerite returned his love was never ascertained; yet the mode in which she exerted her influence over him during her brother's captivity at Madrid, evidently proved that she was then conscious of Bourbon's deep devotion to herself. The duke d'Alençon, a prince of the most contemptible qualities, and who was despised by the whole court of France for his cowardice, had

been refused the hand of the heiress Suzanne; and Louise of Savoy bestowed on him her daughter Marguerite, in order to console him for his disappointment, and to pique her enemy, Jeanne of Bourbon, the mother of Suzanne.

Suzanne de Bourbon died without leaving her husband a living heir; and Louise of Savoy and the constable de Bourbon contested the heirship of her estates. The unjust decision in favour of Louise is well known; likewise the flight of the constable to Charles the Fifth, and the fatal manner in which this French Coriolanus led the armies of that prince against his country. Marguerite passed her early youth with her contemptible husband, if not happily, at least without incurring any slur on her reputation. The gallant Francis having lost the battle of Pavia through the personal cowardice of d'Alençon, the latter had sufficient sensibility to feel most keenly the scorn and reproach which he every where encountered. He died of a broken heart at Lyons, April 25. 1525, leaving Marguerite in a state of freedom, of which she directly showed her sense, by taking a more decisive part in the distracted state of the times as a widow than she had ever done as a wife. Her husband had scarcely breathed his last, when, amongst other terms which Francis offered to the emperor, in order to obtain his freedom, he proposed to pardon Bourbon his treason, to give him the hand of Marguerite, and to restore to him all his possessions. As soon as this proposal had been made, Marguerite braved all the dangers of the unsettled times, and travelled to Madrid, to see and console her beloved brother, whose health had sunk under his impatience of confinement. Perhaps, too, she had no objection again to see and converse with the unfortunate and guilty Bourbon. The history of her proceedings in Madrid we quote from Bacon's able biography of Francis.

"His sister, the duchess d'Alençon, who loved him with an affection so strong that it overlooked all peril, applied for and procured the emperor's safe-conduct, and permission to reside in Spain for two months. She then took a journey to Madrid for the purpose of consoling her brother's captivity, and of endeavouring to procure his freedom; and upon her arrival found him in an alarming illness, which threatened his life. The emperor,

who was informed of it, now determined to visit his prisoner, and did so notwithstanding the remonstrances of Gattinara, who represented to him that if he sought him under such circumstances, he ought, for his own honour and reputation, to grant him his liberty without condition or ransom.

"Charles found Francis in a state of extreme indisposition, and endeavoured, by some unmeaning compliments, to console and reconcile him to his lot. Such of the details of this interview as have been preserved are curious and interesting. When Francis saw him enter his chamber, he said to him, 'Your majesty has come at last, then, to see your prisoner die.' 'Not my prisoner,' replied Charles, 'but my brother and my friend. Believe that I have been labouring to procure your liberty; and that, ere long, I shall succeed.'

"Francis, in whose disposition there was so little guile that he did not sufficiently suspect it in others, was overcome by the apparent frankness of this proceeding; and he gave credit to the emperor's promises. They engaged in a long and animated conversation. The emperor besought him, on his departure, to take care of his health; and promised that as soon as it should be re-established he should be free. The hope to which this flattering discourse gave rise was so strong and so fascinating, that Francis's health, from that moment, rapidly improved, and gave promise that he would soon be in a situation to demand the fulfilment of the emperor's pledge.

"The duchess d'Alençon redoubled her efforts for her brother's liberation. The emperor received her with every demonstration of respect; but she soon discovered, that as Charles's fears of losing his prisoner and his ransom diminished, his determination to keep him in captivity increased. She endeavoured to form an acquaintance with the queen of Portugal, who was destined for Francis's bride; but the wary emperor frustrated this by inducing his sister to make a pilgrimage to Guadaloupe, which occupied the whole period of the duchess's stay in Spain. She also addressed herself to Bourbon, who, as it seemed, would not have been sorry to make his marriage with her the means of restoring him to his country and his estates. She did not attempt to discourage any hopes he might

have formed on this head, and her beauty and intellectual charms had given her so great a power over Bourbon, that he revealed to her all he knew respecting the emperor's secret designs. Bourbon's influence in Spain, however, was nothing; and the wary emperor knew better than to disclose his real intentions to one who, with all his faults, possessed a sensibility and generosity of temper which rendered him an unfit depository for such schemes as he had planned.

"After some time the duchess became convinced that she had nothing to hope from her own personal influence, and as little from the urgent appeals she had made to Charles's justice and his generosity. She therefore took her leave of the emperor, whom she had visited at Toledo, and returned to Madrid, for the purpose of paying a farewell visit to her brother on her return to France. Here it was that she planned a scheme for Francis's release, which was conceived with so much boldness and ingenuity, that nothing but an unlooked-for accident could have thwarted its fulfilment. Among the attendants upon the captive monarch was a negro slave, whose business it was to supply his chamber with wood for fuel, and who bore some resemblance to Francis in size and figure. The duchess had so completely gained this man, that he had consented to encounter any danger at her bidding. It had been arranged that, as soon as all the other preparations should be ready, this man should enter at night-fall with his accustomed load of logs, and that immediately afterwards the king should have his face blackened of the same complexion as that of the negro, and that, putting on the slave's clothes, he should go out of the castle-gate; while, in order to prevent detection by any of the persons who might enter the chamber, the negro was to conceal himself in the bed of the king, who was supposed to be unwell. Every thing seemed to promise that the change would pass without suspicion; and, once without the walls, the duchess had made arrangements which would have ensured her brother's escape long before any effectual pursuit could be instituted. The king's personal attendants at this period were a cavalier who had distinguished himself much in arms, a Monsieur de Larocheport, and a gentleman of the bed-chamber, Clermont Cham-

pion, and to them, of necessity, all the particulars of the plot had been communicated. In the course of a trifling altercation which had ensued between these persons, Larocheport struck the chamberlain a blow, and the latter failing to obtain redress for the indignity he had suffered, hurried, in the first transport of his rage, to Toledo, and disclosed to the emperor the plan that had been formed for his captive's liberation. Charles's conduct on this occasion was perfectly worthy of him. To his immediate counsellors he inveighed bitterly against the policy of Francis's conduct, and affected to deplore that a great and gallant monarch could descend to so mean an artifice as that which he had contemplated; but beyond this he suffered no expression nor any external token to indicate either his anger or his suspicion. He had the depositions of Champion reduced into writing, and transmitted to Alarcon, for the purpose of keeping him on the alert, at the same time that he enjoined the strictest silence respecting the discovery; and the only step he permitted to be taken in consequence of it was the removal of the negro slave. He, however, determined to punish the duchess for the share she had taken in the plot; and as no consideration of the forbearance which her sex ought to have claimed, or of respect for the motives which had induced her to attempt her beloved brother's liberation, found a place in his mind, he would have carried that determination into effect in its fullest rigour. The duchess's passport had been made out for two months; but the friendly manner in which she had been received was well calculated to make her forget that that term was drawing fast to its conclusion; and that it was necessary to renew it in order to provide for her personal safety. Charles intended to let the period expire, and then, upon her applying either for a renewal or for a safe-conduct to the frontier, to have inserted in them a clause to the effect that she had neither attempted nor contemplated any thing prejudicial to the emperor or his government. If she had accepted either of them, he was prepared with proof of her having violated that condition, and intended to avail himself of it for the purpose of making her share her brother's imprisonment. The confidence which the duchess placed in

his honour would have crowned his scheme with success, but for an intimation which Bourbon, who had learned the treachery that the emperor meditated, conveyed to her. With the utmost precipitation, she then ordered her escort; and, notwithstanding the severity of the winter, which had now set in, she traversed Spain with such expedition, as to reach the frontier of Navarre one hour before the period of her safe-conduct had expired.

"Before she departed, however, Francis had become convinced of the little reliance that was to be placed upon the emperor's promises, and, since the discovery of his projected escape, he saw no present prospect of the termination of his imprisonment. He, therefore, made up his mind to endure it without further complaint, and at the same time to defeat the object which his inveterate foe hoped to attain by keeping him in confinement: for this purpose he signed a formal deed, by which he renounced his crown in favour of the dauphin, to whom he desired the French people to transfer their allegiance, and to consider him as having quitted the world. This paper he committed to the care of the duchess d'Alençon."

Marguerite was ready to embrace her brother on the French side of the Bidas-soa when he at length obtained his freedom. A few months after the proposal of her marriage with Bourbon, that ill-fated hero fell at the storming of Rome. Whether his untimely death caused a pang to the heart of Marguerite, history has not informed us. Some little time afterwards, she was offered the hand of Henry the Eighth, in case his divorce could be accomplished; but, with virtuous indignation, she refused to fill the place and wear the crown of the injured Catherine of Arragon.

In 1527 she accepted the hand of Henri d'Albret king of Navarre, by whom she had a daughter Jeanne, the mother of Henri Quatre by Antony duke of Bourbon. The second husband of Marguerite was a valiant and manly character, and greatly beloved by her. The hardy and simple manner in which he brought up his grandson on the Bearn mountains, and early cherished in the young prince those glorious qualities which the latter afterwards so conspicuously displayed as Henry the Great of France, speaks vo-

lumes in favour of Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre. Jeanne d'Albret, the daughter of Marguerite, possessed great personal charms, and many feminine graces. "My lamb has brought me forth a lion," was the well-known saying of the king of Navarre on beholding the first indications of valour and spirit in his infant grandson. The daughter of Marguerite was the great patroness of the reformed religion, and the head of their formidable party in France. She was undoubtedly brought up in that faith by her mother, who was a secret convert. Calvin was the protégé of Marguerite, and was educated at Bourges, in a college of which she was the patroness and disposed of all the professorships. She afterwards used her powerful influence in obtaining Calvin's pardon when condemned for preaching a sermon on All Souls'-day at the church of the Maturins in Paris.

It must be noted particularly that the cruel persecution of the Lutherans, which is the chief blot on the reign of Francis, was first begun by his detestable mother, Louise of Savoy, at the period of her regency, during her son's captivity. Francis has been justly blamed; but in those furious times, and with weakened authority, it would have been a difficult task to extinguish the flames which his mother had kindled.

"The amiable and enlightened Marguerite de Valois endeavoured, by her mild persuasions, to check the detestable persecutions which she saw carrying on. She prevailed upon Francis to order, from his prison at Madrid, the suspension of proceedings against the alleged heretics; and extended her personal protection to the victims of fanatical violence, to many of whom she afforded an asylum, when her destiny afterwards led her to Navarre. Francis, upon his return, evinced a disposition to put an end to the proceedings against the accused. He found that Beda had been engaged in a controversy with Erasmus, and had endeavoured to procure a condemnation of his works by the Sorbonne, on the ground of their being heretical. Erasmus protested loudly and forcibly against so unjust an accusation, and the king favoured him; but Beda was the representative of too powerful a party to be so checked; and Francis, who felt the necessity of being on good terms with his clergy, because they might effectually

assist or hinder him in raising pecuniary supplies from his people, found it expedient not to resist them. If he had merely forborne to interfere, and had prevented the fate to which the Catholics devoted their victims, by withholding his sanction, although he might have deserved to be censured for a culpable weakness, he would have escaped the charge of cruelty and persecution, to which his subsequent conduct exposed him. The zeal, however, of the protestants, excited by the violence of their opponents, broke out into excesses so unseemly, as afforded some pretext for the rigour with which they were treated; and Francis soon passed from a state of indifference to a stern determination to repress them by the most cruel punishments. Some of the lower orders of the people had mutilated a statue of the Virgin which stood at the corner of the Rue des Rosiers and the Rue des Juifs; and the king marked his sense of the outrage, by causing a statue of silver of the same size to be made, which he placed with great solemnity, and in the presence of his assembled court, on the spot where the former statue had stood, for the purpose of expiating the profanation which had been committed. From this moment, either because his own superstitious feelings were excited, or because the people who were about him made use of it for their own ends, he evinced a severity against the Lutherans, which forms the least pardonable part of his character, and has stained his name for ever. Berquin, a harmless but zealous reformer, was cruelly put to death, and several of those who partook of his opinions shared his fate. At Toulouse, twenty Lutherans were burnt at once, numbers were banished, and their goods confiscated; and even the queen of Navarre was threatened with, and might have experienced, the vengeance of the persecutors, but that Francis's affection for her stood in the way of the attempts of her daring enemies.

"In France, she was the protectress of the reformers, not because they were reformers, but because they were oppressed. In Navarre, her prudent exertions and virtuous example restored the peaceful arts, which a series of wars had almost annihilated; and she had the satisfaction of seeing the revived agriculture and commerce of the country bring back its

former prosperity. She incurred, without having deserved them, the censures of the bigoted clergy in Paris; was publicly ridiculed in a farce which the University represented; and a religious poem which she wrote, entitled "*Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*," was threatened to be prohibited. These insults did not deter her from continuing to succour the unfortunate; and she bore, without complaining, the imputation of heresy, which had no other foundation than in that Christian charity which she almost singly exercised in a court filled with the most ignorant and fierce persecutors."

Marguerite was the patroness of all the learned men of her time. She received lessons in Hebrew and other learned languages from the celebrated Jew Paradiis. She likewise encouraged the eccentric poet Clement Marot, and protected him through the interminable scrapes in which he was ever involving himself. She was the authoress of the celebrated "*Heptameron*," a collection of tales which, we are grieved to acknowledge, are more celebrated for their genius than their delicacy. The following apology is offered for them by Bacon:—

"Francis's amiable and accomplished sister, Margaret, the brightest ornament of his court, and the pride of her sex and her country, wrote, under the title of "*L'Heptameron de la Reine de Navarre*," a collection of tales which are among the best prose compositions of that period. If they were to be tried by the standard of taste which now prevails, and by the manners of the present day, they would be found infinitely too free; but considering the state of society in which she wrote, and comparing her novels even with the productions of serious contemporary authors on serious subjects, they are as remarkable for their purity as they are admirable for their wit and invention. The framework of her tales resembles, in its contrivance, that of Boccaccio, after whose example they were written for the amusement of herself and her friends. In the preface to her tales, she supposes that a company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled at Caulderets, in the Pyrenees, where there were some celebrated warm springs; and that at the end of the season, which is the latter part of autumn, such abundance of rain fell, that every one was compelled to leave the small cottages, which were the

only habitations in this remote village, and betake themselves homeward in all haste. A complication of disasters befel them. Some, in crossing the rivers, were swept away by the rapidity of the torrent; others struck into the forest, endeavouring to discover a new road, and were devoured by the wolves; others took refuge in villages inhabited by brigands, and narrowly escaped robbery and murder. The wisest repaired to the abbey of our Lady of Serrance, and here such of the others as were left joined them. While a bridge was being constructed, by which they might cross the river, they formed the project of each individual composing a story every day, which was then to be read for the general amusement. Of these tales, twenty-two have been preserved; they are each followed by reflections, for the purpose of enforcing the moral which they contain, and a serious and a lively tale is told alternately."

In 1551, Francis and Marguerite lost their odious mother, the particulars of whose death are too curious to be withheld.

"She was extremely superstitious, and carried her belief in judicial astrology to a point even beyond that which was common among her sex during this period. Shortly before her death she perceived an extraordinary light in her chamber, and believing it to proceed from the fireplace, she began to scold her attendants for making too large a fire. They replied, that it was the moon; and on her withdrawing the curtains, she perceived, through the windows, a comet. This, she insisted, was a sign of her approaching dissolution, sent for her confessor, and prepared herself for death. The physicians assured her there was no danger, and that she was much better than she had been for some days before. She replied, she felt that, but she knew also that her hour was come; and, in fact, died within a short time afterwards.

"Clement Marot celebrated her in an elegy, which, if it was not meant to be ironical, is a curious example of the taste of the age in which it was written, and of the grief which expresses itself in puns and quibbles:—

"Coignac, s'en coigne en sa poitrine blême;
Romorentin la perte remémore :

Amjou fait jong : Angeuilles out de même
Amboise en fait une amertume extrême :
La Maine en meins un lamentable bruit.

"She took the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa into her service as physician and astrologer; and that eccentric man, who disliked her extremely, made himself acquainted with her prejudices and weakness only for the purpose of tormenting her. She consulted him as to the fate of the duke of Bourbon, when her animosity against him was the most violent; and Agrippa erected the constable's horoscope, and spitefully predicted all kinds of triumph and happiness for him. He was then dismissed, deprived of his pension, and took his revenge upon the duchess by writing a bitter satire, in which he compared her with Jezebel, and which compelled him to seek his safety in flight."

Marot, in his elegy, puns and plays on the names of her various castles and seigneuries.

Marguerite was not only skilful with the pen, but drew exquisitely. Her taste in designing elegant patterns for the fanciful arrangement of jewels, so prevalent in those times, was so much admired, that her favourite female friends were accustomed to request from her drawings of the kind. The lovely countess Chateaubriand, her brother's favourite mistress, was greatly beloved by Marguerite. Francis presented the lady with a set of jewels, which were the admiration of the whole court, not so much for their intrinsic value as for the beauty of the designs, and the quaintness of the mottoes which his sister had devised, and which were considered perfect masterpieces of wit and elegance. When Francis forsook the countess for his unworthy mistress the duchesse d'Estampes, the latter considered her triumph incomplete unless she could tear from her rival these pledges of the affection of both brother and sister. Francis was weak and cruel enough to let the ill-natured woman have her own way, and to order the countess to return the rings and jewels which had been formerly bestowed on her by himself. Under pretence of illness, the countess bade the messenger return in three days. Meantime she caused the ornaments to be melted, and on the re-appearance of the messenger, gave him the ingots and the

jewels, saying, "There was the just weight and value; but as for the inscriptions and devices, her beloved princess had drawn them for her alone, and they were transferred to her heart." The desertion of

Francis proved a death-blow to the fair Chateaubriand.

Marguerite survived her brother, but died before her husband, the king of Navarre, in 1549.

THE GRAVE IN THE DESERT.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

I know not why,—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone,
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Form'd from the floating wreck which ruin leaves behind.

BYRON.

How lone! beneath the cloudless sky
The palm-tree seems to wave
Its foliage to the winds that sigh
Around this desert grave;
And flowers, whose pearly eyes of blue
So brightly cluster here,
Receive the liquid balm of dew,
Soft as the mourner's tear.

No roses flush'd with sunny light
Adorn this silent place,
Or in the streamlet's mirror bright—
Their perfect beauty trace;
Enclosed with giant hills, that rear
To heaven their pathways rude,
How calm the exile slumbers here
In Nature's quietude!

Perchance the inmate of this grave
Has seen his banners sweep
In triumph o'er the stormy wave,
Like meteors on the deep;
Or, when the battle pour'd around
Its clouds of gloom and flame,
His heart has felt its hopes profound
Unite in dreams of fame.

Or, wandering in some eastern land,
Where birds of richest plume
To gorgeous skies their wings expand,
And starless nights illume,
He might have faded like the ray
That on his features smiled,
And mingled his forsaken clay
Amid this pathless wild.

Oh! whether he resign'd his home
 In quest of gems and gold,
 Or saw the sparkling ocean-foam
 Beneath his banner roll'd,—
 Whether by friend or foe consign'd
 To this secluded spot,—
 Remembrance cannot haunt his mind,
 Whose slumbers are forgot.

The heart will prove a thoughtful thing
 While mourning o'er the tomb,
 And life's bright flowers will seldom spring
 Around its dream-like gloom!
 But there is not an eye to weep,
 Or kindred heart to save
 The memory of the wanderer's sleep,
 Within this desert grave!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO PARIS IN 1802.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

(Continued from p. 135.)

PICTURE-SEEING.

The day after the review our accomplished countrywoman, Maria Cosway, took the President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, and ourselves on a round of picture-seeing; and at length we proceeded to the residence of a gentleman who was, I concluded, only a *picture-dealer*, or one of the many *nouveaux riches* who had fine collections; because, whenever she spoke of him, Maria Cosway called him nothing but "Fesch." We stopped at the door of a very splendid hotel in the *Chausée d'Antin*, and were met at the top of a magnificent flight of stairs by a gentleman in the garb of an ecclesiastic. His hair was powdered, and he wore it in a full round curl behind, after the fashion of an *abbé*; his coat was black, but his stockings were of a bright purple; his shoe and knee buckles were of gold: round his neck he wore a glossy white silk handkerchief, from under which peeped forth a costly gold crucifix. His countenance was pleasing; his complexion uncommonly blooming; his manners courteous; and his age (as I afterwards learned) was thirty-nine.

This gentleman was the "Fesch" we came to visit: but I soon discovered that, though he lived in the house, it was not his own; for Maria Cosway was summoned into an adjoining room, where

I overheard her conversing with a female; and when she returned she told us that *Madame Buonaparte Mère*, (as she was called to distinguish her from her daughter-in-law,) the mistress of the hotel, was very sorry that she could not see us, but that she was so unwell she was obliged to keep her bed, and could not receive strangers. So, then! we were in the house of Letitia Buonaparte, and the mother of Napoleon! and in the next room to her, but could not see her! How unfortunate! However, I was sure I had heard her voice.

I now supposed that "Fesch" was her spiritual director, and believed his well-studied dress, his *toilette si bien soignée*, was a necessary distinction, as he belonged to the mother of the First Consul.

He seemed a merry as well as a courteous man; and once he took Maria Cosway aside, and showed her a letter that he had only just received, which, to judge from the hearty laugh of "Fesch," and the answering smiles of the lady, gave them excessive pleasure.

The walls were full of pictures by various masters, the merits of which our clerical Cicerone seemed able to appreciate.

I remember two or three fine *Gior-giones*; but the collection was very rich in portraits by Philip de Champagne:

and I heard the President and my husband say, these were the finest which they had ever seen by that master. These portraits were neither hung up nor framed, but, with innumerable other paintings, leant against the wall, whence our obliging companion turned them round for our inspection with untired perseverance, and as if he enjoyed the dusty task. At length we reached his bed-room, and there hung a picture not to be forgotten! one of the very finest of Rembrandt! It was an *Ecce Homo*! Never had I seen before a picture of the Saviour which I could bear to look at! But in this, as my husband observed, Rembrandt seemed to have been inspired; for it united to the force, character, and colouring which always distinguished his pencil, that merit in which the artist was commonly deficient; namely, dignified expression. The eyes and hair were dark, contrary to the usual manner of depicting the Divine Original. The garment was brown, and confined round the waist by a thick rope. The hands were tied; and the eyes mournfully, but mildly, fixed upon us.

I was both fascinated and awed! I could not leave it, but continued to look at it through gathering tears; nor was my husband less charmed: he, too, lingered before it till summoned by the President to follow into Fesch's oratoire. There we saw a fine *Raphael*, a *Madonna and Child*, with other figures, hanging over a splendid crucifix: but we could not forget the *single figure*, — and we agreed that, if we had been disposed to kneel to the picture of our Saviour, we should have bent before the Rembrandt in preference to the Raphael.

By this time I had heard and observed many things which made me think that Fesch was more than I apprehended him to be. I therefore watched for an opportunity to ask the President *who* this obliging person was. — "What!" cried he, "do you not know that he is the Archbishop of Lyons, the uncle of Buonaparte?" I was astonished! "What! the person so familiarly spoken of as 'Fesch,' could he be indeed '*du sang*' (of the blood) of the Buonapartes, and the First Consul's uncle!" How my respect for him increased when I heard this! How interesting became his every look and word; and how grateful I felt for his obliging attentions to us!

While we were looking at the pictures, his niece, the wife of Murat, drove to the door; and I saw the top of her cap as she alighted, but no more, as she went immediately to her mother's bed-side. After devoting to us at least two hours, the archbishop conducted us down the noble staircase to the beautiful hall of entrance, and courteously dismissed us. My companions instantly went away; but I lingered behind, for I had caught a view of a colossal bust of Buonaparte in a helmet, which stood on a table, and I remained gazing on it, forgetful of all but itself: yes — there were those finely cut features, that "*coupe de menton à l'Apollon*!" and though I thought the likeness a flattered one, I contemplated it with great pleasure, and was passing my hand admiringly over the *salient* chin, when I heard a sort of suppressed laugh, and, turning round, saw the archbishop observing me. I instantly, covered with confusion, ran out of the house.

I found Maria Cosway explaining what the letter was which had given "Fesch" and her such evident satisfaction. It was nothing less than a letter from Rome, informing him that he would probably be put in nomination for the next cardinal's hat.

How soon he was nominated I cannot remember; but it is now many years since the blooming ecclesiastic of 1802 exchanged his purple for scarlet stockings, his mitre for a red hat, and his title of Archbishop of Lyons for that of Cardinal Fesch. Maria Cosway conducted us next to the hotel of Lucien Buonaparte. The ornaments of this hall of entrance, and its fittings up, were to us new, peculiar, and disagreeable; for the stove was in the form of a cannon, and the banister and other decorations were of a military kind. The judges present pronounced the pictures to be fine and select. Again my favourite was a Rembrandt. I have seen the picture since in England, and with melancholy pleasure, as a memento of departed days. It was Rembrandt's "Writing-master," a small painting, but possessing all the force of that distinguished artist; and I saw it when some of Lucien Buonaparte's pictures were on sale in London.

As we entered one of the apartments in Lucien Buonaparte's hotel, we were told that he had just quitted it for our accommodation. How I wished that for

our pleasure he had stayed where he was; for I would rather have seen him than his pictures!

The book which he had just laid down was still open at the page which he had probably been reading, and I ventured to look at the back of it. It was a "History of France;" and had I been able to put the idea in verse, I believe I should have written in the blank page, that there could be nothing in that history more remarkable than the future historian would have to record in the history of the Buonapartes. While I, lingering behind as usual, was pondering over these ideas, I heard the sound of a flute in the room adjoining, and asked the servant attending on us who was playing. He replied, "C'est monsieur — Monsieur Lucien Buonaparte; and he plays on a glass flute."^{*}

What a rich morning had this turned out to me, an inquisitive and sentimental traveller! I had been at the house of the mother of the hero of the day! I had heard *her voice*! I had seen the top of *his sister's cap*! and had passed two hours with his uncle (an archbishop, and a cardinal in prospect); and had heard his brother play upon a glass flute! and "little things are great to little men," says the poet; and this line may, perhaps, with justice be applied to me, when I confess that I returned delighted to my hotel.

Little did I think that the pages of French history which Lucien Buonaparte was reading would have to record, when continued, the still greater elevation of the founder of his family, and his subsequent instructive fall! It is probable that Lucien was even then studying the records of France with a view to write the epic poem which he afterwards published; and it is equally probable that, at the very moment when he was preparing to make Charlemagne the *hero of his work*, his brother was plotting to make him his prototype, and to come forth

another Charlemagne in his own person. How harmless was the ambition of one brother; how mischievous that of the other! But, doubtless, they were co-existent: and how different, in somewhat similar temptations, was the conduct of the brothers!

Napoleon required Lucien to give up the wife whom he married for love, and to whom he continued tenderly attached, that he might be at liberty to accept a wife provided for him by the emperor: but he indignantly rejected the proposal, and quitted France, a voluntary exile, rather than sacrifice the happiness of a confiding woman, and his own domestic comforts, to the schemes of a heartless ambition.

I think it was in the year 1806 that Lucien Buonaparte, when on his way to America with his wife, was captured by an English frigate; kept as a prisoner at large, near Worcester first, and afterwards near Ludlow.

While near the former city, he was, I know, allowed to go any where, within a circuit of ten miles, by himself; but if he wanted to go to any greater distance he was to be accompanied by the officer who was his guard. Like Napoleon at St. Helena, he could not endure the idea of having spies upon his movements: therefore he positively rejected all proposals to extend his rides beyond the boundary.

But the time of Lucien Buonaparte was so constantly employed, and his pleasures were of so domestic a nature, that I believe he had no wish to exceed the circuit allowed him.

In the year 1815 I had the pleasure to form an acquaintance with an Irish officer, who resided near Worcester when Lucien was a prisoner in that neighbourhood; and the anecdotes which he related to me of this gifted man, whom he frequently visited, were such as to raise him greatly in my opinion.

^{*} In 1815 I met Lord and Lady Byron at a party in London, and was standing near them when Sola, the flute player, entered, and going up to the grand piano forte, prepared to accompany some one (I forget whom) in a song; and we observed that his flute was of glass. I had never seen one before; but I could not forget when I had heard one. Lord Byron saw it with surprise, and turning to me, said, "Why does Sola play on a glass flute — does he mean we should see the notes as well as hear them?" I wish I could give his answer when I told him that Lucien Buonaparte played on a glass flute; but some one came between us, and I could hear nothing save "the Buonapartes" but the words were uttered with that look of indignant scorn which his features were so well calculated to express. It was the last time I saw Lord Byron.

He told me that his establishment large, and his means seemed amply sufficient. His own children, and those of his wife by a former marriage, resided with him; and besides the chaplain who accompanied them from France, one of the noble family of Chatillon had followed the fortunes of a Buonaparte.

He described it as a most happy ménage.

In the morning the women were devoted to their household duties, and the accomplishments of sex and station; and the men passed their time in study, or in riding or walking; and in reading aloud, or in music, in which the whole family were proficient, they passed the evening hours. The service of their church was performed duly and daily in the family by the priest; and the choral part was sweetly chanted by the parents and the children.

They were looked upon with eyes of distrust when they first came into the neighbourhood: but the poor were soon propitiated by their active kindness and ready attention to their wants; and if they might not entirely conciliate the good-will of the higher classes, their prejudice against them was removed by the following circumstance:—One evening Lucien took his two lovely boys to Worcester to see a play; and as the sight of a Buonaparte roused the loyalty of the rich and poor into greater activity than usual, there was a loud and general cry for the national anthem of "God save the King!" On which Lucien Buonaparte rose, and placing his two sons before him, they joined their young beautiful voices to his in the loyal song, till a cry of bravo! bravo! was heard through the house; while the audience evidently applauded, not only the performance, but the young performers—the Buonaparte children, and their gratified parent, who bowed gracefully around. I have pleasure in relating this anecdote of *John Bullism*.

Policy, or politeness, or both, would have led Lucien Buonaparte to join with his children in singing the national air; and he might, nevertheless, have been what he was, though falsely, suspected of being, namely, a spy of his brother's: but when once their feelings are touched, the English people cease to reason or reflect; they give way to the impulse of the moment; the aversion of one minute becomes the idol of the next; and with an amiable *bonhomie*,—which, by the by,

they ridicule

consider implicitly where before they distrusted and disliked. I believe that in this instance their changed-feeling was just; and that Lucien Buonaparte and his family conducted themselves so inapproachably during their stay in this country, that they, when they left it, were followed by the affectionate good wishes of all who knew them.

MORE PICTURE-SEEING.

Though we eagerly embraced every opportunity of seeing the pictures of old masters, we were not neglectful of the means afforded us of examining those of the modern French school. Accordingly, with an introduction from a friend, whose name has escaped my recollection, we went to the *Atelier of David*. My husband surveyed his works with that mixture of admiration and censure which they generally called forth from the English artists. But I was excessively struck with the picture of Brutus just returned from the tribunal after he had adjudged his sons to death. The artist has painted him at the moment when the dead bodies are carried past his house, and the women of the family, depicted in the background, are evidently clamorous in their grief; while, as they stretch forth their arms towards the pallid corpses in the fore-ground, Brutus sits stern, mute, and as if motionless, save where the strongly marked compression of his toes denotes a quivering of the muscles, as of intense agony; as the judge, writhing under the results of his republican justice, making unnatural efforts to subdue the tender relenting and sorrow of the father. I gazed on this suffering victim of his own mistaken virtue till the compassion I felt became painful, and I turned away; so real was the illusion. I could not pay a greater compliment to the power of the painter.

There were other pictures, which, as well as the "Brutus," I saw and recognised as old acquaintances last year; but the latter only I have felt inclined to mention.

From David's we went to Gérard's, to whom we carried a letter from a friend in England. He and his young and lovely wife were then living in the Louvre, like other of the French artists; and after groping our way up the dark staircase, it was a pleasing contrast to enter his

bright rooms and see his sparkling pictures. But, no offence to the painter's works, it was a greater treat to me to see the painter himself, with his *belle tête Romaine*, "his fine Roman head;" and we were soon caught and delighted by his kind, courteous manners and agreeable conversation. When we left him, it was with an earnest desire to see him again. After we quitted his house, our banker (now Baron Este) took us to the hotel of Murat; which, being furnished in the most elegant style of French luxury, was deemed worth seeing. And splendid, indeed, it was; more so even than that of Letitia Buonaparte. Here also, as at the mother's house, nearly every room contained some representation of the First Consul, the original cause of the greatness of the owner; and I hoped that grateful affection, as well as vanity, prompted this exhibition of his features.

The bed of the lady of the house was too elegant, and then too uncommon, to be forgotten: it stood in a recess, which was lined with looking-glass, and at the foot of the bed were, as I think, two finely-chiselled marble Cupids. The draperies were of the clearest muslin, lined with rose-coloured satin; and the counterpane, as well as the valance, was flounced with deep point lace.

The pannels of the room were painted in drab and rose-colour; and all the decorations of the apartment were in the most costly but tasteful style. But what pleased me most in this hotel was a picture of General Moreau, which, unframed, stood against one of the walls. It was a whole-length, as large as life, from the pencil of Gérard, and was one of those real portraits, which resemble life so much that we are apt to fancy when we recal the features, that we have seen, not the portrait, but the original.

I remember that the uniform was dark blue, and that there were gold rings in the ears, then usually worn by French officers. The countenance was mild and pleasing, but the features appeared to me common; and Moreau, in his portrait, fell short of what my imagination had depicted him. However, that was not the fault of the artist, but of his subject. The painting received our warm encomiums.

As we were leaving the hotel, our kind conductor called us back to observe a gentleman who was talking with some energy to the porter.

"That gentleman," said he, "is General Massena!"

We were, indeed, pleased to see one of whom we had read and heard so much. His head appeared to me the largest I had ever seen; but then his hair was long and thick, and curled à la Brutus. His features were large and not fine, but his eyes were bright; and he, too, wore gold rings of large dimensions in his ears. His person was large, and he seemed near six feet high: and whether it was from knowledge of his character, or not, I cannot say; but I thought there was in him altogether a look of coarse brutal daring, which contrasted strongly with the mild and pleasing expression which we had just admired in the rival of his military fame, General Moreau.

Our next visit was to the hotel of a *nouveau riche*, to see a fine collection of pictures. His name I have forgotten; but one of his pictures I remember still, because I have never seen a painting of that master of such excellent beauty. It was a Leonardo da Vinci, and represented Judith with the head of Holofernes in her hand, and was a striking union of feminine beauty and expression with the courage of a heroine. It seemed as if the painter intended to prove how superhuman the event was; and how completely Judith was the mere agent of the living God, by exhibiting her as a model of feminine delicacy and softness, forced into exertion, foreign and abhorrent to her nature, by the will of the Most High, that she might serve and save her country. Most Judiths are represented as hard and fierce; but in this we beheld a gentle, lovely being, who seemed as if she wondered at and could scarcely "bear to look on what she had done." One could almost fancy the hand trembled which bore its bloody burden. These fine pictures were the *last sights* we saw that day; and though not equal in interest to those of the preceding days, we returned to our hotel satisfied with our morning.

(To be continued.)

THE SINECURIST'S PRAYER.

BY CHARLES FUDGE, JUN.

Do not curtail my little pension,
Still let me keep my horse and chay,
And I'll applaud thy pure intention,
My own delightful premier—Grey.

Oh! from the harpies' ruthless claws
Defend my sinecure, I pray,
And I'll reverse thy glorious laws,
Thou model of a statesman—Grey.

What are the middle orders, but
The tools, the insects of the day?
No trust in fickle bosoms put,
My beautiful, my gifted Grey.

To calm the demons of dissension,
Oh! pour around thy golden ray;
Secure my relatives a pension,
And I'll adore the name of Grey.

I do not like the word "Reform;"
It surely will not sweep away,
In Revolution's awful "orm,
Thy sinecure and mine—Lord Grey.

There's Hunt, the orator of Preston,
And Hume, who has enough to say;
I wish they had no place to rest on,
When they abuse my darling Grey!

Oh! don't disturb the civil list,
Let peers and placemen have their way;
Ten thousand pounds will not be miss'd
For my emolument—Lord Grey!

THE REMONSTRANCE;

Picked up in the House of Commons.

BY CHARLES FUDGE, JUN.

Am I to lose my seat, Lord John? you surely are in jest,
And cannot wish to turn the bird from such a quiet nest!
You've swept away immunities without a tearful eye,
And left us to deplore their wreck like pilgrims passing by;
You've sacrificed our "saug retreats" before St. Stephen's shrine,—
But stay your ruthless hand, my Lord—let Boroughbridge be mine.

It is unparliamentary to do as you have done,—
Annihilate our charter'd rights in distant ages won;
I hope, that, as the sceptred kings in Banquo's glass appear,
Our ancestors may quit their tombs, and shake you by the ear;
You cannot, for your monstrous bill, assign me restitution,
Or compensate for pouring in the flood of revolution!

You might have left an equal share for my colleagues and me,
And introduced into the bill some new anomaly;
So, therefore, Boroughbridge transfer unto your B schedule,
And make its poor associates "stand part" of such a rule;
If you concede to my request, I'll take my last egression,
And live in solitude at least for this eventful session.

This is an age of sad turmoil!—the altar and the throne
Have kindled many a rebel heart to make its secrets known;
The French in "three immortal days" taught Charles the right-about,
The Belgians o'er their fallen Prince raised many a joyful shout,
And Duke Constantine—not the Great—has been compell'd to fly;
I never think on these events without a tearful eye!

The "castles" seem included in the most disastrous ranks;
Corfe Castle ne'er will hear again the "silver voice" of Bankes,
Newcastle will reject its *Peel*, and *Castle Rising* fall,
And *Bishop's Castle* mourn with wreaths of ivy on its wall!
Could not the shades of Burke or Pitt prevent the unholy rite,
Which awed me like a passing-bell on each succeeding night?

It is unconstitutional, Lord John, to take from me
The only hope that to my years affords security;
Tom Sadler was obliged to yield his seat to Serjeant Wilde,
And you came in for Tavistock, with Bedford's power beguiled:
You surely are convinced, my Lord, unless your heart is stone;
Then, stop the fatal tragedy—let Boroughbridge alone!

Your mandate startled me at first,—'twas but a Whiggish joke,
(For so I deem'd it at the time,) design'd to end in smoke;
But if you touch my sanctum, I shall muse in thoughtful gloom,
Like old Marius on the shore, or Hervey o'er the tomb.
Beware, my Lord, till next July your monstrous bill postpone;
And when you bring it forth again, let Boroughbridge alone!

C. WETHERELL, KNT.

THE FRATRICIDE'S GRAVE.

(A HIGHLAND LEGEND.)

In an humble cot, amidst the mountainous range of the Grampians, dwelt Moragh Mackay, with her widowed mother; whose flocks, consisting of goats and a few sheep, were tended by her daughter. But the lot of the widow had not always been thus humble: her husband had been a tacksmen in Sutherlandshire at the period when the *depopulating system of improvement* commenced in that unhappy county, and compelled so many of the ancient inhabitants to become emigrants to a foreign land. Colin Mackay, warmly attached to the spot of his birth, and the dwelling which had for generations sheltered his race, clung to his home with such obstinate pertinacity, that recourse was had to a mode of ejectment

which it was impossible to withstand: and the fire that consumed his lowly dwelling seared the heart of the sturdy Gael.

Seated on the grave of his parents, he gazed, with a dry eye and a burning brain, on the flames as they rose between him and the clear blue of the horizon; and as they flickered and expired, he cut with his dirk a sod from the hallowed mound which covered the remains of his kindred, and, wrapping it carefully in a treasured kerchief which had been his mother's, threw one mournful glance towards the smouldering remains of his once happy home, and followed his wife to the temporary shelter she had found amongst their fellow-sufferers about to cross the

Atlantic. Too far advanced in life, however, or too much depressed in spirit, to join the band of emigrants about to seek refuge in a distant land, Colin Mackay, after collecting the small remains of his property left by the ruthless hand of oppression, with the faithful companion of his joys and sorrows, and their infant Moragh, journeyed into Perthshire, with the view of settling in the carse of Gowrie, where his only sister and her husband, a small tackman, were resident.

But here the hand of *change*, though not of *persecution*, had also been busy; and Colin Mackay found his means inadequate to stock even the smallest of the farms into which the carse was divided. To sink into a day-labourer wounded the feelings of independence and self-respect felt in a greater or less degree by the poorest tenant in the Highlands; and Colin Mackay preferred seeking refuge in a wretched shieling near the summit of the Grampian range, to becoming the dependent of his more wealthy brother-in-law. Few as were his wants, fewer still were his means of gratifying them; but it was not mere hardship that saddened the countenance or bent the form of the Highlander: it was the unconquerable attachment which he cherished for the spot where he had first breathed the air of heaven, and where his fathers had dwelt for many generations; it was the agonising reflection that he was separated from the spot which contained their hallowed ashes; that he would himself be carried to his long home by strangers, and that his last resting-place would be far from friends and kindred.

This unconquerable attachment to the land of his clan followed Colin Mackay to his mountain-cot on the Grampians; and a deep and lasting despondency took possession of his mind. He evinced no interest in passing objects, and only now noticed his darling Moragh, to shed tears over her, as a scion uprooted from her native soil. He never spoke of by-gone times; but if his wife by chance alluded to their former mode of life, the agonised expression of his features showed how deeply the remembrance of what had been was seated in his bosom. Then would he seek relief to his pent-up feelings, by climbing to some lofty crag, and gazing for hours in the direction of his loved home. In a few months, however, his strength proved inadequate even to

this indulgence; and without any ailment except profound mental depression, before the circling year had completed its revolution, Colin Mackay was laid in the last lowly resting-place of the Grampian herdsmen.

When the remains of the heart-broken Highlander were consigned to his coffin by his kind neighbours and sorrowing brother-in-law, his bereaved partner prepared to fulfil his last solemn injunction. With reverential awe, she placed beneath his head the hallowed turf which he had cut from the grave of his parents; and which had oft been watered with bitter tears, as lone and unseen he mourned his banishment from the land of his progenitors.

Eighteen years had elapsed since this melancholy day; and the widow of Colin Mackay had found comfort in the affectionate cares of her blooming daughter.

That daughter had long been the cherished object of Kenneth Macbane's youthful devotion; nor was the blooming Moragh insensible to the graces and perfections of the young shepherd. During the season when the flocks and herds of Macbane were driven to the highest portion of his alpine farm, the youthful pair daily met, and those unpremeditated meetings tended more firmly to rivet the ties which bound their hearts together.

At early dawn Kenneth would hasten to assist Moragh to conduct her flocks to the best pastures, and as the shades of twilight approached, he would climb the dizzy height to collect the stray goats which had wandered in search of their favourite food amidst the broken and precipitous cliff; or, together seated beneath the bield of some shelving crag or on the side of a sunny knoll, their voices would mingle in a favourite lilt, till the rocks reverberated the strain in many a prolonged echo. Sometimes the youth would exert his fancy in decorating the pet lamb or the sportive kid of Moragh, with the blue heather bells or the rich fruit of the Moorland blackberry; or he would fashion with his knife, from a piece of wood, the simple implements of her domestic labour.

At the social evening meetings, held alternately in the habitations of the mountain herdsmen, when the song, the tale, and recitations from the lays of their hardy enlivened the in-door labour of those simple happy beings, Moragh

Mackay generally bore away the palm; but the approving smile or the whispered praise of Kenneth Macbane alone possessed the power of suffusing her cheek with a blush of pleasure.

In one of the fertile straths at the base of the Grampian Mountains dwelt Norman Macleod, the sworn friend and trusty comrade of Kenneth Macbane. The charms of Moragh Mackay had taken captive the heart of the young tacksman; but sharing, as he did, the bosom secret of Kenneth, he generously stifled his rising passion, lest it should interfere with the hopes of his friend. The family of Norman Macleod consisted of his mother and an only sister, who was not insensible to the attractions of her brother's friend; but, with feelings far more selfish, she employed every means she could devise to supplant the mountain maiden in his affection.

Flora Macleod was young, handsome, rich for her station, and might have been termed beautiful but for a certain expression of countenance which betokened cunning and deep design. She was, in fact, a rustic coquette; and when all her arts had in vain been lavished on the insensible shepherd, she endeavoured, by whispered detraction and falsehood, to ruin the artless Moragh in the opinion of her lover. Whenever they met, she tried to wound her feelings by treating her with marked contempt, and by uttering many a taunting jest in allusion to her humble employment. But this was only in the absence of Kenneth and her brother; for in them Moragh always found warm and powerful defenders.

Happy in the daily society of Kenneth, the simple-minded shepherdess thought not of the future; she even attempted not to define the nature of her feelings. But, at length, the youth spoke, and won the consent of the lovely maiden to become his own. The mother of Moragh shed glad tears on the face of her blushing child, as she related the engagement into which she had entered. One fear, however, arose in the upright mind of the widow to check the ecstatic idea, that when she was carried to her long home, the dearly prized relic of her wedded love would not be left to wander through this bleak world alone. She feared that Kenneth's father might object to the lowly maiden of the mountain as the wife of his beloved boy. He had been kind to her and

hers in a season of suffering; and grieved would she be should her child become the cause of disturbing the domestic harmony of his dwelling, or of estranging an only son from the obedience due to the author of his being.

But these fears were wholly groundless; the joy experienced by the parent of Kenneth, when informed of his son's attachment to the youthful Moragh, exceeded even her own, and was, besides, free from all alloy. Old Macbane liked the little maiden, and regarded a union with her as a new tie to bind Kenneth to his native mountains; for the fond father sometimes dreaded that the enterprising spirit of the youth might lead him to wander beyond the precincts of the paternal dwelling.

The months of summer and autumn passed rapidly away, and in a few weeks more the gentle Moragh was destined to receive the plighted faith of the enamoured Kenneth.

It was on the night of All-hallows, a night in which the spirits of the air are said to roam abroad on the earth, that Kenneth called at the shieling of his betrothed, to accompany her to the house of a tacksman beyond one of the mountain passes, where a numerous meeting was to assemble for the purpose of celebrating the festival of Hallow-e'en.

Moragh, arrayed in the tartan of the Mackays, her luxuriant locks confined by the snood of virgin purity, appeared even more lovely than usual in the eyes of her lover.

"Quick," said he, "or we shall be amongst the latest." But he started, as, with a look of sadness, she raised her tearful eyes to his face. Pressing the weeping maiden to his honest, manly bosom, he conjured her to acquaint him with the cause of her sorrow.

Smiling through her tears, she confessed that her last night's slumber had been disturbed by a fearful dream, which she could not help regarding as the forerunner of some terrible calamity. In vain Kenneth attempted to dispel her gloomy apprehensions. She smiled kindly, gratefully, on her lover; but a vague foreboding of approaching evil continued to weigh down her spirits.

"You shall tell me this dream as we walk along," said he; and they set out together; but a merry group, wending their way to the festive scene, having

almost immediately joined them, nothing more was said on the subject of the dream.

The light-hearted hilarity of her companions, but especially the presence of her lover, dissipated the gloom which had clouded the countenance of Moragh. But when they came in sight of the habitation of the crofter, before the door of which a merry assemblage was gaily tripping to the sound of the bagpipe, an ashy paleness overspread the face of the young shepherdess as the malignant glance of Flora Macleod greeted her appearance. This momentary terror, however, quickly subsided, unmarked by her lover, who was accosted by Flora immediately on his joining the throng. But all her arts were vainly essayed long to detain him from his affianced bride, by whose side he remained during the whole evening.

Boiling with rage, and writhing under the agonising stings of unrequited love, Flora Macleod vowed the most deadly revenge against Kenneth and the innocent object of his devoted attachment.

Long before the termination of the mystic rites that were to unveil the future fate of many a loving, anxious pair, she whispered to the daughter of their host, loud enough to be heard by Kenneth, that she must run off, as her brother was ill and out of spirits when she had left him, hoping that anxiety for his friend would induce the young shepherd to accompany her home, when she would trust to her own arts to detain him for the rest of the night. This was Flora's last stake: she threw, and missed; and rage, despair, and deadly revenge took possession of her soul, chasing thence every lingering spark of love and tenderness.

She darted from the house, heedless of the pitchy darkness of the sky, the rugged precipitous path she had to descend, the howling of the wintry wind, or the narrow, rocky path through which she must penetrate, ere she could reach her brother's dwelling.

Unable to conquer his love for the betrothed of his friend, and willing to spare himself the pang of witnessing the happiness of the lovers, Macleod had, abstained from accompanying his sister to the scene of rustic festivity. But when left to his own reflections, he chid the unmanly cowardice which had prompted

this resolve; and on the return of Flora, she perceived that he was anxious to join the revellers. This added to her rage, and sinking on a rude bench by the turf fire, which threw a lurid glare over her pale, convulsed features, she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"What means this?" said the young Highlander, stepping up to her; "speak, Flora." But the maiden continued to weep in silence; and it was not till after much well-feigned reluctance that she hinted at the cause of her anguish.

"Villain!" muttered Macleod, through his clenched teeth, while his cheek waxed deadly pale, and every muscle of his body became tense with the stern determination of his purpose. "Villain! how hast thou dared even to dream of insulting and betraying aught belonging to me, far more an only and beloved sister. Compose yourself, Flora, and disturb not our mother with the sight of your tears. The moment of retribution is at hand."

So saying, Norman Macleod kissed his sister's forehead, and left the house; whilst Flora, with fiendish joy, continued to exult in the success of her scheme to embroil the friends.

When Flora Macleod whispered her intention of returning home, her words were unheard by Kenneth, who sat intently watching two lusty *lumers* which he had placed in the fire, and which, burning with a clear and steady flame, were deemed, according to popular belief, typical of the happiness of his approaching union with Moragh. A clear frosty night and a full moon, after a time, induced many a simple rustic pair to leave the fire-side, and in gleesome mood to put in practice various out-door rites peculiar to the night, all bearing relation to their matrimonial hopes; while Kenneth and Moragh, satisfied with the indications of good fortune, which their hearts told them were not fallacious, joined a group merrily footing it to the strains of the piper.

"I am glad you have escaped the evil eye," said the little hostess, with a laugh of merry mischief, as, twining her arms about the slender waist of Moragh, she whirled her round in the dance. The similarity of this expression to the warning in her dream again chilled the soul and saddened the countenance of Mo-

ragh; and when the dance terminated she sought Alice, to enquire the meaning of her words.

"Flora," replied the little mountain sprite, "has left us, bursting with jealousy; and if she is gifted with the *evil eye*, she will soon blight your beauty, and rob you of your lover. Oh! the spell begins to work already," added she, as Moragh turned pale; and the giddy hostess immediately ran off, to try elsewhere the success of her light-hearted jests.

The ceasing of the piper warned the stragglers to retire to the house, where a homely meal terminated the amusements of the night; and the young folks soon after began to wend their way along the various tracts leading to their dwellings. Kenneth and his Moragh lingered behind, till silence succeeded to the noisy mirth of their companions. Arm in arm they then pursued their homeward path, lighted by the full moon, which rode in calm majesty amidst a host of stars, twinkling in the wintry sky.

The air was keen; and Kenneth, closely wrapping his plaid around Moragh, descended with her for some time in silence along a broken tract leading to a valley somewhat lower. The termination of this valley led to one of those mountain passes, so narrow and overhung with crags and trees, as wholly to exclude the beams of the moon. This domain of silence and darkness might well have been regarded as the haunt of evil spirits. Yet often had Moragh trodden it alone, in the happy thoughtlessness of her young existence, or lingered beneath its imperious shades in expectation of her lover. But now, though supported by his presence, her terror became uncontrollable.

Kenneth was unable to see her blanched visage, but he felt the shuddering of her frame, and pressed her closer to his side. The dream of which she had spoken in the morning recurred to his memory, and he entreated her to relate this vision which had been to her such a fertile source of uneasiness.

Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth as she attempted to speak; but the endearments of Kenneth, and his earnestness to learn the cause of such unusual terror, at length enabled her to comply.

"Last night," said she, in a low tremulous voice, "when we parted, I stood at the door, listening to your merry song

till your voice was lost in the distance, when an awful groan sounded close to my ear, — and, with a scream, I rushed into the house. My mother chid and laughed at me by turns, and after the lapse of some time we retired to rest. Having for hours remained in a state of feverish restlessness, I at length fell into a profound sleep, and dreamt — oh! what a dream! — I thought that I was walking with you on the gay green margin of a clear mountain stream, when suddenly a female form rushed forward, and pushed me headlong into the water. As I rose to the surface, I threw an imploring look towards the bank; but the scene had changed — a bleak, sterile prospect met my gaze. The pleasant banks were converted into a wild waste, the sparkling streamlet had become a deep, still, sullen loch, and Flora Macleod supplied my place by your side. 'The *evil eye* is on you,' said she, pointing her finger at me; and ceasing to struggle, I felt the still, cold waters close over me.

"Oppressed with a feeling of suffocation, I started up; a cold perspiration bedewed my face and my trembling limbs. Again sleep overpowered my eyelids; again I beheld you amidst the same wild waste. The brother of Flora, the man whom you term your friend, confronted you. His mien was haughty, his countenance expressive of rage, and in the twinkling of an eye he rushed forward and plunged his dirk into your breast. A fearful cry burst from my lips. Overwhelmed with terror, my mother approached my bed-side, and we arose."

Kenneth endeavoured to re-assure his timid companion, and the voice of affection was not wholly unsuccessful: but when the lovers had reached the middle of the dreary pass, their ears were assailed by a groan, such as Moragh had in fancy or in reality heard on the previous night. Supposing it a trick of some of their merry associates, who had followed and overheard their conversation, Kenneth vowed vengeance on the intruder, and for the purpose of inflicting it, would have darted off in the direction whence the sound proceeded; but his terrified companion clung more dead than alive to his arm, and to appease her alarm he endeavoured to make light of the matter.

Having consigned Moragh to the care of her mother, the young shepherd sped on his homeward path. In pity to the

terrors of his betrothed, he had made light of her dream and of the sound which he himself had heard; but though the fear of any thing human was a stranger to his bosom, the young and imaginative Highlander was not wholly free from a belief in the poetical superstitions of his countrymen; and in a state of indescribable excitement, heightened by the darkness of the midnight hour, he re-entered the pass.

This narrow defile extends for about two miles in length at the base of stupendous rocks, broken and shattered as if by some violent convulsion of nature. In many places, trees, growing in the fissures and hollows of the cliffs, and seeming as though suspended in mid air, stretch their branches over the pass. In other places, the overhanging rocks, rugged and destitute of vegetation, threaten instant destruction to the heedless wayfarer. Here and there stripes and patches of alluvial soil, deposited by the overflowing of the mountain streams, are rich in vegetation, and gay with wild flowers and shrubs. Higher up, goats may be seen scrambling over the face of the almost perpendicular precipices, in search of the herbage on which they delight to browse; whilst wild fowls, perched on the dark pines or jutting crags, seem to exult in their safety from their destructive human foe. Near the farther extremity of this gloomy defile, a heap of stones, evidently collected by the hand of man, lies piled within a deep chasm of the rock, which the boldest native of these wilds ventures not to approach without *saining* himself; for tradition has marked the spot as a *fratricide's grave*. Two brothers, rivals for the affection of a Highland maiden, had quarrelled near this place, when the youngest, stung by jealous rage, buried his dirk deep in the bosom of his brother. Remorse quickly followed the fatal deed; and piercing with the same weapon his own breast, the murderer fell on the body of his victim, and expired. The parents conveyed the remains of their first-born son to a hallowed cemetery among the mountains, whilst the *fratricide* found his last resting-place within the hollow of the rock; and the earth that covered his cold remains was watered only by the tears of her whom he had so fatally and ardently loved.

To throw a stone on the grave of the murderer is a duty imposed by imme-

morial custom; and to all appearance the usage had been religiously observed by those who travelled through this mountain pass. The chasm was nearly filled; and the eddying wind, as at times it whistled around the cave, was mistaken, by superstitious terror, for the moaning of the *fratricide's* unquiet spirit. Such was this gloomy pass, which Kenneth traversed with a mind predisposed to give greater faith to supernatural appearances than he would perhaps have willingly admitted had been taxed on the subject.

The rays of the meridian sun never penetrated this awe-inspiring defile, where an artificial twilight constantly prevailed; and, at the midnight hour, an individual less acquainted than the youthful shepherd with the tortuous tract could scarcely have found his way amidst the broken rocks, uprooted trees, heathery hillocks, and other obstructions, which in several places nearly choked up the road. A stray moonbeam, chancing to make its way through some accidental break in the thick pendent foliage, threw a whitish hazy line here and there athwart the path, and thus imparted a tenfold gloom to the surrounding darkness.

Kenneth neither hurried forward nor hummed the gathering song of his clan, "to keep his courage up;" on the contrary, he trod the gloomy defile with a firm, slow, and measured step, as if he was fated to hold communion with the spirits of the departed.

As he approached the chasm already mentioned, the outline of a tall, dark figure was clearly defined on the overhanging rock, partially illuminated by a straggling moonbeam. At sight of what he deemed an airy inhabitant of another sphere, the spirit of Kenneth quailed for a moment; but it was only for a moment. Stepping forward with the determined purpose of questioning the apparition, he recognised the familiar face of Norman Macleod.

In a playful tone he began to chide him for having attempted to frighten him by playing the ghost; but the light jest was cut short by the strange address of his friend.

"I have watched for you long," said he, in a low, hollow tone: "but no matter; vengeance shall at last be satisfied, and this arm shall soon stretch the seducer and betrayer of an only sister on the *fratricide's grave*." With these words

he drew his dirk, and rushed on the unarmed youth.

"Are you mad, Norman?" exclaimed Kenneth. "Stay your purpose; reflect ere you become a murderer, or assuredly a too late repentance will embitter the remainder of your days. I swear that never, even in thought, have I injured you or yours!"

"Liar! coward!" exclaimed the infuriated Highlander; and rushing upon his defenceless friend, he plunged his dirk into his bosom.

* * * * *

To seek revenge for real or fancied injuries is a point of honour with the Gael, both as an individual and a clansman; and the proud soul of Norman Macleod triumphed for a few moments, as, with gloomy satisfaction, he gazed upon his prostrate victim.

His most fervent prayer was accomplished—his sister was avenged—her betrayer was slain by his hand. He turned away; yet with his feelings of gratified revenge was mingled a remorseful pang as the last words of his friend rung in his ears:—

"Stay your purpose! reflect ere you become a murderer, or assuredly a too late repentance will embitter the remainder of your days. I swear that never, even in thought, have I injured you or yours."

"Could it be?—then were I a wretch, indeed!" Norman strode across the open heath, and appeared in the presence of his sister, who, half repenting her wicked falsehood, awaited his return in a state of painful anxiety. His eyes were haggard, his looks wild, and his garments stained with blood.

"What does this horrible sight portend?" screamed the now terrified Flora.

"That my sister is avenged;—look!—this weapon," added he, holding up the crimsoned dirk, which he convulsively grasped: "this weapon is stained with the heart's blood of the villain who dared to trifle with the honour of my sister."

The deceitful maiden uttered an appalling scream: covering her features with both hands—"He is innocent!" she exclaimed, and sunk at the feet of her brother.

Norman Macleod listened in silence to the declaration of his sister: no outward sign betrayed his internal sufferings. Flora's screams had aroused their aged

mother; and Norman aided her endeavours to restore animation to the wretched girl; from whose disjointed exclamations, on her return to consciousness, the unhappy parent became acquainted that her son was an assassin. But neither the wild grief of Flora, nor the earnest entreaties of his aged mother, had power to induce the murderer to flee from the consequence of his fatal act.

"Here will I await the doom which my own rash credulity has drawn upon my head," said he, mournfully, but firmly: "and in this trying hour, my greatest suffering arises from the conviction of a sister's worthlessness."

After the departure of her lover, Moragh sought her humble couch; but the hours of darkness again inspired her with evil forebodings. Her slumbers were disturbed, as on the preceding night, by terrifying visions; and no sooner did the first faint dawn appear in the east than she left her bed, to court the refreshing breeze of early morning.

As if impelled by some irresistible power, she wandered into the gloomy defile. On reaching the fatal spot, a faint ray of light, which pierced through the surrounding darkness, enabled her to discover the stiffened body of her murdered lover. Uttering a cry of horror, she knelt by his side, and gave vent to a wild burst of grief and despair. The voice of her he loved had power to recal for a moment the dormant senses of the young herdsman; and, in tones almost inarticulate, he attempted to murmur the name of Moragh, but the word died away in a faint moan. In mute despair, the distracted maiden threw herself on the body of her lover, and pressed the lifeless remains to her chilled and desolate bosom.

As the grey of morning advanced to a clearer dawn, the unhappy pair were seen by an aged Highlander who was driving forth his flocks. By the uncertain light, he at first supposed that some wayfaring stranger, overcome by fatigue, had sunk to sleep beneath the blue canopy of heaven; but as the sun burst forth, and objects became more distinct, a vague dread, far greater than appearances warranted, took possession of his mind; and he despatched his little grandson to obtain a nearer view of the object which had attracted his notice.

The lad bounded down the craggy

steep; sometimes placing his foot on the gnarled roots of the trees, sometimes grasping at the overhanging branches. On turning an abrupt angle of a jutting rock, the sight which met his eyes drew from him a fearful cry, which rung through the defile, and was re-echoed from the surrounding crags. On hearing the shriek of his grandson, the old man seemed suddenly endowed with the strength and agility of his youth. In a moment he stood beside the clay-cold forms of the lovers. They had sprung up from infancy to maturity under his eyes: he clasped his hands together, and tears streamed down his wrinkled visage.

The sad event was quickly known: but who can paint the deep grief of Kenneth's heart-stricken father, or the wild distraction of the widowed mother of Moragh?

The inanimate pair were removed to the house of Donald Macbane. Moragh, after a time, was recovered to the consciousness of misery; but the death-blow had been struck to the heart of her lover, and Kenneth Macbane slept in peace.

* * * *

After the funeral, the unhappy maiden returned to the hut of her mother; but, though affectionate and docile as heretofore, the corroding poison of grief gradually undermined her health, and threatened to consign her to an early grave. The kind attentions of the father of her murdered lover could alone withdraw her thoughts from the contemplation of Kenneth's last hour; but when left to herself, the dreadful scene was again present to her imagination.

Like an unquiet spirit, she would oft wander amidst the spots endeared to her by the recollection of her lover; in wild plaintive tones, she would chant the songs in which he delighted; and in the lone hours of evening she would hold imaginary converse with his shade, cherishing the idea that, though unseen, he still hovered around her steps. Gradually her strength declined, her form wasted, sleep and appetite forsook her; and at times her mind seemed to share the debility of her frame.

A lad was now employed to tend the flocks of the widow; but Moragh often went with them to the hill; she delighted to deck her favourite kid with the garlands which Kenneth had been used to

admire: then would she embrace the little animal, and shed tears upon its neck.

One morning, her aspect bespoke unwonted cheerfulness; and the sad heart of her mother opened to hope.

"I have seen my murdered love in a dream," said Moragh: "not in his winding-sheet, but in bridal habiliments; and he bade me be comforted, and said that our union was at hand."

For the first time since the loss of her lover, Moragh combed and snooded up her long tresses, and arrayed herself in the tartan dress which she had worn on the fatal night of the murder. Then calling her faithful dog, she followed the flocks towards the upland pastures.

The evening of a short cold wintry day began to set in, yet the maiden returned not; and the fears of the anxious parent became intense. Having proceeded to the hill, she met the lad driving home the flocks; but her daughter was not with him — he had not seen her throughout the day. The distracted parent flew to her accustomed haunts — she called on her name in the shrill piercing tones of agony, but echo alone replied to her voice.

One solitary hope remained — that she had wandered to the habitation of Macbane; and thither her widowed mother hurried with a foreboding heart. As she descended a steep ridge, the light laugh of gladness struck painfully on her ear; and soon she met a group of youthful mountaineers traversing the wild path. Their mirth became hushed, and a tear stood in the eye of more than one fair shepherdess, as they thought of the unhappy maiden who, in other years, had oft at this season been the companion of their pastimes.

It was the eve of All-hallows, the anniversary of that night which had proved so fatal to the hopes of Moragh, and which, in her grief, the sorrowing parent had till now forgotten. None of the group had seen her child; and, with increasing speed, she entered the fatal pass leading to the dwelling of Macbane.

Imbued with the wild superstition of her country, she thought she heard the death-shriek rise on the blast, and fancied she beheld the blazing meteor pursuing its swift course to the churchyard where reposed the remains of the murdered Kenneth. Guided by this supernatural appearance (for so she deemed it), she

entered the mountain cemetery, and beheld her child stretched on the grave of her lover: the spark of life had fled for ever — Moragh Mackay was at rest!

A deep mystery hung over the end of Kenneth Macbane; but suspicion glanced not towards Norman Macleod as the murderer. At length the entreaties of a mother prevailed; and selling off his property, the wretched man emigrated to America, with Flora and his widowed parent.

Time passed on: Norman Macleod became a husband and a father, the founder of a race which still flourishes in the United States; but he bore about with him through life that canker-worm of the heart "which dieth not."

* * * *

Many years had elapsed since the time of Kenneth Macbane's murder, when an aged man, bowed down with infirmities, arrived on the Grampians, and sought the hospitality of the shieling where formerly dwelt the parent of Moragh. Towards evening the stranger took his way athwart the gloomy defile; and on the following morning his cold remains were found stretched on the earth.

A scroll which he wore next his heart disclosed his name, his guilt, and its cause. Denied a spot of earth in consecrated ground, Norman Macleod found a last resting-place in the *Fratricide's Grave*.

H—.

POLAND.

At the present period, when the attention of all Europe is directed towards Poland,—when every heart beats with sympathy for that heroic nation,—our readers may peruse with a feeling of interest the following statistic account, which we have collected from official documents published in September, 1830, by order of the Russian-Polish government.

Previously to the iniquitous partition of her provinces, Poland formed an extensive kingdom, bounded on the west by the Baltic, Brandenburg, and Silesia; on the south by Hungary, Transylvania, and Moldavia; on the north and east by Russia. The kingdom was divided into thirty-one palatinates. Civil dissensions, the seeds of which were sown by the ambition of neighbouring potentates, led to the deplorable result which ended in the partition. The King of Prussia seized on Thorn, Dantzic, and the portion of Great Poland adjoining Prussia and Silesia. Russia took possession of Lithuania, Volhynia, and Podolia; and the Emperor of Austria had for his share Red Russia, Little Poland, and Southern Mazovia. By the terms of the treaty of Tilsit in 1807, Napoleon deprived Prussia of her share, for the purpose of constituting the state since known by the name of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, with which he presented the newly created

sovereign of Saxony. With this state the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, aggrandised the gigantic power of Russia, the Grand Duchy of Posen having been reserved for His Prussian Majesty. From that period, the autocrat of Russia has added to his pompous titles that of King of Poland, delegating the sovereignty to one of his brothers, who upholds his constitutional authority with the assistance of the knout.

The kingdom is divided into eight waiwodes, palatinates, or governments, which comprise 29 arrondissements and 77 districts. Its greatest extent from north to south is 120 leagues, and from east to west 95. Its new frontiers are bounded on the north and west by the Prussian States; on the north and east by the Russian governments of Wilna, Grodno, and Volhynia; and on the south by Galicia, a province belonging to Austria.

It is unfortunate that Poland, struggling for liberty and independence, is entirely surrounded by despotic governments. Hence it is, that her alternate successes and reverses have excited little sympathy amongst potentates who in the season of danger promise a free constitution to their people; and who, when the evil hour is past, more firmly rivet the chains forged by their predecessors.

Poland is a flat open country, rich in

corn, and abounding in excellent pasture-land. Her silver, copper, iron, and coal mines are famous: those of mineral salt at Wielitska produce an immense revenue. The interior of the country is covered with extensive forests. The principal rivers are the Vistula, the Niemen, the Nieper, the Bug, the Warsa, and the Niester.

The Roman Catholic is the established religion of the state; but toleration is granted to the professors of every creed. The members of the Catholic faith are estimated at the number of 3,829,810, both sexes included. If to this amount we add that of the Jewish inhabitants of Poland, 392,548, we shall find a sum total of 4,222,358 individuals, forming the population of a country which has made a gallant and, till recently, a successful stand against the overwhelming armies of Russia. The Catholic inhabitants are distributed amongst 1917 parishes, and have besides 380 supplementary chapels. To these are attached 2450 priests, independently of the members of the church composing the higher clergy.

At the commencement of the insurrection, the Polish army, which is not included in the census of the population, presented an effective force of 57,000 men, 18,000 of which formed the cavalry force: the number of the veterans amounted to 25,500, not including 2000 belonging to the corps of invalids. The designation of veterans is applied to such as after eight years are allowed to retire from active service; to which, however, they are liable to be recalled.

Both the Latin and Slavonian languages are spoken in Poland; but the nobility, whose numbers are considerable, speak French with precision, and even elegance.

The Polish women are remarkable for their beauty; the men for their well-formed persons, their polished manners, their gallant bearing, and their skill in horsemanship. It is, however, a subject of regret, that notwithstanding their bravery, their participation in the same love of liberty, and in the same dangers, the population of Poland is constantly divided into two distinct classes—the nobles, rich, stately, and fond of show; and the peasants, attached to the glebe, and subject to a state of servitude which elsewhere would deserve the name of abject slavery. Should a day of freedom yet dawn upon

the fallen fortunes of Poland, let us hope that constitutional independence may be followed by the entire emancipation of the people.

Previously to the year 1806, commerce was at a low ebb in Poland; but since that period her trade has considerably improved, particularly during the last fifteen years of that profound peace, of which, if we may judge by passing events, Europe seems at length to grow weary. Warsaw, Tomasow, Orosow, and many other Polish towns, are now celebrated for their manufactures. It is calculated that throughout the kingdom there are about 6000 looms set in motion by water or steam; and which, in point of machinery, are equal to those of any other country. More than 7,000,000 yards of cloth, of every colour and quality, are annually manufactured in Poland: the clothing of the army is entirely supplied from the cloth factories of the country, where are also made other woollen stuffs, such as kerseymeres, ladies' cloths, flannels, carpeting, &c. These are exchanged with Russia for cotton and silk stuffs, linen, hemp, oil, pitch, resin, &c. Poland has also a bank, regulated on the same principles as those established in other commercial countries of Europe.

The industry and commercial prosperity of Poland have powerfully contributed to the construction of the paved roads, which already cover the surface of the kingdom to the extent of more than 140 miles (15 to the degree), and by means of which, in the year 1829, the whole country, from Warsaw to the Niemen, was rendered passable, notwithstanding the marshy nature of the soil, the scarcity of suitable materials, and other serious obstacles. Considerable labour and expense have also been devoted to the establishment of the road from Warsaw to Posen, which extends as far as the Prussian frontier: bridges have been erected over the Warsa, near Kolo and Konin; and the project of effecting a junction between the Narew and the Niemen, commenced in 1824, has since been continued with activity. Finally, the rivers Biebrsa and Netta, forming part of the same line of communication, have been cleansed, widened, and embanked: lengthened canals, and numerous sluices, have established a communication between the lakes towards the river Hancza; so that the whole line,

from the Narew to Augustow, and for miles beyond, has been rendered navigable.

In Poland the administration of justice is prompt, but somewhat irregular and arbitrary. In the course of the year 1829, and during the first six months of 1830, a number of legal cases were disposed of. Of the civil cases, the majority had been pending since the years 1825 and 1826; whilst the criminal case of longest standing had been on the list only a few months. This enormous difference sufficiently attests the fact that under a despotic government it is far less difficult to award death or the knout, than to pronounce a decision founded on principles of law or equity.

The capital of the ancient republic of Poland, though it existed as early as the 13th century, cannot be considered to have formed a part of Poland properly so called till towards the year 1525. It was definitively incorporated with the kingdom of Poland at the end of the sixteenth century. At the beginning of the eighteenth, — the era whence may be dated the downfall of the Jagellon republic, and the commencement of Poland's disastrous fate, — Warsaw became the principal city instead of Cracow, the ancient capital of the despotic Piasts and the constitutional sovereigns the Jagellons. Warsaw contains a population of 150,000 inhabitants.

THE SMILE OF MY LOVE.

LOVELY is the face of nature,
Deck'd with spring's unfading flowers,
While the sun shows every feature
Smiling through descending showers;
Birds, with songs the time beguiling,
Chant their little notes with glee:
But to see my dearest smiling
Is more pleasing far to me.

Morn her melting tints displaying
Ere the sluggard is awake,
Evening zephyrs gently straying
O'er the surface of the lake,
Melting hues and whispering breezes —
All have powerful charms for me:
But no earthly beauty pleases,
When, my Love, compared to thee.

Soft and sweet are showers descending
On the parch'd expecting ground,
Fragrance to the meadow sending
As their drops distil around:
These, with every earthly blessing,
Others loudly may implore;
But one smile from thee possessing,
Dearest, I can ask no more.

Sweet is sleep to timid nature,
Sweet to labour is repose,
Sweet is life to every creature,
Sweet the balm that hope bestows:
But though spring and evening breezes,
Sleep, and hope, and life, to me,
All are precious; nothing pleases,
Dearest, like a smile from THEE.

GILLES DE RETZ, THE ORIGINAL BLUEBEARD.

AMONGST the numerous traditional legends of the Bretons, none are more appalling than those of which Gilles de Retz forms the subject. This personage was, in reality, the hero of the nursery tale of Bluebeard, under which renowned designation he has, for ages past, scared the rising generation of every country in Europe. The story relating to that particular portion of his exploits which is narrated in the tale of Bluebeard is founded on the disappearance of his seven wives, whom he carried off one after another to his castle of La Verrière, whence they never returned. But Gilles de Retz was, besides, an historical character, and, notwithstanding his enormous crimes, a valiant defender of his native country. Next to Joan d'Arc, he was mainly instrumental in expelling the English from France. For these important services he was made a marshal of France by Charles the Seventh. He commenced his evil career by profligacy and extravagance of every kind; and when nearly ruined by his vices, had recourse to the pretended science of alchemy, in order to repair his shattered fortune. Deluded by the alchemists, he went a step farther, and endeavoured to practise magic. For this purpose he leagued himself with Prelati, an Italian magician, at whose instigation he committed unheard-of atrocities; among others, the murder of infant children, in order to use their blood in the ceremonies of magical incantation. History does not scruple to charge Louis the Eleventh with the practice of similar enormities. Gilles de Retz was at last arrested, and brought to trial at Nantes; but the particulars of the judicial proceeding were too dreadful to be made public. He was condemned to be burnt as a magician; but, on account of his illustrious birth and patriotic services, a less terrible punishment was inflicted: he was strangled in prison, and his body consumed. Before his death he voluntarily confessed many murders; amongst the number, those of the seven ladies whom he had either wooed or stolen, and of seven children of whom they were the mothers. It is singular that this incongruous being had the finest taste for music of any person in his time, and was the greatest encourager of the science. In each of

the saloons in his numerous castles an organ formed the most ornamental piece of furniture. He was likewise a devotee, and built a beautiful chapel at Machecoul, one of his lordships (this chapel is still a model of Gothic architecture): it was served by thirty priests. The following tale is one of the traditions of the Bretons.

THE LAST BANQUET OF GILLES DE RETZ.

Gilles de Retz, lord of Vornic and of Ingrande, presided at the banquet. It was crowded, but not with the neighbouring nobles, his peers and companions in arms. Gilles de Retz had associates more worthy of him; the sordid crew who ministered to his crimes. There were seen troops of enchanters, sorcerers of the night, lying alchemists, and the profligate priests who served his chapels, intermixed with women more shameless and wicked than they. Yet the King of France was not served in more stately fashion. The dishes were of solid gold; delicious wines sparkled in precious crystal vases. Thirty lamps of chased silver were suspended from the ceiling, and cast their rays on the rich tapestry that hung upon the walls. No stories of scripture or chivalry adorned these hangings; but figured thereon were black necromancers evoking phantoms, hideous hobgoblins, urchins, and gnomes; fitting ornaments for this horrible place, where Satan was worshipped and God blasphemed. Round the table stood pages, dressed in cloth of gold: their youthful faces were pallid and horror-stricken. Each bore in his hand a flambeau, which illumined the banquet scene; and as the flame flickered and waved, it threw a fitful lustre on the ghastly pictures represented on the tapestry, and seemed to animate them with life and motion. Between the courses of the banquet the organ, placed at the upper end of the hall, was played. Gilles de Retz discoursed familiarly of the most atrocious crimes; and the organ replied with the melody of angels. On a sudden the drawbridge was heard to fall, and the machinery of the portcullis was put in violent motion. Heavy steps, as if from feet of solid iron, sounded in the entry of the castle; the melody of the organ expired with a wailing sigh, and an appalling apparition en-

tered the hall. The figure bore human proportions, but seemed of the colour and solidity of iron: it wore a sort of tabard, emblazoned with strange and fearful heraldry. It tramped to the lower end of the hall, opposite to the chair of state where the suzerain sat, and rolled on him its red eyes, which looked like balls of hot metal.

"Holla!" said the bold Seigneur de Retz, "who has unbarred the gates and lowered the drawbridge? and who art thou that thus unbidden intrudest on our festivities?"

He would have risen to expel the unwelcome visiter, but the strange sounds proceeding from the spectre's motionless lips fixed the lord of Retz in horror to his seat, whilst he listened to this message:—

"I come from the depths below to bid thee do homage to thy new master. Satan is despoiled of the crown of hell*, and the giant Beelzebub reigns king of the demons. He is seated on the infernal throne, his broad forehead bound with a circlet of fire. Baalberitz, his high priest, anoints his brow with an ablution of burning oil. Come and render homage to thy new master, who requires of thee prompt obedience and speedy service; for Alaster king of tortures, who burns the souls of the damned in the fiery furnace, has followed Satan in his exile. The flames of hell are left to cool, and the tortured enjoy a momentary respite. Beelzebub, in the midst of his power, needs an executioner to work his imperial will. Thou, Gilles de Retz, art worthy of the office; thou hast been chosen, and thou must follow me."

The unearthly voice ceased: the dead silence that ensued was at length broken by the lord of Retz, who accosted a pale young man seated at his right hand.

"Thou, Prelati, minister of the powers below, knowest thou nought of this?"

At this question the brow of Prelati, the enchanter, assumed a livid hue. He bowed his head to conceal his emotion.

"Friends," resumed the Lord of Retz; "methinks our mirth flags: why these scared visages at our festive board? We'll drink a health to the new power below."

Gilles de Retz filled the cup, and as he drank the trumpets sounded a flourish; but mingling with the warlike clarions were cries strange and harsh, that seemed like groans and shrieks of agony. When the musicians had ceased, a deeper horror and more appalling silence pervaded the whole assembly.

Again Gilles de Retz endeavoured to rouse the guests from their dull stupor. "Holla!" cried he, "where are my buffoons—my minstrels—my tale-tellers? Let them exert themselves to enliven my guests, and make those laugh who now are pale with terror."

As he spoke the thirty lamps were extinguished, and before the attendants could re-illumine them, the tramp of slow, heavy steps was heard ascending the stairs, and approaching the hall. Instantly seven female spectres, of colossal stature, and in snow-white apparel, approached the affrighted revellers. The ghastly intruders, their arms stiffly stretched by their sides, marched around the table, like the dead set in motion, and murmured in hollow accents, "Remorse to thee, Gilles de Retz—remorse!" They paused at last, for the infernal herald again began to speak.

"Beelzebub has by his arms subdued the infernal universe. The seas of blood and tears, and of burning sulphur, are subject to his mandates. On the continent of fire in vain Baal led the armies of Satan; in vain, on the ocean of flame, floated his navies, under the command of Leviathan. Each misshapen vessel, with her sails of winding sheets and masts of fire, has been driven on shore an enormous wreck. Beelzebub reigns without rival below: to him ascend prayers, gnashing of teeth, sobs, tears, and bitter maledictions—the homage rendered by lost souls. But torture pauses for an executioner—Gilles de Retz, thou art summoned to thy post."

When he had ceased speaking, each guest, in a low stifled voice, whispered in his fellow's ear, and again the silence of the grave pervaded the hall.

"Seest thou not, herald," cried Gilles de Retz, "that our mirth is marred by thy unbidden presence. Ho! my pages

* In the works of the ancient writers on demonology we find it gravely stated, that Satan having been dethroned by a revolution in the lower regions, Beelzebub now reigns absolute sovereign of hell.

and archers! thrust forth these vile intruders."

None stirred, none seemed to hear. The torches held by the pages trembled in their agitated grasp. A deep fear sunk on the Suzerain de Retz.

"Will not, then," he groaned, "my holy actions be counted in my favour? Have I not had fear of God?—have I not built altars—chapels? That at Machecoul is rich, grand, and beautiful. Do not choirs of priests sing and pray for me? Have I not provided the orphan with a refuge?"

As he uttered these words, a long hollow groan responded from the bowels of the earth. The lips of Gilles de Retz trembled, but he turned fiercely to his magician. "This is thy magic!—thine, Prelati! From thee arise all the visions of this hideous night. Why didst thou not warn me of it this morning? Quick, light again the lamps. Dismiss those seven spectres who stand there, their dead eyes immoveably glaring on mine: they look white in the darkness. The trick is excellent—the illusion is complete; *for*, Prelati, thy art has terrified us all. Speak—has it not?"

Prelati, with a low voice and shudder, replied, "Oh, this is real!"

"Now do I tremble," exclaimed Gilles de Retz. "Yet I was once reputed brave. Am I not a marshal of France?—have I not, with Charles the Fortunate and the Maid, driven the English from my native soil in many a hard-fought field? Am I not a noble, and, what is more, a hero? I will not fear! Holla! draw near my jesters—my valets—replenish the board, amuse my guests." Then added he in a low tone, "May Heaven have mercy on my crimes!"

But the heart of that cruel suzerain

beat with yet more alarm when the subterranean sound was renewed in loud, hollow tones, that shook the vaulted roof of the hall. As it was heard nearer and louder, pale and bleeding spectres of children entered on all sides, and crowded to embrace their mothers. At this sight the pages in terror dropped their flambeaux; and the voice of the herald again sounded through the gloom.

"The throne of Beelzebub, where he is seated for eternity, is guarded by the ministers of his will, who, at his signal, fly to fulfil his decrees. At his right is Eurynome, the prince of death; his body is pale and phantomlike: no mortal can behold his ardent eyes and live. Near him is the horrible Emphuse, who appears even at mid-day to the wretched, abusing them, urging them to suicide, and, with frightful laughter, mocking their despair. On the other side stands the demon of incendiaries, the triple-headed Haborym, shaking a flambeau. But what avail their terrors? Hell needs an executioner, Gilles de Retz—thou art he!"

By the sepulchral light of one dying torch, which flickered at intervals from the ground where it had fallen, was seen the band of spectres that had intruded on the revels of the cruel suzerain. Joining hands, they moved in solemn dance round the immense hall, murmuring as they vanished, "Remorse, Gilles de Retz, remorse!—to thee remorse!"

This was the last banquet of Gilles de Retz. All is now desolate on the spot which once re-echoed with the shout and song of midnight revelry. The aspic and the viper hiss in the ruined halls of the once proud baron, and the lone traveller spurs his steel as he passes the dreary pile. The stillness that awes his soul is the silence of the tomb.

BIOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

— "To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms."

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE ancient name of Queen Margaret, formerly bestowed on the China aster, is now heard from the lips only of ladies with venerable long waists and rolled hair, and gentlemen with bob-wigs or pig-

tails,—a class of worthies who, we grieve to observe, are now fast vanishing from the face of the earth. Their numbers are thinned by every spring and fall, and very soon we shall not have a fine specimen of

either left. This, their favourite flower, may be considered an antiquarian blossom, being one of the earliest exotics ever cultivated in England. Many and fervent are Chaucer's aspirations to the flower Marguerite, under which synonyme the poet was fain to conceal the passion which he dared to feel for one of the royal ladies of the house of Plantagenet. Queen Margarets were cultivated by the florists of ancient days, long before tulips were valued or auriculas displayed their charms. In the reign of Henry IV. of France, the Maréchal de Biron had such a passion for this flower, that 9000 pots of La Reine Marguerite ornamented his parterres; but the Marguerite is now a deposed queen and a degraded beauty; she is considered coarse and common; she has fallen from her high estate, and has, by general consent, been banished to the cottage garden, or the old-fashioned parterres belonging to gentles of the olden school, who still regard her with a favourable eye, and prefer her to her presuming rival of modern date, the dahlia. Although the aster is now neglected by modern florists, it will repay their cares when cultivated; but it grows so readily from seed, and flowers so cheerfully on any sort of soil, that it is not endeared to the cultivator by requiring those assiduities which he is under the necessity of paying to coyer floral beauties. Our gardening books bestow but a cold notice on the China aster, and to show what may be done in producing varieties and improvements, we must have recourse to continental horticulture; for la Reine Marguerite is, and always has been, a great favourite in France and Holland.

A flower of this species, called the *lacteus altissimus*, rises to the height of twelve feet, and is the highest among the charming groups which are often formed with the other varieties of the asters. The shrubby plants that adorn the gardens at the fall of the year, called in England Michaelmas daisies, are of this tribe; but they are perennials, while most of the China asters are annuals. In August the China asters first blossom, but as they are then eclipsed by crowds of bright annuals and other flowers, it is not till the present month (October) that their charms are duly appreciated; the varieties which then appear, if the proper seeds are sought for, would surprise the English florist. We give a list of the asters that flower in

August:—The *cordatus*, which has little white flowers with red stamina, and rises to the height of three feet and a half. The *latifolius*, blue flowers figured with white. The *Sibericus*, azure blue. The *punctatus*, lilac with little separate flowers, but forming a perfect umbel, exceedingly pretty: this only grows to the height of fifteen inches. The *corymbosus*, large red blue flowers, ten inches high. The *solidaginoides*, with little white curled flowers, singular and pretty.

September presents us with the following list:—The *floribundus*, a very large white flower: the plant is four feet and a half in height. The *cyaneus*, of a beautiful cornflower blue, whence its name: it is in height two feet and a half. The *patens*, a large and fine deep purple flower. *Putchellus* vel *globosus*, a little white flower with red stamina; the plant but ten inches in height.

The first approach of frost, in the commencement of October, generally deals destruction among the dahlias. Some beautiful species of the asters then appear and flourish with the greatest brilliancy, if the proper sorts are procured. As a guide to the florist, we shall enumerate the following splendid October list:—

The *Aster roseus* is of a bright rose colour; its height rises to six feet. The *Novi Belgii*, fine blue, five feet in height. The *crucoides* blue is a fairy-looking aster, but three inches high. The *salicifolius*, or willow-leaved, is pale blue, likewise a little plant of the same height; so is the *asper*, bearing white flowers. The *Novæ Angliæ*, bright purple, attains the height of five feet. This is the great ornament of English gardens at Michaelmas, and is the only one of this list well known in our country. The *mutabilis* bears white flowers, which change to red. It attains the height of three feet. *Comosus* vel *umbrosus*, little white flowers. The *Riveri*, with most elegant small white blossoms, is but five or six inches in stature.

It is very easy to obtain seed from the greater number of these species; they should be sown in gradation during the month of April in England, on a hotbed; although the hardy sorts often sow themselves inconveniently in the parterre. Many varieties are obtained by gathering and tying the flower of one colour, when in full bloom, on the stalk of another, and preserving the seeds of the growing plant. They may be arranged in the

most charming pyramids, if attention is paid to their various heights, colours, and times of florescence; and thus they present to the eye an inconceivable number of shades, from deep blue to brilliant azure, all sorts of purple, lively rose to flesh colour, pure white to grey and blue white; while the size of their blossoms varies from a small daisy to the enormous circumference of thirty inches.

If we succeed in drawing attention to the new continental varieties of this valuable flower, our gardens will receive a connecting link between the magnificent dahlias which so often desert us during a sharp October, and the lovely Chinese chrysanthemums which have lately formed so elegant a crown for the brow of Winter when he makes his approach in dense dark November. But, even then, the hardy and faithful tribe of asters does not abandon those gardens which are hospitable enough to receive them; in fact, their most stately and valuable varieties blossom in the first days of November, and continue till Christmas. These are the *lacteus altissimus*, rising to the majestic height of twelve feet; the *purpureus altissimus*, which is eight feet high; and last, but certainly not least, the *grandiflorus*, a beautiful flower of the finest blue, which expands to the amazing size of thirty inches in circumference.

The tribe of aster, although offering so many advantages to the florist, is not of equal interest to the botanist, in whose eyes it is too obedient to the will of the cultivator, and offers too many varieties of corolla. The best specimens for examination as to structure are to be found among the single Michaelmas daisies. These present a scaly, starry calyx, or green flower-cup; corolla, or blossom leaves, in the form of a star with many

rays. If a petal be pulled off, there will be found adhering to it a valve containing a pointal, surrounded by a cluster of anthers which surmount a germen of one seed. The disk, or yellow part of the flower, is composed of similar bundles of anthers and pointals rather differently disposed. The anthers are too numerous to be reckoned, and are classed under the name *Syngenesia**; the order is that of *Polygamia superflua*. According to the natural order of Linnæus, this tribe ranks with those called *Compositæ*, which are compound flowers, made up of bundles of anthers and pointals, not only disposed in yellow disks like the daisy, dahlia, dandelion, ragwort, and sunflowers; but of various forms, like the thistle, scabious, cyaneus, or cornflower. The sole difficulty in botanical studies is the power of describing correctly compound flowers, as our most learned botanists are singularly abstruse on that head; nor do they by any means agree in arrangement.

The China aster, as we have already observed, is exceedingly varied from its natural state by cultivation; but although the corolla multiplies and encroaches upon the yellow disk where seeds are formed, it never loses the power of producing seeds. The perennial single asters, or Michaelmas daisies, which we have directed our fair readers to dissect and class, may be considered as appertaining more especially to the botanist; but the China aster belongs to the florist. It is amusing to compare them; for a near relationship may be traced even in the leaves and calyx, as well as in the flower, although the China aster is so much enlarged by culture.

The medical properties of this tribe are not remarkable. The perennial varieties are increased by parting the roots.

E. S.

THE STORY OF A PALIKAR.

AN ALBANIAN SKETCH.

"Now, stranger gentleman, as you have treated me with a bottle of capital wine, and of course expect some return for your generosity, I will narrate a strange circumstance that took place

at Ioannina, during the reign of Ali Pashà.

"You have heard, no doubt, of Ali's admiration for Greek women. I was often despatched on his love errands; but

* The g's in botanical nomenclature are pronounced hard.

never, never till this sin-burdened heart ceases to palpitate, shall I forget the horrible fact which I now proceed to relate.

"I was on guard before the harem one glorious midnight. The moon was shining in a cloudless sky, as she nowhere shines but on the tombs of our patriot fathers, almost emulating the sun, but with splendour more softened and refined. The awful stillness of every thing around was broken but by the smothered tramp of my fellow guards, and the voice of some watchful recluse slowly chanting the 'Kyrie eleison' in a neighbouring convent. The blue lake of Ioannina lay spread in glassy calmness before our feet, and reflected many a red watchfire, burning at intervals on the neighbouring heights. In the distance, the ancient forests of Perama were just distinguishable, and the clear unbroken outline of those frowning hills which surround our town and principality.

"The low tinkling of a convent bell, and the shrill voice of the muezzin, like a spirit's, calling 'To prayer, to prayer!' had already announced the hour of midnight, and we were preparing to rouse the relief guard, who soundly slept by a large fire, when a sudden and unnatural noise arose from within the wall of the harem. First we heard a piercing shriek; and in a moment numerous and hurried lights gleamed from the semi-transparent lattices. Amidst the confusion of voices and trampling of feet, the words of the Pashà, uttered in a loud and vehement tone of command, were fearfully pre-eminent:—'Guards! attention! stop the traitor! There, there, do you not see his dress behind the citron trees? Close the sluices, he is swimming down the fall; quick—quick—mark his cap,—fire!' Another low shriek thrilled on the ear as this last order was given; and in a moment the report of a hundred muskets rolled on the heavy air; their roar resounding from height to height in echoes less and less distinct, till it died away in the distance.

"Till this moment we had been passive listeners to the din of arms within the harem: but a pistol flash from the garden wall, and the fall of one of our companions dangerously wounded, rendered us now more interested in the scene. To prime our firelocks and level them was the work of one instant; in another a volley had been poured in

the direction whence the flash proceeded. We immediately searched every neighbouring spot with the greatest care; but not a branch was broken, not a blade of grass was disturbed, which might indicate by what path the fugitive had escaped.

"The cause of this tumultuous scene was not long a matter of doubt. On the previous evening a beautiful Turkish girl had been carried off from a neighbouring village. When the ravishers arrived, she was musing by moonlight in her father's garden, by the side of a ruined fountain, formed of a tablet richly sculptured; and around the broken capitals and mutilated basso-relievos some delicate hand had entwined a fragrant honey-suckle. The cheeks of Ianthé (such was the maiden's name) emulated the divine *róda* of that garden. She was hymning a song of love and constancy, when in an instant her form (you might have fancied it a Naiad's) was seized by the rude grasp of Albanian palikars. The whole party mounted their swift Arabians with the weeping girl; and in a few moments the moon-lit minaret of the village was lost in the distance. An hour's sharp riding brought the palikars to Ioannina, and the beauteous Ianthé was securely lodged in the harem of Ali.

"Even the harem of Ali Pashà was not impregnable. This Turkish maiden had secretly loved a noble Greek (there is no accounting for love); and, though death would inevitably follow the discovery of such an affection, she loved him still. He for whom she thus hazarded life, gilded as it was with youthful halos of hope and happiness, in return for her constancy, attempted the difficult, nay, forlorn plan of her escape. A low knocking had been heard at one of those private entrances with which Turkish harems are frequently provided; and when the door was opened an aged woman stood before the slave who guarded it, and with a heavy purse of gold secured his silence and assistance. After the interchange of a few words, mysteriously uttered, the crone took her way in the direction of the inner court. Slowly and silently she stepped over the guard, who was fortunately buried in wine and slumber, and soon arrived at the corridor, whence the sleeping apartments of the ladies branched off on either side.

"At the moment of Ianthé's consign-

ment to the harem, she had been placed in a separate apartment. Her torn dress was removed, and she was arrayed in all the splendour of an Eastern bride. Richest and softest perfumes breathed delicious odours from her hair; and the semi-transparent satin of her dress was adjusted in the most graceful folds. But it was as though a corpse had been adorned for the mockery of bridal festivity. She offered no resistance to the attendants; and soft music, in all the wild melody of the harp of the winds, began her epithalamium. Maidens decked her with fresh flowers, and danced around her in congratulation;—she heard, she was conscious of no more.

"Into this chamber did the crone proceed with light and wary step. An old woman's dress thrown off; the noble Greek chieftain knelt at the feet of her he loved. O God! what were his feelings on beholding the beauteous wreck! The object of his earliest, his only idolatry, the fairy being he had passionately loved from childhood, was seated on the floor at the furthest corner of the apartment—now tearing her hair with frantic wildness, now relapsing into dull and awful silence. She addressed her once loved Thodor as an enemy, and burst into a paroxysm of mingled madness and rage.

"Ha! ha! proud Pashà, the curse of a dying one be on thee! Avaunt! with thy messengers of evil—avaunt, I say,—will no one defend me?—Undone Ianthe!"

"She uttered a loud and fearful scream. The paroxysm was over; and the helpless Ianthe, overcome by the exertion, sunk lifeless on the ground. Roused by the cry of his victim, Ali rushed into the chamber. Ianthe's lover was not so romantic as to stand still and be shot: darting through a trellis at the other side of the room, he escaped just as Ali entered. But his disguise revealed the stratagem which had obtained him admission into the harem. The Pashà had seen the old woman enter from the avenue that led to the eastern postern, and the rest was tolerably clear. The guards were quickly aroused, and all the harem joined in the pursuit.

"Meanwhile the cold night air revived Ianthe, and, with reason, calmness returned. She saw all the fearful horrors of her situation; herself the betrayer of

her lover, who at that moment, perhaps, was vainly struggling his death struggle at the bottom of the Lake of Ioannina. Just then she heard the order to fire upon Thodor, and uttered that deep cry which a second time startled us at our posts.

"Fortunately, we were unable to overtake the fugitive; and Ali, foaming with disappointed rage, ordered the guards who had admitted him to be sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the lake.

"The morning sun now gilded the minarets and domes of Ioannina, pouring floods of crimson on the neighbouring heights; and the inhabitants began to enquire the causes of the uproar of the previous evening. The news spread from house to house with surprising rapidity. Groups might be seen discussing the matter in the public squares; and all the town was soon informed of the unaccountable disappearance of a respectable Turkish maiden from her father's house. Suspicions concerning her destination were freely whispered. Some kind of popularity is necessary to preserve even tyrants on their thrones; and Ali perceived that the forcible abduction of a daughter of the prophet was a climax to his excesses which required some satisfactory explanation. All the fiend of the man now came into action. He smoothed his fox-like brow; proceeded to pay his morning meed of admiration to the prophet; and then, like a devout Mussulman, returned home to administer justice, and to avenge public and private wrong. Ali reclined on his divan, propped by softest pillows, with pistols in his girdle, and a real Damascus suspended behind. Before him were spread the spiral windings of his ~~plumed~~ ^{plumed} chibouque. First, with a fearful ~~look~~ ^{look} on his countenance, he ordered the Turkish maiden to be brought before him. It fell to my lot to fetch her to the judgment-hall. You may have seen that beautiful ornament of Grecian rivers, the water-lily, rearing its noble stem, opening its petals to the morning sun, and exulting in the splendour which prompted the eulogium of him who 'spake as never man spake.' Perchance, too, you have seen it droop and wither beneath the sultry heat of noonday. Such was the change of Ianthe. It were vain to describe her appearance—the languor of her once flashing eye, the deadly paleness of her lips. She seemed to under-

stand my errand before I spoke; and, rising with perfect calmness, followed me to the presence of the Pashà. It was soon spread through the city that he had seized the lost maiden, and that she was now to be tried on a capital charge: accordingly vast crowds assembled round the divan. The Pashà condescended to explain her crime. He expatiated on his jealousy for the honour of the prophet, and for that pure law which punished with death all who 'encouraged the addresses' of infidels. It had been reported that the female now before him had been guilty of this shocking crime, and by private means he had become convinced of the truth of his suspicions! It was his duty, therefore, to order her to be stoned alive in the midst of the public square.

"Ianthé would have answered, but she was instantly removed to a damp cell, while the necessary preparations were made for her execution. A large deep opening was made in the centre of the public square, and barriers were erected to prevent the pressure of the crowds. The hour of noonday had already been proclaimed by the muezzin; and an universal buzz through the assembled multitude announced the approach of the criminal. All simultaneously rushed forward to catch a view of her form; and jests, and tears, and ribaldry, and sighs, were fearfully intermingled. Ianthe advanced with a firm step, habited in sackcloth, her hands tied behind her, and her long veil floating on the wind. Breathless silence succeeded as she arrived at her ready-formed tomb. Being myself on guard, I was sufficiently near to observe a muffled form whisper to the criminal, as she passed: 'You may yet be happy — leap over!' But she seemed to take no notice of the words, and moved on without making any visible sign in return."

"Now came the climax of this horrible scene. The Mahomedan law allows persons found guilty of the crime for the false imputation of which Ianthe was about to suffer, to save their lives by leaping over the trench. Were they to avail themselves of this privilege, every devout worshipper of the prophet would spit at them, and spurn them; but still they would be saved from destruction. Each person present stood on the tip-toe of expectation, to witness the conduct of the Turkish maiden. She raised her unbound hands to heaven, leaped

convulsively into the air, and fell at the bottom of the grave. An executioner descended, and tore off her veil, thus exposing her to the unholy gaze of the multitude; and in an instant a thousand reckless barbarians began to pelt her with pebbles and dust. She appeared bruised, but at first not materially injured; afterwards larger stones were thrown upon her, and her gore bespattered the sides of the horrible tomb. Earth seemed to refuse the innocent blood. At last an aged man, bending under the weight of infirmities, and evidently tottering on the verge of another world, drew near to the scene of execution. 'Her father, her father!' was whispered among the multitude, and all retired at sight of his patriarchal appearance and afflicted condition. His friends had in vain attempted to dissuade him from the wild project of being present at his daughter's death. He only answered, 'They have destroyed the blooming branches, let them take the withering stem.' When he looked at the crushed thing lying beneath him, and thought of the once beautiful daughter who had laughed away the cares of age, and tended his sick-bed, and increased his every pleasure tenfold, exhausted nature gave way, and he fell lifeless into the grave. A palikar roughly drew him out, his white beard all besmeared with the gore of his child, and some bystanders removed him from the spot. At length the scene of blood was over, — Ianthe's sufferings were terminated by death. The grave was immediately filled up; and you would little think that beneath yonder spot, where the picturesque group of children are playing, and the young olive trees bloom, her crushed bones moulder, unmarked by monumental stone, and unrecorded, save in the memory of some Albanian palikar.

"The grey hairs of her father were soon brought with sorrow to the grave; and, as to her lover, — he was never heard of afterwards."

"Now, my dear Gubbins, you have spun a good yarn. Stop! — it is a yarn from beginning to end. Do you recollect me?"

"S* * * *, my friend, who, in the name of good fortune, ever expected to see you at Ioannina?"

"Most courteous reader, I presented to a person, deponing to be an Albanian palikar."

kar, two hottles of best Chian wine, and received in return the above relation, on legitimate principles of exchange; not doubting but that I should immortalise myself, story, and palikar, by the insertion of this account in the *Lady's Magazine*! While thus indulging in fairy visions of immortality, and laudatory notices from the weekly papers, I unfortunately made the awkward discovery to which I have already adverted; namely, that Timothy Obadiah Gubbins, Esquire, late of Trin. Coll. Camb., was the indivi-

dual to whom I listened; for "can any good come out of" such a "Nazareth?" The honourable and learned Mr. G., however, has relieved my fears, by assuring me, that he received his story from an Albanian palikar. I offer it, therefore, with greater confidence to thee; and should it afford some interest, I shall be well satisfied. And now, reader, farewell! May your shadow never be less!

H. C. S.

—— Chambers, Lincoln's Inn.

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. *By Sir Walter Scott.*

WE are happy to find that the public, instead of losing Sir Walter Scott, a calamity with which they were threatened last spring, are about to gain a new work from his pen. In order to secure the copyright, it is printed simultaneously in this country and in America; for that purpose, the proof-sheets are regularly transmitted across the Atlantic. An extract from one of them has by some means found its way into the *National Gazette*, a literary American paper, and has been reprinted in the *Athenæum*, from which we do not scruple to copy it for the entertainment of our fair readers, who should be informed that Sir Walter has not yet completed his Romance.

Three very celebrated Roberts were engaged in the first crusade, the era of Sir Walter's romance: the gallant Robert of Normandy, great uncle to Richard Cœur de Lion, and who may be considered in character as a first edition, of that far-famed hero, saving that he won Jerusalem, which Richard never did; Robert, Count of Flanders, and Robert Guiscard: whether one of these personages be Sir Walter's hero we cannot determine; but the first bears all the qualifications on which Sir Walter delighteth to dwell, and we trust will shine in his pages, if not as the nominal hero, (who is often but the peg on which the great poet hangs his narrative,) as something far better — one of his noble dramatic portraiture. Our extracts introduce us to Anna Comnena, a blue and a beauty of the twelfth century and an emperor's

VOL. IV.

daughter to boot; and born when the Greek Imperialists were a rich, peaceable, and well-behaved people. Anna and her father Alexius were roused from their literary studies first by the invasion of Robert Guiscard, the Norman Duke of Calabria, who, with fifteen thousand men, defeated an army of a hundred and sixty thousand people whom the emperor armed by way of defence; and then by the rabble-rout of the first crusade, who swarmed under the walls of Constantinople like still-increasing flights of locusts. It is impossible to imagine a quiet studious city, emperor, and princess more thoroughly annoyed than by such a visitation; the more politely they demeaned themselves, the more rude became their guests; the more they soothed and coaxed, the more their visitants raged and roared. Can we wonder that Alexius used every possible means to ensure their departure; or that the fair Anna vituperated their ill behaviour through three pages of Greek manuscript that we wish to translate, and in warmer terms than would appear pleasing to the ears of blue belles of the present day? Anna, supported by her mother, felt a strong desire to be named her father's successor in the empire; but her ambitious vagaries were restrained by her spirited brother John, who, without using any further harshness in the case, recommended his sister to confine herself to the bounds of a certain convent, where in due time she finished both her life and her fifteen books on the reign and actions of her father the Emperor Alexius Comnenus. Eight of these books were pub-

R

lished in Holland in 1610, and the whole fifteen in 1670, with a Latin version and historical notes by the learned Du Fresne. Anna Comnena has been accused of representing her father in a better light than the Latin historians, who have almost all described him as a treacherous and dishonest man; but, as Vossius has observed, the Latin historians have spoken of a Greek emperor worse than he deserved; and the Princess Anna has been more indulgent to the character of her father than the strict laws of history ought to permit. However the critics may blame her partiality, and her turgid theatrical style, the historical books of the Princess Anna are great treasures, as they throw light on the manners and costume of that dark age; and thus afford more valuable information than can be gathered from the mere military history of any country, although correct in its detail.

The Comneni were, after all, a noble line of princes, and produced some gallant warriors, as well as philosophic writers; nor were they of mushroom origin, like some emperors whom the elective franchise, exercised by the good people of Constantinople, often raised to the throne of the Cæsars. The father of Anna, Alexius Comnenus, was the son of a former emperor, Isaac, although not his immediate successor. The brother of Anna, Calo-Johannes, or John the Handsome, was, what is rather extraordinary for a man celebrated for his beauty, good for something, and kept Turks, Huns, and Tartars (he was not plagued by crusaders) fairly at bay; winning many victories in the course of a reign of twenty-five years. He died of an accident that befel him in hunting, and left his crown to his son Manuel, who was fierce and warlike, but, according to the Latin historians, dreadfully treacherous; for the eastern empire being again overrun with crusaders, under the command of Conrad the Third, emperor of Germany, and Roger, king of Sicily; Manuel is accused of selling them flour mixed with lime, with the evil intent of poisoning the army of the cross; for which the king of Sicily made war on him. Alack! had King Roger ever lived in London, and had he been fed on bakers' bread, he would have been thankful that the Constantinopolitan mealmen, with the emperor at their head, put nothing worse in his flour; but it seems the fierce

Norman barbarian did not understand tricks upon travellers. The line of the Comneni reigned in Constantinople from the middle of the eleventh century to the beginning of the thirteenth. The Varangian battle-axe men, who were the life-guardsmen of the emperors, were supposed to be Saxon emigrants from the field of Hastings. The Emperor Alexius commenced his reign in 1081, and died in 1118. The family of Comneni were remarkable for their personal beauty.

The following is the extract to which we have alluded at the commencement of our notice:—

This lecture carried the tutor and the pupil so far as to the side-door, and thence inducted them into a species of ante-room, from which Achilles led his Varangian forward, until a pair of folding-doors, opening into what proved to be a principal apartment of the palace, exhibited to the rough-hewn native of the north a sight equally new and surprising.

It was an apartment of the Palace of the Blaquernal, dedicated to the special service of the beloved daughter of the Emperor Alexius, the Princess Anna Comnena, known to our times by her literary talents, which record the history of her father's reign. She was seated, the queen and sovereign of a literary circle, such as an imperial princess porphyrogenita, or born in the sacred purple chamber itself, could assemble in those days; and a glance around will enable us to form an idea of her guests or companions.

The literary Princess herself had the bright eye, straight features, and comely and pleasing manners, which all would have allowed to the Emperor's daughter, even if she could not have been, with severe truth, said to have possessed them. She was placed upon a small bench or sofa, the fair sex here not being permitted to recline, as was the fashion of the Roman ladies. A table before her was loaded with books, plants, herbs, and drawings. She sat on a slight elevation, and those who enjoyed the intimacy of the Princess, or to whom she wished to speak in particular, were allowed, during such sublime colloquy, to rest their knees on the little dais, or elevated place where her chair found its station, in a posture half standing half kneeling. Three other seats of different heights were placed on the dais, and under the same canopy of state which overshadowed that of the Princess Anna.

The first, which strictly resembled her own chair in size and convenience, was once designed for her husband, Nicephorus Briennius. He was said to entertain or affect the

greatest respect for his wife's erudition, though the courtiers were of opinion he would have liked to absent himself from her evening parties more frequently than was particularly agreeable to the Princess Anna and her imperial parents. This was partly explained by the private tattle of the court, which averred that the Princess Anna Comnena had been more beautiful when she was less learned; and that, though still a fine woman, she had somewhat lost the charms of her person, as she became enriched in her mind.

To atone for the lowly fashion of the seat of Nicephorus Briennius, it was placed as near to his princess as it could possibly be edged by the ushers, so that she might not lose one look of her handsome spouse, nor he the least particle of wisdom which might drop from the lips of his crude consort.

Two other seats of honour, or rather thrones, — for they had footstools placed for the support of the feet, rests for the arms, and embroidered pillows for the comfort of the back, not to mention the glories of the outspreading canopy, — were destined for the imperial couple, who frequently attended their daughter's studies, which she prosecuted in public in the way we have intimated. On such occasions the Empress Irene enjoyed the triumph peculiar to the mother of an accomplished daughter; while Alexius, as it might happen, sometimes listened with complacency to the rehearsal of his own exploits in the inflated language of the princess, and sometimes mildly nodded over her dialogues upon the mysteries of philosophy with the patriarch Zosimus and other sages.

All these four distinguished seats, for the persons of the imperial family, were occupied at the moment which we have described, excepting that which ought to have been filled by Nicephorus Briennius, the husband of the fair Anna Comnena. To his negligence and absence was perhaps owing the angry spot on the brow of his fair bride. Beside her on the platform were two white-robed nymphs of her household; female slaves, in a word, who reposed themselves on their knees on cushions, when their assistance was not wanted as a species of living book-desks, to support and extend the parchment rolls, in which the princess recorded her own wisdom, or from which she quoted that of others. One of these young maidens, called Astarte, was so distinguished as a calligrapher, or beautiful writer of various alphabets and languages, that she narrowly escaped being sent as a present to the Caliph (who could neither read nor write), at a time when it was necessary to bribe him into peace. Violante, usually called the Muse, the other attendant of the princess, a mistress of the vocal and instrumental art of music, was

actually sent in a compliment to soothe the temper of Robert Guiscard, the archduke of Apulia, who, being aged and stone-deaf, and the girl under ten years old at the time, returned the valued present to the imperial donor, and, with the selfishness which was one of that wily Norman's characteristics, desired to have some one sent him who could contribute to his pleasure, instead of a twangling, squalling infant.

Beneath these elevated seats there sate, or reposed on the floor of the hall, such favourites as were admitted. The Patriarch Zosimus, and one or two old men, were permitted the use of certain lowly stools, which were the only seats prepared for the learned members of the princess's evening parties, as they would have been called in our days. As for the younger magistrates, the honour of being permitted to join the imperial conversation was expected to render them far superior to the paltry accommodation of a joint-stool. Five or six courtiers, of different dress and ages, might compose the party, who either stood or relieved their posture by kneeling along the verge of an adorned fountain, which shed a mist of such very small rain as to dispel almost insensibly, cooling the fragrant breeze which breathed from the flowers and shrubs, that were so disposed as to send a waste of sweets around. One goodly old man, named Michael Agelastes, big, burly, and dressed like an ancient cynic philosopher, was distinguished by assuming, in a great measure, the ragged garb and mad bearing of the stoic, and by his inflexible practice of the strictest ceremonies exigible by the imperial family. He was known by an affectation of cynical principle and language, and of republican philosophy, strangely contradicted by his practical deference to the great. It was wonderful how long this man, now sixty years old and upwards, disdained to avail himself of the accustomed privilege of leaning or supporting his limbs, and with what regularity he maintained either the standing posture or that of absolute kneeling; but this was so much his usual attitude, that he acquired among his court friends the name of Elefantos, or the Elephant, because the ancients had an idea that the half-reasoning animal, as it is called, has joints incapable of kneeling down.

"Yet I have seen them kneel when I was in the country of the Gymnosophists," said a person present on the evening of Hereward's introduction.

"To take up his master on his shoulders? so will ours," said the patriarch Zosimus, with the slight sneer which was the nearest advance to a sarcasm that the etiquette of the Greek court permitted; for on all ordinary occasions it would not have offended the

presence more surely, literally to have drawn a poniard, than to exchange a repartee in the imperial circle. Even the sarcasm, such as it was, would have been thought censurable by that ceremonious court in any but the patriarch, to whose high rank some licence was allowed.

Just as he had thus far offended decorum, Achilles Tatius and his soldier, Hereward, entered the apartment. The former bore himself with even more than a usual degree of courtliness, as even to set his own good-breeding off by a comparison with the inexperienced bearing of his follower; while, nevertheless, he had a secret pride in exhibiting, as one under his own immediate and distinct command; a man whom he was accustomed to consider as one of the finest soldiers in the army of Alexius, whether appearance or reality were to be considered.

Some astonishment followed the abrupt entrance of the new comers. Achilles indeed glided into the presence with the easy and quiet extremity of respect which intimated his habitude in these regions; but Hereward started on his entrance, and perceiving himself in company of the court, hastily strove to remedy his disorder. His commander, throwing round a scarce visible shrug of apology, made then a confidential and monitory sign to Hereward to mind his conduct. What he meant was, that he should doff his helmet, and fall prostrate on the ground. But the Anglo-Saxon, unaccustomed to interpret obscure inferences, naturally thought of his military duties, and advanced in front of the emperor, as when he rendered his military homage. He made reverence with his knee, half touched his cap, and then, recovering and shouldering his axe, stood in advance of the imperial chair, as if on duty as a sentinel.

A gentle smile of surprise went round the circle as they gazed on the manly appearance, and somewhat unceremonious but martial deportment, of the northern soldier. The various spectators around consulted the Emperor's face, not knowing whether they were to take the intrusive manner of the Varangian's entrance as matter of ill-breeding, and manifest their horror, or whether they ought rather to consider the bearing of the life-guardsmen as indicating blunt and manly zeal, and therefore to be received with applause.

It was some little time ere the Emperor recovered himself sufficiently to strike a key-note, as was usual upon such occasions. Alexius Comnenus had been wrapt for a moment into some species of slumber, or at least absence of mind. Out of this he had been startled by the sudden appearance of the Varangian; for though he was accus-

tomed to commit the outer guards of the palace to this trusty corps, yet the deformed blacks, whom we have mentioned, and who sometimes rose to be ministers of state and commanders of armies, were, on all ordinary occasions, intrusted with the guard of the interior of the palace. Alexius, therefore, awakened from his slumber, and the military phrase of his daughter still ringing in his ears as she was reading a description from the great historical work, in which she had detailed the conflicts of his reign, felt somewhat unprepared for the entrance and military deportment of one of the Saxon guard, with whom he was accustomed to associate, in general, scenes of blows, danger, and death.

After a troubled glance around, his look rested on Achilles Tatius. "Why here," he said, "trusty follower? why this soldier here at this time of night?" Here, of course, was the moment for modelling the visages, *regis ad exemplum*; but, ere the Patriarch could frame his countenance into devout apprehension of danger, Achilles Tatius had spoken a word or two, which reminded Alexius's memory that the soldier had been brought there by his own special orders. "Oh, ay! true, good fellows," said he, smoothing his troubled brow: "we had forgot that passage among the cares of state." He then spoke to the Varangian with a countenance more frank, and a heartier accent, than he used to his courtiers: for, to a despotic monarch, a faithful life-guardsmen is a person of confidence, while an officer of high rank is always in some degree a subject of distrust. — "Ha!" said he, "our worthy Anglo-Dane, how fares he?" This unceremonious salutation surprised all but him to whom it was addressed. Hereward answered, accompanying his words with a military obeisance which partook of heartiness rather than reverence, with a loud unsubdued voice, which startled the presence still more that the language was Saxon, which these foreigners always use, "*Waes hael, Kaisar nurrig und machthig!*" — that is, Be of good health, stout and mighty Emperor. The Emperor, with a smile of intelligence, to show he could speak to his guards in their own foreign language, replied, by the well-known counter-signal — "*Drink hael!*"

Immediately a page brought a silver goblet of wine. The emperor put his lips to it, though he scarce tasted the liquor; then commanded it to be handed to Hereward, and bade the soldier drink. The Saxon did not wait till he was desired a second time, but took off the contents without hesitation. A gentle smile, decorous as the presence required, passed over the assembly, at a feat which, though by no means wonderful in a

hyperborean, seemed prodigious in the estimation of the moderate Greeks. Alexius himself laughed more loudly than his courtiers thought might be becoming on their part; and mustering what few words of Varangian he possessed, which he eked out with Greek, demanded of his life-guardsmen — "Well, my bold Briton, or Edward, as men call thee, dost thou know the flavour of that wine?"

"Yes," answered the Varangian, without change of countenance; "I tasted it once before at Laodicea —"

Here his officer, Achilles Tatius, became sensible that his soldier approached delicate ground; and in vain endeavoured to gain his attention, in order that he might furtively convey to him a hint to be silent, or at least take heed what he said in such a presence. But the soldier, who, with proper military observance, continued to have his eye and attention fixed on the emperor, as the prince whom he was bound to answer or to serve, saw none of the hints which Achilles at length suffered to become so broad, that Zosimus and the Proto-spathaire exchanged expressive glances, as calling on each other to notice the by-play of the leader of the Varangians.

In the mean while, the dialogue between the emperor and his soldier continued: — "How," said Alexius, "did this draught relish, compared with the former?"

"There is fairer company here, my liege, than that of the Arabian archers," answered Hereward, with a look and bow instinctive of good breeding: "nevertheless, there lacks the flavour which the heat of the sun, the dust of the combat, with the fatigue of wielding such a weapon as this (advancing his axe), for eight hours together, give to a cup of rare wine."

"Another deficiency there might be," said Agelastes the Elephant, of whom we have already spoken, "provided I am pardoned hinting at it," he added, with a look to the throne, — "it might be the smaller size of the cup compared with that at Laodicea."

"By Taranis, you say true!" answered the life-guardsmen: "at Laodicea I used my helmet."

"Let us see the cups compared together, good friend," said Agelastes, continuing his railery, "that we may be sure thou hast not swallowed the present goblet; for I thought, from the manner of the draught, there was a chance of its going down with its contents."

"There are some things which I do not easily swallow," answered the Varangian, in a calm and indifferent tone; "but they must come from a younger and more active man than you."

The company again smiled to each other, as if to hint that the philosopher, though also

parcel wit by profession, had the worst of the encounter.

The Emperor at the same time interfered — "Nor did I send for thee hither, good fellow, to be baited by idle taunts."

Here Agelastes shrunk back in the circle, as a hound that has been rebuked by the huntsman for babbling; and the Princess Anna Comnena, who had indicated by her fair features a certain degree of impatience, at length spoke — "Will it then please you, my imperial and much-beloved father, to inform those blessed with admission to the Muses' temple, for what it is that you have ordered this soldier to be this night admitted to a place so far above his rank in life? Permit me to say, we ought not to waste, in frivolous and silly jests, the time which is sacred to the welfare of the empire, as every moment of your leisure must be."

"Our daughter speaks wisely," said the Empress Irene, who, like most mothers who do not possess much talent themselves, and are not very capable of estimating it in others, was, nevertheless, a great admirer of her favourite daughter's accomplishments, and ready to draw them out on all occasions. "Permit me to remark, that in this divine and selected palace of the Muses, dedicated to the studies of our well-beloved and highly-gifted daughter, whose pen will preserve your reputation, our most imperial husband, till the desolation of the universe, and which enlivens and delights this society, the very flower of the wits of our sublime court; — permit me to say, that we have, merely by admitting a single life-guardsmen, given our conversation the character of that which distinguishes a barrack."

Now the Emperor Alexius Comnenus had the same feeling with many an honest man in ordinary life when his wife begins a long oration, especially as the Empress Irene did not always retain the observance consistent with his awful rule and right supremacy, although especially severe in exacting it from all others, in reference to her lord. Therefore, though he had felt some pleasure in gaining a short release from the monotonous recitation of the princess's history, he now saw the necessity of resuming it, or of listening to the matrimonial eloquence of the empress. He sighed, therefore, as he said, "I crave your pardon, good our imperial spouse, and our daughter born in the purple chamber. I remember me, our most amiable and accomplished daughter, that last night you wished to know the particulars of the battle of Laodicea, with the heathenish Arabs, whom heaven confound! And for certain considerations which moved ourselves to add other enquiries to our own recollection, Achilles Tatius, our most trusty follower,

was commissioned to introduce into this place one of those soldiers under his command, being such a one whose courage and presence of mind could best enable him to remark what passed around him on that remarkable and bloody day. And this I suppose to be the man brought to us for that purpose."

"If I am permitted to speak, and live," answered the Follower, "your imperial highness, with those divine princesses, whose name is to us as those of blessed saints, have in your presence the flower of my Anglo-Danes, or whatsoever unbaptized name is given to my soldiers. He is, as I may say, a barbarian of barbarians; for, although in birth and breeding unfit to soil with his feet the carpet of this precinct of accomplishment and eloquence, he is so brave — so trusty — so devotedly attached — and so unhesitatingly zealous, that" —

"Enough, good Follower," said the Emperor; "let us only know that he is cool and observant, not confused and fluttered during close battle, as we have sometimes observed in you and other great commanders — and, to speak truth, have even felt in our imperial self on extraordinary occasions: which difference in man's constitution is not owing to any inferiority of courage, but, in us, to a certain consciousness of the importance of our own safety to the welfare of the whole, and to a feeling of the number of duties which at once devolve on us. Speak then, and speak quickly, Tatius; for I discern that our dearest consort, and our thrice-fortunate daughter, born in the imperial chamber of purple, seem to wax somewhat impatient."

"Hereward," answered Tatius, "is as composed and observant in battle as another in a festive dance. The dust of war is the breath of his nostrils; and he will prove his worth in combat against any four others (Varangians excepted) who shall term themselves your Imperial Highness's bravest servants."

"Follower," said the Emperor, with a displeased look and tone, "instead of instructing these poor ignorant barbarians in the rules and civilisation of our enlightened empire, you foster, by such boastful words, the idle pride and fury of their temper, which hurries them into brawls with the legions of other foreign countries, and even breeds quarrels among themselves."

"If my mouth may be opened in the way of most humble excuse," said the Follower, "I would presume to reply, that I but an hour hence talked with this poor ignorant Anglo-Dane, on the paternal care with which the Imperial Majesty of Greece regards the preservation of that concord which unites the followers of his standard, and how desirous

he is to promote that harmony, more especially amongst the various nations who have the happiness to serve you, in spite of the blood-thirsty quarrels of the Franks, and other northern men, who are never free from civil broil. I think the poor youth's understanding can bear witness to thus much in my behalf." He then looked towards Hereward, who gravely inclined his head in token of assent to what his captain said. His excuse thus ratified, Achilles proceeded in his apology more firmly. "What I have said even now was spoken without consideration; for, instead of pretending that this Hereward would face four of your Imperial Highness's servants, I ought to have said, that he was willing to defy six of your Imperial Majesty's most deadly enemies, and permit them to choose every circumstance of time, arms, and place of combat."

"That hath a better sound," said the Emperor; "and, in truth, for the information of my dearest daughter, who piously has undertaken to record the things which I have been the blessed means of doing for the empire, I earnestly wish that she should remember, that though the sword of Alexius hath not slept in its sheath, yet he hath never sought his own aggrandisement of fame at the price of bloodshed among his subjects."

"I trust," said Anna Comnena, "that in my humble sketch of the life of the princely sire from whom I derive my existence, I have not forgotten to notice his love of peace and care for the lives of his soldiery, and abhorrence of the bloody manners of the heretic Franks, as one of his most distinguishing characteristics."

Assuming then an attitude more commanding, as one who was about to claim the attention of the company, the Princess inclined her head gently around to the audience, and taking a roll of parchment from the fair amanuensis, which she had, in a most beautiful handwriting, engrossed to her mistress's dictation, Anna Comnena prepared to read its contents.

At this moment the eyes of the Princess rested for an instant on the barbarian Hereward, to whom she designed this greeting:—"Valiant barbarian, of whom my fancy recalls some memory, as if in a dream, thou art now to hear a work, which, if the author be put into comparison with the subject, might be likened to a portrait of Alexander, in executing which some inferior dauber has usurped the pencil of Apelles; but which essay, however it may appear unworthy of the subject in the eyes of many, must yet command some envy in those who candidly consider its contents, and the difficulty of portraying the great personage concerning whom it is written. Still, I pray thee, give

thine attention to what I have now to read, since this account of the battle of Laodicea, the details thereof being principally derived from his Imperial Highness, my excellent father, from the altogether valiant Protospathaire, his invincible general, together with Achilles Tatius, the faithful Follower of our victorious Emperor, may, nevertheless be in some circumstances inaccurate. For it is to be thought that the high offices of those great commanders retained them at a distance from some particularly active parts of the fray, in order that they might have more cool and accurate opportunity to form a judgment upon the whole, and transmit their orders, without being disturbed by any thoughts of personal safety. Even so, brave barbarian, in the art of embroidery (marvel not that we are a proficient in that mechanical process, since it is patronised by Minerva, whose studies we affect to follow) we reserve to ourselves the superintendence of the entire web, and commit to our maidens and others the execution of particular parts. Thus, in the same manner, thou valiant Varangian, being engaged in the very thickest of the affray before Laodicea, mayst point out to us, the unworthy historian of so renowned a war, those chances which befell where man fought hand to hand, and where the fate of war was decided by the edge of the sword. Therefore, dread not, thou bravest of the axe-men to whom we owe that victory, and so many others, to correct any mistake or misapprehension which we may have been led into concerning the details of that glorious event."

"Madame," said the Varangian, "I shall attend with diligence to what your Highness may be pleased to read to me; although, as to presuming to blame the history of a princess born in the purple, far be such a presumption from me; still less would it become a barbaric Varangian to pass a judgment on the military conduct of the Emperor by whom he is liberally paid, or of the commander by whom he is well treated. Before an action, if our advice is required, it is ever faithfully tendered; but, according to my rough wit, our censure after the field is fought would be more invidious than useful. Touching the Protospathaire, if it be the duty of a general to absent himself from close action, I can safely say, or swear, were it necessary, that the invincible commander was never seen by me within a javelin's cast of aught that looked like danger."

This speech, boldly and bluntly delivered, had a general effect on the company present. The Emperor himself, and Achilles Tatius, looked like men who had got off from a danger better than they expected. The Protospathaire laboured to conceal a move-

ment of resentment. Agelastes whispered to the Patriarch, near whom he was placed, "The northern battle-axe lacks neither point nor edge."

"Hush!" said Zosimus, "let us hear how this is to end; the princess is about to speak."

The voice of the northern soldier, though modified by feelings of respect to the emperor, and even attachment to his captain, had more of a tone of blunt sincerity, nevertheless, than was usually heard by the sacred echoes of the imperial palace; and though the Princess Anna Comnena began to think that she had invoked the opinion of a severe judge, she was sensible, at the same time, by the deference of his manner, that his respect was of a character more real, and his applause, should she gain it, would prove more truly flattering than the gilded assent of the whole court of her father. She gazed with some surprise and attention on Hereward, already described as a very handsome young man, and felt the natural desire to please, which is easily created in the mind towards a fine person of the other sex. His attitude was easy and bold, but neither clownish nor uncourtly. His title of a barbarian placed him at once free from the forms of civilised life and the rules of artificial politeness. But his character for valour, and the noble self-confidence of his bearing, gave him a deeper interest than would have been acquired by a more studied and anxious address, or an excess of reverential awe.

In short, the Princess Anna Comnena, high in rank as she was, and born in the imperial purple, which she herself deemed the first of all attributes, felt herself, nevertheless, in preparing to resume the recitation of her history, more anxious to obtain the approbation of this rude soldier than that of all the rest of the courteous audience. She knew them well, it is true, and felt nowise solicitous about the applause which the daughter of the emperor was sure to receive with full hands from those of the Grecian court to whom she might choose to communicate the productions of her father's daughter. But she had now a judge of a new character, whose applause, if bestowed, must have something in it intrinsically real, since it could only be obtained by affecting his head or his heart.

It was, perhaps, under the influence of these feelings that the princess was somewhat longer than usual in finding out the passage in the roll of history at which she purposed to commence. It was also noticed, that she began her recitation with a diffidence and embarrassment surprising to the noble hearers, who had often seen her in full possession of her presence of mind before what they

conceived a more distinguished and even more critical audience.

Neither were the circumstances of the Varangian such as rendered the scene indifferent to him. Anna Comnena had indeed attained her fifth lustre, and that is a period after which Grecian beauty is understood to commence its decline. How long she had passed that critical period, was a secret to all but the trusted ward-women of the purple chamber. Enough, that it was affirmed by the popular tongue, and seemed to be attested by that bent towards philosophy and literature which is not supposed to be congenial to beauty in its earlier buds, to amount to one or two years more. She might be seven-and-twenty.

Still Anna Comnena was, or had very lately been, a beauty of the first rank, and must be supposed to have still retained charms to captivate a barbarian of the North; if, indeed, he himself was not careful to maintain a heedful recollection of the immeasurable distance between them. Indeed, even this recollection might hardly have saved Hereward from the charms of this enchantress, bold, free-born, and fearless as he was; for, during that time of strange revolutions, there were many instances of successful generals sharing the couch of imperial princesses, whom, perhaps, they had themselves rendered widows, in order to make way for their own pretensions. But besides the influence of other recollections, which the reader may learn hereafter, Hereward, though flattered by the unusual degree of attention which the princess bestowed upon him, saw in her only the daughter of his emperor and adopted liege lord, and the wife of a noble prince, whom reason and duty alike forbade him to think of in any other light.

It was after one or two preliminary efforts that the Princess Anna began her reading, with an uncertain voice, which gained strength and fortitude as she proceeded with the following passage from a well-known part of her history of Alexius Comnenus, but which unfortunately has not been re-published in the Byzantine historians. The narrative cannot, therefore, be otherwise than acceptable to the antiquarian reader; and the author hopes to receive the thanks of the learned world for the recovery of a curious fragment, which, without his exertions, must probably have passed to the gulf of total oblivion.

FAMILY AND PAROCHIAL SERMONS. *By the Rev. William Shepherd, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Curate of Cheddington, Author of "Sermons on*

Baptism," and "Liturgical Considerations." S. Maunder.

A SPIRIT of true Christian meekness and simplicity pervades these discourses. The language is clear, comprehensive, and at the same time attractive to the ear. We can recommend them to be read aloud when families meet together, for the purpose of concluding the Sabbath with prayer; and as children and servants usually join in family worship, it is desirable that on those occasions discourses should be read which are not too abstruse for their capacities. In this collection may be found several excellent sermons on the high festivals of the church of England; amongst these, one on Advent, called "the Joyful Message," deserves much commendation, as also those on Lent and Good Friday.

Mr. Shepherd is a true son of the church of England, and preaches the same doctrine inculcated by its earlier luminaries, — the doctrine of Hooker, Barrow, Usher, and Taylor. We hope, in this instance, that no reviewer will take him for any other person than the Rev. William Shepherd, a church of England clergyman. Not long since a Sunday paper, famous for blundering, mistook him for a dissenting minister of the name of Shepherd, who lives at Liverpool, and sometimes interferes in politics, whereupon the Sunday critic flew at a harmless look, edited by the Rev. W. Shepherd, and bellowed and butted with blind fury, finally covering it with mud and dirt, although he confessed that he found nothing objectionable but the title. The shrewd dissenter must have smiled sarcastically to see a minister of the church he hates undergoing a literary martyrdom as his proxy, and that from a professed church champion. Reviewers, reviewers, read the books ye criticise! It may be an irksome duty to read all, but remember, it is one that ye have voluntarily undertaken!

A KEY TO THE FAMILIAR GERMAN EXERCISES. *By N. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, London.* Treuttel, Wurtz, and Co.

In a former number we noticed, in favourable terms, M. Bernay's "German Grammar," and "Familiar German Ex-

ercises." All who are in possession of those works will, of course, make it a point to obtain "The Key," which the professor has just published. The utility of such a work, particularly to those who have not the advantage of a master, is obvious: it is, besides, very neatly printed, and moderate in price.

ON DISTORTIONS OF THE SPINE; WITH A FEW REMARKS ON DEFORMITIES OF THE LEGS. By Lionel J. Beale, Esq.

MR. BEALE says, in his preface, that this tract "is to elicit from others, criticisms and opinions, in order that he may have his own opinions either strengthened or modified by the experience of others." He concludes his prefatory remarks in these important words:—

"With regard to lateral curvature of the spine, which is now so common, and which almost entirely results from mismanagement during the period of growth, there is no subject which merits more serious attention, not only as concerns the beauty of the female form, but the continued, though often trifling, ill health which constantly attends a deviation of the vertebral column."

The following passage is so important, that we seize upon it as a beginning; and yet, important as it is, we have some reason for thinking the truism involved in it has been almost wholly overlooked by the public:—

"The spinal brain must be in some degree extended or compressed by the slightest deviation of the vertebral column, or the nerves, as they issue between the vertebrae, must be similarly circumstanced; and according to the situation of the spinal affection, different functions will be deranged," &c.

We are too apt to regard a deviation from the upright position of the spine, as a matter of regret, on the score of personal appearance *only*; and to care little about it when as light deformity can be concealed by dresses. In the warnings which it contains against such notions as these, the pamphlet before us is particularly valuable.

"If," adds the author, in continuing the above-quoted paragraph, "the primary curvature occur in the upper dorsal region, the respiratory organs are principally affected. If the lower dorsal or lumbar region is the seat of disease, we have derangement of the functions of digestion," &c.

We are far from recommending to our readers, that is, to the public, or the ladies

more particularly, the perusal of medical works, which set forth various nostrums, to heal various diseases; and thus fill their heads with the contemplation of a thousand imaginary disorders; but we do most earnestly invite their attention to this work on deformities. To those who, themselves are sufferers, also to heads of families, and particularly heads of schools, the perusal would afford much benefit; and many of our younger female readers, too, would do well to inform themselves of the hazard which they incur, and the deformities of which they lay the certain foundation, by the foolish, and, considering the dreadful consequences, we had almost said the wicked, practice of what is technically called tight-lacing.

"From a variety of causes," says the author, "lateral curvature of the spine has of late years become so common, that there is hardly a family in the middle or upper ranks of society in this country, which has not one or more of its members so afflicted; indeed, so generally have these causes operated, that there are very few females in these classes of society who are totally exempt from some slight degree of spinal curvature, or weakness. A small degree of curvature exists in numerous instances without being suspected; and many of the nervous, hysterical, and other anomalous affections met with in practice, have their cause in some slight deviation of the bones composing the spine."

It is not our intention to enter upon the supposed causes of curvature arising from a primarily diseased state of the parts; our object here is to censure customs which are destructive of health, as well as to warn the unwary. Under these heads we select—

1. THE LONG-CONTINUED OPERATION OF PECULIAR ATTITUDES.

2. TIGHT LACING, &c.

Upon the first, it will be well for sufferers to remember the words of the writer—

"The production of the mischief has been the work of time, and almost as long a period will be necessary for its removal."

And further on—

"Many chronic diseases are rendered incurable by the false expectations of patients to see them speedily removed, and such persons run the gauntlet of all the physicians, surgeons, and empirics of this town, without allowing any one of them time to effect a change in the disease.

"I had seen," he adds, "in connection

with lateral curvature, hurried respiration, short cough, palpitation, hysterics, with a host of other nervous derangements, all yielding readily to proper treatment of the spine, and improvement of the general health." This treatment in incipient cases has been, "regulation to diet; tonics, especially quinine, sometimes steel; recumbent posture, alternated with exercise of the spine; sponging; shower bath; partial exercises of the muscles of the back by means of the weight and pulley, with the cord attached to the head, which practice has been found beneficial."

The author discusses the opinions of the celebrated Mr. Bell with regard to the part of the vertebral column in which curvature first takes place, and the position in which the patient then is. We leave the question at issue. "But," says Mr. Beale, "whether in the standing or sitting posture, there is weakness." This assertion appears, and really is, both true and false: true where there is no constraint, but in our judgment false where stays and other unnatural restraints have been used. When there is no violence, we fully agree with Mr. Beale that the cause is *weakness*, and he thereupon gives a very proper and practical illustration:—

"The party," he says, "makes an effort to sit erect; in a few moments the effort relaxes, and the spine yields, the trunk sensibly sinking, the chest becoming flattened, and the back arched. When this degree of weakness exists, the spine is never safe, it is sure to yield in some direction; and the early inflection begets a long train of nervous, thoracic, and other disturbances. In such cases, whether curvature be discoverable or not, I enjoin the parties," continues the author emphatically, "to take refuge in the recumbent posture, whenever they feel that they cannot support themselves, alternating this as much as possible with active exercise. So long as the dorsal muscles are in action, the mischief cannot advance, and restoration of power to these muscles, by local and constitutional means, is the only effectual cure. As long as the weakness continues, there is no security save in avoiding the sitting posture whenever the trunk cannot be fully supported. I have found," he adds, "a great advantage in this respect in dispensing with the 'board,' as it is termed, and converting a common sofa into an inclined plane."

Indeed, we know not a greater absurdity than the general and indiscriminate use of the back-board, as applied in schools; the same may be observed of the narrow-seated high-backed chairs. To the former we might not much object

were the ends or extremities of the board, placed upon rests, in which case support and relief would frequently be afforded to the spine.

A common carpenter, Mr. Beale remarks, can easily convert a sofa into an inclined plane.

"A plane raised to seven or eight inches at one end, and terminating in a point, being slipped under a cushion, this arrangement excites no observation, a consideration of some moment where feelings are sensitive; it is always at hand, and will be used freely, when the formality and display of lying down on the board would be repulsive. From the sensible relief afforded, it becomes the favourite repose; and no time being enjoined, the parties lie down and exercise alternately, precisely as the most accurate judgment would direct. Sometimes there is a prejudice to encounter, especially in schools. The young lady is accused of neglecting her 'carriage.' Under remonstrance, perhaps reproof, she can draw herself up, and the power of doing so being thus demonstrated, obstinacy is imputed, the total inability to sustain the forced effort being wholly overlooked. In this way much injustice is practised against those weakly creatures, much injury inflicted."

On the long-continued operation of the same attitude, —

"Witness," says the author, "the backs of clerks, artists, &c., who for many hours every day maintain such a position that the right shoulder is elevated, while the left is depressed, and the spine in some of these persons becomes permanently bent."

We think we have traced a cause of curvature which has hitherto escaped attention. In large families, for the sake of regularity, each member not unfrequently occupies a seat in one particular quarter of the room in preference to every other; this practice, we believe, prevails generally at schools. We remember to have seen a young girl occupying her usual, on this occasion her own selected, seat, by the side of the fire. Her clothes had partly fallen off from one shoulder; our attention was engaged in finding out the cause, when, regarding the individual attentively, we observed the hands clasped in each other, but hanging over that side which was nearest to the fire. This we found, on further observation, was a favourite position, and by constant repetition, as well as owing to the habit, at other times, of crossing the hands over each other, at unequal distances, an actual crookedness and curva-

ture of the spine had been induced. This was apparently a very simple, but yet the real, cause of the deformity, and it shows that great attention should be paid by parents and guardians to the usual or favourite postures of their children or others intrusted to their care.

The individual to whom we have alluded was about seventeen years of age, and when her attention was called to the circumstance which we have described, she readily conceived that to that chiefly, if not solely, might be imputed her much lamented deformity. We recur with pleasure to the valuable pages of our author.

"The motions necessary for boyish games bring into active play the muscles of the back, increase their vigour, and thus enable them to maintain the spine in its proper position; but the action of walking has but little effect on this class of muscles. The omission of those active exertions which youth of both sexes would naturally indulge in, is one main cause of such frequent instances of lateral curvature in girls.

"Every care is taken to check in girls that activity which is natural to the season of youth: young ladies should not be romps; such and such exercises are boyish; delicacy of appearance is considered genteel, and we all know how successful the system is in rendering girls delicate. Even in those cases where some degree of active exercise is permitted, the poor child is eternally admonished not to assume the attitude which nature dictates to relieve for a while the muscles of the back. Miss must not stoop, must always hold her head erect, sitting or standing; the head and chest must be upright, and straight-backed chairs, backboards, and other ingenious arts of tormenting, have been invented, to prevent children from adopting the attitudes of repose dictated by nature. Who would ever think of preventing a horse from assuming that position of repose which he almost invariably takes when standing still, by raising one of his hind legs to rest, while the body mechanically bears on the other three without much muscular exertion? in this position the spine becomes curved; and, it would be as wise to fear deformity in a horse, because he occasionally assumes this position, as in a girl to fear her being permanently round-shouldered, because she occasionally relieves herself from the irksomeness of continually maintaining the same position.

In Dr. Arnott's able and forcible work, entitled "*Elements of Physics*," is also the following:—

"When the inclination of the back has once begun, it is very soon increased by the means used to cure it. Strong stiff stays are put on, to support the back as it is said, but which, in reality, by preventing those muscles from acting which are intended by nature as the supports, cause them to lose their strength; and when the stays are withdrawn, the body can no longer support itself."

We have known instances in which, by this improper use of stays, the individual was obliged at all times to wear them, even during the hours of sleep, so completely had the powers of the muscles of the back been destroyed by tight pressure, that even in a recumbent posture the whole frame would have bent without them.

"The prejudice had at last grown up, that strong stays should be put upon children very early, to prevent the first beginning of the mischief, and that the child should always be made to sit on the straight-backed chair, or to lie on the hard plane; and it is probable, that if these cures and preventives had been adopted as universally and strictly as many deemed them necessary, we should not have, in England, a young lady whose back would be straight or strong enough to bear the weight of her shoulders or head."

We still remember a very animated discussion, into which we once entered with a lady, a disciple of this school, who was far from pleased when convinced to demonstration of the evil effects that might result to her infant children, about four years of age, from confinement in these unnatural bandages and bracings. We would gladly hope that the following, which we quote from another author, might operate as a caution to parents addicted to the absurd practice reprobated by Mr. Beale. "From 1760 to about 1770," says Soemmerring, "it was the fashion in Berlin, and other parts of Germany, and also in Holland a few years ago, to apply corsets to children. This practice fell into disuse in consequence of its being observed, that children who did not wear corsets grew up straight, while those who were treated with this extraordinary care got by it a high shoulder or a hunch. Many families might be named in which parental fondness selected the handsomest of several boys to put in corsets, and the result was that these alone were hunched. The deformity was attributed at first to the

improper mode of applying the corset, till it was discovered that no child thus invested grew up straight, not to mention the risk of consumption and rupture which was likewise incurred by using them."

"Another effect of tight corsets," says an able essayist, "is, that those who have been long so closely laced, become at last unable to hold themselves erect, or move with comfort without them; but, as is very justly said, *fall together*, in consequence of the natural form and position of the ribs being altered. The muscles of the back are weakened and crippled, and cannot maintain themselves in their natural position any length of time. The spine, too, no longer accustomed to bear the destined weight of the body, bends and sinks down. Where tight lacing is practised, young women from fifteen to twenty years of age are found so dependent upon their corsets, that they faint whenever they lay them aside, and, therefore, are obliged to have themselves laced before they go to sleep. For as soon as the thorax and abdomen are relaxed, the blood, rushing downward, in consequence of the diminished resistance to its motion, empties the vessels of the head, and thus occasions fainting.

"It would disgust us to see the attempt made to improve the strength and shape of a young race-horse or greyhound, by binding tight splints or stays round its beautiful young body, and then tying it up in a stall; but this is the kind of absurdity and cruelty so commonly practised in this country towards, what may be well called, the most faultless of created things."

To return to our author:—

"Tight lacing not only prevents a due development of the muscles by pressure, but by fixing into one immovable mass the ribs and vertebræ of the back, which, more especially in youth, should have free motion on each other, makes the whole upper part of the body a dead weight on the vertebræ of the loins, which in consequence give way to one or other side, and lateral curvature is produced."

But there may be other causes of mischief. Stays for growing girls are not changed sufficiently often to meet their increasing growth; and thus they add another and a very serious evil to the many already enumerated; and thus, "the numerous muscles inserted into the ribs, shoulder-bones, and spine, are all com-

pletely bound together." Again, as much mischief is perhaps produced by the avoidance of pressure, as actually by the tightness of the stays. A young person who silently submits to the torture to which her youthful companions are self-condemned, will often endeavour to escape pressure, or perhaps pain, on one side, by a forcible effort to incline on the other, and we have no doubt that many young people, rather from this secondary cause, than primarily from the stays themselves, are affected with lateral curvature.

"If a woman choose to brave the consequences," says the able writer whom we have already quoted, "she may always, with the help of lace and cord, produce a considerable change upon the lower part of the thorax."

The contents of the thorax are thus described:—

"First, the head, which is the centre of the circulating system, and which, for the sake of its metaphorical offices, every lady must be anxious to keep from injury. Next, the lungs, which occupy by far the largest space, and of the delicacy of whose operations every one may judge. There are, besides, either within the thorax or in juxtaposition with it, the stomach, liver, and kidneys, with the œsophagus, the trachea or windpipe, part of the intestines, and many nerves, all intimately connected with the vital powers. Most of these organs are not only of primary importance in themselves, but through the nerves, arteries, &c. their influence extends to the head and the remotest parts of the limbs, so that when they are injured, *health is poisoned at its source*, and the mischief always travels to other parts of the system."

"Imagine, then," says the *Scotsman*, "what is the consequence of applying compression to a cavity enclosing so many delicate organs, whose free action is essential to health. First, the lowest part of the thorax yields most, the false ribs and the lower true ribs are pressed inwards; the whole viscera in this part of the body, including part of the intestines, are squeezed close together, and forced upwards!"

The same writer already quoted adds besides:—

"If the lacing is carried higher, the breast-bone is raised, and sometimes bent; the collar bone protrudes its inner extremity, and the shoulder blades are forced backwards; the under part of the lungs is pressed together, and the entrance of the blood into it hindered; the abdominal viscera, being least protected, suffer severely; the stomach

is compressed, its distension prevented, and its situation and form changed, giving rise to imperfect digestion; the blood is forced up to the head, where it generates various complaints; the liver has its shape altered, and its functions obstructed; the bones having their natural motions constrained, distortion ensues; and the high shoulder, the twisted spine or breast bone, begin at last to manifest themselves through the integuments and clothes."

The most eminent physicians have set forth the following diseases as arising from the use of tight corsets:—

In the head—Headach, giddiness, tendency to fainting, pain in the eyes, pain and ringing in the ears, and bleeding at the nose.

In the thorax—Besides the displacement of the bones, and the injury done to the breast, tight lacing produces shortness of breath, spitting of blood, consumption, derangement of the circulation, palpitation of the heart, and water in the chest.

Further details are unnecessary. Not many months back we recorded the death of a young person from tight lacing, with a recommendation from the jury to give every possible publicity to the case. We have also before us the *Bristol Mirror*, dated August, 1829, beginning thus:—"Another instance of the folly and fatal effects of following, for the sake of appearances only, the fashions of the day, has occurred in the practice of Mr. Brown, of this city. The subject was an interesting female, about twenty, who, by tight lacing, brought on cough, violent palpitation, and other diseases of the heart, which terminated in premature death. Upon a *post mortem* examination, the cavity of the chest was found to be considerably reduced in size, caused, in the first instance, by the external and excessive pressure of the stays, and afterwards rendered permanent by the adhesion of the whole external surface of the lungs to the internal surface of the membrane (pleura) covering the insides of the ribs. The external parts of the right ventricle and auricle were particularly enlarged, and otherwise diseased, and with its envelope (the pericardium) were completely changed in structure, having acquired a spongy or honeycomb appearance; and, indeed, the whole organ was so altered, and so enormously increased in size, as scarcely to be recognised as a heart."

"Deformity," again, says Mr. Beale, "is

peculiar to the civilised part of mankind, and it is almost always the work of our own hands. The superior strength, just proportion, and agility of the savages are entirely the effects of their hardy education, of their living mostly in the open air, and their limbs never having suffered confinement."

It were vain, indeed, to urge more than has been said upon the pernicious tendency of tight lacing. If the ladies must be slaves to so destructive a fashion, let our sex cease to bestow their admiration "on such forms as are a libel on the most perfect of nature's works."

MILLMAN'S TALES. *Adapted for the higher Classes of Youth.* Souter.

THERE is a succession of amusing incident in these tales; perhaps the transitions are too sudden and romantic for probability, and therefore we do not feel the pleasure that arises from the development of natural feeling and character. Authors who write for the purposes of education should be sparing of strange adventures. The tale entitled "Steadiness and Romance" is by far the best; it is, in truth, very interesting, and possesses a fund of incident sufficient to furnish a large volume; but the authoress has not yet learned the art of delicate delineation of character; her personages are either angels or fiends; and although in our passage through life we occasionally meet with fiendish or angelic conduct, yet few persons are uncompromisingly wicked, and still fewer entirely good. The writer of *Juvenile Novels* undertakes a most delicate task—that of giving the youthful female reader some insight into human character, which will enable her to steer her passage through life, without ignorantly rushing into violent collision with dangerous people, and converting short friendships into lasting and deadly enmities. A series of romantic incidents will not lead to such knowledge as this: it requires considerable skill to enable her, amidst the incidents of every-day life, to recognise the signs and tokens of true worth and specious falsehood, and to impart the higher power of discriminating, and perhaps influencing, those mixed characters in which neither qualities wholly preponderate.

WATERING PLACES OF GREAT BRITAIN. No. IV.

THE View of Torquay, with which the present Number opens, is, both in design and engraving, the best yet published. The letter-press concludes the description and directory of Brighton, and commences that of Worthing.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING. Nos. XXII. and XXIII. Tilt.

A Storm in Harvest, from Westall, is a fine specimen of Normand's talents as

a miniature outline-engraver; the expression of the faces is well preserved. *The Dying Brigand*, from Eastlake, is well done; and *The Thames*, from Barry, is an interesting picture, notwithstanding that *Raleigh* appears in a hat and feather. *Captain Cook* and *Dr. Burney* with hair in full dress, are swimming merrily round the old father's car, in company with nymphs and tritons. The outlines on a larger scale, as *Cupid* (a very ill-looking youth), and *Crossing the Brook*, are complete failures.

Drama, etc.

KING'S THEATRE. — A somewhat lengthy prospectus of the system to be adopted in the future management of the Italian Opera has been published by Mr. Monck Mason, the new lessee. Several of the intended "alterations and improvements" appear to us most judicious. Amongst other novelties, the director announces that in the course of each season, three grand dress and fancy balls will be given on the plan of Almack's: subscribers alone are to be the patrons and patronesses of these entertainments.

HAYMARKET THEATRE. — Cibber's comedy of *The Double Gallant, or the Sick Lady's Cure*, has been curtailed to two acts, and performed at this house under the new title of *Belles, have at ye all; or, More Flirts than one*. Farren and Mrs. Glover were admirable in the respective parts of *Sir Solomon* and *Lady Sadlife*. Miss Taylor and Miss Sydney acted well, and might have appeared to greater advantage had their rôles been of more importance.

A Mr. Plumer has twice made his bow before the Haymarket audience. *Henry Bertram*, in the opera of *Guy Mannering*, was the part chosen for his *début*. His second appearance was in the character of *Prince Orlando* in *The Cabinet*. Mr. Plumer's voice is pleasing, and his reception on both occasions was most encouraging. His second performance, we thought far preferable to his *début*.

The opera of *The Cabinet* was succeeded by a most laughable farce entitled *John Jones*, of which Mr. Buckstone is the author, or translator, we know not which.

A Mr. Goodluck, the hero of the piece, admirably personated by Farren, finds his path continually beset by a tormentor who rejoices in the name of *John Jones*. Innumerable are the tribulations which the ill-fated and sadly misnamed *Goodluck* endures through the agency of his unwearied persecutor who ousts him out of a snug post in the War Office, overturns him into a pond, inherits his uncle's wealth, and, by way of climax, marries his intended.

Kean has been acting his principal characters here. His performance of *Eustache de St. Pierre* in *The Surrender of Calais* elicited considerable applause.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. — A new farce, *My Friend from Town*, has been produced at this amusing theatre, much to the delight of the laughter-loving *habitués*. Wilkinson is irresistible as the representative of *Mr. Pindarus Pump*, a *ci-devant* shoemaker, whose luck in leather has secured to him a fortune of three thousand pounds per annum, and who, with a laudable taste for the "*otium cum dignitate*," resolves to devote his attention to scientific pursuits. Green, with much drollery, personated *Sir Omnibus Dabble*, a good-natured gentleman, who undertakes to promote the views of his acquaintance *Pump*, by introducing him to the members of a literary club. The piece was received, in play-bill style, "with unbounded applause."

NEW CITY THEATRE. — An opera in three acts, under the title of *Courting by Mistake*, is the last novelty brought forward at this house. The music has been composed by Mr. Nelson; the dramatic

portion, or, if we may express ourselves à l'Italienne, the libretto is due to the pen of Mr. Moncrieff. The nightly repetition of this pleasing trifle is the best proof of its success.

On the night of the Coronation, Vauxhall and the Theatres were, by His Majesty's command, gratuitously opened to the public.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c. — The opera of the *Barber of Seville*, translated into French by M. Castil-Blaze, has been represented at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, Paris.

Notwithstanding the embarrassed state of public affairs, the new King of Belgium seems determined to patronise the arts, especially music, which his Majesty is known to have cultivated with much success. A Frenchman, named Laffillé, has been named director of the great theatre of Brussels.

At the theatre *La Scala*, at Milan, a new opera of Donizetti has been represented with the title of *Otto Mesi in due Ore* (eight months in two hours). During the course of the season will be produced three operas written by Strepponi, Ricci, and Coccia.

Madame Merie Lalande has been engaged as *prima donna* at the theatre of Madrid. Madame Tosi returns to Italy.

The theatre of Cassel has ceased to belong to the court. The different artists, and amongst the number Spohr, who had been engaged for several years, have been discharged, and have received an indemnity for the rupture of their engagements. A similar event has taken place at Darmstadt, the theatre at which place is to be closed.

At the commencement of August a grand musical fête was held at Erfurt, in honour of the King of Prussia's birth-day. On the first day of the festival was executed a *Paternoster* of Spohr, a *Domine salvum fac Regem*, and several other *morceaux* of sacred music, composed expressly for the occasion. The second day was devoted to a grand concert, in which several singers and instrumental performers were heard. On the third, Haydn's *Creation* was executed with considerable effect. The brilliancy of the fête attracted a vast concourse of artists and amateurs.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON FASHIONS AT PARIS. — Most of the distinguished leaders of fashion have withdrawn from the French metropolis into the retirement of villas, which have lately been erected in great numbers in the environs of Paris. There is nothing of show or costliness in the furniture of these abodes; but in the interior arrangements we may trace the refinement that every where marks the influence of some guiding hand. In a drawing-room, for instance, which we visited, we found the windows with blinds painted to resemble the Gothic tracing and rich colouring of antique windows; and throwing the softest shades and brightest hues on all beneath them. In one place was a long table, painted and polished to imitate satin wood, inlaid with ebony, or ebony with ivory; with drawers on every side, from which hung work-bags of blue satin. On the table were journals and fashion magazines, new romances (particularly the last by M. Balzac), the lithographies of Devéria, inkstands of

sculptured porcelain, glazed vellum paper from Bath, and the most delicate Bristol boards of all tints. On the other side baskets, containing materials for all the fanciful handyworks with pencil or needle; velvet, prepared to make flowers; *percale* cut to imitate porcelain; and reels of cachemire wool, of the fineness of silk, but far surpassing it in softness and brilliancy: these are used for embroidering borders for aprons, and fanciful ciphers at the corners of pocket-handkerchiefs. The chairs, stools, and sofas are of bamboo, with chintz furniture figured with Persian designs; and the footstools and ottomans are of split reeds, coloured and woven in patterns; and the floor-cloth of the same material. The recesses of the windows are filled with groups of Cape jasmines, Japan roses, splendid geraniums, and dwarf dahlias; and amidst these, and more powerful, the tuberose pours forth its rich perfume. The inhabitant of so charming a retreat evinces an elegant taste, and is at once pronounced to be pretty! But if Nature hath denied her

this outward charm, the deficiency is supplied by a cultivated taste, and by a slight attention to fashion. With such a person, a very little ornament in dress pleases the beholder; while her inferiors strive, in vain, to rival her by excessive ornament and a profusion of clothing. The style of home-dress adopted by a Parisian belle in the country is, a plain white *jaconot* gown, folded in the corsage, with an apron of *tourtourelle gros de Naples*, worked round with green foliage; pockets cut *en cœur*, and deep shoulder-pieces; mittens of Scotch thread. The hair is parted in smooth bands on the brow; one high bow on the top of the head, but no ornament except a carved tortoise-shell comb, with a very high gallery. To this dress neither chain, earrings, buckles, nor even a ring on the finger, must be added; nor is there to be seen any sort of dash, display, assumption, or presumption of manners. Such is the portrait of a distinguished female of the Parisian world of fashion.

Among the fashionables who continue in the metropolis, little novelty is seen except that which announces the approach of autumn modes. Among these we may note:—

BONNETS AND HATS.—All transparent bonnets lately made up are lined with coloured *gros de Naples*, either mauve, pale lilac, or evening primrose. A broad band of the same silk surrounds the front, and a roll at two inches' distance on the bonnet. Cut riband plumes are used to ornament them.

For carriage dress a white *gros de Naples* hat, with ostrich feathers painted or printed in coloured patterns, or paradise plumes. The rage for fancy feathers is very great. Hats are likewise made of shot satin *à mille rayes*. The bonnets of net or muslin, lined with coloured silk, are in cottage shapes, and may be considered walking bonnets. The most fashionable are small. Some are so diminutive as to be quite close to the face, without any projection at the sides.

DRESS HATS.—For the last twelve months, large head-dresses in Paris have been considered out of taste; they are now decidedly vulgar in full dress. Small hats of white crape, cut slanting, and surmounted with a panache plume of white, green, and lilac, are the most esteemed.

WALKING DRESS.—The still reigning *châts* are either plain or shot *à mille*

rayes. Printed patterns on this material are not this month fashionable: for richer dress satin, shot *à mille rayes*, is in favour. The prevailing mixtures are the hues from pale buff to deep salmon and chamois, blended with white; likewise light and dark greens, and green and violet. Folded corsages are usually made in five large plaits. Flouncings, except in very light materials, are not yet general; and new autumn pelisses have been worn without epaulettes. A *ruche* of riband loops often finishes the dress at the throat. Autumn dresses are preparing of a silk called *gros Polonais*, which is shot and figured in little squares. Watered black silk will be very prevalent this season.

EVENING DRESS.—The chief display of evening dress is at the opera: at one of the last representations of the *Orgie*, which is at present the rage, a lady was dressed in black-watered silk, folded very full across the bust; a tucker chemisette. Sleeves *l'imbécile* of white gauze; and a small beret hat of rose-coloured satin, *à mille rayes*, surmounted with a white plume, painted in shades of pink. Another evening dress was a robe, *en cœur*, of white organdi, embroidered with sprigs of white silk and gold cord. Sleeves of tulle; and it may be noted, that the thinner the material the fuller the sleeve is made. The lower sleeve is confined with a Brazil chain, wound five or six times round the wrist, till it fastens in the middle of the arm. Round the neck many rows of the same chains; and round the hair the same, fastened in front with a beautiful cameo. The hair in a high crown of braids and bows, amongst which, leaning forwards, is put one small white double dahlia. Curls on the temples.

PELERINES.—It is impossible to describe minutely the great variety of forms seen in these articles of dress. Some of a very elegant structure are seen with mantillas, and deep epaulettes of net or muslin, quilled into regular plaits. Some have long lap-pets that cross before, and others that fall over the shoulders. Others have very small collars, and wide epaulettes and mantillas: these are made very pretty, with worked bias rows, meeting on the bust.

JEWELLERY.—Singularity in ornaments, where they are worn, is much sought after. Jet is worn out of mourning, and promises to be general when mingled with gold; likewise Brazil flies set in gold. The new

belt and bracelet buckles are made of carved ivory, inlaid with silver or mother-of-pearl. Large *pompon agrafes* of gold and precious stones are to be worn in October.

HAIR. — Curls are coming into favour. Bows wreathed like shells, and placed high on one side, or on the crown of the head. Ferroniers are only worn in full dress; often a row of pearls, which is continued among the back hair. Combs higher than ever. *l'umes* of cut riband *en esprit*, and many fanciful shapes, at present supersede the use of flowers.

GLOVES. — Thread gloves are very much in fashion, and are becoming more so every day.

EVENING DRESS (125.). — The hair is folded very high on the crown of the head, in the form of a shell: light curls on the temples. Across the brow four loops of satin riband, blue and white, striped *à mille rayes*, and three plumes of cut riband, one on each side, and one surmounting the bow of hair. Dress of white *gros de Naples*, made *en cœur* in the corsage; looped down with a large rosette or pompon of wrought gold and topazes, showing a lace chemisette, which sits square to the bust. The corsage tight, and plain to the waist. Deep falls on the shoulder of white *gros de Naples*, cut in vandykes edged with pointed blonde; skirt plain and full, trimmed with elegant knots of three bows and three cut ends of the same kind of riband which ornaments the hair. The scarf is of blue watered silk, shaped at the back, rounded at the ends, and cut in small vandykes at the edges: it is crossed on the bosom, and confined at the edge of the chemisette with another large and imposing brooch of gold and topazes. Bracelets and belt of blue riband, fastened with buckles of gold and topazes. The back of this dress is shown by the sitting figure, which is habited in pale pink *chali*. Fan with gilt sticks. Shoes, black *gros de Naples*. The scarf described above is newly invented, and is called in French *nœud écharpe*: it is not more than seven inches wide, and descends about half a yard below the belt. Sometimes the ribands and scarf of this dress are of an evening primrose colour shot with white.

CARRIAGE DRESS (124.). — Small round hat of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with shot riband, the ends of which are edged

with deep vandyked blond; long bird-of-paradise plume.

WALKING DRESS of pale buff and apricot-coloured chali, shot *à mille rayes*. The back is plain and tight, but the corsage in fuller folds than has yet been seen; thickly gathered in a band from the throat to the shoulder, and wrapping under the right arm. Sleeves very round and full on the upper arm, and tight to the lower: they are ornamented on the wrist with three straps, fastened with enamelled buttons. Chemisette of net, finished by three rows of quilted net at the throat. The skirt very full, and quite plain. Long and full white cachemire scarf. The sitting figure, which shows the reverse of the former, is dressed in pale *tourtourelle* watered silk and ribands. Parasol, pale *tourtourelle*, lined with white. Gloves of Scotch thread.

The fashionable colours are pale blue, evening primrose, scabious-colour *tour-tourelle*, ash grey, and clear-water green, and a rich violet colour called *orgie*. Shots satin and *chalis* in little stripes are seen of these colours, two or more delicately blended.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Les chapeaux en crêpe sont en plus petit nombre qu'il y a quelques semaines; mais on en voit beaucoup en satin milleraies, qui sont d'un fort bon goût. Les passes ont décidément perd leur ampleur; on les fait maintenant très-petites. Les capotes n'ont plus que rarement un bavolet froncé et ample: on les fait tendus et petits, formant toujours un pan comme le bas d'un casque. On remarque plusieurs robes et redingottes en moire. A une des dernières représentations de l'Opéra, à l'Opéra, madame la marquise de L*** avait une robe en moire noire, jupe unie, corsage à cœur, formé de cinq gros plis croisés; manches en gaze blanche, et un chapeau bérêt en satin rose mille-raies.

On fait de fort jolis tabliers en gros de Naples brodé; les poches, plissées très-régulièrement en long, sont retenues par trois poignets en travers, en haut, au milieu et au bas: les bretelles du tablier forment un large jockey sur chaque épaule. Les pompons s'emploient avec tout: chapeau, bonnet et nœuds de cou; enfin, tout ce qui compose la toilette est fort souvent orné d'un pompon.* On fait des nœuds de cou dits nœuds-écharpes, qui sont tout

nouveaux et d'un effet gracieux ; larges de cinq pouces environ, ils descendent à plusieurs pouces plus bas que la ceinture ; ils sont découpés à dents de loup de chaque côté. Un pompon sert à les fermer. Les gants aventurines pour la promenade sont seuls de mode.

Les pélerines sont toujours très-grandes : nous en avons vu un nouveau modèle fort gracieux, et l'élégance de sa coupe fait présumer que cet hiver nos élégantes lui donneront la préférence : en voici le détail : Une pélerine formant jockey, retenue dans la ceinture et froncée au dos, les pans croisés et longs par devant étaient fixés par la ceinture ; un grand collet découpe en festons très-peu marqués retombait jusqu'à un doigt du bord de la pélerine ; puis un petit collet à la chevalière retombait sur le grand. — On voit plus de chalis à grands dessins semés que d'autres ; beaucoup ont pour fond une nuance de fantaisie. — La moire aventurine un peu claire s'emploie pour chapeaux ; on les garnit de deux plumes et de rubans de la même couleur. — Quelques chapeaux en satin vert anglais sont doublés en satin d'un violet riche, dit nuance orgie. — Les tabliers les plus élégans sont en chalis découpé ; la poche forme le cœur, et les manchérons sont composés de trois garnitures posées l'une pres de l'autre, comme des écailles. — On ne voit encore que peu de bonnets aux représentations des Bouffes de l'Opéra, qui depuis quelque temps sont cependant fort suivies : mais ceux que l'on remarque sont amplement garnis sur les côtés, mais le fond est formé par quelques rouleaux en satin, qui placés à distance laissent apercevoir les cheveux. — Les coiffures sont toutes variées de forme et de grandeurs : elles sont encore trop peu nombreuses pour que nous puissions désigner celles qui seront de mode ; mais toujours est-il certain que celles en mèches lisses obtiennent une grande vogue. Enfin, quelques réunions qui doivent avoir lieu ce mois fourniront sans doute matière à nos remarques. Nos lecteurs peuvent compter sur notre zèle à les leur communiquer.

— Les étoffes de soie pour chapeaux ne varient que de nom. C'est toujours presque le même tissu auquel on donne le titre de gros d'été, gros d'Orient, gros des Indes, gros de Naples, et par amplification même on vient d'ajouter aujourd'hui gros Polonais ; mais par acquit de conscience nous devons avertir que

tous ces gros sont tellement de la même famille qu'il serait quelquefois difficile de les distinguer, et que les modistes peuvent les employer sans craindre que l'un fasse tort à l'autre.

— Le bleu est très à la mode. — Les robes de chalis sont toujours ce qu'il y a de plus joli, de plus nombreux, de plus varié. Elles sont de toute espèce de genres de dessins et de nuances. Les fonds couleurs tendres, telles que cendré, chamois, vapeur claire, gris, etc., avec des colonnes ou des bouquets de couleurs vives, sont très-recherchés. En Angleterre, la mode du chali a pris avec une telle fureur, qu'on peut en compter pour le moins autant de robes qu'à Paris.

— On a fait quelques robes garnies depuis peu de jours. Nous citerons une robe en gros de Naples vapeur, à petits carreaux verts, qui avait au bas du jupon deux biais découpés en pointes et garnis d'un cfilé des deux nuances de l'étoffe. Le corsage était décolleté et entouré d'un biais qui retombait en garniture et était également bordé d'efile.

— Quelques robes en organdi avaient un haut volant garni d'un petit tulle froncé au bord de l'ourlet. Ce volant étant à tete, la partie du haut ainsi garnie de tulle froncé, présentait une espèce de ruche formant coquille d'un très-joli effet. Sur les manches retombaient de hautes garnitures comme le volant, et qui ne s'arrêtaient qu'aux coudes.

— Beaucoup de robes blanches pour soirées sont faites à manches courtes. Le poignet est entouré d'une ruche ou garniture ; quelquefois d'une dentelle correspondant à celle qui entoure le corsage.

No. 123. — Toilette de Bal d'Automne. — Une robe en chalis blanc. Corsage Sévigné à cœur, garniture en rubans découssés dits zéphyrs. Au cou un caducée en moire rose, fermé par un pompon Polonais. Coiffure en mèches lisses ornés de rubans zéphyrs.

No. 124. — Redingote en chalis, corsage drapé, croisé, cinq gros plis devant. Uni dans le dos, manches à la *Marion*. Chapeau de gros de Naples orné d'un oiseau, et de blondes.

No. 125. — Robe en moire, rose corsage drapé à gros plis. Guirlande de rubans ailes de zéphyr pour tête au volant en blonde. Chapeau-béret en satin mille-rayes, garni de trois plumes pendule en bronze, d'après le tableau de Steuben (Le Serment des trois Chefs Suisse).

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AFTER two days' severe fighting Warsaw capitulated on the 8th ult. The Russian troops took possession of the city; the Polish army retiring towards the Palatinate of Plozk, by the road to Modlin. The afflicting intelligence was every where received with dismay, particularly in Paris, where it appears to have excited an extraordinary sensation. On the evening of the day on which the disastrous event became known serious tumults occurred in various parts of the city, and to disperse the rioters it became necessary to summon the assistance of the National Guards, who, it is asserted, at first refused to act. The state of Paris is however now more tranquil. The Polish army has submitted to the Autocrat of Russia, and by the terms of the capitulation was allowed to retreat upon Praga. The safety of persons and property has been guaranteed. Letters from Frankfort mention the report of Marshal Paskewitch's death, in consequence of a contusion which he received in the chest.

The affairs of Belgium begin to assume a more settled aspect. King Leopold has written to the French government requesting that its troops may be withdrawn forthwith: the answer states that his wishes shall be immediately complied with.

On the 23d ult. a meeting was held in the Egyptian Hall, the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of petitioning the Lords to pass the Reform Bill. The second reading of the bill in the House of Lords will take place on the 3d of October. The second reading of the Scotch Reform Bill has been carried by the large majority of 115.

The following is stated to be a correct list of the new peers about to be created:—Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Thomas Acland, T. W. Coke, Esq., Sir W. Bampfylde, Colonel Tynte, Lord Reay, Colonel Berkeley, Earl of Meath, Lord Cloncurry, C. C. Western, Esq., E. J. Littleton, Esq., M. A. Taylor, Esq., Sir Edward Codrington, Sir James Saumarez, Lord Glenorchy, Lord Acheson, Lord Howden, Lord Nugent, the Earl of Uxbridge, Sir R. Sutton, E. B. Portman, Esq., George Byng, Esq., Lord Bridport, The Hon W. Maule, C. Dundas, Esq., Sir E. Lloyd,

Sir Thomas Baring, Stuart Mackenzie, Esq., and Sir Edward O'Brien, making a total of 29.

THE CORONATION.

THE important ceremony of the coronation took place on the 8th ult. Long, long, may it be before we are called upon to witness another! One general feeling of joy seemed to pervade the whole population of London upon this occasion. Never, within the memory of man, was so large a multitude assembled to witness a courtly pageant. In front of most of the houses along the line of procession were erected scaffoldings, to which spectators were admitted, on the payment of sums varying from five shillings, to two guineas, for each individual. So strongly had public expectation been excited, that hundreds of persons took up their positions, on the scaffoldings, or pavement, as early as six o'clock in the morning. At five o'clock in the morning, a discharge of artillery took place in St. James's park, where, about six o'clock, the whole of the household troops, the Scotch Greys from Brighton, the 9th Lancers, and the 7th Hussars, were in attendance. The Scotch Greys, and the 7th Hussars, were stationed in the park; the Life Guards and the Blues lined the streets through which the royal procession passed; and the Foot Guards were stationed within, and on the outside of the Abbey, as far as possible towards the Palace. The whole of the metropolitan police were also on duty. At a quarter past ten o'clock, the procession began to move from the Palace. On the appearance of the King's carriage, his Majesty was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheers. As far as the eye could reach, hats, caps, and handkerchiefs were seen waving in the air. It must not pass unnoticed that the word "Reform" was mingled with the loudest shouts that greeted the sovereign's car.

From St. James's to Charing Cross, and from Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey, every window, scaffold, roof, and vehicle, was, from an early hour of the morning, thronged with anxious spectators of both sexes. Stands, booths, and scaffolds had been erected along Whitehall and Parliament Street, at every possible point of view; and notwithstanding the lowering appearance of the morning, and occasional heavy showers, not a single spot which could afford even a passing glimpse of the procession was left disengaged. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbey, every

inch of ground was occupied. Galleries, substantially built, and commodiously arranged, extended from the western door of the Cathedral, where their Majesties were to enter, entirely round the cemetery of St. Margaret's. On the opposite side, the erections, though not so securely formed, were equally numerous. The proprietors of some of the galleries had converted the lower part of their premises into refreshment rooms, in which we may remark, *en passant*, that the charge for the creature comforts was most exorbitant. At an early hour, numbers of spectators, amongst whom there was a large proportion of well-dressed females, had taken their seats in the balconies, at the different windows; and on the roofs of every house which commanded even a distant view of the scene.

Between eight and nine o'clock, several of his Majesty's ministers arrived. All of them were suffered to pass in silence, with the exception of Lord Brougham, who was loudly cheered. At a few minutes before ten o'clock, a discharge of artillery announced that their Majesties had left the Palace; and at a quarter before eleven, the head of the royal *cortège* made its appearance. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was loudly cheered. Far different, however, were the demonstrations of popular feeling which greeted the appearance of the Duke of Cumberland. At length the state coach approached the Abbey, and the acclamations of the assembled multitudes were even deafening. Their Majesties looked extremely well, and bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment of the respectful tribute of regard paid to them by the people. The King was dressed in an Admiral's uniform. The Queen was dressed in white, and wore some brilliants in her head-dress. A few minutes before eleven o'clock, their Majesties entered the Abbey; and at a quarter before one, the discharge of a rocket from the Abbey, followed by a salvo of artillery, announced to the metropolis, that William and Adelaide were crowned.

At half-past three o'clock, his Majesty and his Royal Consort left the Abbey. Their departure was announced by a discharge of artillery. A similar discharge took place on their arrival at St. James's.

We give the following description of the ceremonial of the coronation:—

The discharge of artillery which took place at a quarter past ten o'clock, having announced to the inmates of the Abbey, that the royal procession had left the Palace, an anthem was played by the choir, and at its close the loud and long-continued huzzas of the multitude on the outside of the Abbey, announced the near approach of their Majesties. The officers of arms, and the Dean

and Prebendaries of Westminster, habited in their splendid stoles, marshalled themselves in the nave, along with the Great Officers of State, to receive them. At this moment the interest was intense. The Guards in the Abbey were under arms; peers and peeresses were moving down the aisle to take their places in the procession; the officers of the Earl Marshal were busily employed in preserving due regularity and order; and the spectators were hurrying to their respective places, which many of them had left from a feeling of ennui. Gradually, but slowly, the heralds were observed to advance. As they put themselves in motion, the glittering mantles and coronets of several peers came in view. Shortly afterwards, the waving plumes and gorgeous robes of the Princesses of the blood royal attracted general attention. The noblemen bearing the Queen's Regalia preceded their royal mistress into the Abbey, and the clash of presented arms, and the enthusiastic acclaim of the spectators nearest the western door, informed those that were more distant of her Majesty's arrival. A short pause took place, then another advance, till by degrees the whole line of procession unfolded itself in magnificent array in the Abbey. At length his Majesty, preceded and followed by some of the brightest ornaments of English chivalry, made his appearance, and was received with the applauding shouts of his grateful subjects. The choir immediately commenced the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord," and this anthem lasted until the procession had reached its destination, and their Majesties had arrived at the place assigned for the coronation. As his Majesty entered the choir, the procession, which was then in full march, and visible in its whole length, was peculiarly striking and impressive. Seen from the east end of the Abbey, the spectacle was one moving mass of glittering grandeur.

The grouping of the ladies who were in attendance on her Majesty was singularly elegant and beautiful. After her Majesty had ascended the theatre, and passed to the chair of state, and fald-stool below her throne, at which she had to stand till his Majesty's arrival, they formed with her officers a semi-circle about her, which had a very imposing effect. This was not diminished by the approach of the individuals composing his Majesty's train, who, after accompanying their royal master to his fald-stool, stood around him in the following manner:—The noblemen bearing the four swords stood on his Majesty's right hand, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on his left; and the Great Officers

of State, the Dean of Westminster, Garter and Black Rod at his back, and behind his chair.

The following was the ceremony of the recognition:—As soon as the anthem was concluded, the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, the deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, these noble personages being preceded by the Garter, advanced towards the east side of the theatre. From this position the Archbishop made the recognition in the following words:—

“Sirs,—I here present unto you King William IV., the rightful inheritor of the Crown of this realm: wherefore all ye that are come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, are ye willing to do the same?”

The reply to this demand, which was delivered with great solemnity of manner, and in a clear and distinct tone, was a general and hearty acclamation of “God save King William the Fourth!”

The Archbishop and his noble colleagues in this ceremony repeated the recognition from points of the south, west, and north sides of the theatre, and at each repetition the reply was still, “God save William the Fourth!” The King acknowledged his people’s recognition with repeated bows, and at the last recognition there was a flourish of trumpets. The King’s scholars of Westminster school, who were placed in the corner of the lower gallery, at the south side of the Abbey, and near the organ loft, immediately made a short Latin recitation, under the direction of one of their masters, which concluded with a shout of “Vivant Rex et Regina!”

Then followed another anthem, taken from Psalm xxi. ver. 1—6: “The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord,” which was sung by the choir; their Majesties being in the mean time seated in their chairs of state.

While their Majesties were thus reposing on their chairs of state, the altar and the approaches thereto were prepared for the solemnity of the “*Offering.*”

The Bible, the Patina, and the Chalice, were placed upon the altar by the Bishops who had borne them in the royal procession.

Upon the steps of the altar, the officers of the wardrobe spread a cloth of gold of costly richness, which extended over the space immediately adjoining the altar. The officers of the wardrobe also placed upon this cloth of gold, two cushions of splendid workmanship for their Majesties to kneel upon.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then arrayed himself in his cope, and the Bishops who were appointed to the duty of reading the Litany, vested themselves in their copes.

These preparations being completed, the King, attended by two Bishops as his supporters, and preceded by the Dean of Westminster, and by the great officers and noblemen, bearing the Regalia and the Four Swords, proceeded towards the altar. Here his Majesty uncovered, and kneeling, reverently made his offerings. The King’s offerings were two in number. The first was a pall, or altar-covering, of cloth of gold, which, having been provided by the Master of the Great Wardrobe, was delivered by an officer of the wardrobe to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, handing it to the King, his Majesty placed it in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The right reverend prelate placed the costly gift upon the altar. The King’s second offering was an Ingot of Gold, of the purest metal, and weighing one pound in troy weight. This had been provided by the Treasurer of the Household, and was delivered by him to the King, who placed it in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The right reverend prelate put the ingot into the oblation basin.

The Queen’s offering was a pall of gold cloth, similar to that of the King, and her Majesty presented it with the same formalities as the King had presented his, kneeling all the while on a cushion to the left hand of her royal consort.

Their Majesties continuing to kneel before the altar, a suitable prayer was offered up by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the conclusion of which, all the regalia, with the exception of the swords, were delivered to his Grace by the respective officers who had borne them in the procession. His Grace handed them to the Dean of Westminster, who placed them upon the altar. Their Majesties were then conducted to the south side of the altar, where chairs of state, covered with damask figured cloth, had been provided for them. Around His Majesty’s chair all the great officers and noblemen who had taken part in the procession arranged themselves, the distinguished personages who bore the swords being most prominently stationed.

Her Majesty was surrounded by the principal officers of her household, by the Mistress of the Robes and her assistants, the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and the Maids of Honour.

The Litany was then read by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry and the Bishop of Lincoln. Their Majesties during this portion of the ceremony kneeling upon cushions placed before their chairs of state. The commencement of the Communion Service followed; the Bishops of Llandaff and Bristol reading the epistle and gospel. During the

sermon, which was preached by the Bishop of London. their Majesties reposed in their chairs of state, at the south side of the altar. The King wore a superb cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine; and throughout the sermon His Majesty was still supported by the lords who bore the swords, and by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and other distinguished personages. Her Majesty's supporters, too, continued standing around her chair, and to the number of them were now added several of the bishops.

The Archbishop of Canterbury took his seat upon a purple velvet chair, on the north side of the altar. The Garter stood beside his Grace; a long bench, covered with purple velvet, extended from the Archbishop's chair, immediately opposite to their Majesties, being placed on the north side of the area. This bench was assigned to the bishops, most of whom were present. The Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster were stationed on the south side of the area, to the east of the King's chair, and close to the altar. They remained standing during the whole of the ceremony.

As soon as the sermon was concluded, the Archbishop of Canterbury approached the King, and, standing before him, addressed His Majesty thus:—"Sir, are you willing to take the oath usually taken by your predecessors?" The King answered,—"I am willing."

The Archbishop then put the usual questions to the King, whose replies were made from a book which His Majesty held in his hands. His Majesty, having kissed the Holy Gospels, and signed the oath, again put on his cap of crimson velvet, and returned to his chair. The anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," was then sung by the choir. At the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop read the accustomed orison preparatory to the anointing. At the end of this prayer, the choir sung Handel's splendid coronation anthem, taken from *I Kings*, i. 39, 40; "Zadok the priest," &c. During the performance of this anthem, the King was disrobed of his crimson robes by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, who delivered them to the Master of the Robes; and His Majesty taking off his cap of state, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain delivered the same to the Lord Chamberlain; and the robes and cap were immediately carried into St. Edward's Chapel, the robes by Groom of the Robes, the cap by the Officer of the Jewel Office. Thus disrobed, His Majesty appeared in the uniform of an admiral.

In the mean time, the ancient chair of St. Edward, covered with cloth of gold, had been placed in the front of the altar; and

upon the conclusion of the anthem, His Majesty, being conducted thither, took his seat in it for the purpose of being anointed. As the King proceeded to the chair, a rich canopy, called the "Anointing Pall," was held over His Majesty's head by the Dukes of Leeds, Rutland, Newcastle, and Northumberland. This pall was made of gold and silver brocade; it was lined with silver tabby, and had a deep gold fringe and tassels all round it. It was formed into a canopy by the noble dukes just mentioned, who raised it over the King's head by means of four silver staves, which they fixed in loops that were attached to each corner of it. This canopy was held over His Majesty's head during the ceremony of the anointing, and the Dean of Westminster stood by St. Edward's chair, behind the Archbishop, holding the ampulla, which contained the consecrated oil, and the anointing wherewith His Majesty was anointed.

Immediately after the "anointing," the Dean of Westminster took the spurs from the altar, and delivered them to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain; who, kneeling down, touched His Majesty's heels with them, and then returned them again to the Dean, who immediately laid them again upon the altar.

Earl Grey, who bore the sword of state, now delivered that weapon to the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chamberlain, and in lieu thereof, received from His Grace another sword, in a scabbard of purple velvet. The latter had been presented to the Lord Chamberlain by an officer of the Jewel Office; and Earl Grey, on receiving it, delivered it to the Archbishop, who laid it on the altar, repeating a suitable prayer.

The Archbishop then took the sword from off the altar, and, assisted by other bishops, delivered the sword into the King's right hand, and the Lord Great Chamberlain then girt His Majesty with it in the usual form.

The King then rising went to the altar, where His Majesty offered the sword in the scabbard (delivering it to the Archbishop, and then retired to his chair; the sword was then redeemed by the nobleman who first received it, and who carried it during the remainder of the solemnity, having first drawn it out of the scabbard, and delivered the latter to an officer of the wardrobe.

His Majesty upon this rose from his chair, and standing in front of it, was invested by the Dean of Westminster with the imperial mantle or Dalmatic robe of cloth of gold, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain fastening the clasps thereof.

The King then sitting down, the Archbishop having received the orb from the Dean, delivered it into the King's right hand,

saying, "Receive this imperial pall and orb, and remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of God," &c.

The Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household then receiving from the officer of the Jewel Office the ruby ring, delivered the same to the Archbishop, who put it on the fourth finger of the King's right hand, saying, "Receive this ring," &c. This is the King's coronation ring. It is of plain gold, with a large ruby violet, on which a plain cross or cross of St. George is beautifully enchased.

The Dean then brought from the altar the two sceptres with the cross and dove, and delivered them to the Archbishop.

In the mean time, the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksope, presented to the King a glove for His Majesty's right hand, embroidered with the arms of Howard, which His Majesty put on.

The Archbishop then in the usual form delivered the sceptre with the cross into His Majesty's right hand; and the sceptre with the dove into his left hand.

The ceremony of the crowning was performed in the following manner:—The Archbishop standing before the altar, and having St. Edward's crown before him, took the same into his hands, consecrated it, and blessed it. His Grace then, assisted by other Bishops, came from the altar, the Dean of Westminster carrying the crown, and the Archbishop took and placed it on His Majesty's head, while the spectators, with loud and repeated shouts, cried, "God save the King!" &c., the trumpets sounding, the drums beating, and the Tower and Park guns firing by signal. The acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop pronounced the Exhortation, "Be strong and of a good courage," &c. The choirs then sang the Anthem—"The King shall rejoice in thy strength," &c.

As soon as the King was crowned, the Peers put on their coronets, the Bishops their crosiers, and the Kings of Arms their crowns.

The Dean then took the Holy Bible from the altar, and delivered it to the Archbishop, who, attended by the rest of the Bishops, presented it to the King, saying, "Our gracious King," &c. The King then returned the Bible to the Archbishop, who gave it to the Dean, to be by him replaced on the altar. The King then knelt, holding both the sceptres already presented to him, and the Archbishop blessed him, the Bishops and the Peers in an audible voice responding, "Amen." After a brief exhortation from the Archbishop to the people, the King arose and went to King Edward's chair, where he kissed the Archbishop and Bishops who were present. This done, the choir sang the Hymn, *Te Deum laudamus*, "We praise thee, O God," &c. During the performance of which, the

King removed to the chair on which His Majesty sat on the east side of the throne, where he reposed in the interval.

When the *Te Deum* was ended, the King, led up by the Archbishops and Bishops, ascended the theatre, and was enthroned by Bishops and Peers; and the Archbishop standing before him, pronounced the Exhortation, "Stand firm and hold fast," &c.

A loud and general exclamation of "God save the King!" accompanied by clapping of hands and buzzing, burst from every part of the Abbey upon His Majesty ascending the throne. At this moment, too, the coronation medals were thrown about by the Treasurer of His Majesty's Household.

His Majesty then delivered the sceptre with the cross to the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksope, to hold the same in his right hand, and the sceptre with the dove to the Duke of Richmond, to hold the same in his left hand during the homage. The Archbishop then knelt before the king, the Bishops following the example of His Grace, and for himself and the Lords spiritual pronounced the usual formula of homage, which was repeated by the Bishops. The Archbishop then rose and kissed His Majesty's left cheek, and after him the rest of the Bishops present did the like, and retired in their respective seniorities.

When the Lords spiritual had thus performed homage, the Duke of Cumberland ascended the steps of the throne, and, kneeling before the King, pronounced for himself and the other Dukes of blood royal, the words of homage, the rest putting off their coronets, and kneeling with him and around him.

Several of the Peers were loudly cheered as they approached to do homage to His Majesty. Among these the Duke of Wellington, Lord Plunkett, and Lord Lyndhurst, — but particularly the first, — were very cordially greeted by the spectators. When, however, the Lord Chancellor came to do homage, — which he did last of all the Peers — every part of the Abbey resounded with applause.

During the ceremonies which attended the coronation of the King, the Queen had remained seated in her chair on the south side of the altar. Similar forms were now observed with respect to Her Majesty, and excited the greatest interest. The Queen having been anointed and crowned, and having received all her ornaments, the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus.

At the commencement of the chorus the Queen arose, and, supported as before, ascended the theatre (reverently bowing to His Majesty as she passed the throne), and was conducted to her own throne on the left hand

of that of the King, where Her Majesty reposed until the conclusion of the chorus.

As soon as the chorus was over, a loud shout of "God save the Queen!" resounded through the Abbey.

After the chorus and homage, their Majesties descended from their thrones, and went to the altar, where the King, taking off his crown, delivered it to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain to hold, and the sceptres to the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond. Then the Bishops delivered the patina and chalice into the King's hands, and His Majesty delivered them to the Archbishop, who reverently placed the same upon the altar, covering them with a fair linen cloth. The Queen also took off her crown, and delivered it to her Lord Chamberlain to hold, and the sceptres to those Noblemen who had previously borne them.

Their Majesties then went to their chairs on the south side of the area. When the Archbishop and the Dean had first communicated, their Majesties approached the altar and received the sacrament, the Archbishop administering the bread, and the Dean of Westminster the cup.

The King and Queen then put on their crowns, and took the sceptres in their hands as before, and again repaired to their thrones, supported and attended as when they left them.

The Archbishop then read the Communion Service, and pronounced the blessing; and at the conclusion the trumpets sounded and the drums beat.

After this, His Majesty, attended as before, the four swords being carried before him, descended into the area, and passed through the door on the south side of the altar into St. Edward's Chapel; and the Noblemen who had carried the regalia received them from the Dean of Westminster, as they passed by the altar into the Chapel.

The Queen, at the same time descending from her throne, went into the same chapel, at the door on the north side of the altar.

Their Majesties then came into the Chapel; the King, standing before the altar, delivered the sceptre with the dove, which His Majesty had borne in his left hand, to the Archbishop, who laid it on the altar.

His Majesty was then disrobed of his royal robe of state, and arrayed in his royal robe of purple velvet by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain.

The Archbishop then placed the orb in His Majesty's left hand.

The Noblemen who had carried the gold spurs and St. Edward's staff, delivered them to the Dean, and the latter deposited them on the altar.

Their Majesties, and the Princes and Prin-

cesses, then proceeded out of the choir, and to the west door of the Abbey, attended as before, their Majesties wearing their crowns, the King bearing in his right hand the sceptre with the cross, and in his left the orb; and the Queen bearing in her right hand her sceptre with the cross, and in her left the ivory rod with the dove; their Royal Highnesses the Princes and Princesses wearing their coronets; and the Princes who are Field Marshals carrying their batons. The four swords were borne before the King in the same order as before. The Dean and Prebendaries, and the Bishops who had carried the Bible, the chalice, and the patina, remained in the choir. The Noblemen who had severally carried the crowns, the orb, the sceptre with the dove, the spurs, and St. Edward's staff, walked in the same places as before; those who had staves and batons carrying the same; all Peers wearing their coronets; and the Archbishops and the Bishops supporting their Majesties, wearing their caps; and the Kings of Arms their crowns.

The procession returned from the Abbey to St. James's Palace in the same order (as to the position of the several carriages of the several parties composing it) as that in which it had set out in the morning, but by no means in the same regular manner. The arrival of their Majesties at the Palace was announced by the firing of a royal salute of twenty-one cannon, which closed this part of the ceremonies of the day.

In the evening the metropolis was illuminated in honour of their Majesties' coronation, to which all the transparencies and other devices necessarily had reference. The display, however, evinced in but few instances either fertility of fancy or originality of design. Its effect, as a whole, was brilliant and imposing. A brilliant display of fire-works took place in Hyde Park from 10 to 12 P.M.

PAGANINI'S DEPARTURE FROM DUBLIN.

At one o'clock Sept. 19. the splendid equipage of the modern Orpheus drew up before his lodgings in Dublin, to convey the Signor from the metropolis on his tour through the south of Ireland. Notwithstanding the tremendous torrent of rain which fell at that period, not less, perhaps, than 700 wretched paupers were found hardy enough to brave the deluge in their anxiety to attend the *exit* of the star of the Musical Festival, for the benefit of "charity." All was silence, patience, and good order, till his *Excellency* had taken his solitary seat, *closely* muffled up in the vehicle, and the postilion had smacked his whip, when a

number of the poor unfortunates of the order *Mendicant* drew up in battalion before the heads of the leaders, and, presenting a bold front, effectually served for a time to check their progress southward. A bow hand from inside the carriage waved gracefully to those on the "preventive service," as if in acknowledgment of a compliment. But we were sorry to perceive that the right hand of Paganini seemed to the poor Dublin folk to have lost all its virtue; and such ill-natured insinuations as "he carries two strings to his bow" were very generally and audibly murmured forth. Indeed, some of the more impudent *sans culottes* even went farther, and while the equipage thus remained in *statu quo*, one of them, acting as spokesman, addressed his

Italianship, observing, "Ah, then, be my sowl, Mr. Palaga-nini, sure it is not yourself that would be after going away wid your fiddle, wid the curse of the town upon you, widout leaving de poor c'er a halfpenny at all at all, after the fine harvest you reaped among us." This hint, and a few others still more broad, unlocked the magic strings, not of the Signor's violin, but of his purse; and having "grinned a ghastly smile," and flung a couple of sovereigns (how unfortunate that "small change was not in the way") into the midst of the eager expectants on his charity, he made his escape amid the confusion of the scramble occasioned by this his munificent donation to the poor of Dublin! — *Dublin Morning Post*.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS — Sons.

On Sept. 22. At Tonbridge Wells, the lady of Colonel *Hull*, of Wimbledon. — Sept. 24. At his house, 30. Upper Bedford Place, the lady of *E. A. Chaplin*, Esq. — Sept. 11. The lady of *Henry Earle*, Esq. of George Street, Hanover Square. — Sept. 14. At Church House, Marylebone, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel *Colebrooke*. Sept. 13. The wife of *P. A. Watson*, Esq. of Doctors' Commons. — August 31. At Banchoroy, Kincardineshire, the wife of the Rev. *David Young*, Chaplain in the Hon. East India Company's Service, Bombay.

BIRTHS — Daughters.

On Sept. 22. In George Street, Hanover Square, Mrs. *Herbert Mayo*. — Sept. 24. In Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, the lady of the Rev. *William Dodsworth*, of a daughter (still born). — Sept. 18. At Watford Herts, the lady of *E. F. Wittingstall*, Esq. — Sept. 8. In Stanhope Street, the Lady *Lifford*. — Sept. 13. At Western Green, Thames Ditton, the lady of the Rev. *T. Woodhouse*. — Sept. 13. In Bloomsbury Square, the lady of the Rev. *C. Willan*, of The Hill, Sedburg, Yorkshire. — Sept. 18. At Darson, Kent, the lady of *Hugh Johnson*, Esq. — Sept. 22. In Upper Harley Street, the lady of *Benjamin Good*, Esq.

MARRIAGES.

August 8. At Faro, in Italy, Count *Lewis Bargogelli*, to *Anna*, daughter of the late *John Taffe*, Esq. of Smarmaw Castle, in the County of Louth, in Ireland. — Sept. 22. At St. Pancras New Church, by the Rev. R. Povah, Mr. *William Pouis*, of Walworth, to *Julia Holland*, fourth daughter of *J. N.*

Nallet, Esq. of Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road. — Sept. 21. At Kensington Church, *E. T. Hooper*, Esq. R. N., to *Harriet*, only daughter of *J. Edwards*, Esq. of Brompton. — Sept. 22. At the parish church of Edmonton, by the Rev. Francis Elaby. A. M., Minister of Percy Chapel, London, *Francis James Ridsdale*, of Gray's Inn, Esq. to *Catherine Sophia*, eldest daughter of *Edward John Field*, of Lower Edmonton, Esq. — Sept. 22. At Harrow, by the Rev. A. Cheval, *James Birch*, Esq. of Bally Been, county of Down, in Ireland, to *Jane E.*, eldest daughter of Captain *R. Patterson*, of Connaught Square, and Mount Clements. — Sept. 25. By the Rev. Mr. Czeatzoulas, Minister of the Greek Chapel at Marseilles. *Pandia Nalli*, Esq. of Finsbury Circus, to *Marzanne*, youngest daughter of *P. Scaramanga*, Esq. — Sept. 24. At St. George's Church, Camberwell, Mr. *John Nickolls*, of Kingston, Upper Canada, to Miss *James*, of Orsett, Essex. — Sept. 24. At East Ham, Essex, by the Rev. Mr. Streetfield, *E. L. Hespi*, Esq. of Huddersfield, to *Sarah*, third daughter of the late *John Clark*, Esq. of London. — August 27. At Madeira, by the Rev. W. W. Deacon, *James Taylor*, Esq. to *Maria Eleanor*, eldest daughter of Mr. *Nathaniel Hayward*, of that island. — Sept. 24. At Marylebone Church, by the Rev. Bryant Burgess, M. A., Lieutenant *James George Mackenzie*, R. N. to *Martha Catherine*, third daughter of the late *John Kearney*, Esq. of the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland. — At Lambeth, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, *Sir Ralph Abercrombie Abernethy*, Bart. of Balcaiskie, to *Mary Jane*, eldest daughter of the late Major-General Sir *H. Torrens*,

K.C.B. — At Pittodrie, Aberdeenshire, *Cecil Monro*, Esq. of York Terrace, Regent's Park, London, to *Elizabeth*, youngest daughter of the late *Colonel Wright Erskine*, of Pittodrie. — At Trinity Church, Marylebone, *George Delmar*, Esq. of Norfolk Street, to *Harriet*, youngest daughter of the late *Robert Morris*, Esq. M.P. for the city of Gloucester — At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, *John Farlee*, Esq. to Miss *Horne Purvis*, daughter-in-law to the Right Honourable the Speaker. — At St. George's Church, the Rev. *H. Buckley*, second son of Mr. and Lady *Giorgiana Buckley*, to *Charlotte Margaret*, eldest daughter of the late *Sir John Lowther Johnstone*, Bart. of Westerhall, in the county of Dumfries. — Sept. 10. At Knockholt, Kent, by the Rev. *Thomas Harman*, *George Kelson*, Esq. of Sevenoaks, to *Charlotte Louisa*, fourth daughter of *E. Rich*, Esq. of His Majesty's Customs. — Sept. 10. At Highworth, Wilts, by the Rev. *Francis Rowden*, the Rev. *Francis Robinson*, Rector of Staughton Parva, Bedfordshire, to *Sophia Elizabeth*, eldest daughter of the Rev. *E. Rowden*, Vicar of Highworth. — Sept. 10. At Sunbury by the Rev. *William M. Andrew Vincent*, *R. W. Lumley*, Esq. of Carey Street, to *Susan*, second daughter of the late *Colin Douglas*, Esq. of Mains, Dumbartonshire. — Sept. 25. Mr. *Samuel J. Storms*, to Miss *Ann Maria*, the daughter of *Elisha Storms*, all of this city (New York).

The sky is clear, the wind is light,
And all is now fair weather,
Yet we fear a tempest height,
When two Storms meet together.

American Journal.

DEATHS.

Sept. 22. At Gayton, Northamptonshire, *Marianne Frances*, eldest daughter of the Rev. *George Butler*, D.D., in her 11th year. — Sept. 23. *Eleanor*, wife of the Rev. *S. Pope* of Walcot Place, Lambeth. — Sept. 22. At his house in Pall Mall East, after many weeks' illness, *Richard Williams*, Esq. of Eaton Mascott, in the county of Salop. — Sept. 22. The Infant Daughter of Mr. *Charles Wood*, of Addington Place, Camberwell. — Sept. 23. At his house, 9. St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, Mr. *James Maxwell*, only son of *George Thompson*, Esq. late of Argyll Place, aged 31. — Sept. 24. At her residence, in Brighton, Mrs. *Campbell*, relict of the late *William Campbell*, Esq. of Somerset House and Russell Square, aged 59. — Sept. 23. Mr. *William Archer Dixon*, of the Charter House, deeply regretted by his family and friends, in the 62d year of his age. — Sept. 25. At Kentish Town, *Anne*, the infant daughter of *Sir James Williams*. — Sept. 19. *Benjamin Spiller*, Esq. Librarian to the House

of Commons, aged 36. — Sept. 25. At the house of her father, *Thomas Harrison*, Esq. of Regent Street, *Frances*, the wife of *Thos. Palmer Lloyd*, Esq. of Muswell Hill and Old Broad Street. — Sept. 24. At Bromley, Kent, Captain *Richard Ruves*, Deputy Master Attendant at the East India House, and late Commander of the Honourable Company's ship *Warren Hastings*. — May 14. At Bagdad, in Asia, Mrs. *A. N. Groves*, formerly of Exeter, and eldest daughter of the late *James Thompson*, Esq. of George Street, Hanover Square. — Sept. 22. At Harwich, *Linley Rose*, M.D. eldest son of *William Grant Rose*, Esq. of the House of Commons, aged 28. — Sept. 25. At Clifton Terrace, Nottingham, *Emma*, the infant daughter of *Robert Cantwell*, Esq. aged 2 months. — Sept. 9. At Brettenham Park, Suffolk, *John Alexander Nisbett*, Esq. late of the First Life Guards. — Sept. 4. At Hill Cottage, Southampton, *Oswald Werge*, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel in His Majesty's 17th Light Dragoons. — Sept. 19. At Hampton, *E. B. Sugden*, the eldest surviving son of *Sir E. B. Sugden*, of Guilford Street, Russell Square. — In Cleveland Court, St. James's, after a long illness, *Frederica*, only surviving child of the Hon. *F. Byng*, aged 12 years. — Sept. 6. At the early age of 23, *Caroline*, the beloved daughter of the Rev. *J. S. Rashleigh*, Rector of Wickham, in Hampshire. — Sept. 11. At her residence, Albion Hill, Ramsgate, Mrs. *P. Grant*, aged 59. — Sept. 19. Of apoplexy, while on a visit to his son-in-law, General *Sir L. Pascham*, K.C.B., Colonel *Mark Wills* of Portland Place and Kirby in the Isle of Man, Colonel in the Madras Army, late Governor of St. Helena, and many years resident in the Mysore. — Sept. 5. At St. Avertin, near Tours, Mrs. *Pickford*, wife of Captain *Pickford*, R.N. — Sept. 18. At Crediton, Devonshire, *Louisa Maria Dunbar Rudall*, daughter of *G. Rudall*, Esq. and niece of *Sir William Rowe Dunbar*, of Mochrum, Bart. aged 20. — Sept. 13. At Lower Clapton, *Susannah*, widow of the late *R. Hennell*, Esq. of Edmonton aged 88. — Sept. 11. At Tuxford, Nottinghamshire, *Elizabeth*, wife of the Rev. *J. Mason*, aged 55. — Sept. 14. At Forth House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, *Anne*, widow of the late *G. Waldie*, Esq. of Hendersyde Park, in the county of Roxburgh, aged 84. — Sept. 8. At Bury St. Edmund's, at the advanced age of 90, *Sir T. Guy Cullum*, Bart. — Sept. 7. *John Robins*, Esq. of Carmouth, Dorset, aged 85. — Sept. 22. In Montagu Square, *Anne Mary*, wife of *William Burley*, Esq. — Sept. 18. At Exmouth, *S. Bates Forris*, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. F.A.S., &c. &c.

*Le Petit Courrier des Salons.
Londres, Anglaise.*



Modes.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N^o 2.

Copie en satin des M^{mes} de M^{me} Prunier, Rue S.^{te} Anne.

Robe en gros de Berlin de la façon de M^{me} Penell, Rue Feytaud, 33.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N^o 25.

Le Petit Courrier des salons.
L'Opéra Magazine



1845.

On s'abonne au *Magasin de Musique*, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 2.
Chapron en robes et plis des M^{mes} de M^{mes} Crozier et C^{ie} Rue des Pyramides, N° 6.
Musique Carol des M^{mes} de M. Gayelin Rue de Richelieu, 93
 L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 25.

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NOVEMBER, 1831.

No. XXIII.

CROMWELL: SKETCH OF HIS CHARACTER.

BY VICOMTE CHATEAUBRIAND.

(*With a beautiful Embellishment.*)

THE impartial reader will be cautious of implicitly adopting the view of illustrious characters presented by historians of his own country, who, whether they espouse the republican or the royalist party, are, of course, imbued with peculiar national prejudices. In questions of this kind there is no medium, or the history becomes flat and tame; for how that writer win attention, who, himself, feels uninterested in his own narrative, and in the feelings and passions of those moving on the scene which he depicts? A historian of no party makes a valuable annalist, if he confines himself to the narration of facts related by the champions of each side, and arranges them in chronological order; but from the moment that he attempts digression and delineation of character, he becomes dry and dull. To form for ourselves an un-biassed judgment, we should examine the literary portraits of the illustrious dead, in the lights in which they have been placed by foreign historians, who are naturally free from the prejudices that unconsciously adhere to us, and, even against our own wills, sway our opinions. A sketch of Cromwell's character from the pen of Chateaubriand, himself an historical character, who will, in future times, be classed with Clarendon, Sully, Bolingbroke, and Commines, is, at the present crisis, a literary curiosity, and as such we translate it for the instruction of our fair readers.

VOL. IV.

"The Protector often related, that, in his childhood, the apparition of a female had appeared to him, and, like the witches in Macbeth, hailed him as a future monarch. The vivid imagination of Cromwell, while yet innocent, presented him with a vision of kingly power; and when his soul was stained with guilt, his awakened conscience haunted him with the spectre of murdered royalty. If we set aside the remembrance of the lawless means by which Cromwell achieved his power, we must pronounce his usurpation glorious. Like many other despots of strong character, he enforced a strict administration of justice, when it interfered not with his own personal or political interests; and this love of equity and legal order served to console the people for their loss of liberty.

"When he had attained power, Cromwell was tolerant both in politics and religion. He passed a bill to allow liberty of conscience and worship, and often employed avowed royalists. He appointed to the first place of legal eminence, Judge Hale, a magistrate of the most unsullied integrity, and a zealous loyalist. Monk, too, who, at times, commanded both his military and naval forces, had been a partisan of the house of Stuart, and in the earlier stages of the civil war had actually been taken prisoner by the parliament, when in arms for King Charles.

"Cromwell had no desire to annihilate the nobility, as in our days we have seen

attempted in France. In the civil war, the English nobles did not endeavour to separate themselves from the popular cause; they were divided amongst the two contending masses of the nation a little unequally, perhaps; but the war of 1640 was one of *liberty*, not *equality*, and therefore no particular enmity was manifested against the aristocracy.

"In private life, Cromwell was not happy; all his mighty power was unable to stifle the deep and awful voice of truth. If he turned his thoughts inward, conscience presented him on either side with subjects for remorse: he had murdered the king; or, if for a moment the voice of flattery lulled him into oblivion of this crime, he felt that he had destroyed the liberties of his country. Even in his own domestic circle, Cromwell found fruitful sources of anguish; the members of his family were either republicans who detested his power, or royalists who reproached him with his crimes.* His venerable mother, whom he fondly cherished and greatly respected, had implored him to save the life of the King. Night and day she trembled for the safety

of Oliver, and never heard the accidental discharge of fire-arms, without exclaiming—'My son is killed.' The wife of the Protector, although a vain woman, bore her high station with fear and trembling; although treated by Cromwell with decent regard, she was by no means the wife of his heart. To heap the measure of his afflictions, his favourite daughter, Lady Claypole, descended into the tomb before him; and another beloved daughter was so much opposed to his ways of thinking and acting, that she once actually threw herself on her knees before him to beg the life of the ill-fated Charles."

This last named interesting circumstance has formed an admirable subject both for the painter and the poet. Victor Hugo has introduced it into one of his finest dramas; and M. Decaisne has designed from it a beautiful picture, of which the readers of our Magazine may judge. Our English engraver has been particularly happy in the delicate point of preserving the likeness between the father and the daughter.

THE LAMENT OF AN ELEVATED PERSONAGE.

FOR HIS DISFRANCHISED BOROUGH.

Must thou go, my glorious chief? — *Byron*.

Must thou die, my close retreat,
Strangled with thy venal crew?
How shall I lament my seat,
Or o'er it breathe my last adieu?
Sinecure and lordly place,
Both of which are dear to me,
Cannot from my heart erase
The grief I feel at losing thee.

Idol of the bigot's soul!
First in spoil, but fallen now;
Many own'd thy proud control,
Doom'd by "Russell's purge" to bow.
Screen'd by thee, for years I dared
Jeers from every caittiff's lips,
When my colleagues' shouts were heard
Gladdening o'er Reform's eclipse.

* Mrs. Hutchinson declares that Henry Cromwell was "a godlesse and deboshed cavalier."

Would that I had died with Pitt,
 Since thy fall I live to see;
 When no pensioner can sit
 On St. Stephen's Bench for thee: —
 Wellington and Peel profound, —
 Oh! although with chains confined,
 Could I hear their voices sound,
 Chains would not distress my mind!

Would the sycophants of Grey,
 Now so deaf to all my cries,
 Mourn thy glory pass'd away,
 Bending low with tearful eyes?
 Wert thou, at this hour, their own,
 Would they passively resign,
 At the mandate of the throne,
 Rights like those which still are thine?

My last retreat — my friend — adieu!
 Never wilt thou rise again:
 Sarum is disfranchised too;
 Who can Sarum's guilt explain?
 Every pension I'd resign,
 Every peril I would brave,
 If thy tyrants would combine
 To rescue thee from Faction's grave.

CHARLES FUDGE, jun.

THE LONELY RUIN.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the grey walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
 When the light shines serene, but doth not glare; —
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot, — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

Byron.

BEEs murmur in the sunny air,
 The sward is bright with flowers,
 But time and age have rendered bare
 The fallen Castle's towers;
 And winds sigh gently through the pine,
 As if they mourn'd o'er their decline.

But fragrance from the violet's lips
 Is breathed around their walls,
 And Beauty's long and last eclipse
 The queenly rose recalls;
 The rose unfolds its leaves beside
 The ancient portal's mouldering pride;

And bluely glides the quiet stream
 Beneath a sky as blue,
 And in its liquid mirror gleam
 Flowers of rich scent and hue;
 But glorious were its waters roll'd
 Beneath these ivied towers of old.

No more at sunset's silent hour
 Will lutes enchant the air,
 For faded is the passion-flower
 Which bloom'd for one more fair;
 And ne'er shall music's shell recall
 The warriors to their festal hall.

It was most gorgeous to survey
 A thousand plumes and spears,
 Around these towery walls display
 Their light in early years,—
 To watch the chieftain's lordly crest
 Until it mingled with the rest.

But they, whose tributary lands
 Around this ruin lay,
 Who proudly led their reckless bands
 To plunder and betray—
 Their swords are now conceal'd with rust,
 And they are dreamless in the dust!

An empire based on acts of wrong,
 Its fame shall scarcely save,
 And o'er the haughty sceptred throng
 Oblivion's banners wave;
 But unto justice shall be given
 The prayer of truth! the shield of heaven!

A VISIT TO THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

THAT many singular anecdotes which have been related of the ex-dey of Algiers; the thousand and one exaggerated stories in which Hussein Pacha has figured as a stupid barbarian and a merciless executioner, inspired me, during a recent visit to Paris, with an irresistible desire to see and converse with the remarkable personage who now affords the *badouls* of that good city the excitement of a nine days' wonder. If I may confess a truth, which wears the somewhat suspicious appearance of self-praise, my curiosity arose from a worthier motive than the wish to enjoy the pleasure, so intoxicating to the majesty of the people—the luxury of gazing upon a once formidable potentate, “fallen from his high estate,” and reduced to that condition of comparative humility which avenges the little ones of earth for the caprices of Dame Fortune. I have, in my day, seen many elevated tumbles; as which of us has not? I have witnessed the fall of a pope; an emperor; ten or a dozen kings of various sorts and sizes, and a host of subaltern princes; each royal somerset illustrating the peril attendant on the

occupation of one of those seats which Napoleon described as chairs studded with gilt nails. We live in an age when kings are on the move; but notwithstanding the frequency of the sight, the spectacle of regal humiliation affects me with an uncomfortable sensation—a sort of feeling akin to that with which, at Exeter Change, I have occasionally contemplated a lion weeping in his cage. I could, therefore, have resisted the mania for sight-seeing, even though so rare an animal as an ex-dey was to be exhibited, but for my anxiety to convince myself, by ocular and auricular demonstration, how far the charge of barbarian stupidity was merited by one who, under circumstances of difficulty, had acquired, and for a length of time maintained, absolute power. To solve the enigma, I determined to accept an obliging offer made to me through an eminent Parisian house of business, the principal partner in which had proposed to introduce me to Hussein Pacha. With intense impatience I looked forward to the day appointed for my audience with the dethroned sovereign, whose more civilised, though

scarcely less despotic, conqueror had so soon after his triumph tasted the bitterness of exile. The victor or the vanquished might with equal propriety form the leading example of a maiden speech in parliament on the instability of arbitrary rule.

I am not about to weave the incidents of a romance or prosaic poem. I shall not abuse the confidence of my reader by inventing details, or by enamelling facts with a brilliant coat of Oriental varnish; I shall, on the contrary, with all fitting simplicity, furnish "a full, true, and particular account" of every thing worth record that I saw and heard in the space of more than an hour, during which my audience lasted. If the narrative be soporific, *tant pis* for the narrator; though in that case I doubt if you, most benevolent reader, can show just and reasonable cause of complaint.

I was presented to the pacha at one o'clock in the afternoon; and the view of the apartment occupied by his ex-Highness completely belied the absurd rumour that the dey had arrived in Paris accompanied by the ladies of his harem and a numerous household. To accommodate such a suite, a palace would scarcely have sufficed; but Hussein, whose entire retinue consists of two Turks and three Europeans, is contented with a modest first floor in a hotel on which a *gros milor Anglais* would turn his back with sovereign contempt. The females of the dey's establishment have remained at Leghorn. On my arrival with the friend who had kindly undertaken to be my usher, Hussein's brow was clouded with a slight shade of discontent, occasioned, no doubt, by his dislike of the many frivolous and troublesome visits which are daily obtruded on his privacy. It must be a prodigious bore, even to a pacha, to be stared at like a Bengal tiger or a boa constrictor. The illustrious stranger, however, appeared to have profited by his stay in the capital of the *grande nation*, and to have acquired no inconsiderable portion of that *bien-sance* which stereotypes, as it were, a perpetual smile upon fashionable faces. He received us with politeness, and even cordiality, advancing as far as the dining-room to meet us. The usual compliments having been interchanged, we were conducted to the *salon*, where, in consideration of our European habits, arm-chairs were

offered to us, Hussein seating himself on a sofa, and placing his left foot under his right thigh, after the fashion of the East.

A slight personal sketch of the individual who has so attracted public curiosity, may prove not wholly uninteresting:—Hussein Pacha is of the middle stature, and advanced in years; his age being sixty-three. Notwithstanding this circumstance, and a natural tendency to corpulence, his vigour, both of mind and body, seems unimpaired. His head is beautifully moulded; his hands are well-shaped, and possess all the characteristics of strength. The manly and attractive expression of his countenance is improved by a long greyish beard, on which fall, like the brackets of a parenthesis, his moustaches of a darker shade. His eyes are half concealed by a pair of oval spectacles; to the no small astonishment of the Parisian exquisites, who find it impossible to ascertain the precise use to which a Turk can apply such a commodity. It may, however, be remarked *en passant*, that many of the inhabitants of Algiers are obliged to wear glasses to preserve their sight from the injury often occasioned by the reflection of a burning sun darting its rays on the white walls of their houses, and on the pavement and sand. Hussein is by no means of a grave and phlegmatic disposition, like the envoy of the bey of Tunis, who is now in Paris. The former, on the contrary, enjoys a jest, and not unfrequently utters a sparkling repartee. He appears to have received a greater share of instruction than falls to the lot of Easterns in general.

Before our conversation took a general turn, an interpreter of the Eastern languages, M. Jouannin, who occupies the post of dragoman to the pacha, enumerated a few of the petty annoyances to which Hussein is hourly exposed. "The dey's patience," said he, "has been sadly tried by the barefaced applications made to him from speculators of the lowest class: directors of portable puppet-shows have requested him to grace their entertainments with his presence, in order that his name and quality, figuring in large red capitals at the head of a bill, might give effect to the show: a mountebank would be treated with more ceremony. Some ladies, too, of unequal reputation, who recently issued tickets for a *select* ball, judging that an Algerine turban and yatagan might add *éclat* to the scene,

thought proper to favour Hussein with a special invitation. The more ambitious among the fair and modest hostesses might even have indulged their "mind's eye" with tempting visions of participation in the honours reserved for Eastern sultanas. Unfortunately for these praiseworthy aspirants, Hussein tore the invitation with contempt."

The dragoman had scarcely finished his little history, when the dey, addressing himself directly to me, complained, but with dignified mildness, of the absurd misrepresentations circulated in the public journals with respect to his most indifferent actions "These idle tales," said he, in conclusion, "give me no serious offence; but, though I despise them, I cannot but feel astonished that many of them proceed from individuals holding a high station amongst a people celebrated for politeness. Can it be that the French feel no respect for age; acknowledge no consideration for one who was what I was—who is what I am?" I shall not easily forget the mingled simplicity and dignity with which Hussein pronounced these few words. I experienced some difficulty in explaining to him, that in a free Christian country every body attends to his neighbour's business, almost to the exclusion of his own; and that satire and caricature are public prerogatives, levelled indistinctly against all;—against the proud and the lowly; the wealthy and the poor; against kings deposed and kings enthroned.

Hussein now addressed a few words to the interpreter, which the latter immediately translated. "In alluding to the misrepresentations of the press," said M. Jouannin, "the pacha is anxious to correct the ridiculous reports published on the subject of the dinner to which he was invited by M. Casimir Périer. The following are the circumstances which really took place on that occasion:—The dey having visited the president of the council, M. Périer enquired of me if Hussein would accept an invitation to dinner for an early day. Hussein readily consented. Being next asked if the habits of the dey induced him to give the preference to any particular diet, I replied, that his Highness had no dislike to European cookery, but that his favourite dish was the *pilau*, or fowl served with rice. 'Perhaps,' said the intended host, 'you would take the trouble to give my cook

some hints as to the mode of preparing the dish?'—'One of the dey's servants,' said I, 'shall be ordered to give the necessary instructions on that point.' Besides, there is an indispensable preliminary to be fulfilled by the same individual—the operation of killing the fowls destined for Hussein's table; the laws of true believers forbidding them to eat any animal, unless put to death by a Mahometan. This proceeding appeared quite natural. On the morning of the day on which the dinner was to take place, I went to the house of M. Casimir Périer, for the purpose of giving directions that every thing should be prepared according to the pacha's wishes. Mustapha, whom you see standing at the door, killed the fowls intended for Hussein's meal: they were then taken to the kitchen, and in the evening the dey found his *pilau* dressed in the usual manner. He not only partook of the fowl, but was likewise helped to vegetables, salads, sweets, &c.; abstaining only from larded meats, of which his religious faith forbids him to taste. Such is the whole history of the *pilau*, of which so many ridiculous versions have been given.

"The dey," continued M. Jouannin, "was much displeased at the attempt which, as you may have heard, a young painter made at the Opera to sketch a miniature of his features. You are, perhaps, acquainted with the prejudice entertained by the Turks against the art of tracing on paper, canvass, or other perishable materials, the lineaments of the 'human face divine.' Hussein having accidentally turned his eyes in the direction of the amphitheatre where the artist was at work, and being aware of the nature of his occupation, abruptly rose from his seat, and with an irritated air retreated to the further extremity of his box. Unlike our European fashionables, His Highness went to the Opera to see, not to be seen."

As we were on the subject of the opera, I took the liberty of asking the pacha if he had felt displeased at the eager curiosity manifested by the audience to obtain a sight of his person. "No," said he, "the thing was natural; the public is an inquisitive animal."

"It must be admitted, that when your Highness visited the Opera on the night chosen for a similar purpose by Don Pedro and the Empress of Brazil,

your costume was not the sole object which attracted the attention of the audience."

"I understand you," returned the dey; "the accident that brought three such personages together was, indeed, singular."

"Hussein pronounced these words without the slightest affectation of philosophy or appearance of chagrin. I endeavoured, however, with what grace I know not, to change the subject as speedily as possible; for I should with difficulty have pardoned my own awkwardness, had I repaid the kindness of my reception by any indiscreet allusion that might have wounded the sensitive feelings of misfortune. Hussein himself, by again adverting to his costume, spared me the trouble of introducing a new topic.

"I am seldom attired," said he, "with more attention to effect than at present. When I was governor, I was obliged, on days of ceremony, to assume a more brilliant exterior; but those follies fatigued me, for my tastes are simple: a man is not to be estimated by the gold and jewels with which his garments are loaded."

On the night of Hussein's appearance as a spectator at the French Opera, he was, in reality, dressed with a degree of simplicity which the *élégantes* of Paris pronounced unsuitable for a Turk, who is said to count his wealth by millions. He entered his box very nearly in the costume in which I saw him at his hotel; the only addition to it being a poniard, the handle of which is enriched with diamonds and which, to avoid the appearance of ostentation, he seldom wears at home. A strolling tragedian would deem himself insulted were he required to act the part of Orosmanes or Othello in the ordinary dress worn by the dey of Algiers. The embroidery on the collar and pockets of his upper garment is certainly not surcharged with ornament; one or two ounces of gold being the utmost extent of the precious metal wasted for that purpose. The principal part of his attire, the vest with sleeves, and what has been, incorrectly termed the *bombrey*, as well as his under garment, are made of white cotton stuff; the embroidery being in silk or cotton plaits of the same colour. The vest covering the rest of his dress is of superfine light green cloth, with few ornaments, and those

green. His turban, which is not very luminous, is composed of a red shawl and skull-cap. A piece of fine linen stuff, printed in red and pink squares, forms his girdle. His slippers are extremely plain, corresponding with the rest of his costume. His jewels consist of a handsome ruby, which he wears on the little finger of the left hand, and a large gold snuff-box, flat, finely carved, and ornamented on the lid with diamonds, arranged in the form of arabesques. In the centre of the lid is inscribed a sentence, I believe, from the Koran. When we visited the pacha, the snuff-box was placed beside him on the sofa, and at his elbow was an inkstand, of the same shape as those universally used throughout the Levant: for Hussein frequently employs his leisure moments in taking notes. During our conversation he took snuff several times; and after each application to the box, handed it to Mustapha, who gravely presented it open to my introducer and myself in succession.

This was not the only office fulfilled by Mustapha, who also served us with coffee. A few words on the subject of this faithful servant of the pacha may not here be out of place. Mustapha's age is about thirty-five; his stature is lofty; his complexion swarthy, and his dress closely resembles that of his master. His head is finely shaped; his dark sparkling eyes, which are overshadowed by black bushy eyebrows, are somewhat sunk under his arched forehead. His upper lip is furnished with large moustaches, but he wears his beard closely trimmed. During the whole of our interview with the pacha, he remained standing at the door of the apartment, and on the inside; his hands crossed one over the other just beneath his girdle, and his head inclined a little forwards. In this attitude of attention to the slightest word or signal from his master, he listened with phlegmatic gravity to every syllable that fell from our lips. In the course of our conversation, all of us occasionally laughed, with the exception of Mustapha, whose risible muscles were not to be provoked. The excellent mocha to which we were helped was not served upon a tray, after our European fashion, but a cup was presented successively to each of us by Mustapha, who, as we were four in number, with all diligence proceeded four times to the antechamber, whence he fetched the well-

concocted beverage. The first cup, Mustapha, as in duty bound, presented to the pacha; the second was destined for M. Jouannin, the interpreter, who politely relinquished the precedence in my favour. Through courtesy, Hussein refrained from carrying his cup to his lips till his guests had been served. The cups were small porcelain vases, which the bearer adroitly held between his forefinger and thumb.

Besides Mustapha, the dey has another domestic attached to his household, a Moor, born within six days' march of Algiers, and who has for a length of time been in the pacha's service. To such an extent does Hussein carry his personal regard for this Arab, that he frequently chats with him in the most familiar manner, and even allows him to be seated in his presence. In Europe, it would be difficult to designate by a corresponding term the precise nature of the functions discharged by Mustapha and his comrade, and perhaps equally difficult to note a parallel instance of kindness on the part of a master.

Whilst we were engaged in discussing the coffee, the conversation continued. The pacha having a few nights previously visited the *Porte St. Martin* theatre, at which, by his express desire, the drama of *Napoléon* had been performed, I enquired if he had derived pleasure from the representation — if he had recognised the Buonaparte celebrated in the East as well as throughout Europe. "I was much pleased," said he, "with the portrait, which I found sufficiently striking; but I could have wished, at the latter end, to see the scene changed to *St. Helena*." — I expected to hear some reflections on the character of Napoleon; Hussein, however, made none.

The war of Algiers was a subject on which I much wished to gain some information from Hussein, and which I at last ventured to introduce, though with great caution. I began by enquiring of M. Jouannin if I might, without indiscretion, propose a few questions to the dey concerning the defence of the country which he had commanded. On being made acquainted with my desire, he readily complied. "To what circumstance is it owing," demanded I, "that you neglected to unmask your batteries against the French troops in the bay of Sidi-Ferruch, and thus to retard their landing? The whole army

at first imagined that such a passive proceeding on your part was but a feint. From what motive did you neglect the defence of the coast, which, once conquered, left the invaders in possession of the road to the city?"

Whilst the interpreter explained my question to the dey, the features of the latter assumed a grave and melancholy expression. Being apprehensive that I had involuntarily introduced a disagreeable theme, I expressed my regret to M. Jouannin, who hastened to relieve my fears. With energetic and indignant gestures, but in a calm tone of voice, Hussein replied to my questions. Never so much as at that moment did I regret my inability to understand in the original the dey's remarkable answer, of which M. Jouannin gave the following interpretation: — "Your question," said Hussein, "embraces many points; but I confine myself to this answer: whilst the war lasted, I was never informed of passing events; in a word, I was deceived. The members of the divan acted without my authority, and concealed from me all their resolutions. The coast of Sidi-Ferruch was not defended against the French, because he, to whom I confided the command of that portion of my territory, and of the army destined to defend it, was a dastard! Unfortunately, that dastard is my own son-in-law. All my ideas on this subject may be comprised in few words: a hundred lions commanded by a juckal would be conquered, a hundred jackals commanded by a lion would have a chance of victory."

In continuation of the same subject, Hussein, amongst other things, observed, that he had been surrounded with traitors: that he had one day been informed that his troops would refuse to defend Algiers, as the quarrel of the King of France was not with the Algerines, but with the dey. "One individual," added he, "was base enough to offer my head to Bourmont, who with horror rejected the execrable proposal." With regard to Hussein's son-in-law, M. Jouannin informed me that the dey was so irritated at his cowardice, that, on the voyage from Algiers to Naples, he never once admitted him near his person, and that he afterwards addressed him only to reproach him, with his perfidy. These angry

words were repaid with interest, and there the quarrel ended; Hussein standing in awe of his son-in-law, who is a man of colossal strength, and who was always armed with a poniard, which he expressed his resolution of burying in the dey's heart, should the latter seem to meditate vengeance for the aga's treason.

Fearful of trespassing too long on the complaisance of the pacha, we terminated a visit which had already lasted an hour and a half. On taking leave, I expressed my thanks for the audience; when Hussein courteously saluted me, at the same time pronouncing the formula usual in the East, "You are welcome."

A few cursory remarks may not unsuitably terminate this chapter. It has been asserted that Hussein Pacha is a man of a vulgar cast of mind: I hold a far different opinion. His simple habits, his lively conversation and natural gaiety, are wholly at variance with the notions usually entertained of the barbarian dey of Algiers. The following anecdote, which, but for its want of importance, I should have introduced in its proper place, will sufficiently attest Hussein's good humour. The friend to whom I was indebted for my introduction, seeing a long sword-cane on the sofa, enquired to whom it belonged. "'Tis to support the old man," replied Hussein, pointing to his beard. In a few moments the first speaker presented to the pacha some tickets of admission to one of the theatres. Hussein jestingly declined the civility. Upon this my introducer, also in jest, seized the cane, with which he playfully threatened the dey. Hussein burst into a fit of loud laughter, and stooping his head, which he protected with both arms, "I yield," said he; "your mode of ing your friends is irresistible."

I have read in the columns of I know not what veracious newspaper, that Hussein's visiting cards bear the following inscription: *M. Husscin, ex-dey d' Alger.*

Ocular demonstration enables me to pronounce that the statement is no less devoid of truth than palpably absurd. I saw one of the dey's cards, on which was engraved HUSSEIN PACHA, and underneath, the words — DEY D'ALGER. An Arab sentence formed a third line, containing a literal translation of the first two.

Numerous are the lively sallies which the Parisian retailers of anecdote have attributed to Hussein. The following is not unworthy of particular notice: — A lady having demanded if he thought of Algiers with regret; scarcely had the pacha heard the question, when, through his interpreter, he requested permission to relate an apologue or fable. The offer being eagerly accepted, "I had once," said Hussein, "a favourite nightingale. I thought that my endearments and attentions had weaned him from the recollection of his native Atlas. One day I opened his cage; the bird flew to the mountains, and returned no more."

That Hussein was the original *improvisatore* of this allegory I shall not venture to decide: it has, at all events, been laid to his charge; and hence, perhaps, arose the rumour that his visit to Paris was undertaken for the purpose of negotiating the terms of his return to his ancient government. It is scarcely probable that the dey of Algiers, who has tasted the sweets of empire, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of absolute sovereignty, would consent to play the subordinate part of Louis-Philippe's deputy. To waive all considerations of self-respect, the danger of such an experiment might deter Hussein from putting it in practice. Were he to re-appear at Algiers, either as lord and master of his former subjects, or as the delegate of France, he would most assuredly have good and sufficient cause for meditation on the lot of some brother despots, who rarely enjoy the comfortable prospect of dying in bed.

THE FROWN OF MY LOVE.

WHEN the winter's tempest lowers
O'er a dark and clouded sky,
Nature's fading fruits and flowers
Hang their drooping heads, and die:

So my bosom's comforts languish
 Like a lily over blown,
 And my heart is filled with anguish,
 When I see my dearest frown.

Nipping frosts, the wave congealing,
 Bind the gently-flowing stream,
 Which, across the meadow stealing,
 Lately fled the sultry beam:
 But the stream of life more slowly
 Creeps along with lingering pace,
 If the frown of my love wholly
 Hides the beauty of her face.

Oft in summer pealing thunder
 Threatens as it gathers near,
 Lightnings cleave the clouds asunder,
 Filling guilty man with fear:
 But no sky, by tempest shrouded,
 Half so desolate can be,
 As this dreary bosom clouded,
 Dearest, by a frown from thee.

Sad is death to sinking nature,
 Sad the last — the parting sigh,
 Sad the pale distorted feature,
 Sad the slowly closing eye,
 Summer's storms and winter blighting,
 Death, that sets the spirit free, —
 All, though sad, are more inviting,
 Dearest, than a frown from thee.

THE BLOSSOM IS THE FAIREST.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE blossom is the fairest that conceals
 The seed of death, and sweetly blooms,
 Nor feels the foe, that slowly steals,
 And every source of life consumes;
 Whilst each bright tint but speaks the power
 That inwardly consumes the flower.

'Tis thus the cheek of beauty glows,
 When slow decay has seized the frame;
 As vivid is the flush that glows
 With fever's dread corrosive flame.
 The richest colours health e'er drew,
 Are dull beside that fatal hue.

And yet more matchless is the dye
 Which tints the lip with crimson bright;
 It burns so brilliantly, that nigh,
 The ruby seeks in vain to vie
 And shines with faint unequal light;
 But every hour it doth assume
 A deeper and more lovely bloom:

Yet neither glowing lip nor cheek,
 With all their vivid hues, may dare
 To match them with those eyes that speak
 The inward ruin, dread and fair.
 For oh! what glance is half so bright
 As that which gleams with fever's light?
 'Tis thus that death, oft varying, leads
 Unconscious victims to the tomb:
 All, reckless of his deadly seeds,
 And thoughtless of the worm it feeds,
 They love the fatal bloom;
 Nor deem that colours so divine,
 As heralds of the grave could shine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO PARIS IN 1802.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

(Continued from p. 190.)

PROMENADES AND STREETS IN PARIS. PALAIS ROYAL.

It was originally intended that our stay at Paris should not exceed three weeks; but I continued to enjoy the present moment unclouded by anticipations of the hour of our departure, because I thought that evil day would be deferred.

Our mornings usually began or terminated at the Louvre Gallery; to which I was allured not only by the pictures and marbles, but by that love of my own country, and of seeing "familiar English faces," whether "dear" or not, which the English always feel, I believe, on first visiting a foreign land. Then the sight of a compatriot rarely fails to produce a thrill of pleasure; and the Louvre was, in 1802, so thronged with English, that when we separated, it was with, "Au revoir! in Bond Street to-morrow!"

One evening at Frascati, then a fashionable promenade, my companion (the brother of our admirable and lamented Sir John Moore) asked me who the gentleman was to whom I bowed:—"It was the Count de L——," replied I.—"Thank you!" said he; "now then I shall not quit Paris without having seen at least *one* Frenchman."

On some days—and I must own it was on Sabbath days—the Louvre Gallery exhibited a variety of ranks, as well as dresses. There I saw for the first time a Cauchoise in her curious cap. I little thought, while I stood gazing on her

extraordinary costume, that I myself should, twenty-seven years afterwards, be an object of equal curiosity in the Paris streets; and when I one day, last summer, observed a Cauchoise turning round to stare at my little bonnet, I could not help smiling within myself, and repeating "*chacun a son tour*."

One morning, in 1802, I saw some French soldiers looking with delighted admiration at the pictures; and I could not forbear saying to one of them,—"*Voilà le fruit de vos victoires!*" These are the fruits of your victories!"—"Ah, oui!" replied he, in a tone of gratified pride. The following circumstance affords one proof that the French prisoners were satisfied with their treatment in our country. I was returning alone in a hackney-coach from La Bibliothèque Nationale, where my obliging friend Langlais, Conservateur des Manuscrits, had been showing me the letters of Henri Quatre, and of other interesting persons, when seeing a fruit shop, I got out to ask for peaches; the woman to whom I spoke said she had no peaches, but that "*un citoyen là bas en avoit*." It was the first, and only time, that I had ever heard the term *citizen* used in Paris; so completely was the republican language passing away, with every thing else that was republican. But to resume my relation:—

I learnt where *là bas* was, and went in search of "*le citoyen*." He had peaches, and fine ones too, but he asked an extravagant price for them; believing, like

other Parisian traders, that "Anglais" and "Anglaise," were only other terms for wealth and prodigality, and that they might ask and have of us whatever they chose. Therefore, believing the fruiterer meant to impose on me, I refused to take his peaches at the rate he mentioned; telling him I could buy them cheaper in my own country, England. When I said this, a meanly dressed man, who looked like a sailor, clasped his hands together, and exclaimed with a tone and look of pleasure:—"Ah! elle est Anglaise!" His manner struck me, and I asked him if he had ever been in England. He said yes, he had been a prisoner there many years, and was so well treated that he loved the English; and he immediately began to reprove the fruiterer for wishing to cheat me. I had a piece of money in my hand, of which I did not know the exact value, I therefore asked my sailor friend what it was. He said it was "Cinq, et tout celu," showing me his ten fingers; from which I concluded, without much difficulty, that it was a 15-sous piece. Then with a silly parade (as I now think it) of resistance to fraud, I told the man, that I had not bargained with him in order to save my money, but from a dislike to imposture; to convince him of it, I gave the 15-sous piece to the delighted sailor, and departed better pleased with myself than I had any right to be: but I had a right to rejoice at finding that the prisoner's treatment in my own country had been such, as to make his whole countenance light up at the unexpected sight of an Englishwoman.

There was one thing which I then fancied peculiar in Paris, contrasted with London; namely, the entire solitude of some of the streets and squares, while other places were always full.

The Boulevards, which like a girdle of beauty encircle Paris, were always thronged, and exhibited flowers, shops, shows, and crowds of gay beings; while the gardens of the Tuilleries were filled with persons in very different costumes, and some of them evidently of a higher grade in society. One description of persons was always to be seen there, which

interested my feelings to a great degree; namely, men and women of the ancient order of things, who had hidden themselves while the revolutionary tempest raged, and who now, that it had passed away, ventured out to occupy as usual their favourite seats, and saunter along their favourite walks. They seemed to me like flies, which, having survived a storm, crawl out, though still weakened by its force, in order to bask in the returning sunshine, as if contented to creep safely along, where before they rose on gilded wing.

These beings, interesting from the changes and dangers which they had undergone and survived, wore the dress of former days; and their costume was a striking contrast to the dress of 1802. The old ladies wore white gowns and petticoats, made (I think) of dimity, with sleeves over their elbows only, and sometimes a ruffle on them; a little hoop was worn by some, and occasionally it bore a tiny lapdog. Their grey, and usually powdered hair, was stretched over a sort of roll, and surmounted with a high cap, sometimes adorned with wire wings.

The old gentlemen usually wore a suit of white cloth, and shoes and knee-buckles; the powdered hair terminated in a long *queue à la militaire*; the small black cocked hat was commonly carried in the hand, owing, perhaps, to the excessive heat of the weather, but more probably to the wish of preserving unruffled the beauty of the well-powdered locks. How many of these relics of former times I saw in those beautiful gardens! some reading, some conversing, and possibly beguiling the consciousness of things as they then were, with tales of bygone days, and of things as they had been. This race seems now extinct,—at least I looked for it in vain in 1829; but when calling on two gentlemen advanced in life, I saw, in the manner in which they continued to wear their hair, that is, in the union of natural and false hair in their high and powdered *toupie*, the costume which I used to see in the Tuilleries Gardens in 1802. The one was a liberal; the other, I believe, a royalist;* and I should have made a great mistake,

* Since I wrote down these recollections, this accomplished man, to whose attention I was much indebted — the Count d'H — is no more. He died on one of the three memorable days of the last revolution; and, owing to the awful confusion of the city at that time, he could not be interred any where but in his garden.

had I judged their politics to be the same because their dress was. Yet it is one which I certainly should have made, and therefore given, very unintentionally, a wrong impression, if I had not known the character of the liberal before I saw his costume.

It is so difficult not to take things for granted, and so impossible on many occasions to give an accurate description of any thing which one sees in a foreign country, that I myself write tremblingly; and am so afraid to judge, so afraid to draw conclusions even from my own premises, that I have learnt from my difficulties to make allowances for the inaccuracies and erroneous conclusions of others who have written on the same subject; but those difficulties are not to be regretted, if they have taught me a lesson of candid judgment.

The Palais Royal exhibited a wholly different order of persons. The women there usually wore large and long white shawls, which fell around them in graceful drapery *à l'antique*; but their hair was not after that fashion, being for the most part turned up in a large *chignon*, and worn in front in small, twisted, well oiled ringlets, which hung low on either side of the face. Some of these very fine women had hair of the *palest blond*, and complexions of a milky white, such as I have scarcely seen in England.

The Palais Royal was always full, while other parts of the French metropolis were deserted; but when I returned to England, and contrasted, as I walked along, the streets of London and Paris, I became convinced that the same thing is observable in the former.

Fleet Street, and all the streets in the city, are crowded, while Finsbury Square is comparatively empty; and while "the tide of human life" runs perhaps most rapidly in the Strand, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall, passengers may often cross the squares at the west end of the town without seeing any one.

But while I was in Paris, I, in common with others, believed that this alternation of fair and desert was peculiar to that city. The reason of this mistake is, perhaps, that we never remark what we do not go *expressly to see*: we go abroad purposely to observe and enquire, and the most undiscerning eye becomes acute when scenes entirely new are presented to it; and I have

little doubt, but that many things which I thought peculiar in Paris, in 1802 and in 1829, would have proved on enquiry to be known and practised in London. Of this truth I am, indeed, painfully convinced, that we are prone to condemn many errors in the French, which exist in our own country in an equal, if not a *greater* degree, and for which, unlike them, we have not the shadow of an excuse. But more of this hereafter. We had heard so much of the beauty of the Palais Royal, and of its fountain, and its shops, that when I saw them I was disappointed; still it was a scene fraught to me with an interest far beyond what shops, gardens, and fountains could give it. The terrible and exciting scenes of the revolution were then so recent, that though I am fond of seeing sights, and was pleased to make acquaintance with distinguished persons, it was from knowing and feeling I was in *Paris* that I derived my *deepest interest*, and my strongest sensation of pleasure, however mingled with painful regret and unavailing pity. Yes; it was indeed most interesting to me, to be in the actual theatre of those scenes of lofty virtue and of lowest guilt — of well-principled liberty and of unprincipled licentiousness, — of massacre and mercy — of vindictive democracy, and of exemplary loyalty, — of female heroism and female ferocity — and of all sorts of awful and affecting contrasts!

To me, therefore, every street, every walk, was a sort of classic ground; and, in the Palais Royal, I turned from its glittering shops and motley crowd, to gaze on that garden in the midst of it, and on those seats, whence demagogues had harangued the people, till they rose *en masse* against their rulers. I saw in fancy the first man wounded by the Prince de Lambese's soldiers; who, running bleeding into the Palais Royal, proclaimed his injuries, displayed his wounds, and called on his fellow-citizens to arm! They obeyed; and, ere a few hours had elapsed, the awful revolution was in progress, and the Bastille was taken!

When from the Palais Royal we had proceeded to the Pont Neuf, there I could figure to myself the wife of Roland, and many other great and virtuous victims, passing over it to the guillotine.

When we visited the ruins of the Bastille, and as we sat on its walls beheld the

long street stretching before us, down which, on the ever-memorable 14th of July, the tide of revolutionary vengeance first ran with such overwhelming and murderous force, it was impossible not to forget the present in the past, and the whole fearful scene seemed to live before me!

But at a future day we had the pleasure of seeing a spot which called forth only pleasing images. We visited the Champ de Mars; where, on the anniversary of the 14th of July, the real lovers of freedom, and the framers of the first constitution, assembled, to pronounce, in the presence of 400,000 people, the oath of allegiance to the law and the king:—where the now veteran patriot, La Fayette, then in the very prime of his existence, and who was that day named Generalissimo of the National Guards of the kingdom, came forward the first to pronounce the civic oath, and, from the altar of the country, said, in an elevated voice, and in the name of the troops and the federated authorities,—“We swear to be for ever faithful to the nation, the law, and the king; to maintain with all our power the constitution decreed by the national assembly, and accepted by the king; and to remain united to every Frenchman by the indissoluble laws of fraternity!”

This was indeed a scene, which, while we gazed upon the spot where it took place, we could recall with unmixed satisfaction, because it was one unstained with blood. But what different feelings were called forth in us, when we trod on places marked by events in utter contrast to the foregoing.

We could not quit or return to our Hotel, as I have before observed, without crossing the very spot on which the blood of that king, then so applauded, had been shed; or seeing the place where the remains of murdered royalty had been ingloriously thrown,—and thrown to be annihilated!

And once I crossed that awful place at night, and when no moon or lamp lighted me on my way! No; I cannot

describe my feelings as I stood at that solemn hour on the ground once saturated with not only the blood of royalty, but the blood of the great, the good, and the pious! There was no other place in the world that could call forth such sensations; and I was glad to escape from its now appalling solitude and silence, to the every-day feelings of *common life*. But the *common life* of Paris was to passing travellers, and consequently eager and interested observers, too full of *excitement* to allow us to experience any every-day feelings. Excitement indeed!

From the Champ de Mars and the place of the guillotine, then called the Place de la Concorde, to the remotest parts of Paris, every scene we visited recalled the fearful and the affecting scenes of the revolution. The Place de Grève recalled to us some of its first sanguinary events.

There was that Hotel de Ville, which had so often echoed with revolutionary eloquence; and when the tyrant dictator Robespierre found, at length, that his detestable reign was over, and fruitlessly endeavoured by his own hand to rob the guillotine of its prey, there was the window whence his brother precipitated himself, to rob public justice of its due!

The sight of the Temple excited in us feelings of indignant pity for the royal prisoners who suffered there. But the frowning tower of the Temple did not call forth our pity for the royal dead alone; it was not on account of those who had once dwelt and pined there that we felt so strong a desire to be admitted within its walls, but from sympathy and interest in the fate of the ill-treated and endangered living. We knew it was the prison of Toussaint Louverture, whose eventful life, ambitious daring, and painful imprisonment, seemed a sort of rehearsal of the fortunes and fate of him whose power then held him in du-rance.*

But disappointment, or indignant powerless sense of injury, and the hope-

* This mulatto rose, by his distinguished abilities, to a command in the French army, under Rochambeau, in the year 1796. His influence amongst the blacks induced him to aspire to sovereign power. After establishing a constitution, and being acknowledged the head of all power, civil and military, he consolidated his authority by the wisest regulations; but his confidence in the French, who still kept an army in the province, proved fatal to him. He trusted his person amongst them, was seized as a criminal, and sent to France by

lessness of freedom and redress, were sufficient, without the aid of poison or violence, as Buonaparte himself afterwards experienced, to corrode the powers of life, and plunge the victim in an untimely grave. Be that as it may, he was a prisoner in the Temple in 1802, and I felt a strong though vain desire to see this mulatto Buonaparte.

We thought, but erroneously, that the evident resemblance in their original daring, and for a while in their success also, might have inclined the First Consul to protect, rather than oppress, Toussaint Louverture; at least, we believed that a generous mind would have done so.

One would have been eager to efface the stain of broken faith thrown on the French character. Perhaps the fame of Toussaint had inspired Napoleon with jealousy, and thence, his heart having become hardened against him, he permitted him to pine in prison, far from the ties which he held dear, and ultimately to expire in the solitude of a dungeon. But his fate was revenged by the odium which it entailed on the inflieter; and I have heard this action blamed by one whose opinion carries so much weight, that I am induced to record it here:—

"It is common," said Charles James Fox, at my own house, in reply to a question of mine, "to call Buonaparte a tyrant: and so he may be; but not more

of a tyrant, many who have gone before him; perhaps not so much so. It is believed, I know, that he massacred the Turks at Jaffa, and caused the sick and wounded to be poisoned in the hospitals; but I never yet have seen sufficient evidence of the facts to induce me to believe in them. But there are *two things* for which I can never forgive Buonaparte: the one is, the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; the other his treatment of Toussaint Louverture. These actions were cruel, tyrannical, and indefensible, and I never can forget or forgive them." It was nearly impossible that I could ever cease to remember any sentiment uttered by such a man; but these could not fail to be indelibly imprinted on my memory, because they were wholly congenial with my own.

Many voyagers, no doubt, have since then gazed on the rock of St. Helena, the prison and the grave of Napoleon the oppressor, with similar feelings to those with which we beheld the Temple at Paris, the prison and the grave of Toussaint the oppressed; but those observers, unless they were acquainted with the circumstances above related, could not perceive (as I have always done) the awful hand of retributive justice, and that the same warning lesson may be learnt from the sight of the Temple at Paris, as from that of the rock of St. Helena.

MAROUF AND HIS CAPRICIOUS WIFE.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED TALES OF "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

IN Cairo once lived a man whose occupation was to mend old sofas and divans. His name was Marouf; and his wife, Fatima, was surnamed Al-Ara, or the Capricious; for so she was in the strictest acceptance of the term. Every day she made her poor husband suffer the most intolerable vexation from her tormenting temper. Marouf was poor; all the money he earned being scarcely sufficient to satisfy the extravagant disposition of Fatima; but he was a good-tempered man, one who feared Allah, and was willing to lead a peaceable life. One morning, when he arose to pursue his

daily vocation, his wife thus addressed him:—

"Marouf, thou must this evening bring me home a cake made of the honey of bees."

"Should it please Allah that I receive any money to-day," replied Marouf, "I will not fail."

"Talk not in that fashion," said Fatima: "whether thou receivest money or not, I will have my honey cake. Only return to the house without one, Marouf, and thou shalt see what a life I will lead thee!"

"Allah is merciful!" exclaimed Marouf,

General Le Clerc; and this truly valiant chief died in his prison at Paris in 1803, either by poison or violence, adds his biographer.

heaving a profound sigh, and quitting his house with despair in his soul. After repeating his morning prayers very devoutly, he implored Allah to send him the means of purchasing a honey cake, that he might, for one day at least, be delivered from the persecutions of his wife. He opened his shop; but all that day he waited in vain for employment; no person sent him any work, and at night he was without the means of buying even bread. With a heavy heart, he shut up his shop, and bent his steps homewards. As he passed a confectioner's shop, he paused before the door with a sorrowful look. The master of the shop, who knew him well, asked the cause of his chagrin.

"Ah!" replied Marouf; "it is because that wicked wife of mine will tear my soul from my body, besides raising a din in my ears the livelong night. She commanded me to bring her home a honey cake this evening without fail, and I am obliged to disappoint her; for, by the Prophet! I have not this day been able to earn wherewithal to buy us even our daily bread."

"Do not afflict yourself," said the compassionate pastry-cook, "only tell me how many cakes you want."

"One will suffice," replied Marouf; "for I wish not dainties for my own devouring."

"I am concerned," said the maker of pasties, "that I have no honey of bees; for the honey season has utterly failed this year. I have no honey but that expressed from sugar canes."

"That is quite as good, or better," answered Marouf.

The good-natured pastry-cook then took syrup of sugar, flour, and butter, and presently made and baked a cake worthy of being served at a king's table.

"Now you want bread and cheese for yourself," observed his friend, "or you will have to go supperless to bed. Hold: here are four small pieces of money to buy bread, and two for cheese; six in all. You can repay me when you have the means."

"May Allah recompense your kindness!" exclaimed Marouf, and he returned to his house.

Fatima was looking out for him. "Where is my honey cake?" cried she, as soon as he came in sight. "Here," replied Marouf, happy to have it in his power, as he thought, to pacify her: but

the moment she beheld the cake which he had procured, she exclaimed, "Dost thou think, wretch, that I will demean myself by eating cakes made of honey of sugar instead of honey of bees?"

"Thou shouldst be thankful that thou canst get even that," replied Marouf. At these words Fatima raised a diabolical outcry, and in a trice buffets and blows fell upon her poor husband with inconceivable rapidity. "Return this instant, sorry villain!" she screamed in her rage, "and fetch me the sort of cake I choose to have." These words were accompanied by a fresh shower of cuffs and kicks. She broke one of his front teeth, tore out half his beard, and when poor Marouf endeavoured to defend himself from her attacks, her fury knew no bounds. Seizing him by the remainder of his beard, she called for help, as if he was murdering her. The neighbours ran to her aid; and having learned the cause of the strife, blamed Fatima's conduct severely. "We," said they, "are glad to eat cakes made of the honey of sugar canes, instead of that of bees, when we can get them: a great crime, truly, thy poor husband has committed! — the only fault we find in him is, that he has brought any sort of cake at all for a fury like thee!"

After some time spent in trying to re-establish peace between Fatima and Marouf, they succeeded in quieting her a little, and then withdrew.

When the neighbours had retired, Fatima, quite exhausted by her own violence, sat down to supper, but again protested that nothing should induce her to eat a cake made of sugar instead of honey. — "Oh! in that case," exclaimed Marouf, "do not disquiet thyself; I will eat the cake myself, and be thankful for it."

"Ah!" said his wife, looking at him spitefully, as, with much apparent satisfaction, he ate the cake; "whatever happens, I know thou never lovest thy appetite."

"So much the better for me," said Marouf, continuing to eat: "however, if thou wilt but be peaceable to-night, I will bring thee a honey cake to-morrow, if such a thing is to be found in Cairo." With these words Fatima became pacified; and Marouf thought that, with her passion, she had dismissed every feeling of ill-will.

The next morning Marouf rose betimes, and opened his shop as usual; but the

hour of prayer was scarcely passed, when two officers of justice cited him to appear before the *cadi*, for having, as they said, maltreated his wife. No sooner did Marouf enter the *cadi's* court, than he espied his wife Fatima, her veil stained with blood, her arms bound up with bandages, her garments rent, and her hair dishevelled: altogether she presented a most pitiful spectacle. The moment she beheld her husband she shed a torrent of tears, and made the air resound with her sobs and lamentations, so that the heart of the *cadi*, who was an excellent man, was moved to compassion.

"Hast thou no fear of Allah before thine eyes," said the *Cadi*, severely, to Marouf, "that thou exertest thy manly strength in ill-treating so fair a woman, in breaking her arms and teeth, and in rending the tresses of her hair?"

"If I have done her the slightest injury," returned Marouf, — "if I have touched one tooth, or rent one of her hairs — may you, my lord *cadi*, condemn me to the severest punishment the law can inflict." He then related the cause of the affray, and called in the neighbours who had interfered, to bear witness that he had only acted on the defensive.

The *cadi*, who was a very good old man, and exceedingly rich, declared that Fatima was the real criminal, and dismissed her complaint; but as he had been greatly moved by her beauty and her tears, he took out a piece of gold, and gave it to her, saying, "Here is something to buy thee the cake of the honey of bees, which thou so greedily desirest. Take it; and for the future live in peace with thy husband." Fatima clutched the piece of gold, rejoicing that so much more good had befallen her than she deserved; and the benevolent *cadi*, after addressing to them many sage counsels and verses from the Arabian poets, setting forth the advantages of harmony in the marriage state, dismissed them from his tribunal, as he thought, fully reconciled.

Marouf had scarcely re-entered his shop, and resumed his work, when the officers of justice again made their appearance, and demanded money for their fees. At first he refused, saying that he had been pronounced innocent of the charge for which they had cited him; nevertheless, they soon convinced him that, guilty or innocent, he must pay the fees of justice, unless he wished to be cited

a second time, and pay a second set of fees, to satisfy the *cadi's* officers. Poor Marouf was obliged to sell half of the tools wherewith he gained his bread. Vexed and harassed as he was, he hoped the worst was over, and that his wife would now let him enjoy some peace. Never was he more mistaken. The next morning he entered his shop; but what to do there he knew not; part of his tools having been sold, the remainder were almost useless. He leaned his head on his hands, absorbed in a deep reverie, from which he was disagreeably aroused by the arrival of two new officers of justice, who ordered him to appear to answer the complaint of his wife for personal ill-treatment.

"But," said Marouf, "that affair is already settled; the *cadi*, Abou Hamet, has dismissed the complaint as groundless, and has declared me innocent."

"We know nothing of that," replied the officers, "for any thing we can tell, this may be a fresh matter of offence; you are required to appear before another *cadi*, and you must go with us forthwith." Repining at this fresh vexation, Marouf followed them, and found his wayward spouse in the same state as before, weeping and crying aloud, and imploring for justice on her barbarous husband. The affair having been examined, the new *cadi* decided against Fatima the Capricious, and dismissed her from his tribunal with many reproofs. Marouf gained his cause, but the officers of justice were a second time to be fed; and these fees absorbed almost the whole of the money he could raise from the remaining tools left in his shop. Half distracted, he ran through the town with rent garments, and in this state of despair encountered one of his friends, who said — "How, Marouf, art thou here? the governor of the City has sent his guards in search of thee; for thy wife, who has been disappointed of her ends in obtaining a sentence of imprisonment or bastinado against thee, has appealed to the governor, who has sent his guard to seize thee."

At these words Marouf almost went mad on the spot. Taking to his heels, he ran with all his speed for the purpose of escaping from the wickedness of his wife. He had yet remaining five small pieces of money; with these he purchased bread and cheese, and, though so slenderly provided, resolved to leave Cairo for ever. It

was then winter; the rain fell in torrents, and wet him to the skin. In traversing the suburb of Cairo called Adeleyeh *, he passed by the grand mosque built by King Adel: a little further on was an extensive edifice formerly erected by that king for a palace. Marouf entered the ruins, for the purpose of obtaining shelter from the storm. There he threw himself on the ground, and began to weep and complain, in the heaviness of his heart exclaiming aloud, "Miserable man that I am! How dreadful it is to be tied to a woman as wicked as a demon! Oh, Allah! Allah! conduct my steps to some place whither she may never be able to follow me!"

As he thus bewailed himself, the wall before him opened, and through the chasm appeared a hideous head, the sight of which congealed the blood in Marouf's veins, and made his hair bristle on his brow. After regarding him for some time, the genius said to him, in a voice that sounded through the ruined walls like a thunder peal — "Who art thou, son of man, and wherefore dost thou trouble my repose? During two ages that I have dwelt in this place, I have not met with any person who has conducted himself like thee. What is the cause of thy grief? Perhaps I can aid thee; for truly thou hast excited my compassion."

"But who art thou?" asked Marouf, whose dismay was somewhat abated by the tenor of these words. "I am the inhabitant of this palace," replied the apparition: "let that suffice thee; and if thou wouldst accept the aid I offer thee, tell me thy story, and the cause of thy grief, without reservation or deceit."

Marouf immediately recited all the persecutions he had suffered from his wife Fatima the Capricious, and finished by declaring that he only required to be transported to some place where she might never hear tidings of him more.

"Thy desires shall be accomplished," cried the genius. As he spoke, the wall was rent further down, and he came forth; but so frightfully ugly was he, that Marouf, unable to abide the sight of him, fell on the ground with terror. The genius took him on his back, extended a

pair of wings, webbed and hooked like those of a bat, and having hovered for some time over Cairo like a thunder cloud, began to fly in the direction of the desert. He flew all night with Marouf on his back, and just at the break of dawn alighted on a high mountain.

"Seest thou that city at the foot of the mountain," cried the genius to Marouf; "it is far enough from Cairo to hide thee from the pursuit of thy wife Fatima Al Ara. Descend and seek thy fortune: if thou dost not mar it by imprudence, a brilliant destiny awaits thee there!" With these words the genius spread his wings, and vanished, leaving Marouf almost in a state of stupefaction on the summit of the mountain.

After the departure of the genius, Marouf began to descend the mountain, and as he drew nearer to the city before him, he was astonished at the magnificence of its bazaars, and the splendour of its palaces: the prospect charmed his eyes, but abated not the sadness of his heart. When he entered the city, the inhabitants gathered round him, rudely examining and commenting on the fashion of his garments, which differed from theirs.

"You are a stranger?" said one of them; "whence do you come?"

"From Cairo, the capital of Egypt."

"When did you depart thence?"

"Yesterday evening I commenced my journey," replied Marouf.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the questioner, bursting into loud laughter, and addressing some of his fellow-citizens that stood near him: "friends, here is a madman, who declares that he set out from Cairo last night, when we all know that it is a whole year's journey from this city."

"You are mad, not I," replied Marouf, "for you contradict the truth. I repeat to you that I was at Cairo yesterday evening, and if you will not believe my words, behold the bread freshly baked that I bought at Cairo last night."

The sight of the bread caused no little surprise to the inhabitants, who knew that it was such as was eaten in Cairo, and that they had not the like in their country; besides, they perceived that it had really been baked only the

* The street here mentioned is the most modern part of Cairo; it has not been made three hundred years: from this circumstance we may form a notion with respect to the age of this tale: in the original Arabian manuscript, it is numbered the thousand and first night, and is the concluding tale.

night before. The crowd around Marouf increased, some declaring their opinion that he spoke the truth, others that he was an impostor.

In the midst of the dispute, a man magnificently dressed, and mounted on a mule, passed that way. Two slaves marched before him, to clear a passage through the crowd.

"Are you not ashamed," said he to the multitude, "to persecute a stranger in this inhospitable manner? You have no right thus to molest him."

All present were too much abashed by this reproof to reply. Marouf thanked the sheik for his kind interference; and having been invited by his protector to repose himself at his house, gratefully accepted the proposal. Most magnificently was he entertained in the palace of the hospitable sheik. At the conclusion of there past the latter demanded of his guest his name and the place whence he came?

"I am called Marouf," replied his guest, "and I am by trade a mender of old furniture."

"From what city are you?"

"From Cairo."

"From what quarter?"

Marouf named it,— "The Red Street."

"Know you the persons that dwell in that quarter?"

"Yes," said Marouf, "I was born there, and I know most of them." He then mentioned the names of several persons, with whom he was acquainted.

"Perhaps," asked his entertainer, "you know Sheik Ahmed, the colour merchant?"

"Holy prophet! do I know him? — Why, he is my most intimate neighbour."

"He is well, I hope?"

"Perfectly so, Allah be praised."

"How many children has he?"

"Three, Moustafa, Mohammed, and Ali."

"What are they?"

"Moustafa is a professor in a *medres seh**; Mohammed keeps a dyer's shop in his father's neighbourhood; but as for Ali, he was the beloved companion of my infancy; my merry playmate: a thousand tricks have we played together when we were boys. Among other roguish pranks, we sometimes dressed ourselves like little Christian boys, and penetrated into their churches, where we tore out the pictures from the priests' books. One unlucky day a Christian caught us in the fact; the priest complained to Ali's father, and threatened to summon him before the *cadi*. Ahmed severely chastised his son; whereupon Ali took to flight, and has not been seen or heard of for more than twenty years."

"Can you not then recognise your ancient friend and comrade?" asked Marouf's host: "behold the lost son of Ahmed, the dyer of Cairo!" With these words he affectionately embraced his guest, who was transported with joy at thus again beholding the friend of his youth in a distant country.

"Now," said the merchant Ali, "tell me the history of your adventures since we parted, and the reasons which induced you to quit Cairo?"

Marouf instantly related the particulars of his marriage with Fatima Al Ara, or the Capricious; the torments he had suffered from her restless temper; and finally acquainted his friend that he had been transported in one night from Cairo, on the back of a genius.

"You must take care," replied the merchant Ali, "that none but myself learn the manner of your arrival, or the inhabitants of this city will report you to be a sorcerer, and an accursed being, and will not permit you to establish yourself among them. You must pursue a different course. Take these thousand ducats, and to-morrow you shall mount the best mule in my stables, and proceed to the bazaar, where you will see me seated amongst our richest merchants. As soon

* The word *medresseh* signifies a college for public instruction. Some of the children of the institution are taught and fed gratuitously. There are public professors of many sciences; of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, mathematics, history, polite literature, &c. These professors are named *muderris*. They are divided into several classes, and rise by seniority. Besides the *medresseh*, there are public schools, called *mekteb*, where children of indigent families are taught to read. Cairo has so many public schools of different kinds that, according to Herbelot, there is a large book composed solely of their history and various regulations.

as you appear I will rise to meet you, kiss your hands, and conduct you to my seat with every token of respect. This conduct will procure you great consideration. I shall then propose that you be admitted amongst the number of our merchants. You will hire a shop; in a little time you will become as prosperous as myself, and will no longer remember the troubles of which your union with Fatima Al Ara has been the cause."

Marouf could scarcely find words to express his acknowledgements to his friend. The following morning he was mounted on a fine mule richly harnessed, with his purse of a thousand ducats hanging at his girdle; when he arrived at the bazaar, the part was played which had been agreed on by the two friends.

"This person then is a rich merchant?" demanded the khowadjahs of Ali.

"A rich merchant, do you ask?" replied he; "by the camel of the prophet, he is one of the first merchants in the world! He is connected with innumerable merchants in Egypt, in Yeu-en, in India, and even in China. His store of goods is boundless. As for myself, I am a mere pedler compared to him. You will see what sort of a man he is when you come to know him intimately."

After these assurances, the merchants conceived the highest idea of Marouf; whom they invited one after another to dine with them, being desirous of learning the current prices of goods in various countries.

"You have, without doubt, plenty of bales of red silk?" asked they of Marouf.

"Quantities?" he replied.

"Of yellow?"

"Quantities." To other similar questions he made the same reply.

Whilst they were thus discoursing, a beggar entered the hall where they sat at meat; and going the round of the table, asked every guest for alms. Some gave him a piece of money, some half a piece, and many gave nothing. At last the beggar approached Marouf, who put his hand in the purse that hung at his girdle, and presented the suppliant with a handful of gold.

"Marouf must be a man of prodigious wealth," said the merchants one to another, "if this is his customary mode of bestowing alms."

The other beggars in the city being informed of the strange merchant's liber-

ality, thronged round him whenever he appeared in public, and craved his charity; on each he bestowed a handful of money, till in short time he had none left. The contents of his purse being exhausted, he turned to one of the principal merchants, and observed with a smile—"If I had known that you had so many poor in the city, I would have come better provided, and instead of a purse would have brought a whole sack of ducats; for it is my custom to relieve the distressed in every place which I happen to visit: but I must now wait the arrival of the rich caravan which I expect. Meantime, I must put them off, with the usual benediction, 'May Alla aid you!' which I hear muttered on all sides, when to give alms is inconvenient."

"It were a pity your charitable intentions should be balked," said the merchant with whom he conversed: "here is a purse of a thousand ducats, which I will lend you till your caravan arrives."

Marouf without scruple took the money, and distributed it at the door of a mosque where he and his companion had been performing their devotions. All the merchants admired the liberality of Marouf; who in this manner borrowed and distributed above ten thousand pieces of gold. During this time he continued to speak of the richness of his expected caravan, and of his prodigious possessions in stuffs, in gold, and in precious stones.

Day after day elapsed, and no caravan made its appearance. The merchants became uneasy and suspicious; they wanted their capital, and were tormented with the dread of its loss. Having proceeded in a body to the house of the merchant Ali, who had so greatly vaunted the riches of the stranger, they demanded of him for what reason he had spoken so highly of his friend. Ali put them off for a time; and sending for Marouf, reproached him with his folly in thus dissipating the loan which he had obtained, and in misusing the credit which Ali had procured him for the purpose of establishing him at once in trade. To these remonstrances Marouf jestingly replied, that all would be right on the arrival of his caravan.

Shortly afterwards the merchants summoned Ali before the divan of the sultan, in order to obtain an account of the money lent on his representation of

Marouf's great wealth. The sultan, however, was extremely avaricious; and such men are very liable to be deceived by a tale of immense riches. When he had heard of Marouf's unprecedented profusion, and of the expected caravan, he at once made up his mind that the tale was true. Having called his vizier aside —

"Why," said he, "should we not make some profit of this man and of his immense wealth? I do not distrust him like these greedy usurious merchants; I will show him some trust and civility before the arrival of his caravan, that I may afterwards profit by it exclusively."

"Your highness," replied the vizier, "there is seldom much profit to be gained by dealing with such adventurers."

"But," said the sultan, "I maintain that this man is not an adventurer, and I will on the instant put the matter to the proof."

He then put a thousand questions to Marouf respecting his debts and his riches. To each interrogatory, Marouf replied in his usual manner, by vaunting the wealth contained in his expected caravan.

To the account which he was so willing to believe, the sultan listened with much satisfaction; and terminated the interview by displaying before Marouf a pearl of great size, for which he declared that he had just given a thousand ducats. Marouf took it, examined it on all sides, held it against the light, and at last crushed it beneath his foot.

"What hast thou done?" cried the sultan: "thou hast broken a pearl that cost a thousand ducats."

"A thousand ducats!" replied Marouf: "it was but a piece of round glass! Believe me, I am a judge of these things: I have sacks full of real pearls larger than that in my caravan."

This discourse thoroughly awakened the cupidity of the sultan. "Vizier," said he, when he had retired from the divan, "this Marouf would make an excellent match for my daughter."

"May Allah preserve your majesty and the princess your daughter from such a deceitful rogue!" answered the vizier.

"Thou art a traitor!" exclaimed the sultan, in a passion, "and speakest thus spitefully of my chosen son-in-law, because I lately refused thee the hand of the princess! Cease to load this worthy man with thy calumnies; and learn, wretch, that he has a whole caravan full

of real pearls as large as the false one which I displayed before him for the purpose of trying his skill in precious stones. Think of a necklace for my daughter — a necklace wholly composed of pearls of that size! But thou art an envious traitor, in whom I will no longer confide."

In this manner the poor vizier was effectually silenced; nay, more, was himself obliged to announce to Marouf the sultan's intended alliance. Marouf received the news with great coolness, and without testifying the least surprise, merely observed, that the nuptials could not take place till after the arrival of his caravan, as the wedding of a princess to a man of his wealth would occasion great expenses: that, on his wedding-night, he must distribute a thousand purses to the poor, a thousand purses in presents to the princess's household, in addition to a thousand purses for festive expenses, pearls, and jewels for the bride. "All this," continued Marouf, "will be nothing to me when once my caravan arrives." And so incessantly and confidently did he talk of his caravan, that at last he began himself to believe that he really had one coming.

The vizier returned to the sultan, and again protested that no trust should be placed in such an adventurer as Marouf. At this his master was so much enraged, that he swore by the prophet, and by the stone at Mecca, that unless he held his tongue on that subject, his head would soon be divorced from his shoulders.

On the same day, the sultan sent for Marouf, and insisted on his immediate marriage with his daughter; declaring that, until the arrival of his caravan, the royal treasury should be at his disposal. The chief imam was instantly summoned, and the contract completed; the whole city was illuminated, and feastings and rejoicings were seen on every side.

Marouf himself was seated on a superb throne; and as he was a handsome man, and of good stature, his new dignity became him extremely well. A crowd of singers, musicians, rope-dancers and tumblers, presented themselves before him; and on all of them Marouf lavished gold by handfuls — the treasurer had not a moment's repose: at each instant a demand was made for new purses, and the vizier was ready to die with wrath.

The diversions and rejoicings lasted forty days; at the end of that time, no news having arrived of the expected ca-

ravan, the treasurer found it impossible longer to answer the calls of Marouf's extravagance; and taking an opportunity of finding the sultan and the vizier alone together, he announced to them the intelligence that the royal treasury was utterly exhausted.

"Of a truth," observed the sultan, with a look of great perplexity, "this rich caravan tarries sadly on the road."

The vizier smiled. "You may wait till the day of judgment," said he, "yet shall you not behold it."

"But," said the sultan, "what course are we to take, vizier, in order to discover the truth?"

"The princess alone can aid us in this dilemma," replied the vizier: "your majesty would do well to command her to draw this secret from her husband by means of her caresses."

"Thy counsel is prudent," said the sultan: "and if this stranger is an impostor, I swear he shall pay dearly for his villanies."

The sultan having summoned his daughter to converse with her, the princess appeared before him; but as the vizier was in the hall, she seated herself behind a curtain. The vizier informed the princess of the suspicions excited by the conduct of her husband.

"Most assuredly," said the princess, "we see nothing of this grand caravan; and yet his whole discourse is of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and countless riches."

"Well, my daughter," replied the sultan, "I charge thee to use all the arts of thy sex to wring thy husband's secret from his breast, and to learn whence he comes; for I fear that we have been deceived by a wretched impostor: in that case, a lingering and a cruel death shall be his doom."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, my father," said the princess, as she retired.

When Marouf entered his harem that evening, never had the princess looked so beautiful: she had bestowed more than usual care on her toilette. Never had she been so tender or caressing. Her words and her voice were sweeter than honey; and her poor husband's brain was almost turned with delirium.

"Light of my eyes!" said she; "delight of my heart! — life of my soul! — for thee would I sacrifice my existence, whatever be thy fortune, I am ready to partake it! But thou must conceal nothing from me. Wherefore tarries thy caravan so long on its way? If thou wilt confide in me — perhaps there is some embarrassment, from which I may relieve thee."

"Must I confess to thee the whole truth, my princess?" asked Marouf.

"Yes," said she; "and without fear."

"Well, then," returned Marouf, "know, that I am neither a merchant nor the possessor of a caravan:" and he proceeded to relate his whole history.

"You are the master of many wiles," observed the princess, smiling: "and I see that the vizier had sufficient ground for his suspicion. A princess like me might well be ashamed of her union with a low-born adventurer; nevertheless, I cannot find it in my heart to deliver you up to the rage of my father and his vizier, who have sworn your death. Were the truth once known, and were you no more, I should be forced into a hateful marriage with the vizier: you must therefore, flee to some distant country, and, when my father dies, I will send for you again."

"I put myself under your protection, my sultana," replied Marouf, "and will, in all things, obey you."

The princess gave him a purse of gold and the habit of a mamluke. Before dawn, he disguised himself, and left the city undiscovered.

(*To be continued.*)

STANZAS TO MR. CROSS,

(*The well-known Proprietor of Exeter Change,*)

ON HIS ACCESSION TO THE OFFICE OF DIRECTOR OF THE SURREY
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Nature formed but *one* such man! — *Byron.*

So, Mr. Cross!

You seem inclin'd to migrate like the swallow,

And, rapture-led, your old profession follow,

With heart unbroken by the loss

Of your proud elephant,
 Whose far-extended trunk
 Look'd quite magnificent,
 And whose companions into ciphers sunk
 As the long-winded yell
 Upon their ears in startling thunder fell!
 'Twas then I caught
 The spirit of Lord Byron's strain,
 And silently I thought,
 "When shall such hero live again?"

Great Potentate
 You should have been Recorder in Noah's Ark,
 Or Keeper of the *Seals* in Regent's Park;
 But seals of state
 You leave to Brougham's care;
 And in the fairy dell
 Of rural Camberwell,
 A "chartered libertine," you breathe fresh air,
 And listen to the birds
 That welcome you with songs more sweet than words,
 Until you deem
 The spell-enchanted vision
 A portion of some dream
 Restored from Ovid's paradise Elysian.

Sublime Zoologist!
 Perhaps you intend to please the minds of some
 With sweeter scenes than the Colosseum,
 And in your corps enlist
 Birds of the bright and sunny plume,
 And star-eyed like the sky,
 To hymn your praise where roses bloom,
 And summer breezes sigh.
 In your Boeotian shades
 The monkey may recite his pasquinades,
 And gratify the *blues*
 Like you, (sagacious elf)
 Who've quitted the King's *Mews*,
 Determined to become a *Muse* yourself.

Your Album's stored,
 I should presume, with subjects of Zoology
 As rich and rare as Wilson's Ornithology,
 And you are really Lord
 Of dromedaries, eagles, zebras, bears,
 And various other beauties of their kind,
 Exhibiting, in single ones and pairs,
 The "*utile cum dulci*" well combined;
 And, like old George the Third,
 Or Cosmo Medici, who nobly stirred
 In favour of his native land,
 They might from tower and steeple
 In panoramic order stand,
 Proclaiming you the "Father of your People!"

I fondly hope
 Your efforts are not born to "blush unseen,"
 As Michael Sadler's, Hunt's, and mine have been:
 A glorious scope

Is left you in the green retreats
 Of sylvan Camberwell,
 Where you may teach baboons the use of scats,
 And daws and parrots how to spell.
 The public will reward you for your loss,
 And your election end with Charing * Cross;
 And may you feel the charms
 That gild with light the intellectual morn,
 Placed like the Royal Arms
 Between the Lion and the Unicorn!

CHARLES FUDGE, jun.

THE ENTOMBED ALIVE.

As a fair lily, 'neath the hot sun's ray,
 Bent o'er its stem and fading fast away,—
 So frail—so fair she stood. Her bright blue eye,
 Holding communion with its kindred sky,
 Was upwards fixed;—from their sable hood,
 Her auburn tresses flowed, a golden flood,—
 And o'er her sackcloth vesture loved to rove,
 And 'mid her beads their spiral twinings wove.
 A golden agnus ever and anon
 She kissed; and then her dark eye glanced upon
 The chapel altar, where her Saviour mild
 On his dark murderers serenely smiled,
 And seemed—so true the pictur'd lines—still torn
 By scourge, and spear, and nail, and crown of thorn.
 The sun beamed through each oriel window still;—
 Still flowed the murmurs of a mountain rill,
 Trilling near that dark abbey,—whilst a breeze
 Woo'd as of old the mournful cypress trees;—
 All—all—the same as on that solemn hour
 When first she fled the world's ensnaring power,
 And took the sacred veil, and swore to be
 The bride of heaven to all eternity,—
 Herself alone now changed!
 Through the arch'd chapel's aisle, in twilight dim,
 Roll the deep echoes of a funeral hymn;
 The sound of her sweet voice sublimely floats,
 Now high, now low, as peal the organ notes;
 It ceases, and the weeping sisters stand
 To kiss for the last time that chilly hand.
 Mask'd ruffians bear her thence, and men unknown
 Form her dark grave within the dungeon-stone,
 Narrow and damp. They place her then within
 The hollowed wall, and their dread work begin;
 E'en the stern abbess sullen silence kept,
 Lest *one* should see the unbidden tears she wept.
 As stone on stone was heaped, so less and less
 Trembled her murmurings of deep distress,
 The workmen fixed the last block mournfully,
 And the world closed for ever on her eye!

London.

DIDYMUS SECUNDUS.

* Query, Charing Cross. — *Printer's Devil.*

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

THE ANNUALS.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1832. Smith and Elder. Price 12s.

"FRIENDSHIP'S Offering" is, as usual, early in the field. This Annual has always possessed great claims to attention, and certainly will not, in its ninth year, be lowered in public estimation. The purchaser and collector of portraits will be pleased with the frontispiece, which is valuable, when we consider that it is from the last finished work of Sir Thomas Lawrence; but, in point of beauty, the lady adds nothing to the attraction of the book. From her look of unpretending good sense, we are inclined to suppose that the accidental circumstance of her having been the last sitter to Sir Thomas, rather than any wish of her own, has caused her to exhibit her person as the *prima donna* of an annual. The engraver has assiduously copied the great painter's defective mannerisms in preference to his more graceful ones. We find the same careless drawing of the back-ground and extremities, but we look in vain for the depth and power of the eyes and brow, and the sparkling expression of countenance peculiar to the portraits of Sir Thomas. The right hand is vilely drawn, and worse engraved; it appears swollen and deformed, and the handkerchief looks like a cushion. The back drapery is unfinished. Publishers ought to have their plates honestly reviewed before they are turned out of the hands of crack engravers. The next plate is engraved by E. Finden from a fanciful design of Richter's. The slightest deviation from taste would have ruined this picture; a touch too little would have left it ineffective; a touch too much would have rendered it ridiculous: but the happy medium has been attained, and the hovering Fairy and her reflection manifest themselves to the eye at the first glance, with great truth and beauty. The surrounding scenery and water is pleasingly touched, though not elaborately finished. "The Poet's Dream," by Westall, is poor and flat, both in design and engraving. The faces are plain, and, what is worse, artificial; and the monstrous paw on the lady's shoulder is not human. The national benefit that has accrued to British art from the exhibition of the Claudes at Pall Mall, was

never more apparent than in the next beautiful plate, called the "Embarkation," designed by Whichelo, and exquisitely engraved by R. Brandard. From the water beneath to the sky above the critic's eye in vain endeavours to descry a fault; and the eye of the most inexperienced must delight to lose itself down that far, shadowy, glorious distance which melts away in the sunshine. It is an imitation of Claude's "St. Ursula," but such imitations are virtues in the artist. "The Orphan," by Holmes, is very pretty. The girl's face has the *naïve* expression of childish innocence which Holmes can so well depict. The right side of the nose and the corner of the mouth are somewhat coarsely done by the engraver, who has only finished this figure and her accompaniments; the other face, the tree, and cottage being left in a slovenly state: the distance is too near. There is something very elegant in the idea, design, and execution of the plate called "Expectation." The figure of the lady has all the ease and beauty so often found in Wood's portraits, and her face is much handsomer than his faces generally are. It is well engraved by Finden, and finished with his accustomed care and honesty. "The Greek Mother" is an interesting and animated subject, by Corbould, prettily engraved by H. Rolls. The girl's face is too small, and the expression peevish. "The Dismal Story," from a design of Stothard's, is very poor, and the bead-like eyes and open mouths of the group attempt the expression of astonishment and interest; but lifeless caricature is alone effected. The painters of Stothard's day, instead of studying from nature, were so much accustomed to *compose* faces, that we cannot wonder at the want of reality often apparent in their labours. There is no particular fault to be found with the "Palace," but it has a made-up, artificial look, and reminds us of a drop scene in a theatre. This will be a charm in the precincts of Cockneyshire. "Myrrha and Myrto" is the title of the succeeding plate. Should Myrto rise from her seat, she would be found of most gigantic stature. An appearance of softness, very pleasing to the eye, is effected in this plate, as the faces, limbs,

and sky are stippled, whilst the drapery and trees are worked in good and bold line engraving. The faces display Wood's peculiar mannerisms. The heavy eyelids and long upper lips, slightly drooping at the corner, give a grievousness of features inconsistent with true beauty. The similarity of attitude observable in the two pair of feet is monotonous. "The Prediction" is not a first-rate plate. Mr. C. Rolls has left his work too soon. The face of the conjuror, and the whole of the lower part of the print, are in a scratchy, half finished state; the features of the lover little better; indeed, the whole of his figure resembles that of a stuffed doll. The female is pleasing, and her attitude expressive.

The prose in this volume is of a far superior quality to the poetry, with the exception of a fanciful and elegant poem of some length by the Editor, called "A Dream of Fairy Land." The book commences with a feeble prettiness, in verse, by T. Haynes Bayley, on the subject of "Friendship's Offering;" a set task in all probability, and executed with disrelish. "The Incendiary," by Miss Mitford, is a tale of the day, composed with much good feeling and ability. Her portraiture, however, wants the mellowing of time and distance; she has called too many real and living persons to witness a fictitious narrative. "The Substitute," though interesting, leaves an unpleasant feeling on the mind. Mr. Banim's popularity ought not to excuse even the occasional use of uncouth expressions, such as "her mouth—beautiful mouth! narrow, pulpy, richly coloured, out-breathing," and "she saw his stalwart, though comely daughter." "The Poet's Dream," by Mr. Bulwer, contains some good lines. "Queen Anne's Sixpence" presents us with a succession of historical portraits, from the Earl of Peterborough to the Duke of Wellington, full of life, spirit, and reality, and brilliant in wit and imagination. How it found its way into an Annual we are at a loss to imagine, unless its introduction may be explained by the circumstance, that it opens with three or four drossy pages, which nearly prevented our perusal of its valuable finale. It forms one of our extracts, but we shall take the liberty of inserting only the interesting portion. "The Death of King Hacho," which is an attempt to imitate Motherwell's style and subject, is not successful. "On Green Grass" is one

of the Rev. Charles Taylor's excellent essays, full of Waltonian touches. He is one of those invaluable authors who impart loveliness to goodness. "Evening Leaves," by Barry Cornwall, is a knot of very charming little poesies. The two first stanzas of the Danube are fine; the last is out of tune, time, and sense. "The Orphan," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, is a pretty village tale, containing many traits of nature, good sense, and close observation, although the conclusion is a little incongruous with these qualities: the demeanour of Jessie is by no means that of an innocent person. One poem, by William Kennedy, and a good one, finishes with some touches of Crabbe's style, which we are always delighted to recognise. The beautiful plate of "Expectation" is charmingly illustrated by a lady, whose name we do not recollect to have seen before in an Annual: we must extract her poem, for it is full of nature. "Red Eachan the Hunter" will find admirers in those who like Highland stories. To tell the truth, they are so common in Annuals, and bear such a strong family likeness to each other, that our tartan fever is almost lowered to aguish coldness. "The Greek Mother," by H. Bell, is full of fire and pathos: he is a true poet, for he *makes* us read what he writes. "The Sexagenarian's Story" reminds us of some of the tales related of the late Queen Caroline. In "Vasour Pleasance" we find Miss Laurence's rich Rembrandt illustrations of old costume and manners. Allan's "Lyre" is sadly out of tune: his "Poet's Love" has the carelessness of indolence, not of ease. "The Woes of Praise," an amusing prose sketch, is somewhat in caricature. "The Church-yard Watch" is strong and very original; one of the best we have ever seen of Banim's annual contributions. "The Golden Basket-bearer" is an elaborate and gorgeous story of mythological worship, by A. St. John. "There is no trace of thee," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, will be transcribed into many a fair lady's album. "A Traveller's Tale," by Leitch Ritchie, is an amusing mystification, but not in his best style. We have forgotten two prose sketches, which by no means deserve to be passed over: the first is a good tale by Mr. Inglis, called "The Temptation of the Capuchin." The author ought to have timed his story in the dim distance of past ages: the period not being sufficiently remote, effect is destroyed. "The First Set-

tlers on the Ohio," by Galt, is a narrative of interest, without any decided beginning or end.

The binding of "Friendship's Offering" has been often praised: we need only say that in its outward appearance the present volume is at least as handsome and durable as its predecessors.

THE QUEEN ANNE'S SIXPENCE.

After a confinement of some thousands of years in the dungeons of a South American mine, you may conceive with what delight I felt myself brought up to the light of day. With the first beam, I felt that my new existence was begun. I was to be buried in the depths of nature no more; I was thenceforth to live among mankind, to enjoy their wisdom, to laugh at their absurdities, to share their adventures, and to take the first place in the hearts of three fourths of human kind, be they the great, the brave, or the fair. Yet who are without their mortifications? And mine was, to see myself destined to inhabit one of the smallest portions of my native ore, while my brother spirits were allotted masses of much more improving dimensions. A vast number of my kindred had their ambition indulged in florins, half-crowns, and dollars. Even the shilling looked down upon me with somewhat of the condescending contempt with which a new-made aide-de-camp surveys the subalterns whom he has left behind, or a lord mayor listens to the opinions of a sheriff: yet the insolence was folly on their part, and the mortification, inexperience on mine. I soon learned, that to the man who loves money, sixpence as I was, I could be invaluable.

Here the MS. had a long interval, so exactly resembling a page of crow-quill sentiment in a lady's album, that it defied my skill. It again went on abruptly.

* * * * *

"But, my lord, the whole allied army could not take Barcelona except by famine," said a grave-looking quarter-master-general in the Spanish uniform.

"Then it is out of the question, Don Bastimento, with my force," was the reply; "for my nine thousand British are much more likely to famish than the garrison, unless I can find the undiscoverable secret of making a British grenadier live upon onions and water."

"To besiege it in form would require an army of fifty thousand men," said the Don; "and, for the mere battering in breach, a train of thirty six pounders, which we neither have, nor if we had, could find horses to draw, nor, if we by a miracle found the horses, have we, from this to Cadiz, as much

ammunition as would drive the sparrows from their nests in the ramparts."

"That disposes of the question of a siege in form," said his auditor, who, during the Spaniard's catalogue of evils, was busily running his eye over a large map. "Any thing else to suggest, Don Bastimento," he enquired, while he suddenly turned the paper, still holding his finger on the point which his eye had just reached. "And, pray, Don, what is generally done in your service on these occasions?"

"Why, my lord, the routine is this, we write a despatch to the court, stating that all is in the best possible condition, the army burning to come to blows, and the place sure to surrender. This, you see, puts the court into good humour, a first rate point, where the next courier may bring an order for stripping off a general's epaulettes as a reward for bad news. We then hold a council of war, discover that a fever has got into the camp, or that there is too much sun or too little, or that the enemy will surrender the sooner from not being provoked by fighting; and then, having sent off the report of the council, which is always for running away, we follow it with the whole army as fast as we can."

"A capital idea, but we must try something else," said his English hearer, with a smile that almost gave beauty to a countenance withered until it exhibited the colour of a Spaniard or a monkey. He was a little personage, with a deformed figure. But that smile had a radiant intelligence that showed me the hero and the man of genius. He took a pen and drew a few hasty lines on paper. Then feeling for his seals, "Ha!" he exclaimed, "I had forgot, they are gone — melted down into the Staff supper. Bravo Archduke! England must pay as well as fight for every body." He sealed the paper with me, the solitary tenant of his pocket. "Take this paper to the archduke," said he; "tell him that I sealed it with my last sixpence, and that by this time tomorrow, Peterborough will either be proclaiming him king of Spain in his good city of Barcelona, or be unsealed and ungeneralised in its ditch."

The Don took his leave, muttering something about madmen, heretics, and satan; and proceeded on his route up the Catalanian hills. — Before he was out of sight of Barcelona, our whole nine thousand English, with the little earl at their head, were scaling the entrenchments of Montjivich. The batteries of Barcelona were firing all round the horizon at an invisible enemy. But the garrison of Montjivich felt that they had to deal with flesh and blood. The British bayonet tore through their ranks; and by day-light, the earl was breakfasting in the governor's

house; the British flag was flying on the ramparts; and an officer and trumpet were on their way from the city to treat for the capitulation of the French garrison. Then was the time of largess; but then was the time of my recovered empire. The natural feelings triumph in prosperity. The earl loved a sixpence, and under the pretext of my being a memorial of his last, heroic letter, put me out of harm's way into his escrutoire.

[Here the MS. was obliterated.]

* * * * *

"Send Colonel Kingsley here, his regiment must head the column of attack; and tell Cadogan that he must look to those sourkrout-souled Germans on the right of his brigade. Let them be fed until they cannot stir, or they will run away." The speaker, in whose hand I was, and who had continued looking on me with remarkable fondness, was one of the handomest men whom I had ever seen — tall, and of a presence that finely combined the soldier, the man of courts, and the nobleman. He was sitting in one of the large rooms of a huge old German mansion; and, though the place was as gloomy as a vault, he was writing a despatch by the light of a small lamp. The aide-de-camp to whom he gave the despatch, had no sooner made his bow, than the noble person blew out the lamp. I felt at the moment a tender pressure of his hand, which fully explained to my self-love his motive for sitting in the dark.

A bustle in the outer rooms announced an arrival; and a couple of attendants came in bearing candles, and preceeding a short, dark-featured, but singularly brilliant-eyed personage, who advanced with a dancing step, and a smile. He was warmly welcomed. "Well, my prince, what news to-night?" was the question of my master. "The best in the world, my dear duke. The French are determined to fight at last, for which a thousand thanks to Monsieur Tallard. The Bavarians promise to wait for us, for which as many thanks to our very gallant and foolish cousin the elector; and I come, in the name of the marshal and the elector, to bespeak lodgings and supper for them both in your quarters, generalissimo, to-morrow night. We shall beat them of course. But, what on earth, my dear duke of Marlborough, are you doing?"

The duke had been occupied during the address with putting out three of the four wax candles which had been left burning, and as he extinguished each, I felt the friendly pressure of his fingers. "Nothing, my dear Eugene," was the answer; "but we English find it necessary to avoid expense; and you know we can talk just as well with one candle as with fifty."

"*Ma foi*," said the laughing prince, with a flash of half wit, half wonder, from his sparkling eyes; "no one can approach your grace without learning something. But can we not as well talk without any? Suffer me too to be a philosopher!" He started on his feet, and blew out the remaining candle.

I heard no more, for my master's fears for me having been thus completely quieted, he let me fall from his fingers into the recesses of a rich purse, embroidered for him by queen Anne herself; and I was for once forgotten, in the long conference of two heroes for the overthrow of the most powerful army of France in one of the most glorious of English battles.

The next day was a continued explosion of mortars, musketry and field-pieces, shouts of charging columns of infantry and cavalry, and shrieks of the flying and the wounded. My master was in the midst of this terrible scene of human absurdity, and was not far from dying the death of a hero by the pistol of a runaway French sutler. His horse received the shot, and plunged headlong with him into the rivulet under the walls of Blenheim, and in front of the fire of six battalions of the household of France. At length a bold fellow rushed forward through the fire, dragged the generalissimo out of the stream, placed him on a fresh horse, and gave him again to victory and England. I felt myself caught at the moment with a tremulous hand; the purse was slowly brought up to light; the duke looked at me with an eye of double fondness; the dragoon was still standing beside him, evidently waiting for the purse. But I was destined to pay the whole debt of gratitude. My master dropped the purse back into his pocket, and me with a parting twinge into the astonished dragoon's hand.

[Here the MS. fails.]

* * * * *

Being unable to find sufficient space for the whole of this piquant sketch, we proceed to quote some passages referring to modern characters and occurrences.

* * * * *

"Popular clamour is crushing me. I must give way: I must resign. Say no more, sir Herbert, my mind is made up upon the point. I cannot accept the pay of my rank, nor the income of office from a nation who are now hunting me down like a pack of bloodhounds. There is my letter of resignation." His hearer was a stately and sensible-looking personage, a little beyond the middle of life, and with the air of one whose habits were formed in the presence of royalty. While he read the paper, which he did with the respect due to its illustrious writer, I had leisure to look upon my master's

countenance. He had an extremely handsome and noble aspect, a little faded by the dissipations to which his rank exposed him; but his heart was uninjured. It was the very seat of human kindness. In one of the highest stations of public life, with innumerable claimants on his purse and his patronage, no man ever left him but with a higher sense of his generous and gentle nature. The claimant might be disappointed, but he could not be dissatisfied. And in a few years of unobtrusive and quiet regulation, this individual, by the infusion of his own spirit through all his subordinates, raised the British army from a disorganised and unpopular service to the highest state of discipline and public favour; abolished extortion, oppression and injustice in its ranks; and when the hour for its activity was come, sent it forth, the admiration of Europe, to be the liberator of Europe and mankind.

I loved this master more than all my former ones; but unfortunately he was the only one with whom I never could remain.

[Here a slight break in the MS.]

"Hoot awa, man, never tell me; the loons complain, do they, of my cutt'g down the feathers in their caps, and giving them worsted lace? The extravagant dogs, they will thank me for it yet."

"Yet, Sir David, we may lop down even feathers too much; and, after all, the whole will be but a sixpenny saving," said the adjutant-general, whose solid figure seemed a striking contrast to the tall and meagre anatomy before him.

"A saxpenny saving!" exclaimed the anatomy. "Do I hear what ye say aright; or am I altogether deaf or demented? A saxpenny saving, Sir Harry? Why, man, what saving in the wide world is there if it be not a saxpenny saving? Do ye think the wealth of England grew by pounds sterling? No, sir, it was not even by pounds Scots, it was by farthings, sir, let alone saxpences, sir; and let me tell you, sir Harry, that the adjutant-general who does not honour the saxpence as the ancestor and progenitor, the father and grandfather, the 'atavus, abavus, et proavus,' as they say in the High School, of all coins and denominations thereof, is not likely to be long adjutant-general of his Majesty's forces, under existing circumstances."

The hint was expressive. But the officer to whom it was applied was a stubborn Englishman; and neither the principle nor the practice was recommended by coming from the crabbed disciplinarian who now lectured him.

"All this," was the answer, "may be true,

true, sir, in a merchant's office, however it may be unfitted for the Horse Guards. But the system of lopping and docking is becoming unpopular already. You have already stripped the lace off the line, and given them a beggarly substitute for epaulettes, that leaves no distinction between the captain and the corporal. The fusileers are scribbling verses upon you; the guards shrink from promenading Bond Street; and the lancers swear that they will shave and desert. And this I call a pitiful reform: a saving worthier of some withered old chairman of some eternal finance committee, some garrulous, querulous, dry, old slave of detail, than of the enlightened economy of a British government."

The old general had alternately lifted up and let down his spectacles on his forehead in utter astonishment as he perused the visage of his portly adviser. At length, as an unanswerable refutation of those prodigal maxims, he took me from his purse, and gazing on me with 'a love surpassing the love of woman,' "Look at this coin, sir; it is the vera identical one which I brought with me from my native place; which was my sole and single travelling companion, and which, with my own good will, shall remain with me till my dying day."

His hearer, in return, drew a paper from his pocket. "Sir David," said he gravely, "I have come to announce a piece of news which may give it additional value. You have a successor within this half hour, and here is the order for abolishing your appointment and your reform together." He laid the paper before the thin tactician. It was "a nineteenth manœuvre," and not in his list. The news was electrifying. His nerves for once relaxed their pressure on me. I was rejoiced at the prospect of escape from my dungeon of twenty years. I sprang from his hand, took refuge in a chink of the floor, and was happily lost to him and his heirs for ever. All his efforts to recover me were in vain: my loss was felt at once as a moral reproach, and a physical calamity. It was the first sixpence that he had ever let slip through his fingers.

(A hiatus.)

In the apartment which I had so often inhabited, — as I entered in the pocket of the chief clerk, a personage whose spine had contracted by the habit of bowing, a convexity that would have defied all the skill of man or machinery to set straight, whose mouth was distorted into eternal obsequiousness, and whose soul was conscious of but two ideas, the receipt of his salary, and the fitness of worshipping every head of office, — I saw a man of middle size, but of a strong and

compact form, sitting at a table covered over with crowded letters, red boxes, and papers for signature. His countenance mingled an extraordinary degree of harshness and intelligence; his profile was finely Roman, and I thought of my oldest acquaintance, a Julius Cæsar medal; yet his front face was expressive of nothing but absolute vagueness and want of thought. But this was only in idler times; for when any subject arose which strongly attracted his attention, his whole physiognomy seemed changed; his languid grey eye was charged with fire, the lassitude of his features was changed for a quick, eager, and universal nervousness; his whole visage became vividly, almost fiercely, intellectual. "Well, sir, what in the name of all folly are you bowing and muttering about now?" was his address to the startled clerk. "Give me those papers at once; for I foresee that I shall never be able to extract a meaning out of such an automaton. Eh! What do I see here? Seven millions and three-quarters for the army ordinaries and extraordinaries: a handsome sum, certainly, for a hundred thousand men, whom a sea-girt country like this wants no more than a hundred thousand lawyers, opera-dancers, or Russian princes. However, that is no business of mine. But what is here, sir, your total is wrong?"

The trembling subordinate ran his finger down the rank and file of half-pay, full-pay, ordnance, hospital, &c., and still there was no mistake.

"Look to my pay and allowances, sir," was thundered on him. The clerk acknowledged that *there* had been an omission of sixpence.

"Then let it be added instantly," exclaimed the hero, rising from the table, and stretching forth his hand for the penalty; "and to put the mistake out of the possibility of recurring; to fix the matter indelibly on your mind, Mr. whatever your name may be, pay it down on this table instantly." The functionary dared not refuse; but, with a pang through his entire frame, he drew me from his pocket, and sighing, laid me on the table. The sixpence was instantly deposited in the pocket of his rebuker. "What, sir, when the country allows but ten thousand a year for the penalty of sitting in this room an hour a day, is an officer to be defrauded? Sir, you may think little of sixpence; but this only shows that you know nothing of the matter." He took me in his hand, and gazing on my fine impression, no work of the degenerate modern mint, on my pure metal, and on the polish which I had acquired by my intercourse with the purses of the nobility: "There are three periods in an Irishman's life," said he, in one of those im-

mortal soliloquies, which let us more into the minds of the mighty than all the king's speeches that ever were made; "when a sixpence is the supreme object of his soul: the first period is, when he launches into the world without one; the second, when he lives from day to day without one; and the third, dearest of all, when ——" Here a messenger entered, to announce a personage of the highest rank, who came to offer the hero a diplomatic mission of the most pressing importance, to a great northern court. The interests of the European states were rapidly discussed, and my merits received an illustrative honour, at which, if so low a thought as ambition could touch a spirit, I should have felt elated. "There," said the hero, at the close of the conference, laying me on the table; "there is my estimate of the whole set. For Don Pedro's chance of sitting another year on the throne of Brazil I would not give that sixpence. Don Miguel's chance of sitting another year on the throne of Portugal is not worth that sixpence. The emperor Nicholas would make a capital bargain if I were to give him that sixpence for his chance of ever being crowned in Warsaw. Louis Philippe may thank me for that sixpence yet; and as for Prince Leopold, that sixpence would be heavy odds against his sixty thousand a year, that he is not glad to find himself picking currants at Claremont next June. Why, I would stake that sixpence against three fourths of the crowns of Christendom!"

I here must confess a weakness almost mortal: idly vain of being set above so many of the prouder combinations of human things, I glittered with a sudden brilliancy which caught the eyes of both parties at the same moment, and stopped the further state disclosures of my renowned master. He begged my acceptance by the superior personage; and, as he gave me up, sighed internally, "What human friendship is worth sixpence after all!"

EXPECTATION.

When at the midnight hour I speak
Thy welcome home with playful smile,
If bloom be brightening o'er thy cheek,
And gladness light mine eyes the while;
Thou'rt pleased, nor dost thou seek to know
If festive hours with others spent
Have kindled on my cheek the glow,
And lustre to mine eyes have lent.
But when my vigil lone I keep,
And through the hours that linger dream,
While reigns around me tranquil sleep,
Intensely watch thy steps to hear;

Till wayward doubt and wildering fear
A veil of gloom have o'er me wove,
Then dost thou chide the falling tear,
And say that sadness is not love.

Yet others may have lit the bloom,
And waked the smile thou'rt pleased to see;
But *thou* alone canst spread the gloom,
And falls each anxious tear for thee.

Unkind! thy steps no more delay,
But quiet to my breast restore:
Think if I love thee much when gay,
When I am sad I love thee more.

Anna Maria Wood.

THE GREEK MOTHER.

"Nay, shrink not, girl! look out! look out!
It is thy father's sword!
And well know they — that Moslem rout —
The temper of its lord!
He fights for all he loves on earth,
And Heaven his shield will be!
He fights for home and household hearth,
For Greece and liberty!

"See! see! whoever sweeps his hand,
Down falls a bleeding foe;
What Turkish spoiler shall withstand
A husband's, father's blow?
He marks us not, yet well he knows
How breathlessly we wait
The fearful combat's doubtful close,
And deep love nerves his hate.

"I'd rather be thy father, child,
In sight of God this hour,
Than holiest hermit, self-exiled
From earthly pomp and power.
The gleam of patriot sword will rise
As fast as prayer to Heaven;
And he who for his own land dies,
O! never dies unshriven!"

"God help us, if our father falls,"
Irene whispered low;

"Ruin will light upon our walls,
And o'er them grass will grow!
Weak as I am, I would not shrink
From what my fate may be —

But, mother! I grow mad to think
What will become of thee!

"Hark! nearer rolls the battle shout!
Our island band gives way!
I dare not any more look out —
Oh, mother! turn away!

It is not good for thee to gaze
With eyes so fixed and wild."

"I see him in that fiery maze —
I see my husband, child!"

Then out the young Alexis spoke,
A bright-eyed fearless boy, —

"I would this arm could deal one stroke,
That I in pride and joy

Might stand beside my father now,
And slay a Moslem foe;
Then see *him* turn, with smiling brow,
To thank me for the blow!"

"Hush, boy! he is hemmed in — beset!
Thy father fights alone: —
A moment — but a moment yet,
And then thou may'st have none!"
One moment stood those gazers fast
As statues in a dream —
One breathless moment — and the next
Broke forth a widow's scream!

"Dead! dead! I saw the gushing gore,
I saw him reel and fall!
And now they trample o'er and o'er
The mightiest of them all!
Dead! dead! and what are children now?
And who or what am I?
Let the red tide of slaughter flow,
We will wait here and die!"

THE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL. — The Tourist
in Italy. By *Thomas Roscoe*. Jen-
nings and Chaplin. Price 1*l.* 1*s.*

THIS volume, although designated by the publisher as an Annual, has nothing in common with these evanescent productions; but its great beauty of embellishment and binding, its sound and useful literature ought to render it a perennial. Mr. Roscoe leads us from one celebrated Italian scene to another, enriching our memories with all that is rare and interesting in the literature, history, and localities of that fairy land. A pure and elegant style, joined to great research, are the characteristics of this author, who, more than any other individual of a family of brilliant attainments, inherits the peculiar talents of his late father, the elegant biographer of Leo the Tenth and Lorenzo de Medici. The plan of the present Landscape Annual is thus explained by the author: —

Switzerland, and the northern districts of Italy, have already been delineated in the *Landscape Annuals* for 1830 and 1831.

The brighter region of the south is now before us; and the fourth volume for the year ensuing will complete the tour of Italy; embracing the most celebrated places situated on the eastern and western rivers of Genoa, with the no less interesting and magnificent scenery of the Val D'Aosta; thus closing the series of Italian landscape by the passage of the Great St. Bernard, so as to form one connected and uniform work.

The whole of the designs of the present

volume are from the pencil of Harding engraved by various hands; they are not confined to architectural views, but present us with delineations of the open face of nature, trees, water, and aerial distance; and if among these we find some failures more than we discover amidst representations of columns, arches, and palaces, let us remember how much easier it is to copy the artificial productions of the hand of man, than the free grandeur of nature. There is no accomplishment in which our modern fair so completely excel as in landscape pencil drawing; and we consider the present volume one that will present them with most charming subjects for copying. The frontispiece is a splendid view of Milan cathedral, towards the high altar: it is delicately finished by the graver of Higham. The vignette, Tivoli, is rather neat and clear than beautiful. "The Florentine Bridge Trinità," and "the Temple of Clitumnus," are the gems of the collection. The two plates of Baia are likewise very fine, though they scarcely exceed the pair illustrative of Naples, or the Puzzuoli Persano and Bridge of Vico. There are many others deserving high commendation; but we must turn to our ungracious task of fault-finding: many of the ridges of the distant hills are fringed with ugly little hard monotonous trees, as in the plate of Puzzuoli, and that of Nemi. As these are worked by different engravers, the fault is Mr. Harding's. Spoleto has some traces of this mannerism, and Gensano is not free from it. The perspective of Nepi is bad, and that of Pelago not much better. The trees on the right side of the Ghigi Palace are vilely drawn and badly engraved. The fine view of Naples from the sea is injured by the disproportionate size of the vessel under sail; the mast is indeed a skyscraper. Castell-a-marc is a bad plate; for though the fore ground and trees are touched with spirit and genius, the sea and black masses on the right side are in bad tone, and want work and finish: we are not quite certain that the fault lies wholly with the engraver. We cannot help quitting this book with a wish that in a future volume, the labours of Prout and Harding may be united. The binding of green leather is excellent.

There is hardly a spot in Florence that does not exhibit some vestiges of its former power and magnificence in these its golden

days: palaces and churches, with their domes, and splendidly decorated chapels; its noble sculptures and paintings, still breathing of the creative spirits that gave them birth, and recalling the extinguished race of genius and valour which raised her name high among the proudest capitals of Europe. Her history no less abounds in scenes of domestic interest, of thrilling passion, deep tragedy, and humorous incident and adventure. Of these it may not be unamusing to give a few remarkable instances, and more particularly of the latter, in which the older painters are more rich and racy than any other class of men.

In the dawn of art, about 1285, Cimabue, one of its earliest restorers, in going through the campagna from Florence to Vespignano, saw a shepherd boy, who, instead of attending to his flock, was busily engaged in tracing figures with a piece of pointed stone upon a rock. He stopped, and surprised at the skill which the child evinced, asked if he would go home with him, and become his pupil. The boy readily assented; and to this circumstance did Italy owe her celebrated Giotto, the father of modern painting, and Dante, a friend and a solace in his exile, whom he has extolled in his immortal poem:

"Credette Cimabue nella pittura
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido;
Sì che la fana di colui oscura."

Both Boccaccio and Sacchetti, in their novels extol the works and record the pleasant sayings of Giotto; and his fame also in that line was long held dear, like the Abernethy of his art, by his many and successful pupils. A curious dialogue of this kind is recorded:—Vainglorious and elated at having escaped martyrdom in his first campaign, a certain captain of the guards, hearing Giotto's fame bruited louder than the trump of war, resolved to have a coat of arms, and to exhibit them painted on his shield. A serjeant, hearing it, followed him into Giotto's studio. "God save you, master!" cried this Ancient Pistol, "I want you to draw my arms on this here shield." Giotto, instantly roused by the short style of the man and his whole appearance, but affecting great complacency, only replied, "When do you wish to have it?" "Oh! on such a day," "I see, I see," said Giotto; "leave it to me; go away, and come again." When he was gone, Giotto gave his pupil a design from which to paint. It consisted of a helmet, a gorget, a pair of corslets, a pair of gauntlets, a cuirass, in fact, a complete suit of armour, with a sword, a knife, and a lance. Arriving to the day and hour: "Master," enquired the hero, "is that there shield painted? be quick and bring me it down." But, exhibited to view,

what horror seized on the soul of the captain ! not less than when Scriblerus beheld the polished surface of his coin, freed from its antique rust. " Oh ! what a job is this here you have done ! " cried the indignant hero. " I dare say it will be a job to pay for it. " " What did you ask me to paint ? " enquired the painter. " My arms, to be sure. " " Well, there they are ; is there any wanting ? " " This is good ! " exclaimed the soldier in an attitude of despair. " Good ! " returned the painter ; " God give you good of it : what a Goth you are : if one were to ask your name, I dare say you have forgotten it : yet you come here, or rather bolt in, ' paint me my arms ! ' just as if you were a lord of the first order. Now what *arms* do you bear but these ; whence come you ; who are your parents, much more your ancestors ; are you not ashamed of playing thus the fool ? Here are arms for you in plenty, all staring at you on your shield : if you have any others, say so, and I will paint them. "

" You are an abusive painter, and you have spoiled my shield ; but I will find a remedy. " On this off goes the soldier ; lays a complaint before the police, and summons Giotto. On hearing both sides, the magistrate was quickly won by Giotto's pleading, and decided that the soldier should take the shield as it was, and give ten livres (*7s. 1d.*) to Giotto, under penalty of being sent to the galleys. *

A pleasing contrast to this sombre and revolting character (of Andrea del Castagno, who murdered his bosom-friend Domenico Beccafumi, because he suspected that he possessed some secrets in regard to colour, which gave Domenico so proud a pre-eminence in that branch), is that of Buonamico Cristofano, called Buffalmacco, whose facetious feats, with those of his contemporaries Brono and Calandrino, have so often afforded a topic for the wit of Boccaccio. Buffalmacco was not a bad painter ; but he was not attached, it appears, to very early rising in his youth. His master, Andrea Tafi, made a rule of routing up his pupils, even during the longest nights, at a most unseasonable morning hour. So much was Buonamico annoyed by it, that he resolved to find some remedy for the evil ; and happening to find in an old vault a large number of *scarafaggi* or *beetles* : to the back of each of these he appended, by means of fine threads, a lighted taper, and, exactly at the hour when Tafi used to be stirring, he contrived to introduce them through an aperture into his room ; seeing these strange lights, the aged Tafi, seized with a panic, conceived his hour was come ; and, commending his soul to God, he hid his head under the bed-

clothes, in which state he remained trembling until it was fair daylight and Buonamico had enjoyed a good sleep.

Next morning he enquired of his pupil " whether his room had been haunted like his own, by a thousand fiery demons. " " No, " replied Buffalmacco, " but we all wondered that you failed to call us as usual. " " Call you ! I was thinking of other things ; not about painting ; God help me ! I am going to leave this house, Buonamico. " The ensuing night, the compassionate pupil introduced only three devils to his master ; but they were enough to keep him quiet till morning. Buonamico rose very comfortably at eight o'clock. His master, hearing some one stirring, followed him down stairs, and walked straight out of the house. It was with difficulty he was prevailed on to return ; and then he begged Buonamico not to go to work, but to go and bring him the parish priest. To his consolations, his pupil added, " You say well, holy father ; I have always heard that these demons are the sworn enemies of our Lord, and consequently that they are equally bitter and spiteful against us painters ; the reason of which doubtless is, that we make them so horribly like, so brutally ugly, while we every where draw the saints in the most beautiful and attractive forms. No doubt they hate you, my most excellent master, for rising so early to fulfil this task. " In this reasoning the priest perfectly agreed, and persuaded the painter that he would infallibly be lost, one time or other, if he rose to paint before day-light. After a little struggle between fear and avarice, the latter gave way ; and Tafi's example of sleeping till daylight was followed by all the other masters and pupils in the city.

On setting up for himself, our friend Buonamico found he was annoyed by a certain noisy neighbour, the consort of Messer Capo D'Oca, Mrs. Goosehead, who began to ply her wheel even earlier than his ancient master had done his brush. It was close against Buffalmacco's bed-head ; and clitter clatter it began every day at three o'clock in the morning. This also he resolved to remedy ; and forthwith boring a hole through the partition wall, he introduced a long hollow cane, by which he could reach the cooking apparatus, and in the absence of the good housewife, down this pipe he sent such a superabundance of salt into her dinner pots, that poor Capo D'Oca, on his return, could touch neither soup, fish, flesh, nor pudding ; so horribly were they salted. Again and again he entreated she would not put so much salt in *his* provisions ; and finding the evil only grow worse, in a fit of passion he one day gave her a sound beating. The neighbours, hearing her cries, ran to the place, and

Buonamico was among them. On hearing the merits of the case, the cunning painter exclaimed, "My good sir, you have no right to complain; it is only a wonder how your wife can do any thing like another woman, when I can witness that she does not get an hour's rest of a night; it is enough to make any one's head light, spinning as she does from three in the morning to nightfall: pray let her have her natural rest, and she will no longer make these strange blunders I will be bound for her. You see 'how pale and wild she looks!'" and the whole company cried out, "Shame upon Messer Goosehead!" "She may lie in bed till noon for me!" cried the indignant husband, "provided she will not salt me, till I am nearly pickled and preserved, nay, ready for hanging!" Buonamico and the neighbours, laughing heartily, took themselves off; and when any undue repetition of the spinning-jenny perplexed him, a new prescription of salt remedied the evil; for Messer Capo D'Oca then insisted on his wife's keeping her bed.

THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Westley and Davis. Price 8s.

THE fair editress expresses a wish that this book may be called the *fifth* volume of Mrs. Hall's "Juvenile Forget Me Not," and with a lady's request, publicly announced, the public will of course, be courteous enough to comply.

The publishers of this Juvenile Annual are no doubt prepared to find that the periodical press notice a considerable depreciation in the value of the embellishments, and were there an adequate reduction in price we consider that the book would be equally serviceable for the purpose of education. The list of contents is very short, and consequently the articles are very long, especially the prose compositions, for none of which can we find sufficient space. We wish not to urge the slightest objection against any part of the information contained in the papers entitled "The Spider," "The Young Traveller," and "Anecdotes of Birds," excepting that young purchasers may find in their school books much cheaper, and equally clever descriptions of these things. "Boyish Threats," by Miss Isabel Hill, will be read with some interest; but we do not think the style improved by the frequent recurrence of words and sentences printed in italics. The defect which we have noticed is but a trifling

blemish in the compositions of an improving authoress; but we would remind her that these superabundant dashes of her pen may often induce the young reader, when reading aloud, to lay an improper emphasis on words and sentences in themselves insignificant. The authoress would also do well to abstain from the repetition of the word *Ma* in the place of mother or mamma, as that abbreviation ought to be left off as soon as an infant can pronounce a dissyllable. We find a very small proportion of poetry: we take our extract from "The Provence Rose," which even "children of a larger growth" may read with much pleasure.

We bestow great consideration on the literature of Juvenile Annuals, because it is a point of vital importance. The less the present plates are discussed the better. "The Evening Prayer" is pretty, but half finished. A portion of the volume is illustrated with some of the tail-pieces already published in the "Zoological Gardens." The elegant presentation plate, formerly appertaining to this periodical, still embellishes the work. The binding is excellent.

THE PROVENCE ROSE.

By Charles Swin.

It was the loveliest cottage in the lane: —
The neat green palings, with its modest door,
Half shaded by the jasmine and the vine;
The pleasant window, odorous with the bloom
Of myrtle, and the wild geranium;
The living freshness of its dewy leaves,
The harmony of its content, the charm
Of its green solitude.

I know not how

It chanced that I so often sought that spot,
For it lay far removed from public view:
It *might* be its own natural loveliness;
A wish to know its inmates; or, perchance,
'Twas curiosity that lured my steps
So often near the roses by its gate.
Passing one beautiful morning, when the
flowers
Seem'd fragrant with delight, and gladsome
birds
Were singing of the woodlands, I beheld
A fair and interesting girl, whose form
Had scarce known fourteen summers — all
too young
For care, which is the shadow of our age;
Yet seem'd her blue eyes not unused to tears;
There was a quiet trace of pensiveness;
A thoughtful paleness on her graceful cheek.
Could she be friendless? I enquired her name:
'Twas Emmeline.

An aged lady,
 A stranger, I was answered, bought the cot,
 And had been ill since she resided there;
 The child was her young granddaughter, and
 much
 They praised the sweetness of her looks, and
 said
 How kind a nurse she was; how diligent
 To soothe and comfort her poor relative,
 Who had no other friend to comfort her;
 They'd scarce believe, they said, yet it is true,
 Her hand alone tends all the shrubs and
 flowers,
 And lends this air of neatness to the walks:
 She rises with the dawn, and her first prayer
 Soars with the first hymn of the lark to
 heaven.
 Oh! we are sure that God must love her
 well,
 And angels speak of her with hope and joy.
 The next morn saw me by her favourite cot,
 Where every trace of gloom had disappeared:
 The chamber blinds were up, and all things
 wore
 The natural ornament of cheerfulness;
 Upon a rustic seat, beneath the shade
 Of clustering vine leaves, sat the invalid,
 And, half encircling her with happy arms,
 Her granddaughter, her loved companion,
 knelt.
 "See, Emmeline," she cried, "this Provence
 rose;
 'Tis the first flower I've gathered since the
 death
 Of thy dear mother; haply 'tis the last
 This aged hand may cull; take it, my love;
 Wear it upon thy breast, though faded; still
 Let its dim leaves remind thee of this hour;
 Be it a token to perpetuate
 The memory of my thankfulness to God.
 Next to his own good hand, I owe to thee,
 To thee, my child, the blessing and the joy
 To gaze once more upon the pleasant fields;
 To list the summer music of the bees,
 And feel the influence of that precious light
 I feared these aged eyes had lost for ever!
 Her duteous care grew known to all around,
 And henceforth she was called the Provence
 Rose:
 Not that her youthful *beauty* won the name:
 No; it was told how nobly and how well,
 With what untiring *love* and *gentleness*,
 Worth all the fleeting bloom of beauty's
 dower,
 She gained the title of the Provence Rose.

THE COMIC OFFERING: OR, LADIES' MÊ-
 lange of Literary Mirth for 1832.
 Edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan.
 Smith, Elder, and Co. Price 12s.

THIS humorous little volume reflects

great credit on the comic talent of the
 editress, who has herself contributed
 rather more than a third of its diversified
 contents. This it must be allowed is a fair
 proportion. The remaining papers, which
 are from the pens of popular writers,
 have been selected with due attention to
 variety — the principal charm in a work
 of so miscellaneous a nature as that which
 now claims our notice. "Some passages
 in the *Life of Timothy Blushmore, Esq.*"
 is an amusing sketch; though the author
 has ventured rather too far into the re-
 gions of caricature. We know not, how-
 ever, if this be a fault where the professed
 object is to raise a hearty laugh; at all
 events, the purpose has in the present
 instance been effectually answered, and
 criticism must be silent. In Miss Mit-
 ford's village story, "*Young Master
 Ben*," we confess we could discover but
 little of a *story*; though the animated
 descriptions of the writer, added to her
 lively humour and graceful style, would
 impart a degree of interest even to
 sketches still more barren of incident.
 We were much pleased with the adven-
 tures of "*The Man who carried his own
 Bundle*." We strongly suspect that the
 Right Honourable Admiral is a portrait.
 "*My Aunt Dorothy's Legacy*" could
 scarcely have been found a more suitable
 place than in "*The Comic Offering*." In
 "*The Letter of a French Governess to
 an English Lady*" the fair authoress and
 editress has given a satirical and humorous
 specimen of French-English; but as far
 as regards the majority of our trip-takers
 to the continent, we suspect that our
 neighbours on the other side of *la Manche*
 might retort the pleasantry with interest.
 For the reverse of the picture, we might
 refer to the delectable samples of *English
 French* with which the natives are
 astonished, by every inhabitant of Cock-
 aigne who visits Paris for a week, and
 ventures beyond the precincts of Meu-
 rice's hospitable mansion. One advan-
 tage the French incontestably possess
 over ourselves in these matters. *Monsieur*
 is generally too well bred to laugh, at
 least in his visitor's face, at the uncouth
 barbarisms with which his ears are con-
 stantly assailed by his English guests:
 whereas John Bull is at no pains to re-
 press the broad grin which dilates his
 countenance at every prominent instance
 of a Frenchman's inability to master, as
 it were by the intuitive gift of tongues,

the idioms of perhaps one of the most difficult of European languages. John, though he may "mean no harm," is certainly not a polished animal.

The poetical contributions to "The Comic Offering" are too numerous for detailed criticism. Many of them display the luxuriant growth of that talent which it has been said "no one affects to despise but he who is without it." We extract the following, not from any invidious preference, but as a brief specimen, amongst the many which the volume contains, of the art of punning in rhyme :

A HUNTING I WOULD GO.

A fox chase! what rapture is in it!
To gallop so fearless and fast
O'er ditches and stiles in a minute,
And—miss poor old Reynard at last!
For many a year I had panted
To lead all the field in the race;
So you'll guess how my heart was enchanted
The first time I follow'd the chase!
Here was prancing, and riding, and running,
First forward, and then we hark'd back;
For the fox *play'd his cards* very cunning,
And *shuffled* his way through the *pack*!
At last, as a branch tore the shoulder
Of my scarlet—alas! 'twas my first—
I heard an enraptured beholder
Cry "Zounds? what a beautiful burst!"
And off in an instant we darted!
On, on, like the furies we sweep!
Ah! the foxhounds *threw off* when we started,
My horse at the very first leap!
I climb'd up again—and astraddle,
Kept tearing and pulling in vain;
But tho' not much at ease in the saddle,
I did very well in the *main*!
Halls, churches, hills, castles, and valleys
Seem'd past me like magic to fleet;
I cared not for castle or palace,
But I envied *each gentleman's seat*!
The fox got again into quarters,
'Mongst brushwood, and pillards, and
stocks;
Which would soon have made all of us
martyrs,
Like the ~~amber~~ old *Martyrs of Fox*.
The hounds pressed him stronger and stronger,
And the huntsman said, quite at his ease,
"If he's *kept in the wood* any longer,
He'll at last *be run down to the leas*."
My horse o'er a mud-heap careering,
Again threw me off at the rush;
And the whipper-in cried to me, jeering,
"Come on, you'll have need of the *brush*!"

I mounted my steed, hot and frothing,
And endeavoured his rearings to check;
But my seat was, alas! *neck or nothing*,
So I rigidly stuck on the *neck*.

Away—with my saddle thus emptied—
I gallop'd, now quite out of breath;
And felt sure, the first ditch I attempted,
To find myself *in at the death*.

At length, as an end to my errors,
A stone fence gave my hunter a fall;
So I quickly *got over* my terrors,
Though I never *got over* the wall.

Thus ended the first of the cruises
I made on the wide flowing *main*,
And tho' scarcely yet free from the bruises,
I here put an end to the *strain*.

A fox-chase! what rapture is in it!
To gallop so fearless and fast
O'er ditches and stiles in a minute,
And—miss poor old Reynard at last!

To her list of poetical coadjutors, Miss Sheridan has added the name of Mr. T. H. Bayly, which is in itself "a tower of strength." Our readers will we think peruse with pleasure the fashionable poet's contribution:—

THIS IS MY ONLY SON.

By Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq.

This is my only son, my Lord,
His father's pride and joy,
I beg your Lordship's patronage—
(Hold up your head my boy).
His talents are first-rate; he'll scorn
To tread life's beaten track;
Though hitherto his adverse stars
Have always kept him back.
He is a genius! so of course
They scouted him at school,
For pedagogues (short-sighted men!)
Want wit to work by rule!
His mighty mind thought grammar dull,
Hard passages he skipt;
So regularly once a day
My darling boy was whipt!
At college too his intellect
Quite baffled my conjectures;
It could not bear the dull routine
Of rudimental lectures!
He spurn'd the uphill paths through which
Those lecturers conduct,
And then, by some mismanagement,
My darling boy was pluck'd!
You stare, my Lord—you're influenced
By prejudice I see—
You estimate the college *form*
Of taking a degree!

But genius, after listless years,
Jumps to that point with ease,
To which mere toilsome common sense
Climbs upwards by degrees.

My son, my Lord, is twenty-nine,
And after much reflection,
I've deem'd it time to give his thoughts
Some suitable direction;

What that shall be, my Lord, I leave
Quite to your Lordship's choice;
Of course, the *higher* he is placed
The more I shall rejoice!

Of honours in diplomacy
I've sometimes had a vision,
"Ambassador extraordinary,
Sent out on some great mission!"
A linguist! Oh, no — languages,
Poor lad, he ne'er could learn 'em!
But surely his interpreter
Will into English turn 'em?

Then let him shine in parliament;
A borough I beseech;
There is *but one* impediment —
And that is — *in his speech*;
But still his mute abilities
May right the nation's wrongs;
How *many* members hold their seats,
Who always hold their tongues!

A private secretary's place
Is *very* far below
The *sort* of thing that I presumed
Your Lordship would bestow:
But it *may* lead to better things,
— Besides, my Lord, the truth is,
I'm anxious you should ascertain
How talented the youth is.

You ask if he has diligence,
No! bless your Lordship — *none*;
A dull career of drudgery
Would *never* suit my son!

He's *rather* crooked in the back;
And were he in the least

To write, or ruminate too much,
The curve might be increased.

What's this I hear? do you decline
His services, my Lord?

And say a plodding, diligent

Young man would be *preferred*?

Good day, my Lord — your Lordship's most

Obedient — if my boy meant

To quill-drive all day long, he'd ask
Attorneys for employment!

Good day, my Lord! — your Lordship is
Unfortunate to lose him;

He really cannot stay to dine,

Your Lordship *must* excuse him:

— Hold up your head, turn out your toes,
Adjust your straight black hair:

I'll find a patron for you soon,

My only son and heir!

"Wonderful exhibitions at a Country Fair" will afford a *fair* specimen of the prose. *Fair* readers be patient with us: we find that we have ourselves been tempted to commit a clumsy pun. The truth is that the malady is contagious.

WONDERFUL EXHIBITIONS OF A COUNTRY FAIR.

Walk up, walk up, and see the vunderful dwarf honly six hinchies igh who — daily devours ten cartloads of hay, besides wot the comp'ny please to give un.

This way, Maum: make way there for the ladies just to step upon the — fine strawberries and cream here, and hot mince-pies.

Here you will see, for one penny, the unappy man as was anged for murdering of — the vunderful diamond-beetle with three hundred pair of heyes and seven hundred pair of orns.

Ilin this ere hexhibition is the great Irish giant measuring twenty foot in ile, weighing seven hundred weight, and who — will dance a hornpipe in the palm of hany one's hand as likes.

This is the famous sapient pig Toby as can tell the pretty young vinen their sweet-hearts' names, and — though born without heither harms or legs, can write a beautiful hand with the mouth, and vurks chain-stitch hembroid'ry.

A most helegantest Hingy parrot — who was hanged for the murder of his hunfortunet wife, and the rope breaking from his weight, he recovered after hanging a fortnight in the severe frost, and having one of his arms torn off by the ravenous Russiay wolves.

Here you may see the deep and bloody tragedy of Romeo and — gingerbread nuts, gentlemen, nice spiced nuts, I assure ye.

Maum, I recommends this oyster-knife to your notice, 'cause, besides opening the oysters, it — plays upon three instruments at once, balancing glasses of water on the nose, forehead, and both feet.

Come an' see the vunderful fat hox whose fore-leg alone — can write the song of Rule Britannia on a silver sixpins.

This is a view of the North Pole and the hicc mountains vere it halways freezes — all ot, all ot, all ot.

Try your hand in the lucky bag, Mam, and ye'll get summut o' wally, as it contains — hali the wenemous sarpiants of Haffricky, with sentpees, crocodiles, scorpins, and other beastis, too noomerus to menshin, all alive.

Them as would like to see the voracious and rav'nous hanimals fed, must come at ten o'clock hat night, ven ve gives um large

buckets of—wax dolls, a halfpenny a piece, and big uns at a penny.

Here is the clever calculating boy as never is wrong, and who has been known in the space of two hours, to—tell the hour by looking at a watch and scraping with his fore-paw, without bridle or saddle 'pon him.

The beautiful and helegant white-haired Albeenee; ladies and gentlemen, she has pink heyees—five horns and seven legs, with the head turned the wrong way.

Your new bonnet, my dear, would be improved if you'd stick on one side—the jaw-bone of a whale sixty feet long, an all 's teeth in the front, and a vunderful mermaid with a comb in her hand.

Here you may see the hactice young Chinese as jumps hover at once—the whole city of London, with the shopmen stunnin' at their doors, and the smoke comin' from the chimneys, all as nat'ral as life.

Here's a coorosity! The hextraonary Hameriky sarpiant as daily devours—poison for rats, mole-traps, plated candlesticks, and cheap second-hand coal-skuttles.

Walk in here, ladies and gentlemen, and see the larned canary-bird Dicky—who balances a cart-wheel on his nose, swallows ten real swords, and, lastly, will have a block of stone weighing three tons placed on his breast and broken with sixty sledge hammers.

Well, I must indulge myself with one concluding observation; they did not utter such nonsense in *my* day!

Both the prose and poetry of this volume are illustrated with a variety of ludicrous designs; for correct specimens of which we must refer our readers to the work itself.

THE HUMOURIST; a Companion for the Christmas Fireside. *By W. H. Harrison.* Ackermann. Price 12s.

ALTHOUGH the ladies have a comic annual of their own, prepared under the superintendence of an accomplished person of their sex, we can spare a word in favour of Mr. Harrison's "Humourist." Yet we should suppose that it is more likely to attract gentlemen than lady purchasers, since broad farce, rather than genteel comedy, prevails in the designs with which it is illustrated, and the literature must perforce partake of the same nature; still, as ladies do not scruple to witness farce on the stage, we see no reason why they should shrink from it in an Annual.

The designs are a series of pictorial puns by W. H. Brooke, some cruelly tortured, others very amusing. Among the latter we own we do not reckon the conversion of culinary utensils, chimney tops and naval stores into *dramatis personæ*; but, doubtless, they have their admirers, or we should not see so many of these cunning devices in every comic annual. "Spirits mounted and under Arms" is a good design. "Scenters and Lapithæ," a droll idea. Some of these pictured puns require a little explanation: "Jacobinical," is a Jack tar adjusting a binnacle; "Mississippi," two misses sipping tea; "Plynouth," a disgusting devourer; "Messieurs Gall and Spurzheim," two hard riding jockeys; "Paradise and the Peri," an ape peering at a pair of dice through an eye-glass; "Heir-at-law," a poncher and a hare delivered up to a legal gentleman; "Selfish Beings," two venders of fish engaged in an eloquent discussion; and many others, as Mr. Wombwell says of his birds, "too numerous to mention." As to the literature, we are sincere admirers of Mr. Harrison's talents, and therefore sympathise with him in the forced task of bending his genius to so many far-fetched and queer conceits, which he is obliged to hitch into his narrative often against rhyme or reason. It cannot, however, be denied that he has done a great deal to sustain the humorous character of his annual. "The Cares of Corulence," has much legitimate comic talent. "Blue Bess," is clever; "The Zoologists," truly laughable; "The Two Adjutants," comprises a droll equivocal; "The Governess" is a pretty lively tale; likewise "The Abbot's Kitchen." "An Apology for Laughter," is so elegant an excuse for mirth, and so full of good feeling and good poetry that we make it our poetical extract in preference to a farcical sketch. The binding of "The Humourist" is of good dark green morocco, ornamented with black.

Yet don't dismiss our volume until after You've read, Sir,

AN APOLOGY FOR LAUGHTER.

We know that there are some well-meaning folk,

(Their motives we impugn not; though we find

Their dogmas not at all times to our mind,
Who, in this gravity, esteem a joke

A thing forbidden ; and maintain 'tis wrong
To grace the feast with merry tale or song
And thus would banish laughter from the
board :

To such we answer — Be the jest abhorr'd,
And spurn'd the lay, though genius point the
rhyme,

That sport with suffering or make light of
crime.

We loathe the wit, however bright its flame,
Which eates its appetite on sacred things ;
Or, veil'd beneath the innuendo, brings
On beauty's cheek the burning blush of
shame :

Ours be the summer lightning of the brain,
That scathes not while it flashes. We main-
tain

That there is in this chequer'd scene of earth
Much that's legitimately food for mirth.

We take it 't will, on all hands, be confess'd
That they who pour their wrath upon a jest,
By consequence, extend their ban to laughter
(How justly, we shall hope to show hereafter),
Since that the last, if not the younger brother,

Is certainly the offspring of the other.

Now, censor, turn your eyes on yon fair
child,

Hark to his shout of laughter loud and wild,
And tell us, can you deem his mirth a crime ?
Or, if you urge that what, in childhood's
prime,

Is harmless, must be rank'd in manhood sins,
Pray, tell us at what age the crime begins.
But if you still persist, and hold the blame
In childhood and maturity the same,
Why was the faculty of laughing given
To man, of all the creatures under heaven ?
The answer is most obvious : To use it ;

Although, like other faculties of mind,
As well as body, he's too oft inclin'd,
In his innate perverseness, to abuse it.
Still unconvinced ? Well, if you'd turn us
round

On this, we'll e'en resort to higher ground.
" There is a time to laugh," 'tis written ;
and we trace

The text with reverence, yet take our stand
On its authority to prove our case :

" There is a time to laugh ; " not when the
hand

That, in the strife, would fain have dealt the
blow,

To smite our fame or fortunes, is laid low,
And cannot crush the worm that twines
around it,

So fast and firm mortality hath bound it !

" There is a time to laugh ; " but not in scorn
Of human frailty, since th' unblunted thorn

Of conscience is its punishment on earth ;
" There is a time to laugh," but not to swell
The ribald's triumph, when he rings the knell
Of virtue in his rude unhallow'd mirth.

But is the laugh forbid, when evening closes,
When curtains are drawn round, and
candles lit ;

When, after hours of care, the mind reposes
Safe from the world's turmoil, and all unfit
For grave and metaphysic disquisition,

Turns gladly to the wit-illuminated pages
Of Irving, or of Scott, the great magician
And caterer of mirth for future ages ?

And may not Anecdote produce her hoard,
And Fancy's playful flashes cheer the board ?
We could swell out our list of reasons where-
fore,

'Tis not a sin to laugh, but 'twill not
need ; —

Besides, our article would much exceed
Our limits and the reader's patience ; there-
fore,

We'll take our *congé* of the sombre school,
And tell them, though their dogmas we
condemn,

We're better-natured than to laugh at
them :

Meanwhile, we close our essay with a rule,
Which, borrow'd from the name of some
old play,

Is, laugh, not when you can, but when
you may.

ACKERMANN'S JUVENILE FORGET ME
NOT. Ackermann. Price 8s.

THE literature of this Juvenile Annual
is original, and of a very respectable class.
" Ghost Stories," by the Old Sailor, is
clever and entertaining. " The Boudoir,"
by Mrs. Moody, unites real poetry with
religion. " The Little Queen " is indeed
a tale for children of all ages : it is re-
plete with entertainment and a strong
spirit of satire, which seems scarcely con-
tent with castigating the follies of mere
child en. " The Young Artist " is one
of Mrs. Hoffland's prettiest tales. " The
Humming Bird," by Mary Howitt, one of
the very few poetical contributions among
numerous copies of verses. " Caroline
Cleveland," a most useful sketch of cha-
racter by Miss Mitford, is admirable as an
education tale. " To an Infant," by F.
H., is worthy of Mrs. Hemans, if not by
her. There is great originality in the tale
of the " Vanquished Lion." — " The
Young Navigators " is rather dull and
pedantic. Character names always de-
stroy interest : they may be compared to
the labels which formerly issued from the
mouths of the figures on ancient tapestry,
and they ought to be equally exploded.
" The Gentleman," by Isabel Hill, is a

good and interesting story; but her juvenile readers, in common with ourselves, may desire to know who the "gentleman" was. "Mary White" is silly. "The Defence of Zaragossa" out of place, and better told elsewhere. In books like these children have a right to expect novelty. "Paulo the Image Boy" is an amusing and moral tale. "Cecilia Howard" has every excellence, excepting that of affording entertainment to the reader. We pass several trifles in the same predicament, and proceed to a story which, though interesting and clever, is objectionable in point of the moral conveyed. Detection of theft by means of temptation is a crime, not less than that of the theft; and we are borne out by the story itself, in a sentence with which we most cordially agree. "Remember, young ladies, that those who place temptation in the way of children, servants, and others whom they have cause to believe not strictly honest, not only suffer most justly the loss of their property, but are themselves culpable in a high degree, and almost answerable for their neighbour's sin."

"The Ballad," a lively illustration by Hood. "The Soldier's Funeral" possesses interest and pathos. On the whole, considerable praise is due to this collection of juvenile literature; and did we not distinctly remember the superiority of Ackermann's "Juvenile Forget Me Not" for last year in prose communications, and still more in poetry, we should be better satisfied. Many of the embellishments deserve notice as works of art. We must, therefore, open the book once more. The lion in the frontispiece has been highly approved of by those who have a more intimate acquaintance with quadruped lions and lionesses than we can boast. The story is well made out by the artist, and to young purchasers will be far more attractive than a better engraving of less interest. "The Boudoir" is good for little, either as a work of art or a child's picture. "The Little Artist," although boasting no charms of feature, is natural, and full of earnest expression. The engraving is kept in harmonious tone, and, though slight, is efficient. "Returning from Market" is a delightful union of Gainsborough-like figures and landscape. The dog is admirable. The whole would do honour to any annual. Carter's engraving is very

spirited, and deserves to be copied into every lady's album. "The Shepherd Boy" is likewise a pleasing scene from rural life; the perspective is good: it is prettily engraved by H. Rolls. "Avocata" we cannot praise. "William and his Story-books," a group of ugly faces; the engraving but indifferent. "The Ballad" has most of Ferrier's mannerisms, but the face and figure of the listening boy are natural and expressive. The engraving by Chevalier is pleasingly touched, and the distance kept in good perspective. We suppose that Mr. Ackermann, having paid some attention to the interior of his book, thinks the outside unworthy his consideration. We heartily wish to see it liberated from its awkward trammels of paper case and slight boarding, and inducted, like its rivals, into a good leathern binding.

We are compelled to postpone the extracts which we had intended to quote from this attractive present for youth, as well as from the *Annals* which still claim our attention, and with a brief notice of which we must for the present content ourselves. The length of our preceding reviews must plead our apology.

FORGET ME NOT. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. Ackermann. Price 12s.

THE pictorial embellishments of this eldest of the whole annual family have hitherto deserved high commendation, and we can declare that, taken as a whole, those of the present volume may be considered as superior to the engravings of the two preceding years.

We cannot, however, in justice bestow much praise on the frontispiece, which has little but a great name to recommend it. Whether Martin's compositions appear to slight advantage through the medium of any other species of engraving than that in which we have been accustomed to view them, or whether E. Finden does not find himself at home when transmitting in miniature the productions of Martin's bold pencil we cannot exactly determine; but the effect of "The Triumph of Mordecai" is poor, flat, and tame; the engraving is, in fact, a collection of horizontal lines, without a trace of Martin's usual splendour of light and shade. "Don Juan," by Holmes, engraved by W. Finden, is a fine composi-

tion: the artist has bestowed Lord Byron's features on the hero. The engraving is harmoniously rather than elaborately finished. We think a subject of equal beauty and better repute might have been furnished from the vast mass of talent at Mr. Ackermann's command: we are well aware the fault, if there be any in the choice of pictures, rests with publishers rather than with editors. The next picture, "Uncle Toby and the Widow," has been highly lauded as a painting; at the first glance the eye is offended by the clumsiness of the two personages; in the engraving the ox-like ponderosity of Uncle Toby, who has not the most distant trait of the gentleman, has an exceedingly unpleasant appearance in so small a space. The Widow's pretty face and arms make the plate somewhat attractive. The very light colour and tone of the engraving is not in accordance with the subject, and by giving a flatness and breadth to the figures, exaggerates the defects of the composition. "Mariana," a light unfinished portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, set in a heavy black frame, after the fashion of the portraits of the *Universal Magazine* in the last century, is pleasing; though displaying no greater beauty than that afforded by a sensible looking face in an unbecoming head-dress. The succeeding plate, called "The Thunder Storm," is placed in the middle of the book, where it is generally opened, a station in which experience directs us ever to look for the gem of the collection. It is certainly highly finished and beautiful. The expression of awe and apprehension in the child's face is finely effected by Mr. Wood; the engraving well finished by Finden. The garments that appear under her apron look too much like wooden hoops; and the distant village is a little too strongly defined. "Toka" is a pretty Indian scene. "The Stage-struck Hero" we like far better in Engleheart's engraving than in Kidd's painting. It has been reduced with great spirit; the expression of the faces is well preserved, and even improved. The hands of the boy who is applauding are unfinished. This comic plate is succeeded by another, which will please the lovers of humour. The picture of "The Frosty Reception," when exhibited, attracted warm approbation, and the present engraving, by Davenport, will afford great satisfaction.

In "Mayence" the peculiar beauties of Prout have been faithfully transmitted by the graver of Carter. "Disappointment" is well expressed by the attitude and countenance of the young maiden, still we would wish Mr. Corbould to note, that a bare neck and laced boddice are never displayed by cottage-girls, except on the stage, and that this theatrical costume gives a sophisticated look to a natural composition. The plate is lightly touched, and kept in harmonious tone by Davenport. The eye is satisfied with the distance. "La Pensée" closes the list, and presents us with a very lovely portrait, from the pencil of Holmes, charmingly engraved by Mrs. Hamilton, whose work may challenge comparison with that of the highest-rated artists in the book. We are happy to see encouragement afforded to female talent in works chiefly devoted to the use of the ladies. The mixture of dots with lines happily expresses the softness of the complexion, while the drapery is effected by lines alone. We trust the pedantic preference that confines value and beauty to line engravings is on the decline. Reason tells us that the engravings which effect their object best are the most estimable, and the delicacy of a lady's arms and bosom can seldom be expressed by line engraving, unassisted by dotting.

The type, printing, and paper of the *Forget Me Not* are at least equal in excellence to those of its younger rivals, but it is still surpassed by several of them in the points of durable binding, and a neat and close manner of putting the book together.

Among the literature of the *Forget Me Not* we find some excellent and appropriate prose articles; but the most prominent defect of this, and most of its rivals, is the large proportion of lengthy and bad poetical contributions. The same observation is echoed year after year, through the whole of the periodical press, without producing alteration or improvement. The cause of this radical defect is as follows:—Editors and proprietors of annuals usually pay for prose, and, with very few exceptions, receive poetry, gratuitously. Of course more attention is paid to the quality of the former than to that of the latter; but, at the same time, matter that costs nothing is preferred to that for which a *con-si-de-ra-ti-on* is given. If good poetry cannot be

obtained an additional quantity of prose should be inserted, and much caution used as to the quality of the poetry admitted. We by no means wish to consider the *Forget Me Not* as exclusively subject to this censure, which is inserted in the review of this book merely because it is the parent of the tribe, and therefore ought to be the first to mend its faults.

THE AMULET: a Christian and Literary Remembrancer. Edited by S. C. Hall. Westley and Davis. Price 12s.

THE Amulet opens with three engravings from Sir Thomas Lawrence; the first, Lady Blessington, is the best frontispiece we have yet seen in any annual this season. The face is radiant with personal and intellectual beauty, and bears withal the impress of a sweet temper. We could have wished that, before she sat for her portrait, her ladyship had thrown over her shoulders the ermine that hangs by her side. The attitude of the arms and hands is stiff and constrained, and the want of finish in the drapery, gives the lower part of the figure an ungraceful appearance. The engraving, by J. H. Watt, deserves great commendation. Lady Cawdor, who adorns the titlepage, is sensible and refined in expression rather than pretty. The engraving has the defect we have before observed in some highly finished plates of the Amulet—a want of clearness; the face looks dirty, as if the plate had not been properly cleaned before the impressions were taken. Lady Londonderry and her son are the last of this patrician company; and we must say we prefer this miniature engraving to the original whole length figure by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The young gentleman appears the better for being divested of his sky-blue jacket, but, notwithstanding the improvement, he is a most artificial looking little personage. The lady is a fine woman, with the heartless expression of a fashionist concentrated in self. "The Death of the First Born," a noble picture from Hayter, is finely engraved by Greatbach; the lights are well managed, and a brilliant clearness pervades the plate. The tone of the next engraving, called the Greek Girl, is pleasing and harmonious, the design exceedingly unlovely. Large, heavy, stony features, hands sufficiently

muscular and huge to have been successfully employed in the Greek war of independence, a deformed lump in lieu of a foot, which certainly has no toes within the slipper; these defects and, a gigantic, ponderous figure with affected features, offer no feminine attractions to the beholder. "Venice," a beautiful marine view from Clarkson Stanfield, reminds us strongly of Greenwich Hospital, the Thames and the Kentish hills; wherever the picture was composed it is true and beautiful in effect: the engraving, by E. Goodall, leaves us nothing to wish for; it is perfect. Another portrait from Sir Thomas, entitled "Sophie," is lightly and delicately engraved by Thomson. The next plate, from an historical picture by Haydon, called the "Death of Eucles," is certainly a composition somewhat "in Ercles' vein," and might be turned into the utmost derision by a savage critic; yet there is genius enough therein to atone for a thousand faults; and as these faults are too apparent to the most inexperienced beholder to need much analysis, we will note only the beauties, which consist in the almost magical appearance of violent movement in the group, and the forcible expression of the countenances. The cross lights from the back and fore-ground clash unpleasantly, and spoil the effect of the engraving. "Corinne at the Cape of Misène," painted by Baron Gerard, has the face of a handsome stern-featured young man; the distant sea and volcano are rather muddy than misty. The rising of the Nile is an interesting subject, and would have been far more so had Mr. Roberts depicted this wonderful scene as it is at present with all the grey dilapidated ruins which time has scattered around. We cannot commend the engraving too highly, the misty placidity of the still waters unite finely with soft sky. The justly graduated distances are truly delightful to the eye. The whole is most creditable to Goodyear's graver. We think the small plates illustrative of the Gnostics have before been published. The Amulet concludes with a vignette representing "Moonlight." The effect of the light is good.

Amongst the poetical contributions to the "Amulet" are pieces from the gifted pen of Mrs. Hemans, and the graceful, tender L. E. L. There are also some exquisite lines from Barry Cornwall,

under the quaint title of "Five Beads for the Amulet." "The Hindoo Girl," by Miss Emma Roberts, and "The Dying Girl," by Miss Jewsbury, are pleasing compositions.

With respect to the prose articles "Two Scenes from the Civil War," by the author of *Richelieu*, is well written and interesting. The next article "Infanticide," by the Rev. William Ellis, would be more appropriate for the *Missionary Register* than for the pages of an Annual. "A Day of Distress," by Miss Mitford is in the happiest style of that delightful author.

In its pictorial embellishments, paper, type and binding, the present volume of the "Amulet," is decidedly the best that we have seen.

DIVINES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
No. XVI. *The Works of Jeremy Taylor*.
Vol. the Fourth. Valpy.

THE sermons of Jeremy Taylor at continued and concluded in this volume; of which they occupy about two thirds: the rest contains that divine composition called *Contemplations of the State of Man*. The funeral sermon on Frances Lady Carberry contains a masterly sketch of the character and duties of a noble lady. She was, we believe, mother to Lord Vaughan, the first husband of the celebrated Lady Rachel Russell.

"5. But that which I shall note in her, is that which I would have exemplar to all ladies, and to all women: she had a love so great for her lord, so entirely given up to a dear affection, that she thought the same things, and loved the same loves, and hated according to the same enmities, and breathed in his soul, and lived in his presence, and languished in his absence; and all that she was or did, was only for, and to, her dearest lord: and although this was a great enamel to the beauty of her soul, yet it might in some degrees be also a reward to the virtue of her lord: for she would often discourse it to them that conversed with her, that he would improve that interest which he had in her affection, to the advantages of God and of religion; and she would delight to say, that he called her to her devotions, he encouraged her good inclinations, he directed her piety, he invited her with good books; and then she loved religion, which she saw was not only pleasing to God, and an act or

state of duty, but pleasing to her lord, and an act also of affection and conjugal obedience; and what at first she loved the more forwardly for his sake, in the using of religion, left such relishes on her spirit, that she found in it amiability enough to make her love it for its own. So God usually brings us to him by instruments of nature and affections, and then incorporates us into his inheritance by the more immediate relishes of heaven, and the secret things of the spirit. He only was, under God, the light of her eyes, and the cordial of her spirits, and the guide of her actions, and the measure of her affections, till her affections swelled up into a religion, and then it could go no higher, but was confederate with those other duties which made her dear to God: which rare combination of duty and religion I choose to express in the words of Solomon: 'She forsook not the guide of her youth, nor brake the covenant of her God.'

"6. As she was a rare wife, so she was an excellent mother: for in so tender a constitution of spirit as her's was, and in so great a kindness towards her children, there hath seldom been seen a stricter and more curious care of their persons, their deportment, their nature, their disposition, their learning, and their customs: and if ever kindness and care did contest, and make parties in her, yet her care and her severity were ever victorious; and she knew not how to do an ill turn to their severer part, by her more tender and forward kindness. And as her custom was, she turned this also into love to her lord: for she was not only diligent to have them bred nobly and religiously, but also was careful and solicitous that they should be taught to observe all the circumstances and inclinations, the desires and wishes, of their father; as thinking that virtue to have no good circumstances, which was not dressed by his copy, and ruled by his lines and his affections: and her prudence, in the managing her children, was so singular and rare, that whenever you mean to bless this family, and pray a hearty and a profitable prayer for it, beg of God, that the children may have those excellent things which she designed to them, and provided for them in her heart and wishes.

"I have seen a female religion that wholly dwelt on the face and tongue; that, like a wanton and undressed tree, spends all its juice in suckers and irregular branches, in leaves and gum; and after all such goodly outsides, you should never eat an apple, or be delighted with the beauties or the perfumes of a hopeful blossom. But the religion of this excellent lady was of another constitution; it took root downward in hu-

mility, and brought forth fruit upward in the substantial graces of a Christian, in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, in fair friendships and sweetness of society: she had not very much of the forms and outsides of godliness, but she was hugely careful for the power of it, for the moral, essential, and useful parts; such which would make her be, not seem to be, religious.

"9. She always lived a life of much innocence, free from the violences of great sins: her person, her breeding, her modesty, her honour, her religion, her early marriage, the guide of her soul, and the guide of her youth, were as so many fountains of restraining grace to her, to keep her from the dishonours of a crime.

"10. And though her accounts of God were made up of nothing but small parcels, little passions, and angry words, and trifling discontents, which are the allays of the piety of the most holy persons; yet she was early at her repentance; and toward the latter end of her days, grew so fast in religion, as if she had had a revelation of her approaching end, and, therefore, that she must go a great way in a little time: her discourses more full of religion, her prayers more frequent, her charity increasing, her forgiveness more forward, her friendships more communicative, her passion more under discipline; and so she trimmed her lamp, not thinking her night was so near, but that it might shine also in the day-time, in the temple, and before the altar of incense.

"1. In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river, deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the *fiscus*, the great 'exchequer' of the sea, the prince of all the watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it, a little brook skipping and making a noise on its unequal and neighbour bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel: so have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed out-sides of another's piety. It dwelt on her spirit, and was incorporated with the periodical work of every day: she did not believe that religion was intended to minister to fame and reputation, but to pardon of sins, to the pleasure of God, and the salvation of souls. For religion is like the breath of heaven: if it goes abroad into the open air, it scatters and dissolves like camphire; but if it enters into a secret hollowness, into a close convey-

ance, it is strong and mighty and comes forth with vigor and great effect at the other end, at the other side of this life, in the days of death and judgment.

"2. The other appendage of her religion, which also was a great ornament to all the parts of her life, was a rare modesty and humility of spirit, a confident despiing and undervaluing of herself. For though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons, that I ever yet knew in a person of her youth, and sex, and circumstances; yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself; and, like a fair taper, when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to every body but herself. But the perfectness of her prudence and excellent parts could not be hid; and all her humility and arts of concealment made the virtues more amiable and illustrious. For as pride sullies the beauty of the fairest virtues, and makes our understanding but like the craft and learning of a devil; so humility is the greatest eminency and art of publication in the whole world.

"I know not by what instrument it happened; but when death drew near, before it made any show on her body, or revealed itself by a natural signification, it was conveyed to her spirit: she had a strange secret persuasion that the bringing this child should be her last scene of life: and we have known, that the soul, when she is about to disrobe herself of her upper garment, sometimes speaks rarely; *Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit*: sometimes it is prophetic; sometimes God, by a superinduced persuasion wrought by instruments, or accidents of his own, serves the ends of his own Providence, and the salvation of the soul: but so it was, that the thought of death dwelt long with her, and grew from the first steps of fancy and fear, to a consent. — from thence to a strange credulity, and expectation of it; and without the violence of sickness she died, as if she had done it voluntary, and by design, and for fear her expectation should have been deceived; or that she should seem to have had an unreasonable fear or apprehension; or rather, as one said of Cato, *Sic abiit e vita, ut causam moriendi nactam esse gauderet*: 'she died as if she had been glad of the opportunity.'

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. NOS. XXI.
and XXII. *Thucydides*. Vols. II.
and III.

THIS useful translation is continued

from the third book, and the sixth year of the Peloponnesian War to the conclusion of the history. From a fragment of one of Homer's hymns, not generally known, we extract a passage, for the purpose of proving to the ladies that true gallantry was to be found at a remote era. The hymn in question is a farewell to the Delian maidens, the bard having attended a poetical contest at Delos, where it seems that his sojourn afforded him much gratification.

Hail ! great Apollo, radiant god of day !
Hail ! Cynthia, goddess of the lunar sway !
Henceforth on me propitious smile ; and you,
Ye blooming beauties of the isle, adieu !
When future guests shall reach your happy
shore,
And, refuged here from toils, lament no
more ;

When social chat the mind unbending cheers,
And this demand shall greet your friendly
ears : —

“ Who was the bard e'er lauded on your
coast

Who sung the sweetest, and who pleased you
most ? ”

With voice united, all ye blooming fair,
Join in your answer, and for me declare ;
Say, “ The blind bard the sweetest notes
may boast ;
He lives at Chios, and he pleased us most. ”

JOURNAL D'HORTICULTURE. *September
and October.* Paris.

In the pages of this continental periodical we find many useful and curious articles. We particularly recommend to our British horticulturists the papers entitled “ *Plantes d'Agrément*, ” one of which appears in the October number ; it treats of plants indigenous to France, and worthy of a place in gardens. It is written by Dr. L. Demerson, a Member of the French Horticultural Society. From this paper we translate the description of a plant new to our English cultivators :—

SUPERB PINK (Dianthus Superbus).

“ This pink is found in the mountain pasture grounds of Auvergne, Dauphiné, and Jura. Its stalk is slender ; and the flowers, disposed in panicles, are formed of five rose-coloured petals, so finely cut at the edge that the divisions have almost the appearance

of down or hair. The odour of this plant is delicious, far excelling that of any of its fragrant tribe. It increases rapidly : a light soil and somewhat shady situation, are favourable to its growth ; but it has hitherto been the practice to remove it to the conservatory in time of severe frost. ”

From various departments of the work, we select for the entertainment of our readers the following useful or amusing particulars :—

IMPROVEMENT OF ARTICHOKEES.

When the head of the artichoke is about the size of a pear, tie over it an envelope of old black silk or cotton ; it should not be bound down so tightly, or girt about the stalk so closely, as to impede circulation or prevent increase, neither should the material be very thick. The artichokes thus hooded will be as superior in delicacy as blanched celery and endive are to vegetables in a natural state. In very moist weather, these directions should be practised with some modification.

THE POISON TREE OF MADAGASCAR,

(*Tanghin Cerbera*).

The accounts which have been related of the Java Upas tree will no longer be deemed fabulous, if we consider the properties of the Madagascar poison tree, whose fatal shade birds, beasts, and even the most venomous reptiles, avoid with instinctive horror. It may be stated, as a remarkable fact, that the Madagascar tree serves as a judicial test of guilt or innocence. If an individual is accused of a capital crime by another, the executioner, called in the Malay language Ampar-Moussaver, administers to the party accused, in the presence of the Cambars, or public assembly, a cup of poison extracted from the kernels of the Tanghin ; should death ensue, the supposed or real culprit is considered guilty ; but should a singular habit of body, or an uncommon strength of constitution enable him to resist the horrible draught, and survive the ordeal, he is allowed either to put his accuser to death, or to extend to him the equivocal mercy of retaining him as a slave. The respect entertained by the people for this mockery of a trial, which they consider a manifestation of the divine will, amounts to fanaticism ; of this a proof was recently given. An individual accused by his fellow-townsmen of a heinous crime, drank the poisoned cup according to law, and immediately expired in dreadful agonies ; the sight of which, and the reproaches of his own evil conscience, produced such an effect

on the mind of the accuser that, before the chambers separated, he with a loud voice declared himself guilty of the death of his neighbour, inasmuch as he had testified falsely. Upon this the assembly condemned him to be hung up by the thumbs till he died, not for bearing false witness and thus committing a murder, but for impugning the infallibility of the Tanghin.

EARTH BREAD AT VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

In Van Diemen's Land, at the depth of a foot or a foot and a half in the earth, a very delicious root may be found: it is covered with a thick skin, and is about the size of a human head; the interior contains

a spongy mass, affording excellent nourishment, in taste resembling the bread-fruit. No root appears to spring from or adhere to it. The sole indication of the presence of this vegetable is one little leaf, extremely small, delicate, and singular in its appearance: it is always found on the surface of the soil immediately above the tubercle; but if connected with it, the roots or fibres of the leaf are so fine, that they are invariably broken in the search for the vegetable tubercle below. The natives, when distressed for provision on their hunting excursions, are very successful in discovering this substance, which for a length of time eludes all the attempts made to find it by the settlers, who do not observe the minute leaf.

Drama, etc.

BOTH the winter theatres have opened for the season, though, with regard to one of them, the litigation in which its affairs have long been involved, rendered many who in such matters are *behind the curtain* extremely dubious of that "consummation devoutly to be wished for." At both the dramatic campaign seems to have commenced with great spirit and vigour, and the respective companies present us with a most effective list of names.

DRURY LANE.—In the comedy of the *Huncy Moon*, which commenced the season at this house, three new performers made their *débuts* before a London audience: Mrs. Brudenell, from the Edinburgh theatre, as *Volante*; Mr. Jones, also from Edinburgh, in the somewhat insignificant part of *Rolando*; and a Miss Kenneth, who, we understand, has for some time past delighted the Dublin play-going folks. This young lady made her first appearance as *Zamora*, a character of which she made the most: some parts of her performance were loudly applauded. Mrs. Brudenell is clever, and as she appears calculated for a variety of parts, she may fairly be classed amongst the higher orders of stage utilities. Mr. Jones is evidently at home on the boards: he performed the part allotted to him with great ease and self-possession. Miss Phillip personated the heroine, *Juliana*. We have ever been amongst the warmest admirers of this young lady's tragic powers; but, in our poor opinion, her comedy is lifeless. The

truth is, Thalia is a jealous divinity, and rarely brooks a divided worship from her votaries.

The French drama of *Dominique*, which has enjoyed a considerable run in Paris, has been adapted for this theatre, at which it is now nightly performed, under the title of *Dominique; or, It is the Devil*. The piece, though a tolerably close translation, has been well arranged to suit the taste of an English audience. The scenery is good.

An attempt has been made to revive the antiquated and *rather* indelicate comedy of *The Country Girl*; but the march, we would fain hope, of decency, if not of time, has rendered the effort a failure. As if to add to the "deep damnation" of the design, the *dramatis personæ* exhibited a most ludicrous and inconsistent variety of costume. Nothing, in fact, could equal the practical anachronisms of their *toggery*. We are absolutely obliged to trespass on the slang dictionary to find a phrase suitable for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood have appeared in the respective parts of *Rosetta* and *Hawthorn* in the opera of *Love in a Village*. Both were loudly applauded, and after the curtain had fallen at the conclusion of the opera, were honoured with "a call of the house," to receive a further tribute of approbation.

Monsieur Martin and his Lions, from the Cirque Olympique, Paris, have made their bows before the public in the grand spectacle of *Hyder Ali, or the Lions of*

Mysore. We most assuredly never witnessed a more effective cast of lions, lionesses, boa-constrictors, monkeys, tigers, elephants, and "such small deer." The *débütants*—we mean the beasts—were perfect in their parts. Our old favourite, Mademoiselle D'Jeck, figured in the concluding procession, intended to solemnise Hyder Ali's triumphal entry into Mysore. No expense has been spared in bringing forward this piece, the dialogue of which is absurd, the scenery beautiful, and the whole performance, to say the least of it, "prodigious."

We were highly pleased with the acting of Miss Phillips as *Constance* in Shakspeare's tragedy of *King John*. Her conception of the character was extremely just, and her performance at once feeling and energetic. Macready played *King John* with his usual excellence. Wallack ranted through the part of *Falconbridge*, and produced some effect.

COVENT GARDEN.—At this theatre the dramatic performances for the winter commenced with the tragedy of *Hamlet*. Mr. Young, whose "last season on the stage" has been duly announced in the bills, was the representative of the Prince of Denmark. The retirement of this accomplished actor from the profession of which he has so long been a distinguished member, must be a source of regret to every true lover of the drama, particularly at a moment like the present, when the bare remembrance of the Garricks, the Kembles, and the Cookes of other days seems almost obliterated by the rising glories of the "beasts and beastesses." Even the partial abatement of energy which the severity of criticism might detect in some of Mr. Young's efforts escapes notice amidst the sorrow felt for his approaching loss. His performance of *Hamlet* was good, though we think we have seen him play the part with more effect. Miss Taylor appeared to great advantage as the gentle *Ophelia*. We can scarcely affirm that the remaining characters of the tragedy were played "excellent well." We experienced a malicious pleasure at the ill success with which the philosophical grave-digger's waistcoat-joke was received by the audience, for we have often, though in vain, tried very hard to laugh at it ourselves. Our fathers and grandfathers no doubt thought it a capital stroke of humour, but even a standing jest becomes at length out of

fashion; and at present, boxes, pit, and gallery—"gods above and men below"—are obtuse to the practical wit of him of the many vests.

Mr. Young's performance of the "boosing" *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, in the comedy of *The Man of the World*, afforded an admirable specimen of his powers as an actor. His excellence in this particular part, is too well known to require our lengthy eulogy. A *débütante* from Exeter, Miss Lee, who possesses a good figure and pleasing features, was favourably received as *Constantia*. Miss Taylor sustained the character of *Lady Rodolph*, with her accustomed spirit and animation.

The new farce, *A Genius Wanted*, is well calculated to display the juvenile talent of Miss Poole. The versatility of her "genius" ensured the success of this trifle.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A version of *Dominique* reduced to two acts, and bearing the title of *Talk of the Devil*, is the principal novelty with which this theatre has reopened. Liston, who has refused to perform at Drury Lane in company with the lion, the elephant, the llama, and the rest of Monsieur Martin's *Corps Dramatique*, made his appearance in the part of *Dominique the Resolute*. He also personated, with his usual drollery, *Placid* in the new farce, *I'll be your Second*; an amusing little piece in one act, adapted from the French.

COBURG THEATRE.—This theatre has also got its *Devil*. Lucifer, in short, appears to be in high favour both with managers and audiences.

Downton is performing here with great *éclat*: for his *début* he selected the part of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in Sheridan's admired comedy of *The Rivals*, which was succeeded by the farce of *Who's the Dupe*; Downton appearing as the representative of *Old Doiley*. The house was well filled in every part.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new melodrama, entitled the *Sea Serpent*, has been brought forward at this house, and received with great applause; but the most successful novelty of the season is *Victorine*, or *I'll sleep on it*. This very spirited translation from the French is in three acts, and it is expected that the accommodating portion of the audience will take it for granted that the incidents occupy a space of five and twenty years.

Mrs. Yates was the heroine, *Victorine*. Yates appeared as a middle-aged French debauchee, and to J. Reeve was allotted the ludicrous part of *Mr Bonassus*, which, though not essential to the story of the piece, served as a vehicle for the introduction of that actor's farcical eccentricities.

It is reported that the Haymarket Theatre, which closed on the 15th ult., has sustained by the season a loss exceeding two thousand pounds.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c. — Nicolini is at present in Paris, and has made his *début* in the *Cenerentola*. Madame Pasta has bid adieu to the Parisian public. Her admirable performance of *Desdemona* closed her engagement at the Italian Theatre; and on the 21st ult., her benefit took place, on which occasion she performed the principal part in Bellini's opera of *La Sonnambula*. The theatre of the Opéra Comique has again been opened. A long course of mismanagement has considerably diminished the favour in which this once prosperous establishment was held by the dilettanti of Paris; but a thorough "reform," it is said, has at length been effected; and its finances are consequently again "looking up."

An accident lately happened to Signor Lablache in Paris, on the first representation of *The Barber of Seville* at the Théâtre Italien. On his entrance in the character of *Figaro*, his foot caught in a trap which by some mismanagement had

been left open in the middle of the stage. The Signor fell forward into the orchestra, but fortunately received no material injury, and the performance proceeded without interruption.

A Society has been formed at Rotterdam for the encouragement of national music, and principally of composition, among Dutch artists. Prizes are annually distributed for the best compositions, both in sacred and instrumental music, which are examined by a committee appointed to decide on their merits. The committee is composed entirely of foreign artists and professors: amongst the number are Hummel and Spohr. A school of music and singing, established about two years since at Munich, on the system of Pestalozzi, has been attended with such extraordinary success as to attract the attention of government. The King of Bavaria has conferred on this establishment the title of *Central School of Music* (Centralschule), and has directed a special fund to be applied towards defraying the annual expenses of the Institution.

At a public entertainment at Weimar, Catalani, a few years since, was placed next to the venerable Goëthe. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbour, added to his imposing appearance, attracted the curiosity of the fair syren, who enquired his name. "The celebrated Goëthe, madam." — "Ah! celebrated — pray on what instrument does he play?" was the rejoinder.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE present is the season when every fair votary of fashion anxiously demands — what new materials have been prepared and invented for the approaching winter. On this important subject, our pages, we trust, will afford all possible information.

BONNETS. — The small modest cottage bonnet, so prevalent during the summer, has reappeared in winter costume: watered silk lined with dark velvet, or velvet lined with satin, are the materials at present used. In Paris, the newly-invented artificial velvet hats and bonnets promise to be the mode; they are to be procured

at a very low price, and look and wear well; but the consequence will be, that, like the card Leghorn bonnets, they will, for a short time, be worn by fashionables, and then both the original costly article and its substitute will be ignominiously expelled from the costume of women *comme il faut*. In bonnet-trimming a good deal of novelty prevails: willow plumes (*plumes à la saule*) are the rage. A plume of this kind* is one of the most elegant articles of dress we ever saw, either for carriage costume or full dress: it is called *polonaise*, and is, in fact, copied from a plume of one of the brave and

* See "Carriage Dress."

unfortunate Polish lancers, who sent it as a last remembrance to a French lady to whom he was passionately attached. At the base of these plumes are worn pompons or rosettes. Sometimes, silk fans, either cut in scallops or edged with scalloped blonde, and placed in three tiers, are worn in two places, on the summit of the crown and on the left side near the ear. Some very close small bonnets, called *roquets*, are worn: they are trimmed with long loops of riband (*moulin à vent*), like the sails of a windmill. Some hats have also been seen with wreaths of cut ribands in the form of a V, parted by tufts of white plumes. A very light brilliant violet, mixed with acanthus green, or aventurine and white, are the favourite colours for bonnets.

NEW MATERIALS. — The rage for chalis is excessive: with some additional warmth in their manufacture, to meet the temperature of the approaching season, they promise to be the universal mode for winter, in home, walking, and demi-dress; whilst the exquisite white chalis, either embroidered or plain, is considered *recherchée* by our *élégantes*, for evening or opera costume. *Chalis satinée*, shot in minute stripes, and then either left plain, or elegantly printed, is worn for dinner dress. Perhaps this last material is the most novel, rich, and durable. It is scarcely possible to enumerate the variety of patterns; some in columns of flowers; some in lozenges, and, between the lozenges, a minute running chintz pattern. With one of this kind, from a Norwich loom, we were particularly pleased: the lozenges were pale green, the ground pale buff. The plain wide chalis are the most delicate, and are often embroidered in floss silks, embroidery and painting being mixed with the finest effect. Various new materials in silk have likewise been invented for this winter: among these we may note, *satin à la reine*, *satin polonais*, *reps africain*. *Satin à la reine* is a beautiful invention: to the brilliancy of the richest satin it unites the softness and suppleness of a cachemire. The new watered silks are figured with broad satin columns, which give them a beautiful appearance. We likewise notice some satins in various

shades of red brown and granite, brocaded with groups of beautiful flowers of vivid colours; recalling the dresses of our great grandmothers, but introduced with much effect into our modern costume. Some of these, with broad stripes, are called *pekings*, and are exceedingly rich. Satin ribands of *gros de Tours* form a rich and novel article.

WALKING DRESS. — Pelisses and walking dresses have not yet been obscured by the regular winter array of cloaks and mantles. We see no flounces but in full dress and light materials, none in walking or out-door dress of any kind. White pelerines have been superseded by pelerines and caps to match the dress; and in the form of these consists the whole novelty of walking dress* for this month. A modification of the cloak, which may be called a cloak-pelisse†, will make its appearance this season. It is a wrap with a round cape and long pelerine, and full sleeves terminating in mittens. The material is various, from habit-cloth, the striped material called *natalien*, to cachemire and satined velvet, or plain velvet. In mild weather, satin pelerines are worn; a pointed cape and collar over a long pelerine trimmed with tufted fringe or *marte* fur. The walking dress worn with this pelerine is plain chalis.

EVENING DRESS. — Organdi, white chalis, and worked India or Scotch muslin, are the favourite materials for full dress. One dress we have lately noticed as peculiarly elegant; it was white organdi, painted with sprigs of scarlet geraniums, flowers and leaves; while above the hem appeared a rich worked garland of the same flowers. This union of painting and embroidery produced a delightful effect. Corsagés *en cœur* and *à la Grecque*, and in folds, showing the chemisette beneath, are still prevalent. The hair is worn in Maçonna bands, and high bows, mixed with loops and plumes of cut riband; willow plumes and pompons are also mixed with the hair bows. Lappets, barbes, and mantilla veils in blonde, are often seen in court or full dress. Lace flounces, headed by cut ribands, or knots of cut ribands or loops *à la moulin*, are the trimmings to the skirts; mantilla falls for the back and shoulders.

* For further information see the plate "Walking Dress."

† See "Carriage Dress."

DRESS HATS AND CAPS.—The most elegant are velvet beret hats of an oval form, the edge slightly bent up, with white willow plumes and white ribands: the colours, cherry, violet *orgie*, or *hanneton*. For caps, black blonde trimmed with *mauve*-coloured satin fans, entirely scalloped or vandyked round; the broad strings are likewise scalloped round.

SCARFS.—Besides the *écharpe nœud*, the *écharpe scapulaire* is worn. This has rich embroidery on the shoulders, and is altogether new.

STOCKINGS.—Grey stockings, with black designs, made from very fine cotton or Merino wool, will, this winter, supersede silk stockings.

COLOURS.—The fashionable colours are violet *orgie*, *hanneton* (a shade of claret), and an entirely new colour called *coquardeau*. The favourite greens are, Polish green, acanthus, and aventurine; every shade of granite and claret is likewise worn.

CARRIAGE DRESS AND OPERA DRESS.—Pelisse cloak of ponceau cachemerie, elegantly figured in columns, lined with aventurine-coloured *gros de Naples*. The collar rolls back to the belt, but may be closed according to convenience or taste. Beneath is a round cape, falling over a vandyked pelerine with long ends. Large gigot sleeves, finished tight to the wrist, and low on the hand like mittens. Dress of white chalis. This beautiful material, which was invented a few months back in Paris, is now made in Norwich; and, in beauty and durability, the English manufacture far surpasses the products of French looms, and rivals those of Brabant. The Norwich *chalis* are woven in that city, and printed in London with the most elegant patterns; and, what is not generally known, they may be cleaned, like Norwich shawls, without the slightest injury to colour or material. These valuable qualifications will make chalis dresses as universal in England as they are in Paris. The dress is made *en cœur* in the corsage, with plain beret sleeves: the skirt is plain, with a simple corded hem. Small hat of ponceau velvet, from which hangs one long lappet of riband on the right side: a thick white satin braid crosses the brow. One white plume *à la saule* (willow), composed of various small drooping feathers, is the sole ornament of this elegant hat. Medallion necklace, and

bracelets of pearls. Green satin shoes, lined with marte fur.

Carriage dress, shown by the reverse of this figure, is of a less showy material and colour. The hat of amaranth velvet, white ribands, and willow plume. The cloak pelisse of *vin de lie* plain chalis; it is closed over the bust.

WALKING DRESS (128.).—Velvet bonnet of the new colour, violet *orgie*. The material is folded in twisted plaits round a pointed crown, which is finished on the summit with two square ornaments, trimmed with narrow white blonde and a tuft of cut ribands, violet and pale green, shot *à mille rayes*: strings of the same colour. The bonnet loops up behind, where it is tastefully cut and trimmed with white blonde: it is lined with acanthus green satin, and two or three loops of riband of the same colour carelessly placed within. Demi-veil of white blonde. Walking dress of *gros de Berlin*: colour, acanthus green. Sleeves of the usual fullness at the upper part of the arm, straight to the lower, and furnished at the wrist with a plain band: no bracelets. The skirt very full, and quite plain, with the exception of a deep hem. The novelty of this dress is wholly confined to the pelerine and capes, which are entirely new. A pelerine, with ends fastening under the belt, is cut straight on the bust, and with exceedingly long points on the shoulders. Over this appears a cape, buttoned down the bust with green enamelled buttons. The cape is straight behind and in front, and has likewise long points on the shoulders. Above the cape is a small collar, the points of which take the same direction. A little round collar of delicate Honiton lace finishes the whole. This elegant walking dress is rendered sufficiently warm for the coldest days in November, by the addition of a large boa of bear or swansdown. Gloves of pale fawn kid.

The remaining figure shows the cut of the reverse of this dress in pale violet chalis and bonnet of *mauve* watered silk, lined with white satin.

BRIDAL DRESS AND EVENING DRESS (131.).—Hair in folded bows, and Madonna bands on the brow. Rich white blonde scarf, the ends of which hang down in long lappets or *brides*. The middle is disposed in puffs among the hair bows, with sprigs of white jasmine in the natural colours at the upper part of the head-

dress; but on the brow the jasmine is imitated in small pearls, in the shape of flowers and foliage. Blonde chemisette. Dress of white *organdi*, worked in white floss silks. Corsage à la *Rozalana*, gathered under a perpendicular band, which is finished by a small pompon of mauve riband, shot in little stripes (*à mille rayes*). Another pompon on the front of the right shoulder, and on the left a bouquet of Chinese roses and jasmine. A fall of blonde round the bust; a second mantilla fall only on the back and shoulders; a third deeper fall as epaulettes on the shoulders alone. Large clear gigot sleeves of white *lisse*, worked at the wrist with white silk. Skirt *en blouse*, over white *gros de Naples*. The skirt is worked bias to the knees in many divisions, each division headed by a white satin knot. Necklace of ropes of pearl, divided by four gold pompons. Bracelets of fine pearl medallions, set in gold. Star pendants in the ears. White satin shoes and plain white silk stockings. Belt of mauve (mallow colour) shot satin. The belt has no buckle, but is fastened behind, under a pompon of the same riband.

When this beautiful costume is worn

as a marriage toilet, orange flowers are substituted for jasmine, and the gown is made of worked India muslin; likewise, the knot of white riband composing the flounce may be bordered with small pearl beads.

MODES PARISIENNES.

No. 128. — Toilette d'Automne. — Capote à bavolet, relevé en satin ornée de blondes et de rubans. Robe en gros de Berlin, à double pelerine et à collet rabattu.

Chapeau bérêt, en velours plain, ornée d'un plumet saule, forme Polonoise. Robe en chalis blanc. Manteau en cachemirienne à dessin. Grand burat à double pelerine. Manche fornant mitaine sur la main.

No. 131. — Costume de Mariée. — Coiffure ornée de barbes en blondes, et de fleurs d'oranger, bandeaux à la *Madonne*. Robe en mousseline des Indes brodée; le corsage est orné de trois rangs de malines brodée à dessin de blonde. Les manches en mousseline brodée au poignet. Robe de dessous en satin blanc.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE French Chamber of Deputies have abolished the hereditary peerage, by the immense majority of 324 against 86. Hereditary rank and honours have thus been swept away from every part of the system with the exception of the throne. The rejection of our Reform Bill at home, is supposed to have contributed not a little to this result. The nomination of peers rests with the crown; but the royal choice is limited to certain classes or categories of persons. The list of these categories, however, is tolerably extensive. A Protestant member (E. Meynard) made an ineffectual attempt to introduce a new category, and proposed that archbishops, bishops, and the heads of the Protestant consistories, should be eligible to the peerage. The proposition was received with bursts of laughter, and was negatived without a division.

A definitive arrangement between Holland and Belgium has been con-

cluded at the dictation of the London Conference. The Dutch retain all the territory on the left bank of the Scheldt. The navigation of that river is to be regulated according to the principles established by the treaty of Vienna. The portion of Luxemburg assigned to Belgium, is more than half that province; and in exchange Holland obtains a part of Limburg. Maestricht remains wholly Dutch. On the ratification of the treaty Antwerp will be ceded to the Dutch, who are to surrender Venloo. The government of Belgium is said to be decidedly favourable to the conditions of this arrangement; the terms of which, it is presumed, will scarcely be rejected by the King of Holland.

The organised resistance of the Poles to the Russians is now believed to be at an end. Most of the Poles have taken refuge in the Prussian dominions; whither, in violation of the neutral territory, they have been pursued by the Russians.

At home, the rejection of the Reform Bill by a majority of 41, has caused universal consternation and gloom. As the bishops have mainly contributed to the defeat of this grand national measure, it may readily be supposed that those right reverend pillars of the church stand by no means high in public estimation. The news having reached Auckland that the Bishop of Durham had voted by proxy against the Bill, the inhabitants of that place paraded the streets by torch-light with his lordship in effigy. After holding up the figure in contempt over the castle gates, they proceeded to burn it in the market-place. As soon as his lordship's representative was consumed to ashes, the populace dispersed. An evening paper states, that the Bishop of London was induced to abandon his intention of preaching at the church of St. Anne, Westminster, in consequence of a communication made to his lordship, that the instant of his ascending the pulpit would be the signal to the congregation to quit the church in a body. These facts need no comment.

As soon as the defeat of the Bill became generally known throughout the country, the most violent symptoms of popular discontent were manifested; and in many of the provincial towns serious disturbances took place. In Derby the greatest excitement prevailed: the shops were all closed, and business was completely at a stand. An immense concourse of people assembled; and, to disperse the rioters, the soldiers were ordered to fire upon the populace, and it is stated that several lives were lost. Nottingham was also the scene of the most alarming outrages. Nottingham Castle, the property of the Duke of Newcastle, was fired by the mob; and by eleven o'clock at night, nothing remained of the once splendid edifice except the walls.

On the 20th of October His Majesty went in person to prorogue the Parliament, and during the procession of the cavalcade was loudly cheered. A number of peeresses and other distinguished persons attended to witness the ceremony. The Grand Duchess Helene, Prince Talleyrand, Prince Esterhazy, and several other members of the diplomatic corps, were present. The King arrived at about half-past two, and the Commons were immediately summoned.

The Speaker stated that the last bill agreed to by the house was one for applying 1,800,000*l.* out of the consolidated fund for the service of the year 1831, to which he prayed His Majesty's royal assent. The royal assent was given to this and several other bills.

His Majesty then read the following speech in a firm tone, once or twice pronouncing certain passages with a marked emphasis:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I am at length enabled to put an end to a session of unexampled duration and labour, in which matters of the deepest interest have been brought under your consideration.

"I have felt sincere satisfaction in confirming by my royal assent the bills for the amendment of the game laws, and for the reduction of taxes which pressed heavily on the interests of my people; and I have observed, with no less pleasure, the commencement of important improvements in the law of bankruptcy, from which the most beneficial effects may be expected.

"I continue to receive the most gratifying proofs of the friendly disposition of Foreign Powers.

"The Conference assembled in London has at length terminated its difficult and laborious discussions, by an arrangement unanimously agreed upon by the Plenipotentiaries of the five Powers, for the separation of the States of Belgium and Holland, on terms by which the interests of both, together with the future security of other countries, have been carefully provided for.

"A treaty founded on this arrangement has been presented to the Dutch and Belgian Plenipotentiaries, and I trust that if accepted by the respective Courts, which I anxiously expect, it will avert the dangers by which the peace of Europe was threatened whilst the question remained unsettled.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the provision made for the future dignity and comfort of my Royal Consort, in the event of her surviving me; and for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the present year. You may be assured of my anxious care to have them administered with the strictest attention to a well-considered economy.

"The state of Europe has produced the necessity of an increased expenditure in the various establishments of the public service, which it will be my earnest desire to reduce whenever it can be done with safety to the interest of the country. In the mean time I have the satisfaction of reflecting that these

demands have been provided for without any material addition to the public burthens.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In the interval of repose which may now be afforded to you, I am sure it is unnecessary for me to recommend to you the preservation of tranquillity in your respective counties. The anxiety which has been so generally manifested by my people for the accomplishment of a constitutional reform in the Commons' House of Parliament will, I trust, be regulated by a due sense of the necessity of order and moderation in their proceedings. To the consideration of this important question the attention of Parliament must necessarily again be called at the opening of the ensuing Session; and you may be assured of my unaltered desire to promote its settlement by such improvements in the representation as may be found necessary for securing to my people the full enjoyment of those rights which, in combination with those of the other orders of the state, are essential to the support of our free constitution."

The Lord Chancellor then said, "I am commanded by His Majesty to declare that Parliament is prorogued to Tuesday the 22d of November, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is prorogued accordingly."

His Majesty then left the house, and on his return to his palace was hailed with the same enthusiasm which had marked his progress thither.

Spite of the despondency which prevails throughout the country, it is gratifying to remark in the King's speech, His Majesty's declaration of his own *unaltered* wish for Reform. As long as the King continues his confidence in the present ministry, we may not only rest assured that his opinions on the subject of reform are unchanged, but we may also reasonably entertain a hope that Lord Grey is sincere in his expressed determination to stand or fall by the Bill.

Perhaps the most important, or at least the home-striking news, is the alarming notice of the 20th ult. in the *London Gazette* respecting the cholera. This fatal disease having reached Hamburgh, our government have thought it incumbent upon them to take every precaution.

The order in question enjoins a strict observance of the quarantine regulations, and the prevention of smuggling. In addition to this the establishment of local boards of health has been recommended, the division of towns into districts, separation of the sick from the healthy, &c.; great cleanliness, and free ventilation.

(From the London Gazette.)

"Houses where the sick have been should be thoroughly cleansed; decayed articles, such as rags, &c., burnt, and furniture submitted to copious affusions of water, and boiled in a strong ley; drains purified by streams of water and chloride of lime; ablu-tion of wood-work should be performed by a strong ley of soap and water; the walls of the house, from the cellar to the garret, should be hot lime-washed; all loose and decayed pieces of plastering should be removed."

"It is recommended that those who may fall victims to this formidable disease should be buried in a detached piece of ground, in the vicinity of the house that may have been selected for the reception of cholera patients. By this regulation it is intended to confine as much as possible every source of infection to one spot."

We have often and strenuously recommended the plan proposed by the General Cemetery Company, whose motto was *Salus populi suprema lex*—"The preservation of the public health is of the first importance." Having made the above extracts from the Gazette regulations of Oct. 21. 1851, we now quote a few passages from an early prospectus of the General Cemetery Company, dated Oct. 24. 1825.

It would be well for the Board of Health to read the remarks contained in that document, which might suggest to them some valuable regulations with regard to interments.

"Great pains are taken to fumigate and fresh paint the houses, and even to burn the clothing of those carried off by infectious disorders. Should all precaution cease, and the deceased be deposited in a vault, in a coffin of wood only? or is enquiry made into the cause of death with a view to greater precaution? Instances are not rare of infection being received by persons only passing the door of a house when certain disorders are prevalent; sometimes we are, ourselves, sensible of a contagious atmosphere, and how pestilential is the air which is thence inhaled!"

And again:—

"It can be also proved, that the air within a vault, where leaden coffins were used, had become so vitiated, that lighted candles attempted to be carried into it were immediately extinguished. Scarcely, then, will it be credited, that in the present enlightened age, the dead, secured only by a wooden coffin, are, nevertheless, *without restraint*, received into the parochial vaults of *not fewer than twenty parishes* within this metropolis."

What then, will, such of our readers as have never yet considered the subject say to the following?

"Within some churches there are regular graves under the aisles and the pews, the same as in church-yards; in others 'pits,' or vaults, (not bricked but of earth) the entrance into which is from within the building. In others, the vents to the vaults are actually within the church. These things happen, as it may be termed, under the eye of the law."

And in speaking of the enlargement of St. Sepulchre's church-yard, as published in the *John Bull* newspaper, August, 1825.

"A celebrated chymist (the late Mr. Clarke of Apothecaries' Hall) visited the spot, and expressed himself unequivocally as to the cause of the sickness, and warned the parish officers of the probable consequences of exposing so great a surface of saturated soil. *Several of the workmen were confined to their homes for many days afterwards, totally unable to resume their labours.*"

We shall conclude with a few other extracts pertinent to the present interesting subject of the preservation of the public health.

"To be convinced of the deleterious gases thus sent abroad throughout the metropolis, must we require to witness the dreadful ravages of the plague, or see the almost instantaneous death? We ourselves may be the victims of our incredulity.

"Who can but reprobate so thoughtless a system? who bold enough to stand forward as its advocate? We know these things beyond idle and casual report; we have our-

selves diligently searched them out, and entered into some of these storehouses of putrefaction.

"We think ourselves bound to caution the public who cannot be aware of the extent of the evil. Convinced of the veracity of our statements, men for their own sakes will become our warm supporters. It is, in truth, a labour of love, in which every inhabitant of this metropolis is in some measure interested."

The public have come forward, and are convinced that burial places should be apart from populous cities.

But our object is to promote an immediate enquiry into the state and condition of our metropolitan places of interment—a precaution as necessary, in our humble judgment, as those already recommended officially.

Whether the cholera be epidemic or contagious, seems a matter of the greatest uncertainty. Our government has acted upon the latter opinion; in countries which have been afflicted by it, a different conclusion has been adopted. We are also recommended to live well, and, as much as possible, to banish apprehension.

As we hope that proper care may still avert from us this dreadful malady, we have not extracted the remedies proposed in case of attacks. In a short time more minute regulations, if necessary, will doubtless be issued.

Brighton has set the example of forming a board of health; yesterday a meeting was held for the purpose. Too much activity cannot be used in every town.

PORTFOLIO.

PREPARATION TO RENDER WALKING SHOES IMPERVIOUS TO SEA-WATER.—During their summer sojourn by the sea-side, delicate females sometimes lay the foundation of very serious complaints, in consequence of their shoes being often soaked with salt water. Not that such accidents are productive of evil effects (for it is proverbial, in bathing-places, that salt water never gives cold), but walking shoes, however new, when once touched with sea-water, never become thoroughly dry, and ever after imbibe fresh water like brown paper. Before ladies take sea-side walks, we recommend them to have their leather shoes rubbed with the following mixture, which will render them impervious to either sea or fresh water:—Six ounces of white wax,

four ounces of resin, one pint of fine linseed oil, and half a pound of mutton-suet, must be boiled together, and applied to new leather shoes when in a liquid state, but not hot enough to injure the leather. The shoes will afterwards take blacking well, and will be completely water-proof.

AN EXCELLENT PREPARATION FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.—One oz. of levigated charcoal; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of crabs' eyes; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of red Peruvian bark; 20 drops of Friar's balsam; 1 oz. of virgin honey; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of vanilla; 4 drops of essence of rose. This is excellent for whitening the teeth and purifying the mouth. It is sure, after some weeks' use, to heal and harden the gums, if indisposed: it should be put in a small porcelain jar with a lid, and must be applied with a toothbrush.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS — Sons.

On Sept. 29. The lady of *Henry Cole*, Esq. of Twickenham. — Oct. 4. The lady of *J. W. Chevalier*, Esq. of Torrington Square. — Oct. 5. The lady of *Richard Stevenson*, Esq. of Maida Place, Edgware Road. — Oct. 5. The lady of *William Cabel*, Esq. of the India Board. — Oct. 9. At Margate, the lady of *George Yeates Hunter*, Esq. — Oct. 10. At Pennington House, Lymington, the lady of *Captain Temple*. — Oct. 13. At West Ashby, Lincolnshire, the lady of the Rev. *G. C. Hale*. — Oct. 14. At Wasery Place, Berks, the lady of *William Mount*, Esq. M.P. — Oct. 15. The lady of Dr. *Foote*, of Cheltenham. — Oct. 21. *Ann*, the wife of *Thomas Paynter*, Esq. Barrister. — Oct. 22. At her father's house, Baker Street, Portman Square, the lady of *Lieutenant Forrester*, R.N. — Oct. 20. In Connaught Place, the Lady *Augusta Vernon Wentworth*. — Oct. 17. The lady of *Thomas L. Gooch*, Esq. R.N. — Oct. 23. At Brighton, Mrs. *Henry Cowd Teed* (of a posthumous son). — Oct. 18. At Thorney House, Bucks, the lady of *Captain Tyler*, R.N. — Oct. 25. In Fenchurch Street, Mrs. *John Alers Hankey*. — Oct. 26. Prematurely, Mrs. *B. Hopkinson*, of Red Lion Square. — Sept. 2. At Fort Garry, Hudson's Bay, Mrs. *George Simpson*, of La-Chine, Montreal. — Oct. 19. At Dieppe, the lady of *William Anderson Cranford*, Esq.

BIRTHS — Daughters.

On Oct. 4. At Marton, the lady of *Alexander Atherton Park*, Esq. — Oct. 3. The lady of *William Brokenblower*, Esq. of Queen Square, Bath. — Oct. 3. At Raughton Rectory, the lady of the Rev. *John Dymoke*. — Oct. 8. At the Duke of *Beaufort's*, Grosvenor Square, Lady *Georgiana Ryler*. — Oct. 9. At Shoulden House, near Deal, the lady of *Captain James Webster*. — Oct. 7. At Walten House, Leicestershire, the lady of *Edward Dawson*, Esq. — Oct. 3. At Dolard-dyn Hall, North Wales, the lady of *Captain Edward Groves*, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. — Oct. 8. At Weston House, St. Pancras, the wife of *H. B. Diamond*, Esq. — Oct. 14. At Kneller Hall, Whiston, the lady of *Charles Culbert*, Esq. M.P. — Oct. 11. The lady of *William Kay*, Esq. of Tring Park (still born). — At Ilfracomb, the lady of *R. W. Dickinson*, Esq. — Oct. 23. In Chester Place, Grosvenor Place, the lady of *John Key*, Esq. — Oct. 23. At Maidstone, the Honourable Lady *Noel Hill*. — Oct. 24. Mrs. *Greatercx*, of New

Bridge Street. — Oct. 18. At Hawk, Dumfriesshire, the lady of *Captain George Hope Johnstone*, R.N. — Oct. 25. The lady of *John Augustus Tulk*, Esq. of Park Square, Regent's Park. — Oct. 26. At Horleyford Place, Kennington, Mrs. *Washington Lee*. — At Holloway, Mrs. *Wilks*.

MARRIAGES.

On Oct. 3. At St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, *H. H. South*, M.D. F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, to *Clara*, youngest daughter of the late *Thomas Latham*, Esq. of Champion Hill, Surrey. — Oct. 4. At St. James's Church, *Charles Cloues*, Esq. of Delaford, Bucks, to *Mary Ann*, youngest daughter of *Samuel Parker*, Esq. late of Treleigh House, Cornwall. — At St. Mark's, Kennington, by the Rev. *W. Law*, M.A., the Rev. *J. Hodgson*, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to *Sarah Margaret*, only daughter of the late *John Barclay*, Esq. of Stockwell. — At Barkway, Herts, by the Hon. and Rev. *J. W. Peachey*, Mr. *William Cornwell*, of Solihull, Cambridgeshire, to *Ann*, daughter of *William Cornwell*, Esq. of the former place. — At Lee, Kent, Lieut. *J. A. Gilbert*, Royal Artillery, to *Emma Owen*, daughter of the late *James R. Williams*, Esq. of Lee, Kent. — At St. Matthew's, Brixton, *Robert Watts*, Esq. of Frampton on Severn, Gloucestershire, to *Elizabeth Charlotte*, youngest daughter of the late *John Harris*, Esq. of Clapham, Surrey. — Oct. 5. At Aldingbourne, Sussex, by the Rev. *James Dallaway*, *James Wentworth Butler*, Esq. of Downes, Devon, M.P. for the city of Exeter, to *Charlotte Juliana Jane*, third daughter of the late Lord *Henry Howard*, and niece to the Duke of *Norfolk*. — Oct. 6. At St. Mary's, by the Rev. *Henry Anson*, *Robert North Collier Hamilton*, Esq. eldest son of Sir *Frederick Hamilton*, Bart. to *Constance*, daughter of General Sir *George Anson*, K.C.B. M.P., &c. — Sept. 24. At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Lord Bishop of Cork, *George Fitzjane Russell*, Esq. of Belmont Lodge, Surrey, to *Louisa Margaret*, youngest daughter of *Francis Hodgkinson*, LL.D. Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. — Oct. 6. At Crawley, Hants, *Charles Norton*, Esq. of Mecklenburgh Square, to *Charlotte*, eldest daughter of *George Lovell*, Esq. of Rookby House. — Oct. 6. At Holyrood Church, Southampton, *Henry Beveridge*, Esq. of the Honourable Company's Service, to *Eliza*, eldest daughter of *James Beveridge*, Esq. of

Kinrara Cottage, Surrey. — At Jersey, by the Very Rev. the Dean, *Arthur Coupe*, Esq. of the 84th Regiment, to *Louisa*, youngest daughter of *Richard Franklyn*, Esq. of the Royal Mint. — Oct. 4. At Church Town, Lancashire, *Henry Hall Jay*, of the Inner Temple, Esq. to *Mary Charlotte*, only child of *James Greenalgh*, of Myerscough Hall, Lancaster, Esq. — Sept. 29. Major *Jones*, of the 12th Regiment, to *Elizabeth*, second daughter of *John Acheson Smyth*, Esq. of Ardmore, county of Londonderry. — Oct. 1. *William Holt*, Esq. second son of *W. H. Holt*, Esq. of Enfield, to *Sophia*, eldest daughter of *W. Adams*, Esq. of Burket, Buckinghamshire. — Oct. 3. *W. T. Coney*, Esq. second son of the late Rev. *W. Coney*, of Cookham Elms, Berkshire, to *Frances*, daughter of *W. C. Hull*, Esq. of Marpool Hall, Devonshire. — Oct. 13. Capt. *Richard Blunt*, son of Lieutenant-General *Blunt*, to *Mary*, only daughter of the late *James Clay*, Esq. of Bloomsbury Place. — *William Miles*, Esq. of the 2d Regiment of Life Guards, to *Dorothea Rose*, daughter of the late *John Rose Drewe*, Esq. of the Grange, in the County of Devon. — Oct. 13. The Rev. *J. Hawley*, to *Henrietta Margaretta*, eldest daughter of the late *P. Peyns*, Esq. — Oct. 15. At Loughton, Essex, General *Grosvenor*, to *Anna*, youngest daughter of the late *George Wulbram*, Esq. of Delamere House, Cheshire. — Oct. 20. *G. J. Bosanquet*, Esq. of Broxbourneburgh, Herts, to *Cecilia* widow of the late *S. R. Gausson*, Esq. of Brookmans, Herts. — Oct. 24. At St. Mary-le-Strand, Mr. *Thomas Edward Penfold*, of the Middle Temple, Esq. to *Maria*, eldest daughter of *John Dison*, Esq. of Chancery Lane. — Oct. 24. The Rev. *Frederick Baring*, son of *Alexander Baring*, Esq. of the Grange, Southampton, to *Frederica Mary Catherine*, third daughter of the late *John Aiton*, Esq. of the Grange, Chester. — Oct. 25. *Joseph Curling*, Esq. of Herne Hill, to *Charlotte Holbert*, youngest daughter of the late Captain *James Wilson*, of Denmark Hill. — Oct. 25. *Samuel May*, Esq. of Brynsworth House, North Devon, to *Sarah*, youngest daughter of *Dobson Willoughby*, Esq. of Hampstead. — At Guilford, the Rev. *John Ward*, third son of *John Ward*, Esq. of Richmond, to *Frances Sarah*, eldest daughter of *Francis Shurry*, Esq.

DEATHS.

On Sept. 10. At her house, in Henrietta Street, in the 90th year of her age, *Anne*, Countess of Mornington, relict of *Carroll*, late Earl of Mornington; the most aged of the peeresses, having, at the age of 20, walked at the Coronation of King George the Third and Queen Charlotte, the last surviving female of rank who officiated at that ceremony.

— Aug. 9. At Corfu, the Honourable *Charles Gustavus Moncton*, Captain in the 88th Regiment, second son of Viscount and Viscountess *Galway*, in the 26th year of his age, in the performance of his military duty; this lamented officer was shot by a soldier who had been committing robbery, and had armed himself to destroy any individual who might recognise him. — A few days ago, at Howden, Mrs. *Sarah Bain*, aged 100 years and 7 months; Mrs. *Bain* had been a widow upwards of 30 years; and her husband, Mr. *Charles Bain*, was a draper, at Howden, and the first who attempted a banking concern in that place, now nearly 60 years ago. — 5. aged 78, the Rev. *Folliott Herbert Cornwall*, for nearly twenty-four years Bishop of Worcester. — At Ramsgate, the infant daughter of the Earl and Countess of *Cawdor*. — In his 102d year, Mr. *J. Camel* of Mazewood. — 17. At Blackford, village of Closeburn, Mr. *Thomas McMurdo*, the patriarch of the parish; his age, we believe, cannot be known by referring to the register. but he often said that "he was a lump of a callant fourteen years auld, when the Highlanders can down and thrust their dirks, in spite, through the portraits of King William and his consort in Drumlanrig Castle;" and, taking this statement as correct, he must have witnessed the dews of a hundred springs, and the frosts and snows of as many winters. — Sept. 20. At York Gate, *Cornelius Connell*, Esq. aged 83. — Sept. 24. *Martha*, relict of *Samuel Newington*, Esq. of Triehurst, Sussex, aged 92. — Oct. 4. At Brighton, *Eliza*, eldest daughter of *Gordon Forbes*, Esq. of Ham, Surrey. — Oct. 4. At Duke Street, St. James's, *William Crosbie Marr*, M.D. — At Clifton, Mrs. *Sterling*, relict of the Rev. *Anthony Sterling*, Rector of Clonagan, Ireland, aged 85. — Oct. 5. At Brighton, *Henry Coud Tred*, Esq. of Devonshire Street, Portland Place. — Sept. 27. At Kew Green, Surrey, *Thomas Holts*, Esq. aged 80. — Oct. 4. At Winterton, whilst bathing in the sea, *George Harvey*, Esq. of Tavistock Square, aged 38. — April 22. At Bombay, Lieut. *Graham James Graham*, of the 6th Regiment of Native Infantry, aged 27. — Oct. 6. *Martha*, relict of *Harry Fumell*, Esq. Post-captain, R.N. — Oct. 10. At Holbrook Hall, Suffolk, *Harriet*, wife of Captain *Job Hamner*, R.N. — Oct. 20. Lieutenant-Colonel *William Ranken*, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, Bengal. — Oct. 23. At Wm. Willis's, Esq. Montagu Square, *Philip Crowe*, Esq. aged 53. — Oct. 22. At Croydon, Mr. *James Moore Penfold*, son of Mr. *Thomas Penfold*, solicitor, aged 25. — April 16. At Sylhet, in the Presidency of Bengal, *William James Turquand*, Esq.

ADDRESS.

IN closing the Fourth Volume of the Improved Series of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, we feel anxious to acknowledge the increased patronage with which our exertions have been rewarded ; though, even had our labours been uncheered by a degree of success proportionate to the zeal with which they were undertaken, we take leave to state, that our perseverance in the path which we have chosen, and the manifestation of our ability not only to promise, but to perform, would have proved us, if not successful, at least not unworthy claimants for public favour.

The superiority of our embellishments and fashions, and our general arrangements for supplying our fair countrywomen with the earliest as well as the best intelligence respecting the ever-varying "movement" of the *mode*, have been more than once acknowledged by our brethren of the daily press. On this subject, therefore, we content ourselves with expressing a hope, that as the working of our system, if we may adopt that phrase, has smoothed many of the difficulties with which it was at first attended, our rigid adherence to the plan laid down for our own observance, and our undiminished activity, will still maintain for us that proud, and, we trust, not unmerited pre-eminence, which has excited the feeble imitation as well as the paltry attacks of envious and would-be rival contemporaries. We may here take occasion to remark, that some of the latter, availing themselves of the superior execution and early appearance

of our fashion plates, have, in all humility, copied them, *without an acknowledgment of the source whence they were derived.*

With regard to the literary department of our publication, it ill becomes us to be the herald of our own praise; suffice it to observe, that our unwearied attention to the prominent features of our plan has not debarred us from obtaining our portion of the high literary distinction claimed by periodicals professedly devoted to graver objects than those which it is sometimes invidiously assumed are, to the exclusion of all others, within the scope of a Lady's Magazine.

In concluding our brief address, we cannot avoid suggesting, that the attacks so gratuitously directed against us by certain obscure periodicals, afford the most convincing proof of the superiority which envy, unable to imitate, in vain endeavours to decry. In the talent of vulgar vituperation we confess our inferiority, and we are even simple enough to believe that the personalities which would degrade ourselves would disgust our readers. We feel that some apology is due to the latter for even a passing allusion to the puny scribblers, who, because unnoticed, imagine themselves triumphant. Our declaration, that we intend to persevere in a course which has hitherto provoked their pitiable spleen, will be to them sufficient punishment.

December 1. 1831.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES;

AND

COMPANION TO THE ANNUALS

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1831.

No. XXIV.

CORONATION REGALIA.

We give the following concise description of the Regalia from Thomson's interesting "Account of the Processions and Ceremonies observed in the Coronation of the Kings and Queens of England." The present Regalia, which are accurately represented in our embellishment, were manufactured for the Coronation of Charles II., those formerly used having been lost, sold, or destroyed during the wars in the reign of Charles I.

Fig. 1. *King Edward's Chair* (commonly called *St. Edward's Chair*) is an ancient seat of solid hard wood, with back and sides of the same, variously painted, in which the kings of Scotland were in former periods constantly crowned: but having been brought out of the kingdom by King Edward I. in the year 1296, after he had totally overcome John Balliol, king of Scots, it has ever since remained in the Abbey of Westminster, and has been the Royal Chair in which the succeeding kings and queens of this realm have been inaugurated. It is in height six feet seven inches, in breadth at the bottom thirty-eight inches, and in depth twenty-four inches: from the seat to the bottom is twenty-five inches, the breadth of the seat within the sides is twenty-eight inches, and the depth eighteen inches. At nine inches from the ground is a bench, supported at the four corners by four lions. Between the seat and this bench is enclosed a stone, commonly called *Jacob's*, or the *Fatal Marble Stone*, which is an oblong of about twenty-two inches in length, thirteen inches broad, and eleven inches deep, of a steel colour,

mixed with some veins of red. History relates, that it is the stone whereon the Patriarch Jacob laid his head in the plain of Luz. It is also added, that it was brought to Brigantia, in the kingdom of Gallicia, in Spain, in which place Gathol, king of Scots, sat on it as his throne. Thence it was conveyed into Ireland by Simon Brech, who was king of Scots, about 700 years before Christ's time; from thence into Scotland by King Fergus, about 370 years afterwards; and in the year 850, it was placed in the Abbey of *Scots*, in the Sheriffdom of Perth, by King Kenneth, who caused it to be enclosed in this wooden chair, and a prophetic verse to be engraved, of which the following is a translation:—

"Should fate not fail, where'er this stone is found,
The Scots shall mou'nt on it, till it be crown'd."

This is the more remarkable, by its having been fulfilled in the person of King James the First, grandfather to the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, grandmother to King George the Second, who was grandfather to George the Third.

This antique Regal Chair having (together with the golden Sceptre and Crown of Scotland) been solemnly offered by King Edward the First to St. Edward the Confessor, in the year 1297 (whence it derives the appellation of *St. Edward's Chair*), has ever since been kept in the Chapel called by his name, with a tablet affixed to it, whereon several Latin verses are written in the old English character.

The ornaments of this chair, which at present is covered with gold frosted tissue, consist of crockets and fret work richly gilt. It has a cushion covered with the same materials. The fatal stone maintains its usual place under the seat of the chair: but is hid from observation by the fringe which surrounds it.

Fig. 2. The first and principal diadem, denominated *St. Edward's Crown*, with which His Majesty is invested, is so called in commemoration of the ancient one, which was kept in Westminster Abbey, till the beginning of the great Rebellion, when, with the rest of the Regalia, it was sacrilegiously taken away. It is a very rich Imperial Crown, embellished with pearls and precious stones of various kinds, as diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with a mound of gold on the top of it, encircled with a band of the same, embellished also with precious stones; and upon the mound a cross of gold decorated in a similar manner, having three very large oval pearls, one at the top of the cross, and two others pendant at the sides of it. The crown is composed, as all those of England are, of four crosses, and as many *fleurs-de-lis* upon a rim or circle of gold, all embellished with precious stones; from the tops of which crosses arise four circular bars, or arches, which meet at the top, and at the intersection is the pedestal, whereon is fixed the mound. The cap within the crown is of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, thickly powdered in three rows.

Fig. 3. The *Crown of State* is so called because worn by the King when his majesty comes in state to the parliament-house, and also on his return to Westminster Hall. It is very magnificent, being embellished with several large rose and table diamonds, and other precious stones, besides a great number of pearls; but it is particularly remarkable for a large ruby, set in the middle of one of the four crosses, esteemed worth ten thousand pounds, as also that the mound is one entire stone, of a sea-water green colour, known by the name of an aqua-marina. The cap is also of purple velvet, lined and turned up as the former.

Fig. 4. The *Queen's Crown* is a rich Imperial Crown of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with precious stones of other kinds, and some

pearls. It is composed of crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*, with bars or arches, and a mound and cross on the top of the arches, after the same manner as the King's Imperial Crowns, differing from them only in size, being lesser and lighter. The cap is of purple velvet, lined with rich white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, or Minever pure, richly powdered.

Fig. 5. The *Queen's rich Crown*, which Her Majesty wore on her return to Westminster Hall, is likewise of gold; but so splendidly embellished with diamonds and pearls, that scarcely any of the metal is visible. It is also an imperial crown, composed of crosses and *fleurs de lis*, with arches and a mound, as is her Majesty's other crown. The cap is purple velvet, lined with rich white Florence taffeta, turned up and richly powdered with ermine. The whole value of this diadem, as used at former coronations, has been computed at 111,900*l.* sterling.

Fig. 6. The *Queen's Circlet* is a rim or circle of gold, richly adorned with large diamonds, beautifully set with a string of pearls round the upper edge. The cap is purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine richly powdered.

Fig. 7. The *Orb, Mound, or Globe*, which was put into his Majesty's hand immediately before his being crowned, and which he bore in his left hand upon his return to Westminster Hall, is a ball of gold of six inches diameter, encompassed with a band of the same, embellished with roses of diamonds encircling other precious stones, and edged about with pearl. On the top is a very large amethyst, of a violet or purple colour, near an inch and a half in height, of an oval form; and which, being encompassed with four silver wires, becomes the pedestal of a splendid cross of gold of three inches and a quarter in height, and three inches in breadth, set very close with diamonds, having, in the middle, a sapphire on one side and an emerald on the other. It is also embellished with four large pearls in the angles of the cross, near the centre, and three more at the ends of it. The whole height of the orb and cross is eleven inches.

Fig. 8. The *King's Coronation Ring*, which is of plain gold with a large table ruby violet, on which is a plain cross, or Cross of St. George, is beautifully encased.

Fig. 9. The Queen's Coronation Ring is likewise gold, with a large table ruby set therein, and sixteen other small rubies set round about the ring, of which those next to the setting are the largest, the rest diminishing in proportion.

Fig. 10. St. Edward's Staff, in length four feet eleven inches and a half, is a staff or sceptre of gold, having a foot of steel, about four inches and a quarter in length, with a mound and cross at the top: the ornaments are also of gold, and the diameter of it is upwards of three quarters of an inch.

Fig. 11. The Queen's Ivory Rod is a sceptre of white ivory, in length three feet one inch and a half; the pomel and ornaments are of gold, as is also the mound and cross at the top; but the dove on the top of the cross is enamelled with white: the circumference at the lower part is about two inches, and at the top about an inch and a half.

Fig. 12. The Queen's Sceptre with the Cross, is also of gold, adorned with diamonds and other valuable jewels, being in length two feet ten inches, with a mound and cross at the top, issuing out of a *fleur-de-lis*; it is like the King's in its embellishments, only smaller, not wreathed, nor altogether so thick.

Fig. 13. The King's Sceptre with the Cross, or Sceptre Royal, is likewise of gold, the handle plain, and the upper part wreathed; it is in length two feet nine inches and a quarter, and is of the same thickness as the former. The pomel at the lower part is enriched with rubies, emeralds, and small diamonds; and the space of five inches and a half in length, above the handle, is elegantly embossed and embellished with similar precious stones. The top rises into a *fleur-de-lis*, with six leaves, of which three are upright, and the other three hanging down, all enriched with precious stones. Out of the *fleur-de-lis* issues a mound made of an amethyst, set round with table diamonds, and upon the mound a cross, wholly

covered with precious stones, and a large table diamond in the centre.

Fig. 14. The King's Sceptre with the Dove, is a sceptre of gold in length three feet seven inches, three inches in circumference at the handle, and two inches and a quarter round at the top. The pomel is decorated with a circle or fillet of table diamonds, and in several places with precious stones of all sorts, and the mound at the top is embellished with a band or fillet of rose diamonds. Upon the mound is a small Jerusalem Cross, whereon is fixed a dove with wings expanded, as the emblem of mercy.

Fig. 15. The Sword of Justice of the Temporality, or Third Sword, is sharp pointed; the length of the handle is four inches, the pomel an inch and three quarters, and the cross seven inches and a half: the scabbard, in all respects, is like that described in *fig. 17*.

Fig. 16. The Sword of Spiritual Justice, or, as it is commonly called, the Second Sword, is pointed, but somewhat obtuse. The length of the blade is forty inches, the breadth an inch and a half; the handle, as before (covered with gold wire) is four inches long, and the pomel an inch and three quarters deep. The length of the cross is almost eight inches, which is plain steel gilt, as before; and the scabbard in all respects is similar to that described in *fig. 17*.

Fig. 17. Curtana, or the pointless Sword, representing the Sword of Mercy, is the principal in dignity of the three swords which are borne naked before the King at the Coronation. It is a broad bright Sword, of which the length of the blade is thirty-two inches, the breadth almost two inches; the handle, which is covered with fine gold wire, is four inches long, and the pomel an inch and three quarters, which, with the cross, is plain steel gilt; the length of the cross is almost eight inches. The scabbard belonging to it is covered with a rich brocaded cloth of tissue, with gilt ornaments.

THE BANNER OF THE CRUSADERS.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

BENEATH thy gorgeous wings the hearts of fire
Felt the rich hopes that Victory could inspire;
And helmed men were scatter'd o'er the turf,
As stormy billows swell their foaming surf;

Beneath thy wings the sparkling lances gave
 Their sunny light to cheer the languid brave,
 And many an eye pursued thee in the gloom,
 To catch the gleam of thy triumphal plume!

And when the trumpet's call, at midnight deep,
 Aroused the Christian heroes from their sleep,
 And seem'd a prophet-voice, with tone divine,
 Invoking them to win the Martyr's Shrine;
 The sacred City, rearing to their view
 Its towery pride amid the skies of blue,
 Imparted to their visionary trance
 Some beautiful illusion of romance.

With thee they braved the desert and the sea,
 Or pined and languish'd in captivity;
 And many a tomb is haunted by the rose,
 Where Truth and Valour found their last repose.
 Oh! could we, with a seraph's harp divine,
 Recall the brave that sleep in Palestine,
 Their worth, their fame, would far more glorious be
 Than all the treasures sacrificed with thee!

Where'er thy symbol rear'd its snowy crest,
 Desponding thoughts assail'd the Moslem's breast;
 On Carmel's palmy brow, on Zion's shrine,
 Thy pinions floated like a holy sign;
 And, as the trumpet peal'd its thrilling sound,
 And battle's awful onset shook the ground,
 The Crescent waned before thy sparkling light,
 And left thee throned in triumph o'er the fight!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO PARIS IN 1802.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

(Continued from p. 251.)

ROBESPIERRE AND HIS HOUSE.

THERE was another dwelling which we were desirous to see, that of Robespierre; and having often beheld the places where he had harangued, triumphed, and willed the death of the royal, the righteous, and the patriotic, and had at length met the punishment due to his crimes, we went one day to gaze on the house where the relentless dictator had lived. The sight of it added to the wonder which his strange dominion had always excited in me.

It was an undoubted fact that Robespierre possessed absolute sway during months, nay years! and as it is usual for sovereign power to exhibit itself in some external pomp, I expected to see in his house some marks of its having been the residence of the French dictator. But,

on the contrary, I saw a small shabby house, of only two stories high; the door appearing to open into a sort of kitchen or parlour, like the houses of little tradesmen in England: therefore, however he might deviate from republican principles, he did not in his dwelling deviate from republican simplicity. Still, the means by which he first acquired power, and was so long enabled to keep it, must ever, in some measure, remain a mystery.

It is easy to trace and understand the progress to the imperial purple of a man like Napoleon—a man of personal daring, and of superior abilities both in the field and the cabinet; and who, though he conquered chiefly for *himself*, conferred at the same time power and glory on the nation for which he fought.

But Robespierre had no personal

courage: for his cruelty was by every one imputed to his well-known cowardice, and even suicide, from his constitutional timidity, he attempted in vain. Nor was he endowed with any great ability; in demagogue eloquence he was surpassed by many. What then was the secret of his power? Was it in the fear which he so generally excited? Perhaps it was: but then the question, how he was able to excite that fear, remains unanswered; and may be ranked amongst other occult causes, of which we are permitted to know only their effects.

Still, Mignet's manner of accounting for his extraordinary influence, in his excellent work on the French revolution, is, in my opinion, so satisfactory, as far as it goes, that I shall venture to give a free translation of it.

"This man," he says, "whose talents were extraordinary, and of whom vanity was the characteristic, was chiefly indebted for his success to the inferiority of his appearance, and his seeming to be amongst the last, not the first (a great advantage in a revolution); and he owed to that ardent self-love which made him desire to *obtain* the first rank, his power to acquire it, and to dare *every thing* in order to keep it when gained.

"Robespierre had qualifications for the part of a tyrant. A soul and a mind any thing but great, it is true, but still not *common*. The advantage also of having but one passion, the externals of patriotism, a well-deserved reputation for incorruptible integrity, an austere life, and no aversion for shedding blood. He was a convincing proof, that, in the time of civil troubles, it is not by his understanding that any one makes his fortune, but by his conduct; and that the mediocrity which perseveres, is more powerful than the genius which occasionally desists." A lesson for us all! for, whatever be our undertakings, whether they be for our own benefit, or for the spiritual and temporal interests of mankind, the great means of success, under the divine blessing, is *perseverance*. He adds, that Robespierre had also the support of an immense and fanatical sect, of which he had assumed the direction and had maintained the principles ever since the end of the Constituent Assembly. This sect originated in the eighteenth century, of which it represented certain opinions. In politics, its

symbol was the absolute sovereignty of Rousseau's *Contrat Social*; and its belief, the deism of the profession of faith of the Savoyard curate. This sect succeeded in realising both for a short time,—in the constitution of 1793, and in the worship of the Supreme Being.

"In the different epochs of the revolution there have been more systems and fanaticism than has been generally believed."

But whatever was the cause of Robespierre's forbearing to evince his conscious dominion by aught of external state, the following anecdote, the authenticity of which, I can vouch for, is a proof that he had all the insolence, if he had not the appearance, of power.

When he was in the height of his sovereign sway, some American citizens were deputed by their government to wait on him on some particular business; one of them was a member at that time of the Society of Friends; and he relates, that when they called at the house of Robespierre, near the Rue St. Honoré (the same which I saw) they were told he was not at home; but they were permitted to await his return, and they remained in the front apartment. At length Robespierre appeared; and when he had demanded their business, he desired them to wait a few minutes and he would speak to them, and then entered the next room, where his hair-dresser awaited him; for in his dress he was, to use an old English term, a fop, and wore powder and a queue.

In a few minutes the deputies were summoned to their conference: and while the dictator sat, the deputies stood; and the insolent Robespierre, "decked in a little brief authority," desired the hair-dresser to resume his powder-puff, the poor Americans being covered with the clouds that proceeded from it, and their breath almost taken away.

So much for the insolence of this petty but formidable tyrant; whose then impending fate might have served as a beneficial warning to future tyrants, stamped as this event was by a circumstance of peculiar horror. Thousands and thousands of his fellow-citizens raised the shout of joy while the axe was descending, and then they joined in a universal clapping of hands when the axe had fallen, and when the soul of a guilty fellow-creature was gone to receive the

punishment of his crimes at the bar of the most awful of tribunals, and from the lips of the most just of judges.

VERSAILLES.

VERSAILLES had so long been identified in my mind with all that was splendid, interesting, and affecting, in the pages of French history or biography, from the reign of Louis XV. to the reign of terror, that I was very impatient to visit it; and I was greatly rejoiced when the day came for our going thither, though my pleasure was damped by the refusal of my husband to give up one morning at the Louvre, even for Versailles.

When the palace burst on our view in all its massy wide spreading magnificence, how greatly did it surpass my highest expectations! It looked, indeed, like the abode of a great monarch! and even its comparative stillness and desolation seemed to add to its grandeur! Eagerly did we enquire for a guide through its lonely apartments, and eagerly did we listen to the tale which he had to tell! There was the balcony where the queen held up her trembling child to the deputation of women from La Halle, and bade him, as he clasped his little hands, cry "*Graces pour naman!*" (mercy for mamma!) while "Give us bread! give us bread!" was the loud and terrible reply. There, too, was the door through which Marie-Antoinette had so narrowly escaped with life, when some of the infuriated mob found means to enter the palace in the early morning, and where the *garde du corps* who informed her of her danger voluntarily lost his life in defending the entrance, while his royal mistress took refuge in the apartment of the king! It was striking to remark that the narrator lowered his voice, as if afraid of being overheard while he described to us the horrors of that fearful scene! It was to the same balcony that the brave and patriotic Lafayette conducted the queen, in order to endeavour to reconcile her to the people. On hearing of the unexpected tumult, he mounted his horse, galloped to the scene of action, accompanied by some of the French guards, and having dispersed the assailants, and saved the lives of the perishing *gardes du corps*, he rushed to the palace!

Yes, it was there that they appeared together; while, to make the tumultuous crowd understand his wishes by a sign,

and to conquer their animosities and re-awaken their enthusiasm, he kissed the queen's trembling hand with marks of profound respect, the crowd responding by the loudest acclamations!

But a different train of thoughts, feelings, and recollections was awakened in me, when I found myself treading in those places which the pious, the great, the good, the talented and the brave of former days had once so often trodden, and in that gallery, with its wall of glass, the mirror of which had so often reflected the lovely forms of a Sévigné, a Grignan, a Maintenon, a Montespan, and a Vallière; and also the majestic form of him, the mighty despot, on whom all eyes were turned, and on whose faintest smile and most insignificant word, beauties, wits, churchmen, ministers and warriors hung with a never-failing and almost breathless attention!

Yet while I looked from this gallery on the monotonous garden below, stretching in formal lines, and fatiguing the eye even unto ruin, by a succession of statues whose dazzling whiteness was then unrelieved by one blade of refreshing green, (for all the verdure was burned up and converted into a dusty tint of barren brown,) I could not but pity those votaries of ambition, and those frequenters of a dull court, who passed so large a portion of their days in the unvaried grandeur of the palace and garden of Versailles.

I felt as if such *ennui* and disgust would have come over me, if I had been forced to dwell there; that I should have almost longed to die, rather than continue to bear the chains of such wearisome sameness — a sameness unrelieved by any beauty of prospect in the foreground or the distance! The erection of Versailles, and the creation of its grounds and gardens, were certainly one of the most striking proofs of the love of power of Louis XIV.: he had been led by his victories and his flatterers to believe himself almost omnipotent; and, not contented with having conquered his enemies, he resolved to endeavour to conquer Nature herself, and lo! on the flat unlovely ground of Versailles arose at his bidding the palace of lofty dimension and noble magnificence; while the seemingly barren sand around became clothed in trees and verdure; and as Nature had denied the soil sufficient springs for the daily purposes of life, water was brought,

at a ruinous expense to the nation, from the distant village of Marley; and when the creation of his presumptuous will was completed, this Herod of later times — this murderer of the innocent Huguenots — rejoiced to behold the victory of art over nature, and exulted in this proof of his absolute dominion! But though no such disease was sent to visit, immediately, the presumption of this Christian prince, as awaited on that of the Tetrarch of Judea; still, in his latter days he was taught to know, by many an awful visitation, of a different kind, and more painful to bear, because they were of longer duration, the heartlessness of his enjoyments, and the utter worthlessness of every pursuit that has not the welfare of one's fellow-creatures for its object, and the favour of Heaven for its aim and end!

There was, over the whole of Versailles, such an appearance of destruction and desolation, that, though I was greatly interested in being there, and held, in fancy, a sort of conscious communion wit' its mighty dead of ancient days, and its injured dead of modern times, I felt that I breathed more freely when I left this

unblessed domain; and though the influx of strangers, and other circumstances, had, no doubt, restored a degree of life to it, I was forcibly reminded of the following sketch of Versailles, written a few years after the Revolution, by a distinguished female writer*: —

"How silent is now Versailles! The solitary foot that mounts the sumptuous staircase rests on each landing-place, whilst the eye traverses the void, almost expecting to see the strong images of fancy burst into life! The train of the Louises, like the posterity of the Banquos, pass in solemn sadness, pointing at the nothingness of grandeur fading away on the cold canvass which covers the nakedness of the spacious walls; while the gloominess of the atmosphere gives a deeper shade to the gigantic figures that seem to be sinking in the embrace of death. The very air is dull, seeming to clog the breath, and the wasting dampness of destruction seems to be stealing into the vast pile on every side. 'Lo! this was the palace of the Great King!'"

(To be continued.)

MAROUF AND HIS CAPRICIOUS WIFE.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED TALES OF "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

(Continued from p. 258.)

THE next morning, the king, who was impatient to converse with his daughter, summoned her into the hall, where he was giving audience to his vizier. The princess seated herself, as before, on a rich sofa, before which a curtain was extended; and the king thus commenced: — "Well, my daughter, what hast thou learnt?"

"May heaven confound your majesty's vizier," began the princess, "and render his visage as black as a coal!"

"How now?" rejoined the sultan; "wherefore dost thou revile in this fashion, princess?"

"Because," replied the lady, "he has slandered my innocent spouse to your majesty. Yesterday evening Marouf received a letter from the chief of the fifty

mamelukes who formed the guard of the long expected caravan. This letter announced that the caravan had been beset by a horde of Arabs, who, although repulsed, had slain fifteen of the mamelukes, and carried off two hundred bales of merchandise, besides retarding the whole concern. My husband, when he heard of this disaster, was resolved to return with the messenger, and comfort and reassure his people, and bring the caravan safely into the city under the valiant protection of his own arm, in order to defeat the slanderous insinuations of your vizier, on whose head I earnestly invoke the vengeance of Allah and his prophet; since if I lose my dearly beloved spouse, his evil suggestions may be thanked."

Upon this the sultan flew into a violent

* See Historical and Moral View of the Revolution, by Mary Wolstonecroft.

fury, and joined the princess in reviling the poor vizier; who, trembling for his head, was forced to hear all in silence.

Meantime Marouf travelled onwards, he knew not whither, through the desert, sighing and weeping at the thoughts of a long separation from his dear princess, and at the same time expressing his grief in impromptu verses. About the middle of the day, after many hours' hard riding, he found himself in a cultivated part of the country, and near a small village. At a little distance he perceived a *fellah* * guiding a plough drawn by oxen. Marouf, who was faint with hunger, approached the man in hopes of obtaining some refreshment.

"You are one of the sultan's mamelukes," said the villager, "and you are welcome."

"Wilt thou give me wherewithal to satisfy my hunger?" asked Marouf.

"Our village is poor, and of no great extent," said the *fellah*; "but I will hasten before, and obtain for thee the best that it produces."

With these words he left his plough and oxen, and hurried forward to search for provisions.

Left to his own reflections, "This good man," said Marouf, "has quitted his labour to oblige me; I ought at least to continue it for him, that he may not on my account lose any time."

Scarcely had Marouf ploughed a furrow, before the ploughshare struck against something hard in the ground, and, while endeavouring to disengage it, he discovered a large ring of iron fixed in a marble slab. Marouf's curiosity was strongly excited. He pulled the ring with all his strength, and raised up the tablet, which turned on a hinge. A few steps were then discovered, which having descended, Marouf entered a subterranean cavern about the size of a bath, and heaped on all sides with gold, emeralds, rubies, and a multitude of precious stones, beyond all price. This place led to other chambers containing vast riches, and the suite terminated in an apartment in which was nothing more than a coffer of crystal, enclosing a little box made of one entire diamond. Curious to know the contents, Marouf opened the box, and discovered a gold ring, quite plain, saving

that around it some mysterious talismanic characters were engraved. As Marouf was fitting this ring on his finger, he suddenly heard a voice at his ear exclaiming—

"What wouldst thou—what wouldst thou, master?"—and Marouf beheld at his side a hideous apparition, with a most extraordinary countenance, who continued to address him in these words:—

"What are thy commands?—speak, ordain, I obey thee. What land shall I cover with flowers?—what kingdom shall I ravage?—what army shall I cut to pieces?—what king shall I slay?—what mountains shall I level with the valleys?—what sea shall I lay dry? Speak, ordain, I obey. I am thy slave, by permission of the Master of spirits, the Creator of day and night!"

"Who art thou?" asked Marouf.

"I am," replied the figure, "a genius, the slave of this ring, and of the powerful name thereon engraved. To the possessor of this ring must I submit myself, and execute his commands. Nothing exceeds my power; for I am a king among the genii, and command seventy-two tribes, each of which is composed of twelve thousand genii of my species, called *aoun*. Each *aoun* has under his command one thousand *isrits*; every *isrit*, one thousand *scheitans*; and every *scheitan*, a thousand inferior genii: over all these I rule; but, mighty as I am, I submit to thee and this ring. I obey thee with all I possess, and am thy devoted slave. Ask! command!—I hear thee, and obey; with the rapidity of lightning I fulfil thy orders. When thou requirest my succour, be thou on land or on sea, rub this ring, invoke me by the power of the name engraved thereon, and thou shalt instantly behold me!"

"But how am I to summon thee," said Marouf, "since I know not by what name to call thee?"

"My name is Abousaadet," replied the genius; "that is to say, the Father of Happiness."

"Well, then, Abousaadet, how callest thou the place in which we are, and to whom does this treasure belong?"

"Master," replied the genius, "the treasure is now thine, since thou wast ordained to discover it. This was for-

Fellah, in Arabic, signifies, a peasant, farmer, or agriculturist.

merly the treasure-house of Scheddad*, son of Aad, who built the celebrated city of Irem Zatolamed; I was once his slave, and am now the slave of him who owns that ring."

"Canst thou transport to the surface of the earth those hidden treasures?" asked Marouf.

"Nothing is more easy," replied the genius.

At the same instant, the floor of the cave opened, and two young boys of great beauty appeared, bearing on their heads baskets of gold, which they proceeded to fill with the precious stones that lay scattered around.

"Can you procure mules and coffers to transport this treasure?" said Marouf.

"Nothing is more easy," replied the courteous genius; and uttering a loud cry, he summoned all his children, who were as beautiful as the first two. At the command of their father, some of these transformed themselves into mules, some into mule drivers, and others into mamelukes, mounted on superb horses, to guard the caravan. Three hundred mules were soon laden with cases, containing the most precious gems and pure gold.

Marouf then commanded his new slaves to pitch tents and form a camp, to raise him a pavilion, and serve up a repast. At this instant the fellah arrived with a dish of lentils, some black bread, and a bag of barley. When he saw the camp and the pavilion, and the crowd of mamelukes and mules, he imagined the sultan had arrived, of whom Marouf had been the *avant-courier*. "Holy Prophet!" said he to himself, "wherefore did I not kill and cook my two hens? the sultan will cut off my head in return for this sorry fare!"

Marouf having perceived him, ordered one of the mamelukes to desire his presence in the pavilion.

"What hast thou got there?" asked he.

"Your dinner and that of your horse," replied the villager: "but, I pray you, pardon me: had I known that the sultan would have halted here, I would have killed two hens which I have at home, and stewed them in butter."

"Set down your lentils," replied Marouf: "I am so hungry, that I shall eat them with pleasure. The sultan is not here; but I am his relation. You treated me well, though you knew me not; therefore I shall not forget to be grateful."

Marouf made his dinner of the humble plate of lentils, notwithstanding that the genii, to tempt his appetite, served up the most delicious meats, of such rich flavour and perfume that the fellah stood amazed at the sight. As soon as Marouf had devoured the last lentil with much appearance of appetite, he heaped the plate with gold and precious stones, and returned it to the astonished fellah, who declared that he was enriched for life. The fellah then returned to the village with his plough and oxen, fully convinced that his guest was the son of the sultan.

Marouf spent the night in feasting and in beholding the dances of the daughters of the genius, who were summoned to amuse him. Towards morning, a great tumult was heard, and a cloud of dust was seen approaching. Presently a caravan of seven hundred mules drew near, with their proper attendants, headed by Abousadet himself, the chief of the genii. In front of the caravan was borne a magnificent litter, enriched with gold and precious stones. The genius alighted, and kissed the earth before the feet of Marouf, saying—

"Master, not only thy orders but thy wishes are obeyed; behold a caravan, such as thou didst announce to thy father-in-law the sultan. In this litter is a bogdja †, formed of the most rare brocades, and costly shawls: mount your litter, and give me fresh orders."

"Assume a human form," said Marouf, "and precede the caravan with this

* This Scheddad is a celebrated personage in Oriental tradition. By some he is considered the same as Nimrod; by others his grandson. In his pride he declared that the beautiful gardens of his city (Irem Zatolamed) should resemble, and even rival, those of Paradise. That city was in an oasis in Arabia Petrea; and the proud monarch marching from it with his army, was so bewildered by the vengeance of Allah, that he could never find it again. He is supposed to this day to wander in the desert, in hopeless search of his city; his life, like that of the wandering Jew, being prolonged as a punishment for his impiety.

† *Bogdja*, a paquet; derived from the Indian *poudja*, an offering of flowers, from the flowers wrought on the rich shawls that form the envelope of these paquets.

letter, which I have written to my father-in-law, the sultan of Sahatan."

The genius took the letter, and in an instant arrived at the palace, just as the sultan was saying to his vizier—

"Vizier, I am greatly perplexed in regard to my son-in-law; I have my fears that he has fallen into the hands of the Arabs of the desert, who will kill him, and plunder his caravan. Would that I knew his fate, for my daughter weeps night and day for his absence!"

"May Allah dispel the error that clouds the reason of your majesty and of the princess!" replied the vizier; "by the sacred life of my sultan, this man is no other than a villanous adventurer, who has now fled through fear of discovery."

At that instant the genius, disguised as a messenger, entered, craved an audience of the sultan, and, being admitted, prostrated himself before him.

"Whence come you?" demanded the sultan.

"From your son-in-law, sire," replied the genius; "he draws near the city at the head of his grand caravan, and has despatched me with this letter to announce his arrival."

"May Allah confound thy beard, traitor that thou art!" cried the sultan, turning fiercely to his vizier; "art thou at last convinced, wretch, of the grandeur of my son-in-law?"

Without answering a word, the vizier threw himself on his knees. The sultan issued his commands for the illumination of the town, and went himself to the haram, to announce to his daughter the return of her husband. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the princess, who was, nevertheless, convinced that Marouf's message was only some new wife to amuse her father, as her husband had confessed to her the whole truth. Yet when Marouf appeared, even her surprise was surpassed by that of the merchant Ali of Cairo, who had introduced his friend to the other merchants of the town, and had procured him such great credit. Ali fully believed that his present prosperity was some trick, contrived by the princess, to save her husband from the vengeance of the sultan. Be that as it might, the good merchant felt sincere joy, and offered up a thousand vows for the happiness of his old friend. Amidst all these conjectures, Marouf, clothed in magnificent brocades and

shawls, and accompanied by a retinue a thousand times more brilliant than that of the sultan, descended from the litter. All the grantees of the court pressed forward to welcome him; the merchants prostrated themselves before the son-in-law of the sultan; and Ali of Cairo, approaching nearer than the rest, whispered in his ear, "Welcome, happy rogue and most expert of all cheats!"

At this greeting, Marouf, despite of the solemnity of the occasion, burst into a fit of loud laughter. Arrived at the palace, he was, by the sultan's orders, seated on a lofty throne, whence he gave directions that several coffers full of gold should be transported into the royal treasury, likewise bales of the most costly silks, and heaps of pearls and precious stones. He ordered many rich bogdjas to be opened, and shawls and rich strings of pearl to be distributed to the ladies of the haram. He then gave largesses to all the members of the divan, to the merchants of the city, to the soldiers, besides plentiful alms to the poor. To his father-in-law he presented emeralds, pearls, and rubies by handfuls, without counting them, till the sultan exclaimed, "Enough, enough, my son, I shall impoverish you!"

"Fear not," replied Marouf, "I have an inexhaustible store."

None could now accuse Marouf of boasting; for his treasures seemed even to exceed his own account of them.

Meantime the grand treasurer came to announce to the sultan that the treasury was quite full, and that another place must be found for the precious objects consigned to his charge. The sultan was astonished not more at the liberality than at the riches of his son-in-law; but the amazement of the princess was unbounded. She met her husband with joy, and having embraced him and kissed his hands, said, with a smiling countenance, "You have amused yourself, my lord, at my expense by your tale of poverty; you wished, doubtless, to put my affection to the proof. Thank heaven, you are happily restored to me; for, whether rich or poor, you are not the less dear; I love yourself, and not your wealth."

Marouf then entered into his own apartment, where, being alone, he summoned the genius, and demanded of him a magnificent habit for his wife, and a necklace of forty pearls as large as eggs.

When she saw herself possessed of these treasures, the princess expressed the most extravagant delight. In addition to the necklace, there were bracelets and *khal-khals**, composed of pearls and diamonds, of prodigious size.

The sultan knew not how to account for this unheard-of prodigality, and at length consulted his vizier on the subject.

"It is evident," said the vizier, "that this man is no merchant; for his treasures surpass those of the most mighty monarchs. Meantime these riches, and the prodigal spirit with which they are distributed, may be dangerous to your government: if I might advise, your highness would do well to learn the source of this immense wealth."

"How is that to be accomplished?" demanded the sultan.

"Invite Marouf to a banquet; he is of a gay and joyous turn; ply him with wine, and then question him concerning his treasures."

"You advise me well," replied the sultan; "I will implicitly follow your counsel."

The next morning, as the sultan was on his way to the divan, the grooms who had the care of his stables met him with alarmed countenances, and informed him that the seven hundred mules and the three hundred horses of the grand caravan had suddenly disappeared. The sultan, who had never doubted but that the mules and *mamelukes* were exactly what they seemed, flew into a violent fit of wrath. "Dogs!" exclaimed he, "seven hundred mules and five hundred *mamelukes* gone? and none amongst you saw their departure? Carry this news instantly to their master; he is yet in his harem."

Marouf made his appearance still in his night array. "For what reason," asked he discontentedly, "am I disturbed thus early in the morning?"

The grooms acquainted him with the disappearance of the slaves and mules. "Is that all?" exclaimed Marouf angrily: "if they are gone, I have more at command. Do not again interrupt my repose for such trifles."

After the sultan and his vizier had mutually expressed their astonishment at Marouf's indifference to this loss, they

invited him for that evening to a banquet. Marouf was punctual to the hour. The sultan took care to urge him to drink more than usual; and observing that the reason of his son-in-law was troubled, thus addressed him:—

"Marouf, I never saw a merchant equal to you in riches; you have a retinue like that of a king. I pray you to reveal to me the mystery of your birth and rank, that I may render you the honours you deserve. Besides, the recital of your adventures must be most amusing."

Marouf, who dearly loved to hear himself talk, and whose loquacity was more-over stimulated by wine, immediately related to the sultan all the events of his past life.

"I conjure thee, my son," said the sultan, "to gratify my curiosity by showing me this ring of wonderful power."

Unconscious of his actions, Marouf drew the ring from his finger, and gave it to the vizier, in order to lay it at the sultan's feet; but as soon as the vizier touched the magic circlet, he rubbed it, and summoned the genius in the manner directed by Marouf.

"Speak!" cried the genius, who appeared on the instant; "speak—command! I hear and I obey. I am thy slave to fulfil all thy behests."

"I command thee," said the vizier, "to seize that miserable Marouf; carry him to some desert, and there leave him to perish with hunger and thirst."

The genius immediately laid hands on his former master, and flew with him high into the air. Midway between heaven and earth the unlucky Marouf recovered his reason. "Whither art thou conducting me, Abousaadet?" asked he of the Father of Happiness.

"I am looking about," replied the genius, "for a frightful desert whereon to leave thee, in order that thou mayst perish with hunger. Were I free to choose, I would fly even to the moon, and precipitate thee on the earth, that thy body might be broken in a thousand pieces by the fall. Thou hast merited such a punishment for the senseless action thou hast performed, in abandoning the talisman that rendered me thy slave; but the fear of God and the power of the ring force me to obey the orders of my new master." With these words the

* Ankle bracelets.

genius deposited Marouf in a frightful desert.

Whilst this transaction was taking place, the vizier thus addressed the sultan:—"Sire, have I not spoken truth in regard to that impostor? Have not his own words confirmed my prediction?"

"Thou art in the right," replied the sultan, "and thou hast ever been a true and loyal subject: but give me the ring."

"How!" returned the vizier, "give you the ring! Does your majesty take me for a madman? It is now your turn to obey me; for, by the power of the ring, I have become your master, and you shall immediately receive a proof that I am so."

Instantly summoning the genius, "Carry this wretch," said he, "to the desert where you have left the dog Marouf."

The sultan, who had hitherto stood mute with astonishment at the treason of his vizier, now began to remonstrate with the genius.

"I know nothing of the matter," replied the genius; "I only execute the commands of my master."

He then deposited the sultan in the same place where he had left Marouf bewailing his bitter destiny. The sultan mingled his tears with those of his son-in-law; for no better prospect appeared before them than that of starvation.

The vizier having summoned the divan, declared to them that the interests of religion and the state imperatively required the exile of the sultan and his son-in-law, who was but an adventurer. He then commanded them to acknowledge him as sultan, by the power of his ring; at the same time intimating that he should transport all malecontents to the desert, to keep company with their old master. Of course, the vizier was by general acclamation proclaimed sultan.

The vizier's next step was to insist on marrying the princess, of whom he had long been enamoured; the princess, however, manifested the utmost horror at this union, and implored that the nuptials might be delayed at least till her days of mourning had been accomplished; but the vizier was inexorable, and threatened to put her to death that very day, should she refuse compliance. The poor princess had thus no resource but in stratagem. Fortunately the excess of the vizier's passion rendered it an easy matter to delude him. Whilst he pleaded

his cause that evening at the banquet, the lady informed him that she had long secretly loved him, and that her present repugnance arose not from aversion, but from her dread of the presence of a genius which, as she had been informed, he held captive in a ring: she then added, that if he would consent to divest himself of this terrific companion, she would be his humble slave for life. Deceived by her flattering words and tender glances, the vizier drew the ring from his finger, and flung it to a distance, at the same time throwing himself at the feet of the princess. The latter raised him up, presented him with a tull cup of wine, which she had first pressed to her own lips, and continued to carouse with him till his senses were utterly intoxicated; then springing to the ring, she summoned the genius, and bade him secure the traitorous vizier, and restore her husband and father.

Marouf and the sultan were transported with joy at this sudden transition from the most deplorable condition to the utmost felicity. The sultan's first step was to send for the head of the vizier, who so justly deserved his fate; he then entreated his daughter to confide in his keeping the magic ring, instead of restoring it to her husband.

"I shall give it neither to one nor the other," replied the princess; "I intend to keep it in my own possession. Men that carouse over wine-cups ought never to be trusted with unlimited power. My fidelity as a wife and daughter has been fully proved, and you may both repose your safety in my hands."

After the execution of the vizier, the sultan deputed his son-in-law to fill the vacant post. For ten years Marouf enjoyed great happiness as the husband of the princess, and the vizier of the sultan. He also became the father of a beautiful boy, who was heir to the empire; but at the expiration of the period already mentioned, his father-in-law died, and the princess ascended the throne. Marouf entirely loved his consort, whose prudence and high spirit were equalled only by her virtue and sweet temper; yet his felicity endured but for a short season; her reign had scarcely lasted a year, when she died of a violent fever, leaving the throne and ring to her husband, as guardian to her son.

Marouf, though overcome with grief,

succeeded tranquilly to the throne. One night, as he was retiring to rest, he found a hideous old woman, covered with rags, asleep in the royal couch.

"Mighty Allah," cried Marouf, "protect me from the delusions of Satan!"

"There is no danger," exclaimed a cracked voice; "I am your legitimate spouse — Fatima al Ara."

"Ah!" cried Marouf, in consternation; "unhappy wretch, how camest thou hither?"

"First tell me," said she, "where I am."

"Thou art in the city of Khaitan, the capital of the kingdom of Sahatan, of which I am sultan. But when didst thou leave Cairo?"

"I have arrived here but this evening. After thy flight, the governor chastised me for my faults; and I then, but too late, repented of my misdeeds. During thy absence I have had no other resource than that of begging my bread in the streets; and for years I have led this miserable life. Yesterday I vainly solicited succour; I could not obtain the slightest alms, and retired into an old ruin, to vent my anguish in tears and lamentations. On a sudden appeared before me a being with a hideous aspect. 'Woman,' said the apparition, 'wherefore dost thou disturb my repose by thus weeping aloud?' — 'Because I am separated from my husband,' replied I, weeping still more bitterly, 'and I know not where to find him.' — 'How is thy husband named?' — 'Marouf.' — 'I know him,' cried the spectre; 'he is now a sultan. If thou wilt, I will convey thee to him.'

"The genius then raised me in the air, and deposited me in this chamber. As I was weary, I took possession of thy bed, to which, as I am thy legitimate and faithful wife, thou knowest I have a right."

Marouf, who was exceedingly fond of talking, and who of late had lost all those who formerly knew him, was overjoyed to find an auditor. He therefore, without the least reserve, related all his adventures to Fatima the Capricious.

"All that has befallen thee is written in heaven," rejoined Fatima; "but I pray thee forget the past, and permit me to reside near thee, if I live only on the scraps that fall from thy table."

Touched by these marks of humility and repentance, Marouf imagined that

the heart and temper of his capricious wife were wholly changed. "Remain here, if thou wilt," said he; "but mark me—at the slightest indication of caprice, I will kill thee without mercy; I swear it by the prophet. Think not to cite me before tribunals and cadis. Here I am sultan; every one fears me, and I fear none. Moreover, I have at my command a powerful genius, named Abousaadet, who obeys me by means of this ring. If thou wilt return to Cairo, he shall build thee a palace of white marble, hung throughout with tapestry of silk. Thou shalt have twenty slaves at thy orders, a good table, and magnificent attire. Speak — dost thou prefer this station to remaining here as queen?"

Fatima kissed his hand, and declared that she would remain; whereupon Marouf, as a reward for her submission, proclaimed her queen.

Nevertheless, Fatima was by no means changed: she became diabolically jealous of two young sultanas with whom her husband passed most of his time, and in her own mind she formed the project of stealing Marouf's ring, and seizing the reins of government. With this intent she stole one night into his apartment, carrying a dagger in her hand. She was not aware that Marouf's young son slept near his father. Observing the old woman pass through his chamber, with a lamp in one hand and a dagger in the other, the boy rose, and stealthily followed on her footsteps. The young prince always carried with him a little sabre. His father and the courtiers were accustomed to rally him on his warlike propensities, and to demand what enemies he intended to slay with such a toy. "Those of my father," the boy was wont to reply with much gravity.

A mutual antipathy subsisted between this offspring of the late queen and Fatima the Capricious, and when the boy saw the latter creep through his apartment into his father's chamber, he took his sabre and followed her, as before said.

Fatima found her husband in a profound sleep. As she drew the ring from his finger, he awoke, and uttered a cry of despair; but Fatima the Capricious had already possessed herself of the talisman, and was turning to quit the apartment, when the young prince slew her at one blow.

Marouf, who had just become sensible

of his danger, expressed the most lively gratitude to his son for his assistance. After this happy release from his evil-minded wife, he lived many years in great happiness; and when death, that spares none, put an end to his felicity, he left his throne and ring to his son, who proved a great and warlike prince.

MUSINGS ON MONTE MARIO, NEAR ROME.

ITALY! land of sunny skies,
And nature in her richest dress,
And gentle laughter-beaming eyes,
And forms of fairy loveliness,
Land! where proud genius fixed her throne,
How is thy glory fallen, — gone!

I stood on Mario's rocky brow,
And watched the sun's receding ray,
While Rome, the imperial, lay below,
Bathed in the light of parting day;
Distant, it seemed a glittering gem,
On nature's emerald diadem.

But where the mistress of the world,
With eagles flashing in the sun,
And nations from their splendour hurled,
And princes kneeling at her throne,
And all the glory gathered there? —
A lonely echo answers — "Where?"

Nay! here's a bowl of purple wine,
Fresh from Falernum's sunny hill;
And here the juice of Massic vine;
The gem-wrought* goblet quickly fill!
Evohe! Evohe! I'll forget
That e'er thy star of glory set!

Lo! threading the voluptuous dance,
While sound the lute and martial drum,
With fitful step and joyous glance,
The daughters of Italia come;
Why then to mournful memory call
Their fathers' pride, — their fathers' fall?

They're happy; — I the bowl will quaff
Of Massic wine; — away dull care!
Hark! the light music of their laugh
Floats on the pinions of the air
In tremulous gladness; — but the bell
Summons to vespers — lovely ones, farewell!

London.

DIDYMUS SECUNDUS.

DECOURCY, A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It has been remarked with truth that a feeble sovereign inflicts greater evils on his people than the most ruthless tyrant. It would, perhaps, be a matter of little difficulty to prove that the besotted weakness of a Claudius was no less calamitous

to Rome than were the cruelties of a Nero. The despot took counsel of his own passions; — the driveller not only indulged his own, but was enslaved by those of his advisers.

The rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, and the result of the fatal field of Sedgemoor, are events so well known to the historical reader that we shall merely allude to them as forming the most remarkable occurrences of a period which constitutes the epoch of our narrative. Trusting to the zealous co-operation, of his partizans, by whom he was idolized, the ill-fated Monmouth imagined that his name alone was a host, and raised the standard of revolt ere the nation was ripe for revolution. His rashness was that of a madman, — his fall, that of a traitor. Had he possessed but half the cautious policy which distinguished the Prince of Orange, William had, perhaps, been but the Stadtholder of Holland.

The last of the Stuarts might still have won the hearts of his subjects. Moderation was his policy — mercy might have saved the diadem to which the gem would at least have lent its lustre. But he to whom the destiny of a nation is confided rarely learns the subjugation of his passions; and James ordered his chief-justice Jeffreys, in conjunction with Colonel Kirke, to hunt to the death the rebels who had escaped extermination by the sword. Both the judicial and the executive satellite fulfilled these sanguinary orders to the letter; the former by the sure, and, in this case, not tardy operation of the law; the latter by that expeditive system — that mockery of justice by the aid of which a military tyrant brings desolation upon the land, and transforms cities into fields of slaughter.

The town of Bridgewater became the theatre of the cold-blooded assassinations commanded by Kirke. Each day some new victim was conducted to the scaffold; and many a gory head displayed on tower or bridge silently proclaimed how well the mission of blood was accomplished. Amongst those whose political conduct had rendered them obnoxious to the tyrant, was the brave and highly-gifted Edmond Decourcy. Firmly attached to his party, whilst all was not yet desperate, hope deceived at length compelled him to relinquish the chimera which had hitherto

mocked his ambition; and after the disastrous fate of the Duke of Monmouth, and the dispersion of his partisans, the disappointed republican suddenly quitted England. His voluntary exile was but temporary: it served, however, to impress upon him that lesson of worldly prudence which converts the enthusiast into the cold and calculating reasoner — wise enough to weigh the sober realities of life against the illusions of abstract theory, and too selfish in his wisdom to seal his opinions with his blood. On his return to his country, Decourcy sullenly resigned himself to the existing order of things, and retired from the bustle of public life, or rather from the anarchy of the political arena, to the seclusion of his domestic circle. In the society of friends he forgot the wild hope by which he had been deluded, and care departed with ambition. Yet another and a softer influence might have aided in producing the change which, like a dream, had stolen on the spirit of Decourcy. Accident had rendered him intimately acquainted with Matilda. We say not that he loved her, for history not always relaxes from her gravity to search the records of private life; but if youthful passion might almost worship a pure spirit that realised the poet's dream, and a faultless form that made even his eulogy seem cold, then might Edmond Decourcy have felt a flame which pride forbade him to avow. That he could behold Matilda with indifference was wholly impossible: circumstances threw him frequently into her society; and, aided by habit, even loveliness less dazzling might have twined more closely round his heart. Her father, though a staunch royalist, had been the early friend of the young republican, who regarded him with the deepest veneration, and, in all but politics, listened to his counsels with the respect which his virtues and his years demanded. So firm and so faithful a supporter of the unfortunate Charles I. could scarcely hope to escape the doom reserved for that monarch and his proscribed adherents. By his devotion to the cause of his sovereign, the father of Matilda had excited the suspicion of Cromwell, by whose orders he had been immolated on the scaffold, for the crime of abetting in his flight the legitimate heir to the throne, and thus sparing at least one pang of remorse to its

regicide usurper. Matilda, who, in early infancy, had lost her mother, was by this tragical event left an orphan.

Suspicion followed Decourcy to his domestic retreat. He had been known as the friend of Monmouth; and by such vigilant counsellors of evil as Kirke and Jeffreys the monarch's ear was easily poisoned. An order was privately despatched to the former to interrogate the denounced republican, and to conduct the trial in such summary form as should render all attempt at preparation or escape alike abortive. Revelling in the anticipation of another bloody sacrifice to the fears of bigotry and despotism, the ferocious Kirke proceeded with fiendish alacrity to execute his task. By his instructions a party of soldiers, commanded by an officer, presented themselves in the dead of night, at the house of the unsuspecting Decourcy, and in the authoritative name of majesty loudly demanded admittance. Aroused by the tumult, the victim himself hastily descended to obey the summons.

"Your name is Decourcy?" asked the officer abruptly.

"The same," replied Decourcy.

"Our parley must be brief, for my orders are precise. You are my prisoner: give me your sword, and in the king's name follow us."

Decourcy had been seasoned in the school of calamity. Even had it been otherwise, political arrests had become matters of such frequent occurrence, that a man of known republican principles, how blameless soever the tenor of his practical life, could scarcely indulge a hope that he alone should escape unscathed by the tempests of the time. Decourcy, therefore, in stern silence, placed himself in the midst of his military escort, who, with equal taciturnity, ushered him within the walls of a prison. Brief ceremony sufficed to install him in his comfortless abode for the night. In a few minutes, he was left to his hard couch, uncheered, save by a clear conscience and a dauntless spirit.

At daybreak, the prisoner was conducted to the presence of Colonel Kirke. The military judge had hastily assembled a species of court-martial, the members of which, with gloomy solemnity, proceeded to the investigation of a case which they had, no doubt, already de-

cided. Kirke himself opened the business of the day.

"Decourcy," said the president, fixing his scowling eye on the prisoner, "you have been summoned hither to answer to the charge of treason against the crown and person of our most gracious sovereign. Speak — you were the chosen friend of the Duke of Monmouth?"

"And, therefore, am I branded with the name of rebel?"

"Even so: we rough soldiers meddle not with nice distinctions; we mark not the difference between a traitor and a traitor's friends. Knew you not of Monmouth's intended rebellion before the plan was matured? — were you not in the traitor's confidence?"

"Whom call you traitor? I will not outrage the memory of my friend, even to disarm the terrors of justice."

"After the affair of Sedgmoor, did you not shelter the outlaw's head?"

"I will not, by a vile falsehood, avert my doom; for I need not the gift of prophecy to read that mine hours are numbered. The issue of the battle of Sedgmoor alone acquainted me with the Duke's projects and their defeat. He was my friend; he once preserved my life — no marvel that I risked it to save his."

"Admirable candour!" exclaimed Kirke, with a triumphant sneer: "have you not, with equal frankness, expressed your opinion of our sovereign and the chief-justice Jeffreys?"

"I respect my sovereign: I might yet shed my blood for him on the field of battle, rather than on the scaffold, had he not chosen fanatics for his ministers, and soldiers of fortune for the judges of his free born subject."

"Take the prisoner hence," said Kirke, addressing himself to his men. "What say you, gentlemen?" asked he of the other members, when the guards had retired with Decourcy. "'Tis pity gallant bearing should meet with a scurvy recompence; but he must hang: the time demands it."

On his return to his solitary dungeon, Decourcy found means to address a few words to Matilda. The billet which contained his last adieu was confided to the care of a gaoler, whose services were secured by the bribe of a valuable diamond ring which the prisoner transferred from

his own finger to that of his venal attendant.

Tears and groans are the resources of weak or vulgar minds. With a dry eye, Matilda read the fatal billet to an end; then crushed it in her bosom, and allowing herself not a moment for reflection, flew to the house of Colonel Kirke, of whom she implored a private audience. The entreaty having been granted with some difficulty, the suppliant threw herself on her knees before the rude soldier, who contemplated her charming form with a look in which intense admiration and haughty sternness were strangely and fearfully mingled.

In a voice almost inarticulate with terror, Matilda accosted the arbiter of Decourcy's fate. "You have signed his death-warrant," said she, gasping for breath. "As there is a just Judge above us, he is innocent. He is mine — mine in the sight of heaven!"

"He may yet be saved," observed Kirke, with a fiendish smile: "his destiny is in your hands; and for the means — 'tis but a trifling sacrifice."

"Name it!" shrieked the frantic Matilda: "name any terms — that honour may not blush to yield. Save him! — save him! — 'twill be an act of godlike mercy in the eyes of man; of justice, in the sight of heaven!"

The iron features of Kirke glowed with an expression of unwonted admiration. After a pause, he raised the trembling maiden from her supplicating posture; and, pointing to a seat beside him, — "Avow, beauteous Matilda," said the soldier, "that he for whom you plead is to me the worst of criminals, the most audacious of conspirators: he is master of a heart which, were it mine —"

Unable to suppress her feelings of horror, Matilda was about to rise. "Nay," said the tyrant, taking forcible possession of her hand, "you must hear me. You would sue for Decourcy's life. I wear a rough visage, but my heart is not of steel or stone; it resists not the eloquence of lips so soft — of eyes so bright! The prisoner may be spared, but on certain conditions. Lovely advocate of traitors! I would not deny your prayer; but, trust me, I look for my reward."

"Alas!" replied the shrinking girl, unwilling to abandon all hope, yet dreading a confirmation of her worst fears, "you mock me. Be merciful to De-

courcy — be just to yourself. The virtue that stoops to claim reward foregoes the homage of mankind."

"Virtue! — mine little recks of empty praise; it covets more solid advantage. Speak; and recollect that on your answer hangs Decourcy's fate. May I hope? Say but the word, and my interest, my credit, my fortune, are yours."

"Ay! I understand you now; I read the mazy darkness of your soul. Mercy must be purchased at the price of honour: I must be vile, that my judge may be just. Oh, God!" exclaimed she, suddenly bursting from the grasp of Kirke, "he must die! — but to die thus is horrible." Again she clasped the stern soldier's knees — "For pity's sake, let him not perish on the scaffold: he is loyal, brave, and honourable — a soldier, like yourself. Oh! if your heart be human, triumph not over a poor weak woman. Force me not to renounce mine own respect — to seek companionship with mine own shame. Enough that my lot be cast in wretchedness, but add not the damning stain of infamy to the burden of sorrow."

"A truce, lady, to these idle scruples," replied Kirke: "I am little used to set phrases. Your reputation, however, shall be safe: I am no heedless boy, to boast of a lady's love. 'Tis good to observe discretion in such matters, for the tongue of scandal takes sad licence. At twelve — to-night! — I again throw myself at your feet. Remember, should your door be shut, Decourcy dies to-morrow."

With these words, Kirke abruptly quitted the apartment.

Despair and death in her heart, the unfortunate Matilda pursued her steps homewards. As she reached her chamber — "He must die!" exclaimed she, tottering to a seat — "he must die! — and mine is the hand that strikes the blow! I might save him! Horrible alternative! . . . Is there no hope? Oh, none, none! . . . Yet, hold — that friendly draught —" and her burning eyes rested on a phial of opium which stood on a little table in the corner of the chamber: "Let me yield, and die," added she; "for I may not survive dishonour." She paused not an instant on her fearful resolve: her livid lip quivered as it came in contact with the deadly drug. . . .

"Eternal Power! be merciful!" ejaculated Matilda, as she descended the

stairs, and half opened the outer door. She then again sought her apartment, and threw herself on her couch. In a few moments, her senses were buried in lethargic slumber,

* * * * *

The morning sun shed its first faint ray in the apartment of Matilda, as she opened her heavy eyelids, and beheld the detested Kirke gazing in silence on her countenance. The past appeared to her as a dream. . . . "Barbarian!" she feebly cried — "but all reproach is vain — the

hand of death is on me — let me once more behold Decourcy."

"Decourcy!" replied Kirke, with a bitter laugh; "if you have strength enough to reach yonder window, you may behold him. Fear not — he will tarry till you come."

With the assistance of her destroyer, the dying Matilda dragged herself towards an open window, whence she beheld a gibbet, to which was suspended the stiffened corse of Decourcy. She saw no more — she uttered not another word — her spirit had fled for ever. *

LINES ON A VIEW FROM SANDOWN CASTLE.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

A LOVELY scene, although the summer tints
Have ceased to beautify the verdant robe
Which smiled beneath the pageantry of heaven;
But, shielded by a zone of hills, and fraught
With nature's magic, it enchants the eye.
The distant town is deep with light and shade,
And fringed with gloomy woods, the plains appear
To change their aspect with each passing cloud; —
And churches towering o'er the sunny trees,
From which proceeds the music of their bells,
Recall the heart to dreams instinct with bliss,
And brighter than the phantasies of life.
The rural homes that greet the eye afar
Are deeply tinged with sunshine, and the cliffs
That rear their summits o'er the silent wave
Sternly-magnificent, attest the fame
Of those "whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!"

Oh! I have loved
In childhood's cloudless morn to mark the flush
Of vernal flowers amid these lonely paths;
And when I heard the bees with gentle hum
Respond to the soft murmurs of the wind,
I felt the spell of Nature's quietude
Stealing into my soul; — the midnight hour
Accompanied with its immortal Queen,
Whose silver image trembled on the deep,
And countless stars like eyes that watch'd above,
Allured my brooding spirit to enshrine
Its thoughts in some sweet theme of poesy.

I LOVE THEE YET.

BY JA JA EL.

I love thee yet; I love thee yet! —
Thou'rt false to me; thou'rt false to me;

* The foregoing Episode is founded in fact. Our readers will perceive that the subject has been taken from the French tale concluded from our last. We have, however, avoided an anachronism in which the French writer has indulged himself with regard to Algernon Sidney. That unflinching republican was executed in the reign of Charles II., and not during that of his brother and successor James II.

And pride should teach me to forget;
 But still my heart beats true to thee.
 I love thee yet; I love thee yet!
 I thought to still
 Each burning thrill;
 I thought to drown each fond regret:
 But, ah! my soul
 Forbids control —
 I love thee yet; I love yet! —
 Still midst the gay, I'm seen, I'm heard;
 My mother joys to hear me sing,
 Nor dreams that, like the wounded bird,
 I bear the shaft beneath the wing!
 But in my bower
 At twilight hour,
 I think of times when first we met;
 And tears will tell
 How much too well
 I love thee yet; I love thee yet.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BERRI.

A NARRATIVE of trifling incidents frequently throws more light on the private characters of the great, than the pompous details of history, which are generally confined to political manœuvres and military movements. The historian would look with scorn on the following anecdote, for the royal personages on the stage of history always act according to the regular and solemn etiquette of tragedy. As life, however, is really made up of little every-day occurrences: we may compare the familiar anecdotes of princes and princesses to be found in the periodicals of the day, to the lively and more natural representation of comedy.

A few months previous to the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, a gentleman, plainly dressed and of most unostentatious appearance, with a young lady leaning on his arm, likewise attired with great simplicity, was seen to leave the Tuilleries by the gate opening on the Place de la Révolution, near the Rue de Rivoli. It was one of the first Sundays in the summer season, and the gardens were crowded with well-dressed people. The lady intimated to her husband that she wished to bend her steps to the Champs Elysées. Thither they accordingly went; and for some time mingled with the throng, highly amused at the scene before them. Mendicants and singers as usual passed up and down; and the newest fashions of the day, in silk, in gauze, or lace, were practically illustrated by the dresses of

elegantes, seated on long lines of chairs beside the walks. At length the gentleman, perceiving some traces of fatigue on the countenance of his lady, proposed to her to be seated; and, without considering the contrast presented by their homely attire to the magnificent Sunday toilets of the neighbouring ladies and gentlemen, the couple with much *nonchalance* took chairs close to some fashionables, who manifested no little disdain at their vicinity. When they had sufficiently rested themselves, and were showing some indications of departure, the *loueuse de chaises*, a skeleton apparently sent by Providence on the earth, as an example of the minimum of flesh with which a human being can exist, stepped up to the gentleman, and with a grimace intended for a smile demanded eight sous of "*Monsieur*."

"*C'est bon, Madame.*" And the gentleman rummaged every pocket, with the laudable determination of paying the debt incurred; but the search was vain; not a *sous* was to be found. He rose suddenly, looked unutterable things at his lady, turned on his heel, and seemed as if in quest of an acquaintance; unfortunately none was in sight.

"Good heavens, *madame!*" said he abruptly; "I really have forgotten to put any money in my pockets."

"A likely story," replied the lean gentlewoman; "short memories are some times prodigiously convenient."

"Upon my word, when I return, I will not forget to send you your money."

"Oh, without doubt, as punctually as others who incur debts of this sort every day; every hour I am bamboozled in this manner."

The enraged letter of chairs began to elevate her voice to so impertinent a key, that a brilliant auditory collected round the *sous*-less pair; whilst the eloquence of the creditress became every moment more energetic.

"People are looking at us: we shall be recognised!" said the lady to her husband; "can we find no way of terminating this unpleasant business?"

"I have thought of an expedient," replied the gentleman; then taking his wife's umbrella, and handing it to his lean tormentress: "Have the goodness," he said, "to keep this in pledge: the person who redeems it will show you a glove, the fellow to this, which I will likewise leave with you."

The woman snatched the umbrella and the glove, looking at them with the air of suspicion with which she had occasionally surveyed an equivocal *ten-sous* piece. The umbrella, which was worth fifty times the debt, was contemptuously suspended by its green fringes on a shrub close by; and shrugging up her shoulders, the creditress turned rudely to some other customers. The penniless couple made their exit through one of the green alleys towards the Boulevard de la Madeleine; but as they were laughing heartily at the adventure, they were surprised by the pattering of a few heavy drops of rain.

"It rains," said the gentleman, "and that confounded umbrella is gone: we must quicken our steps."

In a few moments the drops became a heavy shower: the foliage of the trees, covered with dust, soon began to dispense to the crowd beneath them a second-hand torrent, as good as new, but rather more muddy. Some ran to their homes, others endeavoured to procure coaches or cabriolets: our luckless couple soon found the shelter worse than the shower.

"This," said the gentleman, "is a good lesson. Come, Caroline, we must run like the rest;" and both hurried towards the Rue Duphot. The shower had by this time increased to a perfect storm, and

gusts of wind beat violently in their faces; the gutters swelled into rivulets, the pavement was slippery, and the water fell like cascades from the eaves of the houses. The lady was quite out of breath; when fortunately a large coach-house, the folding doors wide open, presented a temporary shelter.

With spectacles on nose, and broom in hand, was an old porter, in a leathern apron, busily employed in sweeping the mud from before the door. At the sight of the lady, who shivered and drew her wet garments round her, he doffed his *casquette* with an air of gallantry, and holding it in his hand, while he performed sundry reverences, pointed to a glass-door in the inner part of the coach-house. "If madame would be pleased; if monsieur would do him the honour; if they would condescend to enter his poor dwelling; true, it was a little wretched place; but madame might dry her clothes. The *petite dame* would take cold if she stood in that damp coach-house.

No choice was left; the offer was both courteous and cordial, and the pair went into the nutshell abode: it was a complete magazine of industry, their host, to his vocation of porter adding that of cobbler. On one side were awls, lusts, and old shoes; in a corner stood a cuckoo clock, with its swinging pendulum; in another hung a wicker-cage, tenanted by a chattering magpie. From the centre of the dingy ceiling was suspended a dull lamp, which burnt all day, for not a ray of borrowed light ever entered from the glass-door. Our porter, who was gallant, offered his fair guest a seat in a huge leathern chair, that nearly filled the room; he then, for the entertainment of the gentleman, commenced a political discussion on the state of affairs in general. He knew every thing, and with much gravity acquainted his hearers with all that was going on at the Tuilleries: it was his opinion, too, that Napoleon would shortly be recalled from Saint Helena. The gentleman seemed highly amused with his entertainer, and received each sally with hearty bursts of laughter. Meantime the violence of the storm decreased, and as a quiet drizzling rain had set in for the rest of the day, the lady expressed some symptoms of impatience and fatigue. Upon this the host immediately interrupted himself in the midst of one of his best descriptions.

"If I might venture," said he, "to make so unworthy an offer to madame, I have an umbrella, it is of ample dimensions, though rather of an antique cut." He then drew from a hidden recess an umbrella, the like of which had never been seen in the streets of Paris since the said metropolis had been a christian city. At sight of the ponderous machine the gentleman laughed till tears stood in his eyes.

"Ah I frankly own," said he, "that I have not a sous in my pocket, is it possible that you think me honest enough to be trusted with such a treasure?"

"Yes," replied the porter, "I think you have an honest face. I seldom walk the streets with this umbrella, as I am very hardy, and care little for the risk of compromising my attire; but it will cover the little lady from the wet. Such as it is, it is at your service, and I dare say I can find the lady a pair of old clogs."

The lady accepted the clogs, and thus equipped the strangers quitted the hospitable old man.

About an hour afterwards, a footman in the royal livery brought back the precious umbrella, and the clogs, with a packet directed to the old porter, and containing a bank-note to the amount of a thousand francs from the Duc de Berri. The footman then proceeded to the Champs Elysées, and, after some trouble, succeeded in finding the *loueuse de chaises*, to whom he said, very coolly: "Do you know this glove, madame?—here are eight sous, and the Duc de Berri requests you to return the princess's umbrella."

The unfortunate Duc de Berri, a few days before his violent death, was heard to relate this anecdote with great good humour.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

ALL honour to Woman, on earth's dreary way
She diffuses of Heaven the bright beaming ray,
The joy-giving bands of love, too, she weaves,
From the Graces her chaste flowing veil she receives,
Her fostering hands the fuel bestow,
By which our best feelings eternally glow.

From truth's, from reason's, bonds still straying,
Proud man pursues his dreary course,
Thoughts wild and restless still betraying,
A victim still to passion's force.
Oft anxious on the future gazing,
Its labour still his soul renews,
Some baseless empty dream still raising,
Which midst the stars he e'en pursues.

But soon is the wanderer gently lured back
By Woman's sweet smile, to reason's lost track;
Back to reality's regions again,
Where Nature her simple abode doth retain,
From which, in soft modesty purely arrayed,
Her true daughter Woman hath never yet stray'd.

In endless bitter strife engaging,
In schemes of violence still rife,
No rest, no peace, his cares assuaging,
Proceeds the outcast Man thro' life.
What he has formed again undoing,
No peace conflicting passions give,
Like Hydra's ghastly heads renewing,
More quickly than they cease to live.

But Woman, ambitious of worthier praise,
 Culls the sweet flowers the present displays,
 And tends them incessant with watchfullest care,
 Freer than Man in her bounded career,
 Richer than he with his much vaunted store
 Of Science profound and poetical lore.

All feelings else to self resigning,
 The icy heart of Man ne'er knows,
 Breast on tender breast reclining;
 The godlike joys which Love bestows;
 Knows not the mutual souls' outpouring,
 No healing balm in tears confined,
 And stormy life's incessant warring
 But hardens more his hardened mind.

As kissed by the breeze the Æolian lyre
 In harmony thrills through each trembling wire,
 So the soul of fond Woman, tenderly moved
 By the picture of woes which others have proved,
 Throbs in her bosom to sympathy true,
 And dims her bright eye with soft heavenly dew.

By brutal force his sway obtaining,
 All laws of justice Man outraves,
 Thus Russians, with the sword *explaining*,
 Would prove whole nations born for slaves.
 Stern discord's voice is ever raging,
 Mild charity affrighted flown,
 In bitter feud for aye engaging
 He harks to violence alone.

But the sceptre of Morals, with kindest hand
 By woman is sway'd; at her gentle command
 The fierce raging storms of contention abate,
 And all that existed in mutual hate
 In amity's bonds she soothingly joins,
 And discord's harsh elements firmly combines.

A. O.

TO THE MEMORY OF * * * * *

His dream of life hath pass'd away,
 And Death, triumphant, bears its sway
 Upon that marble brow;
 That form, so lately fraught with grace,
 That fine and intellectual face,
 Is cold and lifeless now.

How sad the change since first we met—
 In memory's eye I see him yet
 As health and beauty smil'd:
 When she, with whom his soul was tied,
 With woman's love and woman's pride
 His happy hours beguil'd.

They loved, and were beloved by all;
 Their hearts ne'er clos'd 'gainst pity's call,

Nor spurn'd the mourner's tone:
 Ah! would that those could now impart
 That solace to the widow's heart
 Which from her lips they've known.
 Hers is, alas! no common grief;
 No earthly aid can give relief,
 Or still her troubled soul:
 None, save that mighty Power above,
 So full of mercy, peace, and love,
 Such sorrows can control.
 Her love-fraught days of bliss are o'er —
 Her soul's best joy is now no more,
 And all around is gloom:
 The frame of his exalted mind,
 So noble, generous, and kind,
 Now slumbers in the tomb.
 But, ah! she will not tarry long —
 Amidst life's sad and sorrowing throng
 She will not long remain:
 Soon will her wearied spirit fly
 To join his sainted soul on high,
 And never part again

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

THE ANNUALS.

THE KEEPSAKE FOR 1852. *Edited by*
Frederic Mansel Reynolds. Longman
 and Co. Price One Guinea.

HAD Annuals been in vogue in the days when Shakspeare flourished; had he, after feasting his eyes on the crimson silk binding of the *bijou* of a work which now lies before us, price one guinea (we feel ourselves in a most circumstantial humour); had the bard, we say, after this indulgence, perused the list of "lords and ladies bright," countesses, honourables, M. P.'s, and other notables, whose names are tastefully displayed in small caps. at the bottom of page iv., somewhat like the enumeration of all imaginable virtues on the monumental marble of the departed; we opine that in such case so great a proficient in the knowledge of human nature would scarcely have ventured on the question, "what's in a name?" Slender as may be our own provision of science, we right well know the power of a name to propitiate editorial favour; and so does our learned *confrère* (if we may presume to call him so),

who has this season culled a choice bouquet of lordships and ladyships, to scatter their sweets through the gilt-edged pages of the "Keepsake." Here and there, to be sure, we observe the intrusion of an untitled scribbler — generally one belonging to the *trade* (the word will out) of authorship — admitted, we suppose, on sufferance, as an old stager is occasionally allowed to figure on the same boards with a select coterie of amateur Romcos, Juffiers, Calistas, &c. The names of these obscure consumers of the midnight lamp serve as a foil, at least in the table of contents, to those of the *comme il faut* contributors. The former are the plebeian daisies that border an aristocratic parterre of pinks and tulips.

Let it not be imagined, from our observations on titled authors — on names with handles affixed to them — that we have any invidious purpose in view. We entertain a vast respect for literary lords and ladies, and right glad are we that the days are gone when barons bold found more difficulty in writing their own names, than in storming castles and levying con-

tributions on insolent *roturiers*; exploits which, in the present pragmatical days, are termed burglaries and highway robberies. A little learning, with all its dangers, keeps the magnates of the land from dabbling in mischief. For our own parts, we should be delighted to see even the bench of bishops attacked with a violent fit of the *cacoethes scribendi*, and contributing whole pages of their unctuous eloquence to all the weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, and annuals of the press, instead of exposing their right reverend graces to the risk of being burnt in effigy by the rabble of Nottingham or Derby. We merely ventured, though with extreme diffidence, a remark on the immortal poet's mistake in denying the omnipotence of a name. We look again to the table of contents of the crimson volume now lying on our table, and we are completely dazzled by the constellation of noble and honourable names which flashes its brilliancy on our eyes. To criticise articles to which such signatures are affixed would be sacrilege. To hint that a Lord James would do well to cultivate an acquaintance with grammar, or that a Sir John's pathos makes us laugh, (for the ladies, they are all of course delectable,) would be absolutely worse than robbing an altar. In no respect, therefore, has the gentleman set in editorial authority over the "Keepsake" displayed more tact than in excluding from his hot-pressed vellum, as far as the measure was practicable, the "profane rabble" of authors—excuse the phrase, ladies—we quote Horace, who, like the aforesaid gentleman, held in utter abomination the *profanum vulgus*. We might, perhaps, with the aid of a good telescope, observe a spot or two on the sun's disk; but we dare not level the critical *lorgnette* at the pages of a work open only to the inspirations of genius presentable at court.

Reader, induct your fingers into a pair of milk-white kid gloves, and then, with all befitting caution, you may venture to turn over the leaves of the "Keepsake for 1832." Has not every page an odour of otto of roses? We will hazard the assertion, that the precious manuscript of each article has been written "with a neat little crow quill" on embossed satin paper, and by the soft, silvery light of a Grecian lamp in some exquisite boudoir, whose rose coloured silken festoons throw

a delicate tinge upon the noble countenance of the author or fair authoress. Such compositions are purged of the rough, caustic humour which marks the productions of the untitled fry who will scribble you sheets of boisterous wit by the hour; nor will your equanimity be at all disturbed by the pathetic effusions with which plebeians occasionally martyrise your nerves. Your vulgar writers have the pretension to amuse or instruct—they aim at effect—their wit has a rude, indecent health about it: your patrician genius is sickly, languid, and genteel.

We repeat, that our high reverence for the exclusive circle of Almacks shields the aristocratical literature of the "Keepsake" from the exercise of our vocation in detail: we can only observe, generally, that the upper house has contributed many pieces, especially in the poetical department, which may be strongly recommended as narcotics. We have some smart lively pieces from the regulars of the literary corps, if we may venture on that distinction. The table of contents, *terque, quaterque beatus*, is in four several places adorned with the magic initials, L. E. L. "The Dream," by the author of Frankenstein, is a highly interesting tale. We like "The Champion," by Mrs. Gore, far better than "Lady Evelyn Savile's three trials," from the pen of the same authoress. Theodore Hook, for a wonder, has contrived to be extremely amusing, without aiming a single shaft at the mob of householders who vegetate in the neighbourhood of Russell and Bedford Squares. Had the author been sufficiently acquainted with the localities of Bavaria, where the scene of his story is laid, we might probably have been favoured with the usual threadbare allusions to the unaccountable vulgarity which prefers a comfortable domicile in the east to an attic in the west. "Baby, an Autographical Memoir," by W. Jerdan, is written with much ingenuity.

We quote the following extracts, which, in addition to their other merits, possess that of brevity:—

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER (NOT IN 1831).

By Lord John Russell.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten Row;
In Brookes's sits one *quintunant*, to peruse

The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news ;

At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty hackney coaches pass ;

The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor Square ;
From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,

And seeks — oh bliss ! — the *Molly-a tem-
pora fandi*.

Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest ;
'Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton,
Long,

Have all left town to join the Margate
throng.

The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and
four ;

The peer, who made him rich, with dog and
gun,

Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a
scorching sun.

THE SELF-DEVOTED.

By Miss Agnes Strickland.

She hath forsaken courtly halls and bowers
For his dear sake — ay, cheerfully resign'd
Country and friends for him, and hath en-
twined

Her fate with his in dark and stormy hours,
As the fond ivy clings to ruin'd towers
With generous love, and never hath inclined
Round gilded domes and palaces to wind,
Or flung her wintry wreath midst summer
flowers.

Her cheek is pale — it hath grown pale for
him,

Her all of earthly joy, her heaven below.
He fades before her — fades in want and
woe —

She sees his lamp of life wax faint and dim,
Essays to act the Roman matron's part,
And veils with patient smiles a breaking
heart.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

By Joseph Jekyll.

Mr. J. having frequently witnessed with regret country gentlemen in their country houses reduced to the dulness of a domestic circle, and thereby led to attempt suicide in the month of November, or, what is more melancholy, to invite the ancient and neighbouring families of the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails ; having also observed the facility with which job horses and the books of a circulating library are supplied from London to any distance, has opened an office in Spring Garden for the purpose of furnishing country gentlemen in their country houses with company and guests on the most moderate terms.

An annual subscriber of thirty guineas will be entitled to receive four guests, changeable weekly, at the will of the country gentleman.

An annual subscriber of fifteen guineas will be entitled to receive two guests, changeable once a fortnight,

It will appear from the catalogue, that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to set off at a moment's warning to any country gentlemen at any country house ; among whom will be found three Scotch peers, seven ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half-pay (who narrate the whole of the Peninsular war), twenty-seven fuzzing dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbendic'd clergymen who play a little on the fiddle.

Deaf and dumb people, sportsmen, and gentlemen who describe tours to Paris and Fonthill at half price.

All the above play at cards, and usually with success, if partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings.

The country gentleman to allow the guests four feeds a day, as in the case of jobs, and to produce claret if a Scotch or Irish peer be present.

Should any guest be disapproved of, the country gentleman is desired to write the word " bore " against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back as he leaves the country house, and his place shall be immediately filled up by the return of the stage-coach.

*Society Office, Spring Gardens,
October 26. 1822.*

The pictorial department of the "Keepsake" opens with a spirited and beautiful work of art from the graver of Charles Heath. We may have seen a more perfect face, and a more laboured plate ; but in freedom of touch, and vividness of expression, it is surpassed by none. The subject is a charming one, — the portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, by Rochard ; graceful, vivacious, and, far above all other charms natural : the slight irregularity of the mouth is compensated by greater attractions than generally accompany perfect beauty. The only conspicuous fault is, that the arm is carelessly finished ; and, owing to the hard drapery of the cloak, seems a little contracted. The presentation plate is a new and elegant design by Corbould ; an urn from the antique surmounts a slab of marble, on which the name of the

possessor is to be written : it is delicately engraved by Mittan. We cannot bestow the same praise on the vignette, likewise an urn from the antique, designed by Corbould ; to the urn itself we have no objection, but we greatly dislike the stiff composition of a woman or muse engraved thereon, or rather therein ; the rounding of the vase ought to be seen, notwithstanding the pictorial representation ; but we seem to look at a scene contrived in the interior, through an opening in the side of the vase. The hands of the figure are well drawn ; we can see nothing else in the design deserving commendation. The engraving, by Heath and Mittan is good. Four artists have been employed in this plate, but their labours do not appear to harmonise.

The female figure entitled "Constance," by Miss Sharpe, possesses elegance and ease, with a natural expression of reflection ; the face and figure are well engraved by Charles Heath, but the trees and background are left in a culpable state of negligence, which gives a faded look to the whole ; this is the more to be regretted, as we perceive that these accompaniments have been prettily designed. There is a want of clearness in this plate. As for the pair of scaramouches figuring in the print called "The Champion," they are really and truly beneath criticism. "Dressing for the Ball" by Deveria, presents us with a portrait of that celebrated artist's sister : it is splendidly engraved by Bacon ; the attendant figures have no merit except as contrasts, but the plate is in harmonious tone. "Good Angel," a powerful engraving by Heath from Howard : is remarkable for great richness of light and shade ; notwithstanding some awkwardness of attitude in the principal human figures, it is a picture that arrests and long retains the attention. "The Repentance of Nineveh" displays Martin's peculiar mannerisms ; a strong effect of light and shadow secms its principal attraction, at least to the naked eye, but examine it with a strong magnifying glass, and in an instant a wonderful scene is developed ; groups of minute spots start into the active energy of figures effective as those of the natural size ; great praise of course is due to the engraver, Henry Le Keux. "Isola Bella" is a beautiful scene from Stanfield, by I. T. Willmore ; the distance and point of

sight are finely graduated, and the whole is in harmonious tone. "Byron's Dream" is pictured amidst a fanciful and rather perspectiveless group of Palmyrian pillars. The standing figure has some spectral dignity, but the sleeping poet is of a most unsentimental *embourpoint*. The mawkish title of "Do you remember it?" is enough to prejudice any one who detests affectation against the succeeding plate, but it deserves great commendation as a work of art : the suffusion of the countenance is true to nature, without approaching to caricature ; the hair the eyes, and features bear the appearance of excessive weeping, and the utmost dejection of grief. The hand that holds the picture is ill drawn, and the back ground scarcely begun ; we must say nothing about finish except in the figure and face, which are worked with great skill and delicacy by Mr. Charles Heath. A Bonnington ! was our first exclamation on arriving at the next plate ; but it proves to be a most successful imitation of the style of that great artist, by J. W. Wright, splendidly engraved by J. C. Edwards. The figure, face, and attitude of the old woman are wonderfully expressive : we almost pause to hear her speak. The arms and drapery of the younger lady are not well drawn ; the folds of the latter are lumpy on the left, and look as if stuffed with pillows. We are not partisans of what foreign artists call "a John-Ball love of violent black and white in printing engravings ;" but we think a deeper tint in the back-ground would have added striking brilliancy to the group, and thrown it forward into magical relief : altogether, the plate is a gem of the highest order. Although the figures in the foreground are rather spotty. "Marly" is a fine picture, by Turner, engraved by Miller. As an historical scene, it possesses interest : the avenue of trees, and the winding banks of the Seine, are beautiful. A magnificent architectural perspective view of the "Interior of the Zwinger Palace, Dresden," is by Prout, finely touched by Wallis. Another scene, of historical interest, is "St. Germain en Laye," from Turner, on which we cannot bestow unqualified praise. The figures are the best part ; but we sympathise with the unfortunate man who appears half engulfed in earth, without any apparent reason for such a punishment. The tree on the bridge

would have been better sketched by many a girl who had taken a quarter's lesson in pencil drawing; and the monotony of tint pervading the palace and the terrace renders it difficult for the eye to distinguish between them. The horizontal line, so disagreeable in the background, is certainly a feature of this view of the scene; it must, therefore, be tolerated: the bridge is black and sudden. The next plate is the best design we ever remember from the pencil of Miss L. Sharpe; the perspective is well preserved, the figures harmonious: the eye takes in the whole scene, without meeting any distraction from spotty bits or clashing lights; and several individuals among the groups possess grace and beauty. In the costume, however, of the whole design, Miss L. Sharpe has shown a most London-like unconsciousness of country life. The bride and bridegroom have a marvellous resemblance to the ladies and gentlemen of the fashion plates: that circumstance may be accidental, but the groups of spectators are evidently composed of ladies of the same class; and the men have the air of smart flippant London shopmen. These mock gentry are never seen lounging in rustic churchyards; nor do country ladies in full-dress, on any occasion, kneel around a church-door. The same hand that has produced much harmony and beauty in this design can, if properly directed, portray objects in perfect accordance with truth and nature. The plate is delicately engraved and well finished by C. Rolls: it is rather faintly printed. An admirable Smirke closes the Keepsake plates, called "Scandal." As to the recipient personage, we have an old woman, an intimate and early acquaintance, who has but one kind of face and one attitude for every piece of wonder: the figure is, indeed, only rivalled by life itself. The lady who relates the *scan. mag.* is likewise very expressive; but her face and head are out of proportion. Although the engraver has sadly neglected him, we are greatly captivated with the young gentleman in the corner, who is occupied with the amusement of tantalising his canine favourite. We never recollect to have seen a Smirke very highly engraved; but Mr. Mitchell has well preserved the expression of the group.

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL for 1832.
Longman and Co. One Guinea.

WITH the recollection of Stanfield's paintings, exhibited at Somerset House and Suffolk Street, fresh on our memory, we were not prepared to trace the coarseness of the scene painter so frequently as we do in this volume. This is an ungracious observation wherewith to commence the examination of a series of designs, among which we find several entitled to great praise; but the frontispiece forces this observation from us. It is indeed a concoction of all the faults scattered through the book, and offends by hardness, ill drawn tree, and defective perspective.

The vignette, a scene from *Isola Bella*, is in better taste: it is pleasingly touched by the graver of Goodal. "The Swiss Cottage," engraved by Allen, has merit; yet there is hardness in the point of sight. "Domo d'Ossola" has a wild, fine sky, and the tops of the distant mountains are good; the trees are any thing but natural: coarseness in the point of sight again offends the eye. Wallis is not happy in the scene of "Lago Maggiore:" the water is molten lead, the perspective bad; the shrubby foreground is better than in the former plates; the touches on the tops of the opposite distant mountains please, but the merit reminds us of the technical tricks of scene-painting. We are tired of fault finding, and are glad to hail "Angera" as a fine bold scene, engraved in a spirited manner by R. Brandard. We should like to turn out an ugly, coarse group of trees. The trees in the next plate are much better, the figures pleasing; the distant water and hills are muddy. The "Exterior of Milan Cathedral" is an attractive print; and though the tint is a little too sudden between the cathedral and the house on the left side, it may be considered well engraved by Carter. We cannot admire either of the Veronas: bad trees, and hard water; the sky is good in both. "St. Gio e Paolo," a Venetian scene, is really beautiful; sky, water, buildings, and perspective are faultless: the engraver, Willmore, deserves great credit. "The Dogana" is wild, bold, and beautiful; Goodal has done justice to it. The third Venetian scene has no striking beauties, but the general effect is pleasing. "Murano" is very beautiful, the figures are animated and picturesque, and well designed. We can

congratulate Wallis on the success of his plate. "Mazorba" is hard and unattractive, the perspective sudden and bad. In "Trent" and "Roveredo" we discern the same faults. "Tronsberg" is more pleasing; the figures and foreground deserve praise. Both the "Insprucks" are coarse and hard, and perspectiveless. The water in "Landeck" resembles hay. "Feldkirch" is much better; the lights are a little too strong for harmonious tone. "Constance" is engraved by Jordan: it gives a theatrical effect of moonlight, but it will be much admired: the moon is too large. There are many redeeming qualities in the plate of "Schaffhausen," but the white and black tints are too violently contrasted. The same fault is apparent in "Strasburg." Throughout the whole of the designs, the figures are very superior in merit.

We cannot forbear to remark, that, whilst perfection has been almost attained by our marine and architectural painters and engravers, and whilst a wonderful effect has been produced in the sky and aerial tints, since students have been admitted to the inspection of the Claudes at the British Institution, yet trees are often neglected in an extraordinary manner; and when introduced, are so badly drawn, as to look like spots of deformity. This fault, which is discernible in the works of Prout, Stanfield, and even Harding, ought to be corrected by a course of study, sedulously directed to one particular object. We can no more award exclusive praise to a landscape-painter, renowned for buildings, air, and water, but who draws trees worse than many school girls, than we can to a portrait painter famous for his eyes, but unable to paint a mouth.

We have commenced our review of this attractive volume by passing judgment on its pictorial embellishments. In adopting this course we confess we have been guided chiefly by the consideration that a large class of purchasers of annuals look rather to the illustrations of the engraver than to those of the author. In this instance, however, the sketches of the latter are exceedingly graphic, and possess a degree of interest which leads the reader insensibly from page to page, till, at its conclusion, the volume is closed with regret.

The following extract affords a hint as useful as the mode of conveying it is amusing:—

Lausanne is exclusively a place of pleasure, as Geneva is of business. At the former we were in danger of wanting money, with English gold in our pocket, because no one knew the value of the sovereign. At the post-office, which is also the messagerie, they absolutely refused to receive, on any terms, the dangerous coin. The same republican feeling prevailed at bankers where we applied; but at length we had the good fortune to obtain our desire at the trifling cost of six or seven per cent. The best money to travel with is Messrs. Herries' circular notes; but at all events English gold should be exchanged for Napoleons at Paris. A Napoleon is worth twenty francs every where; and a sovereign worth twenty-five at Paris, and any thing it will fetch elsewhere. A traveller should not have more silver in his pocket than necessary; for the moment he passes the frontier, he will be sure to lose by it. Francs, it is true, are a sort of universal coin; but the stranger, who has not time to calculate at every step, or who persuades himself that it is not worth his while, is apt to confound them with the denominations of the country through which he passes. In Lombardy, for instance, few of the shopkeepers will hesitate to accept of a franc, which is worth about ten-pence, instead of an Austrian lira, which is worth about eight-pence halfpenny. The best way is to devote a few minutes, on entering each country, to the task of making oneself acquainted with the common currency. To get rid of this subject, we would advise the traveller, in paying for trifling services, to give, without asking, about as much as they would cost in England. If he demands what is to pay, he will either be grossly overcharged, or what is still worse, the matter will be left insidiously to Monsieur's generosity. We remember, on our first visit to the Continent, witnessing the following scene in a barber's shop in the ancient city of Caen:—

English Stranger (entering abruptly). I say, what do you charge for shaving?

Barber (bowing profoundly, and laying his hand upon his heart). I have the honour of assuring you, sir, that I will not cut your throat.*

Stranger sits down suspiciously and sulkily, and the operation is performed.

Stranger. Now, I say, what is to pay?

Barber (with respectful confidence). I will not presume, sir, to make any charge for so

* A figure of speech among the vulgar, which means simply, "I will not overcharge you."

unimportant a service. I leave the matter entirely to your generosity; and, judging by your appearance, I feel that I shall not have reason to regret doing so.

Stranger (reddening and looking foolish alternately, while he strives all he can to be angry). Pshaw! (gives about half-a-crown.)

Barber. I return you, sir, my most grateful acknowledgments. I have the honour of wishing you a very good morning. Pray, sir, (*as stranger is going out,*) allow me to ask, — but I beg that you will remember I make no charge — any thing for the boy?

Stranger (in a shout of thunder). No! G—d— you! (*Exit in a rage.*)

When consulted by a friend on the subject of the studies which might be necessary by way of preparation for travelling on the Continent, “are both French and Italian indispensable? Would some knowledge of the civil law be useful?” &c. &c. we answered, “All’s one for that: *learn to keep your temper.*” The only way to do this is to make up your mind, before leaving England, to be cheated to a certain extent. Our own first journey, we well remember, was performed in a perfect fever of indignation; and all for what? We are ashamed to think of the pitiful sum with which we bought so much misery.

“The Adventures of the Forlorn Hope of the Simplon” in search of a new route over the Alps, are told with considerable effect.

At one place, in the midst of the mountains, they found that the rude bridge over which they expected to pass, had been swept away by an avalanche. The chasin was sixty-feet broad, with perpendicular sides, and a torrent roaring at the bottom; but General Bethmond only remarked to the men that they were ordered to cross, and that cross they must. A volunteer speedily presented himself, who, clambering to the bottom of the precipice, eyed deliberately the gloomy gulf before him. In vain

“The angry spirit of the waters shrieked,”

for the veteran, — a mountaineer perhaps himself, — saw that the foundations of the bridge — which were nothing more than the holes in the bed of the torrent to receive the extremities of the poles, which had supported a transverse pole above — were still left, and not *many feet* under the surface. He called to his companions to fasten the end of the cord to the precipice above, and fling down the rest of the coil to him: with this burden on his shoulders, he then stepped boldly, but cautiously, into the water, fixing his legs in the foundation-holes of the bridge. As he

sunk deeper and deeper in his progress through the roaring stream, bending up against the current, and seeming to grapple with it as with a human enemy, it may be imagined that the spectacle was viewed with intense interest by his comrades above. Sometimes the holes were far apart, and, in striding from one to the other, it seemed a miracle that he was not swept away; sometimes they were too shallow to afford sufficient purchase; and, as he stood swaying and tottering for the moment, a smothered cry burst from the hearts of the spectators — converted into a shout of triumph and applause as he suddenly sprung forward another step, plunged his leg into a deeper crevice, and remained steady. Sometimes the holes were too deep — a still more imminent danger; and once or twice there was nothing visible of the adventurer, above the surface, but his arms and head, his wild eyes glaring like those of a water-demon amidst his prey, and his teeth seen fiercely clenched through the dripping and disordered mustachio. The wind in the mean time increased every moment, and as it swept moaning through the chasin, whenever it struck the river, the black water rose with a burst and a shriek. The spirit of human daring at last conquered, and the soldier stood panting on the opposite precipice. What was gained by the exploit? The rope stretched across the chasin, and fastened firmly at either side, was as good as Waterloo Bridge to the gallant Frenchmen! General Bethmond himself was the first to follow the volunteer; and after him a thousand men — knapsacked, armed, and accoutred, swung themselves, one by one, across the abyss, a slender cord their only support, and an alpine torrent their only footing. The dogs of the division, amounting to five, with a heroism less fortunate, but not less admirable, next tried the passage. They had waited till the last man had crossed — for a soldier’s dog belongs to the regiment — and then, with a quick moaning cry, sprung simultaneously into the gulf: two only reached the opposite cliffs, the other three were swept away by the torrent. These gallant beasts were seen for several minutes struggling among the surf; they receded imperceptibly; and then sunk at once in an eddy that whirled them out of sight. Two died in silence; but a wild and stifled yell told the despair of the third. The adventurers, at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain, which it was necessary to cross before night-fall, had little time to grieve for their faithful friends. With the assistance of their bayonets, which they inserted, while climbing, in the interstices of the rock, to serve as a support, they recommenced their perilous ascent; but even after

a considerable time had elapsed, they often turned their heads as some sound from the dark river below reached them, and looked down with a vague hope into the gulf.

The terror of the Austrian posts may be conceived, when they saw a thousand men rushing down upon them from the Alps, by passes which Nature herself had fortified with seemingly inaccessible ramparts! The expedition was completely successful, both as regarded its immediate and ulterior purpose: and, indeed, with all the disadvantages attending the opening of a new and hazardous route, the column reached the point of rendezvous, several days before that of General Moncey, which had debouched by the pass of St. Bernard. The famous battle of Marengo took place immediately after; and the construction of the military road of the Simplon was decreed.

It was eventually found that the route of the Simplon shortened the distance from Paris to Milan by nearly fifty leagues.

"Love in an Avalanche" is a whimsical sketch, though we are more than half inclined to agree with the author, that "it contains a gross libel on the beautiful sex." We much regret that we cannot find space for the interesting and romantic episode, headed, "The Storm-lights of Anzasci." The chapters descriptive of Milan and Venice will be perused with much gratification, both by those who have and those who have not visited those far-famed cities: the localities of the latter,—"the Venice of poetry, and passion, and romance," are well described. The concluding portion of the volume is devoted to a narrative of the author's journey through the Tyrol,—that land hallowed by the struggle for freedom,—whence our traveller proceeded along the banks of the Rhine to Strasbourg.

"Heath's Picturesque Annual" is more splendidly bound than any annual we have yet seen.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT, AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR. Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. Longman and Co.

THE JUVENILE ANNUAL, edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, stands alone amongst other works of a similar name, inasmuch as it is carefully adapted to the use of young children, from the age of six to eleven. It is composed of short tales, in which we trace a cast of reality and utility that

occasionally reminds us of the "Evenings at Home."

We can justly commend many prose articles, especially the pieces from the pen of the editress. "The Journey," and the "Sights of Paris," are admirably adapted to the capacities of children, without an offensive appearance of stooping to their intellects: we find much that is new and entertaining in the observations. "Boyhood in the Country" is charmingly written; and "The Little Fowler" is a delightful tale. "The Epistle from a little Girl who did not mind her Stops" is the best and simplest lesson we ever saw given to a child on the difficult and indefinite art of punctuation. "The Children of Alsace" is a narrative of interest, that will be read with pleasure by young and old. Yet, one word on an important subject. Parents, like British sovereigns, ought never to be in the wrong, and a tale founded on the principle of children acting in opposition to their parents, however blameable those parents may be, has an injurious tendency. "Bathmendi" is good, but not exactly adapted to young children. "The Castle of Capaccio" does not possess the slightest attraction; it is a grown person's story, made easy for young people, and composed of dull narrative and dry generality. Children care not a straw for great literary names. "The Day of Pleasure," and "The Siege of Antwerp," are written with much simplicity and nature, and come very close to the heart. We cannot commend the poetical contributions to this volume, most of which are strongly imbued with an affectation of sentimentality. Amongst the favourable exceptions must be ranked the following articles:—"The Wind in a Rage," which has higher merit than any poem we have seen this year from the gifted Howitt family; "The Old Horse," "The Bear and the Bakers," "Natural Piety," and a hymn or two. No editor of Juvenile Annuals seems aware that moralising verses on the state of childhood, how interesting soever to readers of a more advanced age, are neither understood nor appreciated by children.

Like Mrs. Watts, we think the plates far too good and costly for the hands into which they are to pass, and the expense far overbalances the slight degree of pleasure which they afford to the young possessors. Many of the tales in

Juvenile Annuals are sacrificed to the illustration of plates, and for the purposes of education we should find a great improvement in such works, if the literature suggested the designs, instead of the designs the literature. Light pleasing plates, of little expense, such as ornament the publications of Harvey and Darton, would then be substituted for highly finished but often inappropriate engravings, and a large body of choice literature might then be afforded. A child is no judge of a fine engraving; it looks whether the story be well told by the picture, caring for little else; nay, often wondering why, in the present order of things, dull stories and verses should be accompanied by such pretty pictures.

Several of the plates deserve notice for their pictorial merit, and are well engraved; among these, we particularise the frontispiece, and a very pleasing vignette. "The Grandfather's Nap" is very pretty and natural. "The Roman Family," remarkable for clearness of tone, is an expressive and fine design, and is well engraved by Engleheart. "Antwerp," though lightly touched, is a gem: the gradation of perspective, and the aerial and hazy effect of the distance, are excellent. It is designed by Cox, and engraved by R. Wallis, an artist who generally obtains our warmest commendations. We find great improvement in the binding of the "New Year's Gift;" it has discarded its delicately tinted covers, and adopted in their place a material better suited to encounter the busy little fingers that will assiduously turn its attractive pages.

AN EPISTLE FROM A LITTLE GIRL WHO DID NOT "MIND HER STOPS," BUT WHO SOMETIMES WROTE CAPITAL LETTERS.

I cannot tell you my dear Jane how very delighted I was to receive your letters and to find that you were returned home on the tenth of next month We are going to have a dance on the water there is to be a nice band and fireworks if it rains we are to have supper in the tent morning Mamma will see you safely home so I hope my aunt will let you come and see us the day after our dance All the little Boys and girls of the Village school are to play in the grounds when you come I will show you all the shells which we got when we were at the sea side in Bedfordshire There are many pretty flowers, and trees but we liked finding shells and sea-weed of which there was plenty upon the hills There were many wild flowers but

they were poor things compared to our own Mamma and Papa took us to see some wild beasts upon the outside of a large caravan There was written up "The largest collection of Wild Beasts since the days of Noah" so we went in and saw the Elephant I expected that it would be just as large as Papa And Mamma who went in first got up the ladder a Monkey leaped upon her back and put her hand before her mouth to prevent her calling out for help but Papa soon pulled off her disagreeable companion The Elephant which we saw first had not room to lie down so he always stood upon the top of his head There was a Monkey sitting quietly cracking nuts who threw the shells at me

There were also Eagles and Lions and Tigers outside the Caravan There were pictures of beasts painted on Canvass which were not inside the Crocodile and Rhinoceros and many more which I hoped to see The skin of the Elephant is very hard, he seems very strong and carried his heavy trunk with great ease a mile off From here we went to some gardens in which we saw all our little favourites running about the rocks the Periwinkle, the Bee orchis the Fly orchis and pretty Pautilla on the tops of some high trees There were many large crows nests, and the old Birds were teaching their young ones to fly and they actually pushed them out of the nests down their throats Papa says the old ones stuff Partridges Eggs which they first break with their bills I lately heard a very nice story about the Marmots they make places to live in under ground in the form of a Y and carry moss and hay to line them and when the load is too large to carry in their mouths they make a kind of live cart and one lies on his back and puts up his paws after they have heaped up the hay upon him and the sticks pull him by the tail till they get him to their nests.

We went to a party the other day to see a learned dog his name is Sancho he can tell how many people there are in the room he counts them by Eating his master gives him pieces of meat one bit after another and he Eats and Eats Every body in the room I mean, every one but his master thought he would not stop at the right number but he did and would not touch a piece more though his master tried to make him when you come I will tell you more wonderful things about him and about a lame mouse with a long tail too long a tail to put in a letter Mamma thinks I am your affectionate cousin ELEAN.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR. Edited by *Marie Watts*. Longman and Co.

For eight years the *Literary Souvenir* has borne the highest rank among its

contemporaries, and, as well for the beauty of its embellishments as for the superiority of its literature, has ever been considered a most acceptable present for the young, the fair, the good, and the pure.

The frontispiece of the present volume has been dismissed from the hands of the engraver long before completion; and even had the plate received the last touches, the subject is far from attractive. The expression of the face is forced into constrained gaiety, wholly different from the charms of a natural smile; the figure is stiff. The next plate represents one of those beautiful little fresco scenes, for which Stothard is renowned, and is far the best of this species of design which we have yet seen. It has been reduced with the utmost skill and regard to proportion; — the perspective is admirable, and the engraving most delicately touched. In "Oberwessel on the Rhine," the transition from dark to light, or rather from black to white, is too violent: the background should have had more work, or the fore ground to the right a lighter tone. The succeeding plate is a bad engraving from a magnificent picture. The hard liny strokes of the graver make the features appear harsh and wooden. The curls seem as if cut out of cloth. The folds of the satin robe are trifling and spotty. Finish could not have rendered the plate good, yet there is a miserable want of it. "Numa and Egeria," by H. Howard, engraved in pretty equal tone by C. Rolls, is pleasing and interesting. We have not yet seen in any of the *Annals*, a good design by the Johannots. — "Going to Mass," is the very worst of them all; — it is in vain to search for a point deserving commendation: the odd little distortion meant for a child, the tree, the watch, the perspectiveless distance, are even worse than the two principal figures: the engraver seems to have abandoned it in despair. "Lady Jane Grey in the Tower," engraved by Mitchell, from Northcote, presents a historical subject that must excite universal interest, although it is not the happiest production of the great painter; it is fairly engraved. "The Tower of London," from Turner, engraved by Miller, is a treasure of art, both in regard to design and execution. The murky atmosphere of London is finely distinguished from the brilliant summer sky

above; the water, the lights, are magical, the harmony of tone perfect. All the peculiarities of the scene are true. The only fault perceptible is, that the hulk to the right appears as if cut out of marble. "The Tarentella" is strongly illustrative of national character, and deserves attention as a work of art. It is well engraved by Greathatch, from a painting by Montvoisin. The subject is not to our taste. The next plate has been left in a state so crude and unfinished, that it is impossible to distinguish between the faults of the painter and those of the engraver. The breadth of the drapery in the foreground is ungraceful. The lady is at present asleep. There is an idea of elegance in the design which might be brought out after many days' assiduous labour. "The Deveria Family," designed by Achille Deveria, is certainly the most attractive picture in the *Souvenir*; it is lively and original. Even the good opinion of themselves so apparent in the demeanor of the whole group, is most amusing to those who study character. Sangster has engraved this plate in his happiest style, and has given it a most delicate finish. "The Arrest," by Alfred Johannot, is entitled to more commendation as an engraving than as a design; but the head of the principal figure in the group is effective. The heads of the soldiers are disproportionate and gigantic, and their faces have the appearance of masks. The face of the child is miserably done, the figure worse.

The first remarkable circumstance to be noted in the literary department of the *Souvenir* is the absence of most of the names by which its pages were formerly distinguished—Allan Cunningham, Hogg, Bulwer, Malcolm, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Macginn, Crofton Croker, &c. A devotion to mere names is one of the crying sins with which editors of *Annals* are chargeable: in some instances, the places of these stars are as well filled up by new contributors; and, for our parts, we have the temerity to own that we prefer good productions from new writers to indifferent articles bearing the signature of established names. The most superior paper in the *Souvenir*—"Female Friends," by Mrs. Watts, — we have selected for our prose extract. The talents of this amiable lady are admirably suited to the delineation of the delicate

features of female character; and we would recommend her to sketch other classes of females, with the same minute yet vigorous pencil. "The Signal," by Leitch Ritchie, will be read with deep interest, although the *dénouement* is wound up with a daring defiance of all probability. "The Runaway," by Miss Mitford, is by no means in that lady's best style. "The Bride of the Nile," "The Jubilee," and "Benedetto Mangone," are well written. The best poetical contributor is the author of Lillian. His "Stanzas," drawing a parallel between the Plague in Boccaccio's era, and the approaching pestilence in our own, are skillfully touched: we shall extract the best verses. "The Bridal of Belmont," is an old story: we have seen it vamped up in many an evanescent publication, which, in the course of the last five years, has enjoyed a glimmer of existence. The author of Lillian, however, though rather free in some passages, has told the tale with spirit, with poetical fire, and a cadence of music.

When in a publication like the present we meet with the paper entitled, "The Conversazione," what can we say to Mr. Alaric Watts, but that he has injured himself and served his enemies, by the blind headstrong indulgence of his resentment? There is talent and very probably truth in this performance; but why do we find it here? If newspaper mongers, and other libellers deserve castigation, why not make a sixpenny book of the whole affair, and fight the battle out on proper ground? This ill-judged satire cannot fail to detract from the former high character of the *Literary Souvenir*. The article may make its little blaze and bustle among editors of Magazines and newspapers, but it will be read without interest by the whole class of Annual purchasers. By taking notice of his enemies, Mr. Alaric Watts promotes their ends. The crawlers of the press who, under pretence of criticism, direct their puny stings against private character, and who attack, for the very purpose of exciting attention, are never so well pleased as when they draw on themselves literary or personal castigation. To the scribbler who mistakes scurrility for wit, even the notoriety of a Bow Street notice is not without its value. It is really astonishing that a man who, like Mr. Alaric Watts, knows the tricks of the trade,

can for a moment step aside from his course to draw these "Tritons of the minnows" from their native shoals.

The binding of the *Souvenir* is greatly improved.

STANZAS.

Lady, they say the fearful guest,
Onward, still onward to the west,
Poised on his sulphurous wings, advances;
Who, on the frozen river's banks,
Has thinned the Russian despot's ranks,
And marr'd the might of Warsaw's lances.

Another year — a brief, brief year!
And, lo! the fell destroyer here;
He comes with all his gloomy terrors:
Then guilt will read the properest books,
And folly wear the soberest looks,
And virtue shudder at her errors.

And there'll be sermons in the street;
And every friend and foe we meet
Will wear the dismal garb of sorrow;
And quacks will send their lies about,
And weary Halford will find out
He must have four new bays to-morrow.

But you shall fly from these dark signs,
As did those happy Florentines,
Free from your creek one rose is faded;
And hide your youth and loveliness
In some bright garden's green recess,
By walls fenced round, by huge trees shaded:

There brooks shall dance in light along,
And birds shall trill their constant song
Of pleasure from their leafy dwelling;
You shall have music, novels, toys;
But still the chiefest of your joys
Must be, fair lady, story-telling.

Be cautious how you choose your men:
Don't look for people of the pen,
Scholars who read, or write the papers;
Don't think of wits, who talk to dine,
Who drink their patron's newest wine,
And cure their patron's newest vapours.

Avoid all youths who toil for praise,
By quoting Liston's last new phrase;
Or sigh to leave high fame behind them,
For swallowing swords, or dancing jigs,
Or imitating ducks and pigs;
Take men of sense — if you can find them.

FEMALE FRIENDS.

"I write of what I know." — EVELYN.

Gentle Reader, hath it ever happened to you to have been domesticated, for any length of time, with a family belonging to the Society of Friends? If it have, you will be able to judge of the fidelity of my picture: if, on the contrary, they have flitted before your sight, leaving nothing on your vision but a plainly-dressed, plainly-spoken, and, it may be, a plainly-featured people, the fol-

lowing little sketch may not prove uninteresting from its novelty.

It hath fallen to my lot, in the earlier period of my life, to be thrown into the society of not a few of the most distinguished families of the sect. On my first acquaintance I was greatly at a loss to distinguish any difference in the female part of the fraternity. In their instance, youth and age seemed to have lost their usual characteristics when attired in the same humble livery; and when at length I learned at a glance to distinguish the matron from the maiden, I found that it required a still keener perception to distinguish one maiden from another: the same brown gown and poke-bonnet were common to them all, and it was not until a month's residence among them that I learned to separate the *smart* from the *staid*. By the end of that period, however, I became familiar with the nice distinction of a *plaited* and *drawn-crowned* bonnet; between the bonnet lined with *white*, and the bonnet lined with the *same* colour; between the gaiety of white strings, as compared with the gravity of strings made of the palest drab!

On my first introduction to a Friend's family, the peculiarity that most struck (and I must confess, surprised) me, was the entire absence of all *fineness* in the manners of the ladies. To my sophisticated taste there was something, as it seemed to me, too unveiled, too straightforward, both in appearance and manner; a sort of singularity, which appeared to me to want rounding off. They asked questions without circumlocution, and returned answers without any softening qualification. It hath been said, that "a Quaker never gives a direct answer." This saying appears to me to belong to that family of jests which are more distinguished for their piquancy than their truth. I should say, that the reverse of this maxim is the fact; but that I fear to attempt, by my individual strength, to remove what has been considered so ancient a landmark.

Another peculiarity, which forcibly struck me in their conversation, is what Mrs. Malaprop would call a "nice derangement of epitaphs;" in other words, an extreme propriety of diction; their strict attention to the strictest rules of Lindley Murray. With them, our excellent friend, Hannah More, could have no pretext for reiterating her favourite precept of "calling things by their right names." With them "pink is pink, and not scarlet." In their conversation there is an utter absence of all exaggeration or embellishment, and I am almost tempted to believe that their children are *born* with a knowledge of the dryness of comparison; of the distinction between positive and superlative. However this may be, I am quite cer-

tain that a mere child would stand a chance of severe reprehension who should be guilty of characterising an *accident* as a *misfortune*.

But my reader must not imagine that I gained all this information as easily as he does. No, indeed! it required some tact to approach very near the gentle sisters (of the brothers I profess to know nothing), for they have a profound horror of ridicule, and a shrinking sort of distrust for all who are clad in motley. This feeling does not arise from coldness, but is the result of a retired education and a secluded life. To a Quaker, the presence of a silly woman of fashion would inspire more restraint than that of a whole body of profound philosophers.

Their peculiarity of language, too, which they value as the hedge of their "garden enclosed," tends to place a great gulf between them and the rest of the world. They cannot ask you how you do, without feeling that they have not even words in common with their fellow-creatures. This prevents a free interchange of ideas, and may be one cause why they are so little known; they seldom, perhaps, feel quite at their ease, excepting in the society of persons of their own persuasion.

And here I cannot but remark how seldom a correct version of the Quaker-phrasology is to be met with, even in the works of such writers as have chosen members of that body for their *dramatis personæ*. One great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, has made worthy Joshua Geddes guilty of *swearing* at little Benjie; and his gentle sister Rachael manifests small respect for the rules of grammar. The sentiments imputed to these good people are, however, more in accordance with those of the "society" than their phrasology; the acquisition of which would seem to be a matter of some difficulty, since their trusty friend and well-beloved champion, Charles Lamb, is not entirely guiltless of now and then murdering the Friends' English.

But if any adventurer, urged by curiosity, or a better feeling, will take the trouble to break the ice and pierce beyond the veil, I do not think that he will find his labour ill-bestowed. He will immediately be struck by what I have noticed — a startling candour of manner; the result either of great confidence or great singleness of mind: he must decide which. If he appeal to me, I shall without hesitation refer it to the latter cause. And now, supposing my reader to have advanced some steps toward an acquaintance-ship; to have got over the chill which the *THEE* and *THOU* will not fail to throw over a first colloquy, he will stand some chance of being frozen back by a want of sympathy in the material of small-talk. Music and places of public amusement, those staple commodities of the overture of conversation,

will not avail him here. To them, dancing and music are forbidden things; of all such things our protestant nuns are profoundly ignorant. Their education has unfitted them to decide on the respective merits of a Pasta or a Sontag. They cannot descant on the talent of rival composers, Beethoven or Rossini, or decide on the superior charm of the *marurka* or the *gullopadé*.

But though they can do none of these things, and are not versed in the art of elegant trifling, we will venture to predict that he will meet with no lack of useful or valuable information among them. If the superstructure be without ornament, the foundation is not without solidity. He will find none of that ignorance of matters which should be of universal notoriety, which is sometimes to be met with in the conversation of their more showy neighbours. No female member of the Society of Friends would ever be likely to mistake the Reformation for the Restoration, or confound *Scotland's* with *England's* last catholic king James.

If our Friend be a man of science, whether naturalist, geologist, or botanist, we will venture to promise that he shall not enter ten families without finding in five of them ladies, neither old nor ugly, who are able to encounter him on his own ground, and thus, too, without any assumption of extraordinary learning. With them such knowledge is too much a matter of course to be made a matter of vanity; and if we must acknowledge that their elders are somewhat rigid in excluding them from the amusements that are to be found abroad, we must not omit to allow that they amply provide them with such as are calculated to embellish home.

Again, if our visitor be a poet, we will ensure him abundant sympathy in his favourite pursuit. Poetic taste, which may be almost said to amount to a passion among the youth of their sect, is, I fancy, the escape-valve through which their repressed musical talent evaporates. Among their most accredited favourites are Wordsworth, Beattie, Montgomery, Cowper, and Campbell; and if the former have most of their praise, the last has, I suspect, most of their love. Campbell is, indeed, the Apollo of the Friends; and I scarcely know amongst them a damsel of seventeen who cannot repeat the "Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," from beginning to end.

Of prose-writers that are not of their own body, their theological favourites are Cudworth and Thomas à Kempis. Indeed, the writings of the latter are in such high repute among them, that, had the Quakers a bishopric to bestow, he would undoubtedly have been called upon to fill its chair. Of their favourite novelists I dare not say much;

for this class of reading is strictly forbidden, under the designation of "unprofitable books." Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, I have usually discovered that the younger part of the body contrive, by some means or other, to make themselves acquainted with the works of our most popular writers of fiction. I feel a tenderness in alluding to this subject, from the fear of getting my fair friends into a scrape. Nevertheless (*sub rosa*), such is the fact; for each heart hath its own peculiar star. Of their parliamentary favourites, Wilberforce was the idol before whom they bowed. This may seem odd in a sect whose policy is so evidently liberal; but in this instance, what they consider the smaller good is made to bend to the one of greater magnitude, and thus they forgive his Toryism for the sake of his philanthropy.

"So much for mind, and now for outward show."

As a lover of impartiality, I must not neglect to caution any unfortunate husband, who may be smarting under the recent infliction of a bill from Madame Carson, and who is ready to wish that his wife had been of the sect that are limited in the choice of their dresses, from being over-hasty in his judgment. I am of opinion that when the Creator, for the sins of our first parents, ordained that they should need clothing, he imparted to the original offender, and all her female posterity, a taste, which converted the penalty into a boon; on this principle only can I account for the love of dress so common to them all. Even the Quakeresses, who, in obedience to the injunction of St. Paul, "refrain from outward adorning," and are restricted by their elders to garments composed of scarcely more than two colours, contrive from these simple elements to extract as much food for vanity as a painter from his seven primitive colours, or a musician from his octave of notes. It is true, the original materials are limited; but O for the varieties that their ingenuity will contrive to extract from these simple elements! First, there is white — pure unadulterated white; then there is 'dead' white; then there is 'blue' white; then there is 'pearl' white, then there is 'French' white, and heaven knows how many other whites. Next follow the greys: first there is a simple grey, then 'blue' grey, then 'ash' grey, then 'silver' grey, then 'raven' grey, and, for aught I know, a dozen other greys. Then come the fawns, the 'light' fawn, the 'hare's back,' and the 'brown paper' colour. Then follow (with their endless subdivisions) the families of the 'Esterhazies,' the 'doves,' the 'slates,' the 'puces,' the 'mulberries,'

the 'bronzes,' and the 'London smokes,'—varieties innumerable, and with distinctions only visible to the practised eye of a lady friend. As for their muslin handkerchiefs, let no unfortunate wight, whilst in the act of paying a bill for Brussels lace, envy those who have no such bill to pay; lest him rest assured that his burden is borne in some shape or other by his graver brethren; he may know that a muslin handkerchief may be bought for eighteen pence, but he does not perhaps know that it may be bought for eighteen shillings also; and that the "sisters" have a peculiar *penchant* for the latter-priced article. It is true, that a double instead of a single border forms the principle, I should say the only difference, between the India and British manufactures: no matter; the India is the most difficult to be procured, therefore the most to be desired, and consequently the thing to be worn!

And then their *chausure* — in this point they resemble our French neighbours more than any other people; it is certain that they confine themselves to shoes of two colours — brown and black; but then, their varieties! from the wafer-soled drawing-room, to the clog-soled walking-shoe! verily, their name should be legion, for they indeed are many.

And then their gloves — who ever saw a Quakeress with a soiled glove? On the contrary, who has not remarked the delicate colour, and superior fitting of their digital coverings. And well may it be so; for though ready-made gloves may do well enough for an undistinguishing court beauty, her refinement must stoop to that of a Quaker belle, who wears no gloves but such as are made for her own individual finger.

And then their pocket handkerchiefs, — I verily believe that the present fashion of the *mouchoir brodé* proceeded from them. It is true, that they do not require the corners to be so elaborately embroidered; but for years have they been distinguished for the open work border on cobweb-like cambric; nor are they to be satisfied with the possession of a moderate share of these superior articles. No, indeed; they fully indemnify themselves by having these necessities of the finest possible quality, and in the largest possible quantity.

So long ago as the reign of Charles II., it was observed of a great statesman, that he was "curious in his linen as a Quaker: " — and this implied axiom of the seventeenth century is fully in force at the present day.

One observation more, and I have done. In the management of that most unmanageable part of a lady's attire, yeilded a shawl, we will match any pretty Friend against any fair one of the European continent (always except a lady from Spain). O, the smooth-

ing of plaits that I have witnessed, to modify any unseemly excrescence at the back of the neck! — O, the patience required to overcome the stubbornness of rebellious sleeves, which threatened to obscure the delicate slope of a pair of drooping shoulders! — O, the care that has been required to prevent the beautiful sinuosity of a fall in the back from being too much veiled, or the utter annihilation of the far-famed Grecian bend, in the sweep of its remorseless folds!

All this I have witnessed; yet if any sceptical reader doubt the fidelity of my sketch, and enquire how I became acquainted with all these mysteries, I may tell him that I do not know by what authority he presumes to doubt my veracity. If, however, a knowledge of the truth will lull his suspicions, I may as well confess the fact,

"That the glance which I cherish'd most fondly and dearly,

Beam'd from under a bonnet of drab-colour'd hue;"

and that though my fair one had the bad taste to prefer a husband from among her "own people;" — that though I am in my forty-fifth year, and a bachelor for her sake, still I cannot forget the trepidation which the rustle of a certain drab-coloured gown used to produce, or the hopes which a placid sister-like smile once excited in my heart. These are — it may be — dull reminiscences; still I can never see a covey of these human partridges in their annual migration, without a certain aguish feel, nearly allied to melancholy. Still I am unable to pass the plainest of the sisterhood, without internally wishing her "God speed," for the sake of one who was the flower of the flock, and the queen of them all.

THE CONTINENTAL ANNUAL, AND ROMANTIC CABINET. Edited by William Kennedy, Esq. Illustrated by Samuel Prout, Esq. Smith and Elder.

THE first idea excited in our minds, by the survey of these plates, was, that a more rich, equal, and well-chosen collection of engravings and designs had never before illustrated one volume: a correct taste must have presided over the selection, which possesses the merit of great variety. Although we willingly yield to Prout the praise which he has ably won, and which he fully maintains, of being at this time the first architectural artist in the world; yet we would not exalt above its natural rank architectural representation, however fashionable

able it may have become. The delineation of objects produced by the hand of man must never occupy a lower grade than representations of natural and living objects. Prout's figures are admirable—a fact of which there is abundant confirmation in the present beautiful volume; witness the washing groups in the "View at Metz," and "St. Pierre at Caen," which plates are altogether splendid specimens of art: the first engraved by T. Barber, and the last by Carter. Then the groups of minutest figures in "Nuremberg," engraved by Roberts; the "Hôtel de Ville" at Brussels, likewise by Roberts; and of the "Cathedral at Antwerp," by Floyd, are handled with the utmost regard to picturesque perspective. Each of these plates is masterly in every department, and reflects great credit on the engravers as well as on the painter. "Rouen Cathedral," from Wallis's graver, is admirable in perspective, and in delicate and finished workmanship. The vignette, a representation of "The Roman Column near Treves," is rich and original; and, what is rather a curiosity from the hand of Prout, it is grouped with trees, which are pleasingly executed. It is a very attractive plate. The frame-work in which this pictorial jewel is set is delicately ornamented by Topham; the engraving by Roberts.

The only fault to be discerned in any plate is, that the black and white is a little too sudden in the lights and dark tints of "St. Antonio of Padua;" likewise in the superb plate of the "City and Bridge of Prague," which is, nevertheless, replete with beauty. This last is engraved by H. le Keux. Were we inclined to cavil, we should find it difficult to point out striking defects in any one print of this beautiful Annual; and when we consider the small sum for which amateurs may possess themselves of so many engravings very near perfection, we cannot help predicting that the work will find numerous purchasers.

On the subject of the literary department, we somewhat differ from Mr. Wm. Kennedy, the editor and principal author: we are certain that historical anecdotes, even less embellished by fiction than those of "The Fanatic," "The Spy," and "The Siege of Prague," would have illustrated these graphic scenes with more dignity than ro-

manettes, which it would be better to consign to the blue boardings of the circulating-library, than to the pages of a topographical Annual. There is a consistency of design, and a general prospect of utility, in this class of Annuals, calling for serious discussion and valuable research; and there are many curious localities in the present prints into which we feel desirous to enquire, but which are not in the least explained by the letterpress. Many of the tales, however, in this volume are deserving of high praise.

"The Fanatic" can hardly be considered as a romance: it is a strong delineation of historic character, if not of incident: the termination of the Calvinistic hero's career as a monk of La Trappe, is true to human nature, which never acts consistently under undue excitement. "The Wax Figure" is, in part, amusing, but the narrative is perplexed. "The Black Gate of Treves" is a romance that the reader will peruse with suppressed breath. "The Prima Donna" has great merit and rich characteristic traits. "Early Impressions" is full of pathos and deep interest. "The Cottage of Koswara," "The virtuous Daughter," and "The Conscript," have little value, and consist of flimsy dreamy incident, without connection or probability: supernatural stories, in order to be effective, require great earnestness and perspicuity of narrative. "The Rose of Rouen" is an excellent romance, in the Radcliffe style—a luxury with which we are seldom treated in these modern times.

The binding of Prout's Continental Annual is of the richest maroon-coloured Morocco, and combines durability with elegance.

We are unavoidably compelled to reserve our extract for our next Number.

MEMOIRS DE MADAME LA DUCHESS D'ABRANTES. TOME I., II., III., et IV. Paris.

Few have enjoyed more ample opportunities of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the various subjects treated in these volumes than the clever and shrewd authoress. As the English version has not yet appeared before the public, we translate the following extract:—

The word society, after the reign of terror, no longer served to distinguish the social

meetings of large circles of friends and acquaintances; in fact, society had no existence. Individuals feared to make their abodes marked places for the display of luxury, or the reception of any particular set of people who seemed to have a taste for the conversation of each other; and when they threw open their doors for the purpose of giving a concert or a ball, they dared not be select, but received indiscriminately all castes, who were intermixed and confounded.

One day at a ball, at the hôtel de Thelusion*, Madame D——, a lady of the *ancien régime*, was induced to appear with her daughter. She arrived very late; the grand saloon was crowded to suffocation, and it appeared an impossibility to find two places. Nevertheless, by dint of elbowing and remonstrating, the ladies won their way into the centre of the room. Whilst Madame D—— was casting her eyes in all directions in search of a seat, she noticed a young girl whose countenance was charming, whose deep blue eyes timidly glanced from beneath a profusion of light curls, and whose whole appearance reminded her of some exquisite sylph. This young lady was reconducted to her place by M. de Trénis, a circumstance that sufficiently attested her proficiency as a dancer; that Vestris of the salons never having been guilty of offering his hand to any partner who was not celebrated as a fine dancer. The young lady was now restored to her chaperon, whose age appeared not to exceed that of an elder sister, and whose elegant attire rendered her the object of female envy and observation. "Who is that fair girl?" asked Madame D—— of the old Marquis d'Hautefort, who had given her his arm.

"How! do you not remember the Vicomtesse de Beauharnois, who has within these few days become Mad. Buonaparte? This young belle is her daughter Hortense. But, hold, here is a vacant place beside her—come and seat yourself, and you may renew your acquaintance."

In reply, Mad. D—— drew M. d'Hautefort by main force into one of the little apartments that surrounded the grand rotunda. "Are you mad, my good friend?" said he, when she could speak without being overheard: "an eligible place, truly, for me, by the side of Madame Buonaparte! Ernestine must then, perforce, make acquaintance with her daughter, a most unfit companion for mine. Surely, marquis, the anarchy of the times must have turned your

head. But, heavens! who is that beautiful person coming this way?" added she, indicating a lady who then entered the saloon, and whose striking appearance attracted universal attention. This beauty was rather under the middle size, but the most perfect symmetry distinguished her person, which possessed the grace and just proportions of loftier stature. She was the Venus of the capital, but far more exquisite than the work of Phidias; inasmuch as the complexion and living tints of a lovely woman must surpass the inanimate grace of cold pale marble. She had the same purity of outline; the same perfection of hands, arms, and feet, and, more than all, her countenance was irradiated with the most benevolent expression; a reflection of the soul, denoting that all within was goodness. Her dress enhanced her beauty, rather by its classic simplicity than by its richness. She wore a robe of India muslin, draped after the antique; and fastened on each shoulder with a cameo; her sleeve was clasped by a large gold armet just above the elbow; her glossy and jet black hair was short and curled, in the fashion then called *à la Titus*. Over her white and beautiful shoulders was thrown a superb shawl of red cachemire, which at that epoch was exceedingly rare, and beyond all price. She folded it around her in a manner at once graceful and picturesque.

"That is Madame Tallien," whispered M. d'Hautefort.

"Madame Tallien!" cried Mad. D——, "Good heavens! my dear friend, wherefore did you prevail on me to enter such company?"

At this moment a strong odour of roses sensibly pervaded the apartment, and a sudden movement made towards the door by a crowd of people, drew the attention of Madame D—— to a young person who entered at this very late hour. It would have been difficult to point out the motive of this interest, for she was not only plain, but even ugly. She was ill made, but then her little feet danced so well; her complexion was absolutely brown, but then her large black eyes sparkled with such vivacity of expression! Her looks were gracious and sweet-tempered, but an observer might read in an instant that she could be dangerous if attacked. The whole turn of her lively features betokened wit at will, yet mingled with an air of goodness and simplicity of soul. It seemed as though she could be the best of good friends and the most amusing

* The Hôtel de Thelusion, at the end of the Rue Cérutti, facing the Boulevard, is remarkable for its immense arcade. Murat purchased it under the Consulate.

of acquaintances: she was the *mode* above all the *belles* and beauties of the day; and each wished to boast that he had conversed with her though but for an instant. All the men of distinction crowded round her the moment she appeared. M. Charles Dupaty, M. de Trénis, and M. Lafitte asked her at the same instant to dance. To these candidates she replied with wit and good humour, displaying as she smiled two rows of perfect ivory, and as she continued to advance, the odour of her perfumed drapery expanded through the saloon.

Madame D—— detested perfumes, and, like all other fretful and irritable persons, always complained of what pleased every body else. Suddenly rising from the bench where the object of general attraction had at length found a seat, the high-born dame exclaimed in a loud and impertinent tone:—

"This must be the wife or daughter of Fargeon *, the odours she carries about her person are really overpowering!"

"The lady is Madame Hamelin," said M. d'Hautefort, who took a malicious pleasure in announcing to Madame D—— names that he was aware were complete bugbears to her.

"Madame Hamelin!" cried Madame D——, in a voice of wrath: "Come here, Ernestine, put on your tippet, and let us instantly begone. And this marquis," added she, with much indignation,—“this marquis assured me that I should be quite at home amongst old friends! Yes, truly, for the last hour I have alternately burnt with the fever of rage or shuddered with horror. Come, my daughter, let us begone!"

MUSIC.

In reviewing "O weep not for me," a song composed by the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm, the words by M. A. Davis: we cannot but admire the latter, and think the music exceedingly well adapted; the style being rather peculiar.

"He went where they had left her," a ballad written by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq. and composed by Charles H. Purday: the words are very impressive, and the music pretty. Henry Kirke White, the music composed by John Henry Cross: without criticising the originality of the air, we can recommend it to all lovers of ballads as worthy of their notice; the words and music are exceedingly pretty.

"A Book of Melodies," price 15s., dedicated to her Majesty, the words and music composed by Mrs. Alexander Kerr: of this volume we must observe, that we think it remarkably well got up, and consider most of the songs pleasing. This is the first production we remember to have seen of this lady's; and we hope a successful result to her exertions, will induce her to favour the public with further specimens.

We have already said that the book is remarkably well got up; we then spoke of it as a music-book, without reference to it as one of those competitors for fame at this prolific season for annuals of all kinds. It is amongst the cheapest of its class. There are twelve songs: the letter-press is rendered interesting by several intelligent explanatory notes, each embellished by a vignette. The vignette to "The Patriotic Swiss Song," exhibits the three figures and part of the clock shown in our fashion-plate, No. XXII. for October, very elegantly engraved. There are besides three well executed and large copper-plate engravings by W. Finden, Charles Rolls, and J. and J. Johnstone, from paintings by R. Westall, R.A., and A. E. Chalon, printed on India paper, which greatly add to the attractions of the work, and render it a valuable and acceptable gift. We have not here space to select a song, but we may recur to the work. Much as it displays the taste of Mrs. Alexander Kerr, and justifies the gracious patronage of her Majesty, we would, nevertheless, caution aspirants against the error of making music books other than music books; in which both energy and means should be directed solely to one object, at the least possible cost to the public.

THE MOORISH QUEEN; a Record of Pompeii; and other Poems. *By Eleanor Snowden.* Longman and Co.

WE find much in this lady's principal poem that reminds us of the narrative style of the Provençal and Spanish ballad romances. Like many other female poets, she excels more in the description of scenery and flowers than in the anatomy of the human heart, or in the command

* A celebrated perfumer of Paris.

of the passions. She has the merit of adhering closely to the peculiar features of the country where her scene is placed. Contrary to the general order of things in these publications, we prefer the major to the minor poems.

The "Moorish Queen" opens with some elegance.

THE MOORISH QUEEN.

CANTO I.

Bathing his golden glories in the main,
'The setting sun shines o'er romantic Spain ;

'The Pyrenean mountains' loftiest height,
'The peak, the passing cloud, impending o'er
Where scarce the venturous eagle dares to
:car,

Is circled with a crown of crimson light.

We can offer the following bouquet of
natural Spanish flowers with not a little
pleasure : —

Strange contrast to the wildness of the scene !
Uncultured blossoms strewed the sward be-
tween

The darkling forest and the dashing flood,
And the emurpled rhododendron grew
With lofty heath of variegated hue,
Making a blooming garden of the wood.

Amongst the flow'ring shrubs of giant height
Th' exhausted Spaniards halted for the night,
In the green hollows of the rugged pass,
Where, 'mid their tents, the oleander spread
Its spiky tufts of white and vivid red,
Waving above the long luxuriant grass.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES; a Novel, in Four
Volumes. By Mrs. Catharine Mason
(late C. Ward). A. K. Newman.

THIS is a book with a very pretty
name — just such a name as in former
days was wont to appeal most successfully
to our romantic feelings. Recollecting
the pleasure which our unsophisticated
imagination once derived from the pe-
rusal of "The Bleeding Nun," *et hoc genus
omne*, and expecting to find in the pre-

sent production some interesting details
relative to the sisterhood, we took a
peep into the first volume, when, to our
infinite mortification, we found that the
work was a pseudo-fashionable novel,
with "a power" of love in it. We read
a little here and a little there, and a little
every where, and found that the theme, as
the poet says, "was love, still love." We
repeat, that though not absolutely
inimical to the tender passion, we were
rather mortified by this discovery, as we
expected to read of cloisters, and moon-
lit aisles, and the sweet hymns of pale-
faced maidens, and the solemn swell of
organs dying on the midnight air.

What more shall we say of "The Eve
of St. Agnes?" We know not; unless
we may certify to ladies of a certain age,
that the type is large and fair, and may
be read by candle-light, or even fire-light,
without the aid of spectacles.

THE COMMERCIAL VADE-MECUM. J. Allan
and Co. Glasgow. Price 5s.

THIS is truly *multum in parvo*, being
in size two inches by three and a half.
In contents : a calendar for twenty years ;
a table shewing the number of days from
one month to the same day in any other ;
the new stamp duties ; very comprehensive
calculation, interest, and brokerage tables,
admirably adapted for small as well as
large dealings ; a full table of the current
coins of foreign countries, with their
relative value in British money, calcu-
lated at par ; principal commercial
cities, with their distances from London ;
alphabetical list of cities and towns in
Great Britain ; markets, population, and
distance ; ditto of Ireland, calculated
from Dublin ; fairs fixed in England and
Wales, and also in Scotland ; principal
travelling routes in the three kingdoms ;
tables of weights and measures in Eng-
land and in Scotland.

Drama, etc.

DRURY LANE. — In the arduous part
of *Lady Macbeth*, Miss Phillips most cre-
ditably sustained her reputation. Her
performance, more especially in the con-
cluding scene, was extremely powerful,

and elicited the warm approbation of the
audience. Macready's *Macbeth* exhibited
a *mélange* of his peculiar defects and his
most striking excellencies, — colloquial
tameness at the commencement, but a

spirited and glowing representation of the workings of passion as the tragedy proceeded. The other characters were respectably performed, particularly *Muceduff* by Mr. Wallack.

The Love Charm, or the Village Coquette, translated by Mr. Planché from the French opera of *Le Piltre*, has been produced at this theatre, and with a degree of success far beyond its merits. The plot, dialogue, and poetry of the piece must have ensured its damnation, but for the music of Auber, which has exercised a redeeming effect. The latter possesses much variety, and is distinguished by originality and many characteristic beauties. Mrs. Wood, (who is the heroine) Mr. Wood, and Mr. H. Phillips performed the principal vocal parts extremely well. Mr. Seguin, from the Queen's Theatre, appeared as the Quack Doctor, a part which he enacted with considerable humour.

The Exile has been revived at this house, probably with a view to rival the gorgeous scenery and processions exhibited in the coronation of Anne Boleyn at Covent Garden. If such be the fact, we must award greater praise to the design than to the execution. The dresses, in point of propriety and even cleanliness, are far inferior to that particular style of costume which has been denominated "shabby genteel," and the personages who figure in the procession, with the exception of the Knights of Malta, look rather like unwashed artisans than nobles, ambassadors, and other courtly butterflies. Indeed, we at one time conceived the idea that in producing such specimens of the genus to be found principally in the precincts of courts and palaces, the stage-manager must have contemplated a wicked and seditious libel on the exalted placemen of the land. The part of *Daran* is wholly unworthy of Macready's powers; and that of the heroine, *Alexina*, is equally beneath the talents of Miss Phillips. Farren, Harley, and J. Russell were exceedingly comic.

We cannot assert that we derived much gratification from the unintelligible novelty in the shape of a pantomime, arranged and invented by Mr. Ducrow, and entitled *The Days of Athens*. The piece, it appears, has died a natural death, and according to the Latin adage, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," the defunct claims our forbearance. It consists, or

rather consisted, of a series of detached representations, the subjects of which were mostly taken from mythological fiction. We had Mars and Mercury; personifications of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; Phaeton and the Deluge, and other brilliant conceits, "too numerous to mention." In addition to these attractions, Mr. Gomersal undertook the part of a *Sage*, that is to say, a prosy elderly gentleman with a trite truism ever on his lip. The play-bills designated this classical entertainment "a mirror of history and science."

Mrs. Wood's performance of *Mandane* in the opera of *Artaxerxes*, afforded an admirable display of that lady's bravura style, and obtained from the audience loud and well-merited applause. "The soldier tired," and "Monster away," were sung with brilliant execution. Mr. Wood, in the part of *Artabanus*, played and sang with more effect than it has usually been our good fortune to notice in his performances. We are unable to bestow much commendation on Miss Pearson's *Artaxerxes*, or Mr. Templeton's *Arbaces*.

COVENT GARDEN. — Braham's *début* for the season took place in the opera of *Fra Diavolo, or the Inn of Terracina*, which was last season produced at Drury Lane. In the Covent Garden version of this delightful opera, the whole of Auber's music has been retained: Mr. Rophino Lacy has with much skill arranged it for the English stage. Braham, in the part of *Fra Diavolo*, has convinced us that his unrivalled powers are still unimpaired. His barcarole "The gondolier, fond passion's slave," and his serenade "Young Agnes, beauteous flower," were sung with exquisite taste and feeling. His scena at the commencement of the third act was a masterpiece of execution. The part of *Lorenzo* was allotted to Mr. Wilson, who acquitted himself with great credit. Miss E. Homer, as *Zerlina*, acted and sang with spirit. *Lord and Lady Alceash* were appropriately personated by Mr. G. Penson and Miss Cawse. At the conclusion of the performance, Braham, who was loudly called for, reappeared amidst a thunder of applause to announce the repetition of the opera.

From the highly dramatic subject on which Mr. Planché's drama, *The Army of the North, or the Spaniard's Secret*, is founded, we were led to expect a plot abounding in novel and striking incidents.

In this we were to a great extent disappointed, notwithstanding that Miss Taylor threw around the heroine of the piece, a French female spy, as much interest as it is possible to impart to the character. Keeley and Power were extremely amusing, the former as a Consul, the latter as an Irish Colonel in the French service.

Mr. S. Bennett's second appearance as "the head of the firm," in the entertaining farce of *Simpson and Co.*, by no means prepossessed us in his favour. Miss E. Tree acted the part of the jealous Mrs. Simpson delightfully, and Miss Taylor that of Mrs. Bromley respectably.

Mr. Kenny's New Farce, *The Irish Ambassador*, adapted from *Le Diplomate*, has been completely successful. On the eve of a grand fancy ball the supposed ambassador, Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, who is however nothing more than an *attaché*, is despatched to the Continent by a circle of fashionables, for the purpose of obtaining authentic intelligence respecting the most approved costumes for masquerade dress,—a delicate mission, well suited to functionaries of the class to which Sir Patrick is supposed to belong. The humour of the piece arises from the ludicrous dilemma in which the young Irishman is placed by the obstinate determination of all parties to invest him *bon gré mal gré* with a high diplomatic character. Power played the *Irish Ambassador* with his accustomed ability. Miss Taylor was a good representative of the Spanish Envoy's pretty daughter. The pompous old father, who imagines mystery to be the soul of diplomacy, was admirably hit off by Bartley.

A new vocalist, a Miss Shireff, is about to make her *début* on the boards of this theatre. The trumpet of fame has already announced her as a star of the first magnitude.

NEW CITY THEATRE.—The opera of *Guy Mannering* was represented at this house for the benefit of Miss Fanny Ayton, that young lady sustaining the part of *Lucy Bertram* with much talent. Mrs. Selby is entitled to much credit for her performance of *Meg Merrilies*. The farce *Of age tomorrow*, followed by the drama of *Charles the Twelfth*, concluded the entertainments for the night.

OLYMPIC.—At this house *Gervase Skinner*, adapted from the tale of the same name in "Sayings and Doings," still keeps its ground. It is a pleasing trifle, the

spirit of which is much improved by Liston's drollery.

Mr. Anderson the singer, whose squabbles with Madame Vestris were some time considered sufficiently entertaining to occupy a portion of the London daily prints, has, it seems, been getting himself into trouble with Brother Jonathan. The New York papers state that the gentleman has been rather roughly handled in consequence of some contumelious expressions in which it is alleged he had the indiscretion to indulge, on the subject of the American national character. On the night of his first appearance in the opera of *Guy Mannering* a strong party mustered in the theatre armed with rotten eggs and apples, blacking bottles, &c. and evidently determined to expel the vocalist, *vi et armis*, from the boards. No sooner had he made his introductory bow than he was stunned with cries of "Off! off!" and assailed with a plentiful shower of the missiles above enumerated. This scene of tumult continued without interruption during the whole of the performance. The next day the unlucky debutant published in the newspapers, an exculpatory statement, which he concluded by announcing that he would again do himself the honour of appearing in the same character (*Harry Bertram*) before the discriminating public of New York. Jonathan, however, was implacable, and Mr. Anderson having received a friendly hint that should he again brave the offended sovereignty of the mob he might expect a repetition of the violence to which he had been already exposed, abandoned all idea of re-appearing on the stage. On the night announced for his second performance, the audience, enraged at the escape of their intended victim, proceeded to visit the sins of the guilty on the heads of the innocent, and most unmercifully pelted the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ*, many of whom were seriously injured. As soon as the theatre was closed the rioters in a body attacked the house in which Mr. Anderson was supposed to lodge, and would in all probability have levelled it to the ground but for the timely discovery that the object of their fury resided elsewhere. Under such circumstances, it was expected that Mr. Anderson would, with all convenient speed, make his exit from the city of New York.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c.

— A new opera, with the title of *Les Sybarites de Florence*, the music (by eminent foreign composers) arranged for the French stage by M. Castel-Blaze, has been performed at Paris at the Théâtre des Nouveautés. The subject is historical. The opera met with a most favourable reception. Madame Malibran, who is engaged at Paris, receives upwards of 1500 francs per night. The opera of *Otello* was performed for her benefit, which took place on the 14th ult. at the Théâtre Italien. On that occasion she took the part of *Otello*, and Madame Schröder Devrient that of *Desdemona*.

A new opera, by Ricci, entitled *Chiara di Rosenberg*, has been successfully performed at La Scala, at Milan. Madame Pasta is engaged at that theatre.

At Rome theatrical concerns have been exceedingly unsuccessful during the last two seasons. Scarcely a single opera brought forward at the theatre Valle has outlived the first night of representation. The last new opera, *I Pazzi per Progetti*, has proved a lamentable failure.

I Crociati in Tolemaide, a new opera by Pacini, has been represented at Madrid, where Madame Lalande, who was expected with impatience, has made her *début* in the opera of *Semiramide*.

Auber's opera, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, has been coldly received by the virtuosi of Germany, and especially by those of Berlin. The journalists of the latter capital are most severe in their strictures, not only on the composition itself, but on the musical taste of the French nation.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

The winter fashions for this month may be considered as fully established; furs and other warm envelops are now universal.

FURS.—Instead of declining from the high estimation in which they have been held for years, boa tippets are more *recherchés* than ever. The prohibition imposed by the quarantine regulations on the importation of all furs from the north of Europe, trebles, and even quadruples, the price of these valuable articles. Of course, muffs and tippets of real fur are luxuries of the most costly description. By way of experiment, Parisian *modistes* have endeavoured to supersede the use of furs, by bringing into vogue muffs and tippets of velvet or plush richly embroidered.

NEW MATERIALS.—Chalis with satin columns elegantly printed between, are greatly sought, and are the last novelty; these are for full or dinner dress. For home dress, bambazines will be universally worn this winter, both in Paris and London. Those from the Norwich looms are in great request; but, strange to say, it is a matter of some difficulty in the English metropolis to procure genuine Norwich bambazines: by the substitution of an inferior article, this excellent manufacture has been greatly disparaged. Plain chalis are greatly admired in *demi parure* and dinner dress. Merinos for morning

gowns at home. Other Parisian materials are called *Lithuanienues*, *bollenienues* and *doublettes de moire*. Watered silks with satin columns, Algerine satins, and gauzes worked with lambs' wool leaves, are worn; likewise a gauze called *Esmeralda*, which is figured with black serpentine fillets tied with gold on a white ground. A great variety of striped and flowered cloths are made of soft light wools, and so manufactured that they may be worn on each side; they are low in price, and used for cloaks; they are called *natalien*. They are figured in brown and green stripes, or maroon and black, or aventurine and orgie.

BONNETS.—The bonnets are now so small in Paris, that the brims of some measure not more than six inches in depth. Cottage hats called *roquets*, are the rage. The favourite trimming consists of plaited fans a good deal sloped and bent, and edged with narrow white blonde. Where there are bows, they are similar to the lining of the hat, generally of dark velvet, edged with white blonde: riband is but little used in the last new hats; the strings satin, cut on the cross, and bordered with narrow blonde. Willow plumes in carriage hats are universal; these are white, or of mixed colours, according to the two colours used in the hat, as blue and black plumes, green and black, maroon and grey, or orgie and acanthus. Green satin, shot with brown

stripes, and lined with Adelaide brown velvet; the whole of the bonnet trimming is edged with white blonde, the crown slanting upwards, and covered with a mantle trimming, ending in fans. Another, Taglioni grey watered silk on the the outside, lined with maroon velvet, and trimmed with the same. Small round hats, sloped at the ears, nearly lined with a deep inner trimming of white pointed blonde, and made of meadow green velvet, trimmed with green satin and white blonde. Another, likewise a carriage hat, the outside of white plush lined with light violet satin, and trimmed with the same.

WALKING DRESS.—Cloaks and furs are now, in severe weather, worn over pelisses and high walking dresses. On milder days the latter are never seen but with two, or sometimes three, strait pelerine capes, often bordered with sharp *dents*, and cut with long points on the shoulders; over these are knotted the ever serviceable boa, after two or three turns round the throat. Cloaks are made of fine dark cloth, or the material called *natalien*; this is soft and warm, and the cloak is so formed that it may be worn on either side. Cloaks are made with full capes reaching the elbow set in a cape, and some capes fall towards the fingers' ends. Polish sleeves, ending in mittens, are sometimes added to this cloak. The following *tout ensembles* are the last fashion:—Walking dress of maroon watered silk with satin stripes, with a double pelerine of maroon velvet to match the dress, edged with sharp points; the ends of the lowest pelerine pass under the belt. The hat of maroon satin, lined with black velvet; a willow plume of crimson and black; muff of black embroidered velvet; boa of marte fur; boots of Turkish satin. A second dress of plain aventurine chali, having plaits *en gerbe* on the shoulders and corsage, chemisette and small lace collar; sleeves strait above the elbow; the full sleeve above is prevented from descending by a tight elastic bracelet covered with silk to match the dress, and put on above the elbow. Above the hem of the skirt is a wreath of embroidery, the lower half in black silk, the upper the shade of the dress. Boa of silver bear. Cottage *roquet* bonnet of green and black satin, shot *à mille rayes*, and lined with black velvet; a white willow plume, and demiveil of

white blonde. In place of a boa a large black cachemire scarf, worked on the shoulders and at the ends, is often worn.

DINNER AND EVENING DRESS.—Chalis, printed in columns of Turkish and Persian patterns, and Algerine satins, are in great request for dinner dress; the latter are very elegant in figured columns of white and blue. Very little trimming on the skirts of any gown not intended for full dress, and of very light materials. Three rouleaux of the same material are at the knees, and three more six inches from the bottom of the hem. For striped dresses a very elegant and simple fashion is adopted:—Two pieces cut bias are let up the front of the skirt, between rouleaux of the same *à la tablier*, and the stripes join like cheverons, each chevron finished by a small bell-shaped satin ornament headed by a silver button. The corsage of this elegant robe is simply folded in full plaits from the shoulders to the belt, and fastens towards the left arm. Sleeves tight to the arm above the elbow, and full above, finished with a pipe at the wrist, and three as chevrons, the point of each finished with a silver button; belt, blue and silver brocade, fastened with a butterfly bow and a silver ornament within. Chemisette of Bedford lace, and a lace ruff of three narrow rows at the throat. The notched dress hat of white and blue satin *à mille rayes* and white *esprits* is worn with this beautiful costume, which is appropriate for concert or dinner dress.

For evening dress, painted organdi and the new gauze called Esmeralda, are mostly seen; knots of ribands are put at the knees. For court and very full dress, tunic robes of white lace are worn over white satin. Some little variety prevails in sleeves; melon-shaped berets and double berets have succeeded the plain short sleeves. We have seen a dress long sleeve with three wide slashes, through which appear large bows of riband. The skirts are fuller than ever, seven and even eight breadths being worn in a dress. One elegant *tout ensemble* attracted great attention; the organdi, with mingled painting and work, was figured with a wreath of coral and sea weeds: medallions of carved coral set in gold for necklace and bracelets. Belt painted to match the dress; and a coronet of white and grey marabouts, parted with bouquets of silver sea weeds. Another, the corsage

in the form of a V, the point of which passes over the belt nearly two inches; the upper corsage *à la Sévigné*: very wide short sleeves in four large puffs, with bows between each. This is of white crape over satin of mauve or pale lilac. The skirt is painted and worked at the hem with a wreath of mingled flowers. The fashion of this dress is called *à la jardinière*.

DRESS HATS.—Velvet hats of small sizes are seen at the opera; and for dinner and evening dress these are worn with blonde or plain riband or willow plumes, according to the richness of dress required by the occasion. One elegant dinner hat, called *Polonaise*, is made of acanthus green velvet, with a square crown, broad and flat at the top, cut very high on the right side of the brim, low on the left, and much bent in the same direction: it is trimmed with a long loop of green gauze riband placed across the front, and brought partly as a band round the crown, where it finishes with one long loop: there is much style in this elegant head-dress. Another, of blue satin shot *à mille rayes* with white, has a low folded crown, the brim turns up all round, and is parted with a rounded notch on the left side; the interstice is filled up by a white esprit plume: blue gauze riband is brought through the notch, and disposed in bands and small bows round the face. Granite and scabious-coloured velvet are worn trimmed with white blonde and fans of marabouts, which incline to the left side. The willow plumes, or *plumes saules*, are often worn in dress hats: one of these, made of white cocks' feathers, is frequently wound three times round the base with a thick gold cord, which passes round the crown and hangs on the shoulder, terminating with two gold acorns. Small white satin hats, lined with light blue velvet and surmounted with blue plumes, are sometimes seen.

HAIR.—A great innovation has been attempted in the long-reigning fashion of high hairdressing: this is the mode *à la Grecque*, which is thus arranged:—Front hair parted on the brow in two smooth bands, the back hair braided and folded in a large knot. This is not raised on the crown, but is placed low at the back of the head; a thick gold chain is woven several times round the knot, and passed *à la Ferrouillère* low on the brow, where it is fastened with a pearl, or turquoise star. Another fashionable

style, more generally seen, is with folded bands, one bow coming low over the left band, another large looped bow placed high on the crown: attached to this last are three high ostrich feathers, the ends of which have a spiral twist; these are agrafted at the base by a beautiful star, the size of a half-crown, of blue enamel and gold. With this style no comb is worn. Another mode of arrangement has been much approved of, but we think it tasteless: the hair banded in front; two bows partly braided on the summit of the head in the form of a V, between which is placed one large pompon flower, a high carved gallery comb behind. Curls are universally worn under bonnets in walking dress, and but little in full dress.

JEWELLERY.—Ornaments of a new species have been lately adopted. These are miniatures delicately painted and set in rings, bracelets, and brooches. Some of these are perfect likenesses contained in the small space of a third of an inch, set round with an embossed gold chasing. We saw a minute portrait of Napoleon, that formed a charming agrafe for a corsage *à la Sévigné*. Rich gold chains of great length are worn round the hair. The Brazilian flies are in great request as jewellery. Each fly, which is more brilliant than a precious stone, is set in a gold cup, and with links is attached in chains. Enamelled ornaments are contrived to imitate these splendid beetles. Stars of turquoise-coloured enamel are worn suspended from the earrings and necklaces, forming agrafes for the hair and corsage. Ornaments of real turquoises are much worn. Gold pompons, sometimes studded with jewels, are placed in the midst of a riband rosette to fasten the ceinture in the place of a waist buckle.

COLOURS.—The fashionable shades are Taglioni grey, Polonese bronze, violet *orgie*, scabious colour, and Adelaide brown; with these are mixed acanthus green and aventurine. The latter shades are likewise worn singly.

NEW FANCY WORK.—Ladies now work on plain cloth, for stools or ottomans, cats, dogs, tigers, leopards, &c. The animal is formed of velvet in very high relief, being much wadded or stuffed beneath; the fur and stripes are embroidered on the velvet according to fancy in various shades of floss silk or lamb's wool. When finished they have a very pretty effect.

DINNER DRESS (156.).— Dress hat lined with turquoise blue velvet: the outside, white satin shot with blue, trimmed with figured white and blue gauze ribband and white blonde. The riband is cut in a *chou*, near which is placed a willow plume of small white feathers. The hair is banded, and is left visible on the right side only. Tunic robe of fawn-coloured chali, figured with black: it is in a *reverse corsage*, or robing back with deep points on the shoulder in a half pelerine, the ends of which just appear beneath the belt. The skirt in front is made to fold back with great elegance, which must be copied with exactness from the embellishment. The folds are two bias pieces gradually narrowing to the belt, with the skirts exceedingly full. This robe is worn over a very novel under dress of clear muslin or fine jaconot. The body, skirt, and sleeves, are full of small tucks: the tops of the sleeves are quite new, being melon-shaped, very large, and with little bows of the same tucked muslin at the divisions of the sleeves. Straight lower sleeves. All the tucks are in a horizontal direction. A *ruche* of thread lace at the throat. Black satin shoes. Gloves of pale blue kid. Earrings girandole-shaped, and bracelets of gold and white enamel. The belt fawn-coloured satin and black cut velvet.

FULL EVENING DRESS (154.).— Dress of white organdi, with a wreath of honeysuckle at the knees, of mingled painting and embroidery. The prevailing colours are green and gold: the space between the wreath and the hem is filled up with detached sprigs of honeysuckle. The beret sleeves quite new, and larger than have yet been seen, are formed of four or five puffs of organdi; satin bows edged with narrow blonde put between, and deep blonde elbow ruffles fall some way down the back of the arm. *Corsage en cœur*. Blonde chemisette, with narrow edging of blonde. Rounded epaulettes.

The hair simply dressed in *Madonna* bands, with one low and another very high bow. On the crown of the head three ostrich feathers, bent in a spiral direction, which is very attractive and elegant, as may be seen by the plate: at the base of the feathers an aigrette star of blue enamel and gold; smaller stars of the same as earring pendants and locket. Scarf of pale blue cachemire muslin, wrought in gold stars at the ends. Gold and blue enamelled fan. Long white kid gloves, and green satin shoes. Handkerchief worked with a border of diamond-shaped medallions. No comb is worn with this arrangement of the hair.

ANOTHER EVENING DRESS.— Hair in curls, and a low and a high bow fastened with an exceedingly high carved shell comb in the shape of a coronet. Dress of white chali, looped down in front of the corsage, to show the lace chemisette. Swansdown boa. Gold necklace, and earrings of lozenges and drop pendants.

OPERA DRESS.— Hat, pink satin on the outside; melon-shaped crown divided with thread edging. Two sprigs of pink kalmia; the lining of white velvet, trimmed with green satin ribands of the new tint *vert pré* (meadow green). Robe of white *gros d'hiver*, folded in the corsage à la *Grecque*, the folds edged with scalloped lace. Chemisette of Bedford or Honiton lace. White gauze scarf, rolled like a boa.

AT HOME, MORNING DRESS.— Cap of several rows of worked tulle, in two unequal divisions, trimmed with pompons and fans of cut gauze riband, salmon shot with white à *mille rayes*. The strings are whole. Morning dress of salmon-coloured bombazine; frill and round cape of clear muslin, with a knot at the throat of the same riband as that which ornaments the cap.

WALKING DRESSES.— There is some novelty since last month in walking dress, for which we refer our readers to our plate, No. 137.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is expected that the French Peerage bill will be immediately passed into a law. Thirty-six new peers have been created for life, for the purpose of carrying this constitutional measure. Amongst the number are, Baron Cuvier, Napoleon's

old secretary; the Duke de Bassano, Count Mathieu Dumas, the young Prince of Moskwa, and several officers of Napoleon's staff. The *loi du recrutement* has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, who are at present engaged in dis-

curring a law for the regulation of military promotions. The perpetual banishment of the Bourbons has been decreed by a majority of 251 to 69; but the capital penalty in the event of a return, has been set aside by an amendment. The same exclusion, with the omission of the same penalty, is applied to the family of Napoleon.

The Paris papers of the 24th and 25th ults. contain accounts of some deplorable disorders which had occurred at Lyons on the 20th and 21st. These scenes of riot and bloodshed had originated in the distress of the workmen employed in the silk manufactures of that city, and had no political object. The National Guard of the higher classes was called out to disperse the rioters, who, so far from yielding to the summons of the authorities to retire to their homes, fired upon the guard. A number of persons on both sides have been killed and wounded.

The King of Holland appears still disinclined to accept the conditions imposed by the Conference. The Plenipotentiaries of the Conference have recorded their determination to recognise Leopold as King of the Belgians on the acceptance by the latter of the twenty-four articles.

On the 29th and 30th October, the City of Bristol was the scene of uproar and excitement, to an extent never before witnessed. On the 29th, Sir C. Wetherell (the Recorder) and the magistrates were closely besieged in the Mansion House till 5 o'clock, when the mob commenced breaking in the doors and windows. At a quarter past six they had destroyed the lower story, and gutted the principal rooms; they then proceeded to break up the furniture, and were on the point of setting fire to the house when detachments of the Queen's Guards and 14th Dragoons arrived in time to arrest the progress of the rioters. During this scene of devastation, the Recorder and the magistrates were in the back guarded by 200 constables, and unable to escape, as there was no outlet behind. Sir Charles afterwards effected his retreat in disguise over the roof of the adjoining house, and escaped into a distant part of the city, whence he started in a chaise and four for Oxford; but his departure was not publicly known until twelve o'clock on the following day — Sunday.

At twelve o'clock at night a party of the rioters proceeded to the Council-

house, the windows of which they smashed to pieces. Meanwhile the cavalry charged, and by galloping through the streets succeeded in dispersing the populace. On Sunday morning, the troops having been withdrawn, the mob recommenced their outrages. Some of them proceeded to the Bridewell for the purpose of rescuing the prisoners. Having accomplished this feat, they forthwith set fire to the building. A stronger party directed their course to the New Gaol, into which they forced an entrance. The prisoners were then released, and the prison and the Government House fired. The mob next attacked Gloucester County Prison, to which they set fire, after liberating the prisoners. The Bishop's Palace and the Mansion House were completely destroyed. By twelve o'clock on the following night, the whole mass, from the Mansion House to the middle avenue, including the Custom House, and all the back buildings in Little King Street, was in a blaze. The soldiers, who had been sent out of the town, were remanded and ordered to clear the streets: the havoc that ensued was dreadful. The military were shortly afterwards withdrawn, and the streets chiefly manned by the inhabitants armed with staves. The killed and maimed are said to amount to the number of 400 or 500. The loss of property is estimated at not less than half a million of money. A court-martial has been held at Bristol, to enquire into the conduct of Colonel Brereton, who, it is stated by the magistrates, neglected to act according to their instructions.

At Coventry and Worcester, also, serious riots took place.

We regret to say that incendiarism is increasing to an alarming extent throughout the country. Many of the provincial papers contain accounts of frightful outrages of that description. Much valuable property has been destroyed.

The following may be enumerated as a few of the symptoms of "reaction," for which, according to the anti-reformers, the radicals, that is, nearly the whole population of Great Britain, must be prepared on the subject of "the Bill:" —

As the Marquis of Bute was recently passing through Banbury, he was recognised by the mob, who instantly discharged a volley of stones at his Lordship's carriage. The effigy of the Marquis of Londonderry has been paraded through the streets of Sunderland on a

pole, and burned in the High Street amidst the groans and hisses of a numerous concourse of spectators. At Sheerness most of the urchins who have been accustomed to carry "Guv Faux" on the 5th of November, substituted on the last occasion a *bishop*, appropriately dressed with the mitre, surplice, &c. and one or two parties obtained a rich harvest of pence by constantly exclaiming, "Pray remember the *archbishop*." Their Graces the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and the Bishop of Worcester, have also been burnt in effigy. An individual dressed in a clergyman's gown read a long proclamation of a humorous nature, over the effigy of the last-mentioned dignitary, and in the evening "the last dying speech and confession of a most notorious guy bishop," was cried all over the city. Several anti-reform lords recently passed through Carlisle, but having had a foretaste on their route through other towns of the "reaction," which had taken place respecting the "Bill," the noble personages took the precaution of alighting from their carriages at the outskirts of the town, walked through it *incog.*, and then awaited the arrival of their equipages at a respectable distance from the city. This, on a rainy day, be it observed, must have been a pleasing task.

A number of workmen have been employed by order of the Duke of Northumberland in fixing outer shutters to the windows in front of his Grace's mansion in the Strand. The mobility will thus for the future be effectually prevented from "milling the glaze" of Northumberland House.

During the past month considerable excitement has been occasioned by an alleged case of "Burking," said to have taken place on the person of a poor Italian boy, named Carlo Ferrari. The daily papers are filled with minute details respecting this atrocious crime. The suspected individuals underwent several examinations at Bow Street Police Office, and have been fully committed to Newgate for trial.

The reports from Sunderland, with regard to the Cholera Cases, will scarcely fail to produce at least one injurious result: their vagueness and the absence of all details, must necessarily excite alarm, and consequently predisposition to the disease. It is stated, that the ordinary

English Cholera has heretofore been extremely prevalent in that town. The most rational opinion appears to be, that the danger is greatly exaggerated. In countries hitherto visited by the malady, it does not appear that a large proportion of the population has been attacked. We must, in the present instance, admit the truth of the French proverb—*à quelque chose malheur est bon*. Two days after the Sunderland Cases had been made public, men were busily employed in clearing the drains in the vicinity of London. It cannot be too frequently urged, that if there is one preventive measure which, more powerfully than another, can avail to bar out the common enemy, that saving measure is cleanliness.

Dr. Brown appears to think that the malignant form under which this terrific malady has lately appeared, is the English modification of the pestilence by which Europe and Asia have been ravaged.

The *Moniteur* and other French papers highly recommend the use of "Girdles of Health," as preservatives against the cholera. The Baron Larrey, in his report to the Polish committee, also speaks of the invention in strong terms of recommendation. The girdles are lined with flannel, which can be changed at pleasure, and are fastened to the waist by means of buckles or straps. They should be worn constantly next to the skin, and so fixed as not to interfere with the comfort or motions of the wearer. They may be fastened either in front or behind, as the extremities ought to meet. Great care should be taken before leaving them off; previously to so doing, it would, perhaps, be advisable to consult a medical man.

An Italian professor, named Uccelli, who has practised the healing art in Russia and the Crimea, has published a letter in Florence, stating, that by his peculiar application of the vapour bath, he has, on an average, cured ninety-two cholera patients out of a hundred. The Professor gravely adds, that the principal danger to be dreaded from the general adoption of his system is, that patients, while under the operation of his bath, *may die of pleasure!!* It is but just to add, that the officers of the Russian navy are, in general, warm partisans of the professor and his mode of cure.

Parliament has been prorogued until the 6th of December.

PORTFOLIO.

A MILLINER AT A FRENCH FARM-HOUSE.—Bertin had brought home a workwoman from Rheims, to make the dresses for Adolphe; but the presence of such a fine lady as Mademoiselle Léonide, for so this important personage was called, contributed not a little to intimidate and disconcert his good Marie, for Mademoiselle had by no means accompanied the honest farmer with a good grace, notwithstanding that he had promised to pay all and even more than her demands. The *modiste* evidently regarded Madame Bertin with an air little short of mockery, although the good farmer's wife made her a low reverence every time she addressed her.

"We cannot take Mademoiselle home to-night," said Bertin to his wife, "the pony will be too much tired; she must stay here till she has finished her work."

"Ah!" cried Mademoiselle Léonide, who stood at the looking-glass, adjusting her curls, "that will hasten my movements; I must work with great expedition to escape from this desert."

Meantime Madame Bertin surveyed her inmate with as much curiosity as if she had been the inhabitant of another planet, and thus soliloquised:—"This Mademoiselle Léonide is not pretty, to be sure; but she is very well made. What a high comb she has! what enormous sleeves! what a small waist! what a short petticoat! what a smart silk apron, but that is very short, too! and then her long gold earrings—and yet she is only a workwoman! Well, to be sure, she must earn a deal of money!"

After dinner, Madame Bertin with astonishment watched the process of cutting out and fitting, which was carried on with almost magical celerity. Presently she became a little more familiar, and ventured to question Mademoiselle on the subject of her pretty bonnet, her gown, her apron, and the rest of her finery; but Mademoiselle Léonide seldom condescended to reply in any other phrase than that so oracular from the lips of a Frenchwoman—"c'est la mode." In fact, the handmaiden of fashion was too much absorbed in her own important reflections, to waste words on so unsophisticated a mortal as Madame Bertin.

"This Bertin," thought she, "pays well."

VOL. IV.

I shall now have money enough to buy a pretty shawl, and flowers for a charming cap. I shall dance at the Trianon, where all my friends will be as jealous as furies. What happiness! I have a pretty little foot. I shall buy new prunella shoes. I shall new plait my gown, to give my figure a more graceful *tournure*. O, how many conquests I shall make on Sunday!"—*La Montagne de Saint Lié, ou la Ferme Champenoise*.

FIGHTING IN BALLOONS.—During the first French Revolution, men's minds seemed elevated on stilts. As an instance of the theatrical and pragmatical mode in which all matters were conducted, we give the following anecdote:—Two men of science, who had quarrelled respecting the favours of an opera dancer, resolved on deciding their pretensions by single combat. To fight a duel in the common way would have been attended with little *éclat*: the rivals, therefore, agreed to fight in balloons. Each, accompanied by his second, ascended his aerial car, and mounted into the fields of space, armed with blunderbusses, as pistols would have been but inefficient weapons. When both parties were elevated to the height of 900 yards, the challenger fired ineffectually; upon which the fire was returned by the challenged. The ball missed the mark, but pierced the balloon: a consequence which had been foreseen by neither of the valiant champions. The next instant, the rent balloon descended so rapidly, that the challenger and his friend were dashed to pieces on a house-top. The victorious adversary immediately mounted aloft in grand style: and after many triumphant evolutions in the air, descended in safety with his second, about seven leagues from the spot of ascension.

A POPULAR MONARCH.—During the last celebration of the July revolution, as the king (Louis-Philippe) was leaving the Panthéon, in the Rue de Vaugirard, an unwashed artisan in his shirt sleeves, with a paper cap on his head, and holding in one hand a bottle of cocoa, and in the other a crockery cup, without salver or saucer, bustled up to the sovereign, and, having filled the cup, presented it for his Majesty's refreshment. The beverage was accepted, and apparently drunk with extreme pleasure, to the infinite delight of

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the populace. The Duc d'Orleans displayed still greater tact: he seized the bottle, and raising it to his head, without any ceremony drank a hearty draught, which he seemed greatly to relish. The ex-emperor, Don Pedro, who was at the king's side, although likewise a man of the people, contemplated this scene with astonishment depicted in his countenance.

At the windows of the Palais Royal were seen the princesses, in widows' mourning, with long black crape veils, cambric weepers, and white handkerchiefs at their faces. Not satisfied with their numerous theatres, our volatile neighbours love to make life itself a grand theatrical representation, in which they dress, act, and speak with melo-dramatic effect.

A PRESENT FOR A TURK. — When the famous Sidi Mahmoud took leave of M. Sosthène de Larochehoucault, who, under the government of Charles the Tenth, presided over the fine arts, the learned Turk entered into a long eulogium on the public museums, works of art, and theatres. "If among these objects," courteously observed the minister, "the possession of any thing in particular would give you pleasure, I will use all my interest to obtain it for you." — "You are very obliging," replied Sidi Mahmoud; "I will thank you to give me Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, as I should like to take her home with me."

SUPPRESSION OF NUISANCES. — "What do you wish to ask of the legislature?" demanded M. de Cloigny of an old peasant, deputed to lay before government some grievances of his bailiwick. "The suppression of pigeons, rabbits, and monks." — "You have classed the offending parties rather oddly." — "Not at all, Monsieur: they all damage the crops. The first devour our peas, the second our herbage, and the third whole sheaves of corn."

ANTIQUITY OF THE STREETS OF LONDON. — Aldermanbury, or Aldermanborough. In the ancient street of this name, the citizens of the Saxon times had their Guildhall; and near it stood a royal palace, built by King Athelstan, pronounced Adelstan. The buildings since erected on the site of the royal abode, are now called Addle Street; but its ancient name was King Adel Street. The names of most of the streets in the heart of the city are

the remnants of the most remote antiquity, which survive when tower, wall, and palace have vanished from the face of the earth: witness Tower Royal, the Barbican, Watling Street, Castle Baynard, &c.

THE PIG-FACED LADY. — Like the tale of the Wandering Jew, this story fades and revives about once every century. There are people in the world who believe in the reality of both. In 1640 rumours respecting the existence of the pig-faced lady were universally prevalent, and the popular curiosity was fed with the publication of a quarto pamphlet, entitled "The Hog-faced Gentlewoman, called Mrs. Tannakin Skinker, who was born at Wickham, a neuter towne between the Emperor and the Hollander, situate on the Rhine, and who can never recover her true shape till she be married. Also relating the cause how her mother came bewitched. With a wood-cut of the lady and her suitor." A copy of this pamphlet was sold in 1816 for seven guineas.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE REMOVAL. — Between Sutton and Hereford there was a piece of common land called the Wergin, on which had been, from time immemorial, two immense stones, one standing upright, and the other laid athwart. They had for many ages been considered marks to point out the property both of land and water. One summer's night, in 1652, they moved from their places upwards of three hundred paces. None could tell how this was effected. It was attributed to infernal agency, as there was great turmoil, and a long day's labour with nine yoke of oxen, to bring them into their places again.

HACKNEY COACHES. — These are not called after the village of Hackney, as generally supposed, but from the French word *haquenée*, a common road horse.

THE ORIGIN OF WHIST. — The game of whist was taken from a very old game called Trump. This game was afterwards altered, and called Ruff; and being further improved, settled into our modern Whist. The term ruff is still used at this game.

DISCOVERIES. — A Parisian chemist announces, that he has made a singular discovery of a preparation that will entirely obliterate all stains and marks with which some persons are disfigured from their births. Slight as this misfortune seems, when compared with the vast catalogue of more painful afflictions

that often fall to the lot of humanity, yet individuals who have frightful stains over their faces, as that of port wine, &c., have in reality as much of trial as their philosophy can well bear: they will, therefore, be glad to hear that a remedy has been discovered for an ill which seems only skin-deep. We are always happy to give

publicity to any new discovery that promises to be of general service, particularly to that gentler part of the creation to whom our labours are devoted. The discoverer of this grand secret states, that it was found out by a singular accident; and, moreover, professes the "no cure no pay" system.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS—Sons.

On Oct. 26. In York Terrace, the lady of *Adam Duff*, Esq. — Oct. 26. Mrs. *Charles Pagliano*, of Leicester Square. — Oct. 29. In Devonshire Place, the lady of *Money Wigram*, Esq. — Oct. 29. At the Grove, Tooting, the lady of *Rees Young Thomas*, Esq. — Nov. 1. At 26. Connaught Square, the Hon. Mrs. *Stofford*. — Oct. 28. In George Street, Devonport, the lady of Captain *Cole*, of the 85th King's Light Infantry. — Nov. 8. Prematurely, in Tavistock Square, Mrs. *William Stretfield*. — Oct. 17. The Countess *Rossi*, late *Mademoiselle Sontag*. — Nov. 14. In Palace Yard, Westminster, the lady of *E. H. Blunt*, Esq. of Enham House, Hants. — At Brunswick Square, Brighton, the lady of *Frederick Pibb*, Esq. of twin sons. — Nov. 16. At the Grove, Highgate, Mrs. *W. T. Abud*. — Nov. 11. The lady of *W. H. Hooper*, Esq. of Devonshire Place. — Nov. 11. In Hamilton Place, the lady of *John Labouchere*, Esq. — Nov. 22. In Weymouth Street, the lady of *Robert T. Glynn*, Esq.

BIRTHS—Daughters.

On Oct. 29. The lady of *Charles Bischoff*, Esq. of Torrington Square. — Oct. 29. In Tavistock Square, the lady of *Thos. Phillpotts*, Esq. — Oct. 30. In Portman Square, at the residence of the father, the lady of Captain *C. Bulkeley*, of the 2d Life Guards. — Nov. 2. The lady of *Samuel Girdlestone*, jun. Esq. — Nov. 15. At Streatham, Mrs. *Coster*. — Nov. 17. In Grosvenor Square, Lady *Harriet Stapleton*. — Nov. 16. At Beckenham Place, the wife of *Lancelot Holland*, Esq. — Nov. 7. At Hampstead, the lady of *Dr. Probyn*. — Nov. 13. In Grosvenor Square, the lady of *H. Bainbridge*. — Nov. 20. The Lady *Emma Portman*. — Nov. 23. At Hatfield, Herts, the wife of the Rev. *Benjamin Peile*. — Nov. 24. At Islington, Mrs. *Robert Oldershaw*.

MARRIAGES.

On Nov. 24. At St. John's, Margate, *George Gunning*, Esq. of Friendsbury, Kent,

to *Sarah Tournay*, widow of the late Sir *Thomas Staines*, K.C.B. of Dant-de-Lion, in the same county. — Oct. 27. At Lewisham, Mr. *F. Ferguson Carrons*, of Grove Lane, Camberwell, to *Mary*, eldest daughter of *George Oliver*, Esq. of Blackheath Hill. — Oct. 26. At Hastings, *William Beelson*, Esq. of Woburn Place, Russell Square, to Miss *Sidney*, of Hastings. — Oct. 29. At Ramsgate, *William Frederick Gostling*, Esq. of Sussex Place, Regent's Park, to *Annie Sarah*, eldest daughter of Major *John Henry Campbell*, of Ramsgate. — Oct. 27. Mr. *James Harrison*, jun. of Pentonville, to *Eliza*, youngest daughter of Mr. *James Girling*, of Little Bentley Lodge, Essex. — Oct. 29. By special licence, at Chillinglee Park, the seat of the Earl of *Winterton*, *William Linton*, Esq. of Hampstead, Middlesex, to *Julia Aletina*, only daughter of the Rev. *T. E. Swettenham*, Rector of Swettenham, and niece to the Countess of *Winterton*. — Oct. 29. At St. Philip's Church, Liverpool, *Henry Roscoe*, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, to *Maria*, second daughter of *Thos. Fletcher*, Esq. of Liverpool. — Nov. 15. *William Henry Newton*, Esq. of Connaught Square, to *Helen Anna*, youngest daughter of *James Taylor*, Esq. of Wimpole Street. — At Paddington Church, by the Lord Bishop of Norwich, *Edward William Trafford*, Esq. son of the late *Sigismund Trafford Southwell*, Esq. of Wrexham Hall, Norfolk, to *Louisa*, daughter of *Thomas Thistlethwayte*, Esq. of Southwick Park, Hampshire. — Nov. 17. At St. Clement Danes, *S. W. Durrant*, Esq. to *Mary*, eldest daughter of the late *John Corwell*, Esq. of Charlton Kings, Cheltenham. — Nov. 15. Captain *Charles Ogilvie Streetfield*, Royal Engineers, to *Kate Elizabeth*, eldest daughter of the Rev. *John Savile Ogilvie*, of Kirkley, Prebendary of Durham. — Nov. 5. *John*, eldest son of *James P. Murphy*, Esq. to *Agnes*, second daughter of Mr. *Alderman Scales*. — Nov. 19. *Francis Worsley*, Esq. of the Isle of Wight, to *Margaret Frances*, daughter of the Rev. *George Henry Storie*, of Thames

Ditton, Surrey. — Nov. 17. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieutenant *W. T. Griffith*, N.R., to *Louisa Catherine*, daughter of the late *John Griffith*, Esq. of Argyll Street. — Nov. 22. At St. George's, Hanover Square, *Benjamin Travers*, Esq. of Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, to *Mary Poulett*, youngest daughter of the late Colonel *Stevens*, of Discove House, Somersetshire. — Nov. 23. *Daniel Dieson*, Esq. of Wellington Road, Regent's Park, to Mrs. *Margaret Row*, of Dorset Square. — Nov. 21. At the Chapel of the Embassy in Paris, by the Right Rev. Bishop *Luscombe*, *James F. Palmer*, Esq. of Golden Square, Surgeon, to *Isabella*, youngest daughter of *John Gunning*, Esq. Inspector-General of Hospitals.

DEATHS.

On Nov. 25. At Mile End, *John Charring-ton*, Esq. aged 31. — At his house in Wimpole Street, *Harry Tonnerreau*, Esq. aged 84. — Nov. 24. At his Prebendal House, at Winchester, the Rev. *Richard Cockburn*, B.D. — Nov. 23. At Richmond, *Ann*, the relict of *John Berthon*, Esq. formerly of Liston. — Nov. 22. At Great Marlow, Bucks, Mrs. *May Wright*, aged 91. — Oct. 26. *Edward Palmer*, Esq. of Clapham, aged 61. — Oct. 26. At the house of her brother-in-law, the Rev. *W. B. Champneys*, London Street, Fitzroy Square, *Lady Mary Williams*, relict of the late Sir *Daniel Williams*, of Stamford Hill. — Oct. 28. *Frederick Caltr*, Esq. of 30. Russell Square. — Oct. 31. At his house in Regent Square, *Thomas Harrison*, Esq. aged 70. — Nov. 1. After a few hours' illness, *Mary*, wife of Captain *John Fordyce Maples*, R.N. C.B. of Kilburn Priory, Edgeware Road, aged 61. — At his house in Montagu Square, *William Willis*, Esq. late of Lombard Street, aged 86. — Nov. 5. At Abingdon Hall, Cambridgeshire, Lieutenant-Colonel *G. E. Graham Foster Pigott*. — *Ann*, youngest daughter of Mr. *Tomes*, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. — Nov. 8. At her house in Woburn Place, Russell Square, *Ann*, relict of the late *William John Reeves*, Esq. aged 67. — Nov. 13. At Streatham, Mrs. *Powell*, aged 92. — Nov. 16. *Matilda*, the youngest child of *J. H. Booth*, Esq. of Lansdowne Place, aged 2 years, 5 months. — Nov. 18. *Francis Jane*, infant daughter of *J. L. Dampier*, Esq. of Montagu Place. — Nov. 17. At Brighton, General Count *Michell Woronzow*. — Nov. 14. *Catherine Jane*, daughter of *William* and *Jane Emmett*, of Grafton Street, Fitzroy

Square, aged 27. — Nov. 7. At Antwerp, of apoplexy, aged 56, *Abraham Ellerman*, Esq. K.G.H., His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General for the Kingdom of Hanover, and Counsel for the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and Agent for Lloyd's. — Nov. 7. In Clifford Street, Lieutenant-Colonel *R. Rochfort*, of Brettwell House, late His Majesty's Consul-General at East Friesland. — Oct. 28. At Barcelona, after a few days' illness, *Thomas Cowley*, Esq. of the Inner Temple. — Nov. 20. At his house in Gloucester Terrace, Regent's Park, *John Tytsten Pares*, Esq. — Nov. 21. In Portman Square, *Louisa*, wife of Captain *Charles Bulkeley*, of the 2d Regiment of Life Guards. — Nov. 22. *Laura*, wife of *Charles Dracou*, Esq. of Weymouth Street, Portland Place. — At his seat, Leslingstone Castle, Kent, Sir *Thomas Dyke*, Bart. aged 68. — Nov. 21. *Richard Moorby*, Esq. of Macclesfield Street, Soho, aged 84. — At his residence, at Hare Hatch, Berks, in the 74th year of his age, Sir *George Sowley Holroyd*, Knight, late one of the Judges of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench. — Nov. 19. At his residence at Turnham Green, Sir *John Pinhorn*, Knt. of Ringwood House, in the Isle of Wight, aged 89. — Nov. 21. *Scina*, second daughter of Dr. *Bompas* of Fish Ponds, near Bristol, aged 16. — Nov. 22. At the house of the Rev. *Robert Gream*, Spring Grove Lodge, Richmond, Surrey, *Slingsby James*, eldest son of *Slingsby Duncombe*, Esq. of Langford House, Nottingham, aged 14. — Oct. 14. *Elizabeth*, wife of *Morris Lievesley*, of Muswell Hill, Esq. — Oct. 14. At Tavistock Place, Margaret, relict of *Henry Milton*, Esq. late of Enfield, aged 63. — Oct. 13. At the Vicarage, Windsor, *Catherine*, relict of the late Rev. *Isaac Gosset*, D.D. aged 84. — Oct. 9. Suddenly *Mary Anne*, wife of *Daniel Gosset*, Esq. of Leicester. — Oct. 14. At Underhill, Barnet, *Kranc Fitzgerald*, Esq. a Benchet of the Inner Temple, aged 84. — Oct. 14. Suddenly, *William Thomas Harvey*, Esq. of Hilden House, near Tunbridge, aged 70. — Oct. 4. At Kenilworth, *Eliza Mary*, daughter of the Hon. C. S. Clifford. — Oct. 13. Mrs. *White*, relict of the late *Henry White*, Esq. of Lansdowne Crescent, Bath. — May 23. On his passage from India, Lieutenant-Colonel *William Wilson*, of the 31st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, aged 47. — Nov. 4. At Southwold, greatly regretted by his family and friends, *Robert Wales*, Esq.

INDEX

TO

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

Improved Series.

The articles marked thus () are poetry; those marked thus (†) are reviews.*

- ACKERMANN's Juvenil Forget Me Not †, 275
- Adventures of a Prussian Recruiting Officer, 97. 148
- Agnes Strickland, Poems by, 140
- Albanian Sketch, 207
- Algiers, Dey of, 240
- Amelia Opie, Visit to Paris, by, 1. 65. 126. 133. 190. 297
- Ambassador, Turkish, 124
- Amulet, the †, 278
- Anecdotes of the Court of Charles X., 14
- Annals, the †, 261
- Apparition of a Corpse, 81
- , remarkable, 117
- Apoplectic Homilies, 118
- Approved French Receipt, 43
- Arabian Nights, unpublished Tales, 251
- Ariosto, Story of Ginevra from, 38
- Arrival at Calais, 2
- at Paris, 5
- Arthur of Britany †, 101
- Asters, 205
- At Home and Abroad †, 35
- Ball at Drury-Lane, 106
- Banner of the Crusaders *, 295.
- Bicêtre, 75
- Biography of Marguerite de Valois, 180
- of Flowers, 31. 205
- Blossom is the fairest *, 246
- Bluebeard, original, 203
- Bonaparte's Procession, 65
- Brighenti, Pietro †, 98
- Bridge, Old London, 123
- Britons, the Manners, &c., No. III. 23; No. IV. 138
- Calais, arrival at, 2
- Cameo, the, 134
- Cards, 119
- Canezous, 49
- Caps, 49
- Capricious Wife, Marouf and his, 251. 299
- Carter, G. R., Esq., poems by, 10. 22. 71. 133. 147. 185
- Cemetery Company, the, 116. 289
- Chaplain's, the regimental, Travels, &c., 141
- Charles Fudge, Esq., Poems by, 191. 192. 238. 258
- Chateaubriand, Vicomte, 237
- Chronicle, Monthly, the, 51. 113. 171. 229. 287
- Cinderella, 118
- Comic Offering, the, 271
- Comparison not odious, 119
- Coronation, 221
- Regalia, 293
- Costume of Paris, 48. 111. 168. 225. 284
- Court, the, 176
- of Charles the Tenth, 14
- Count Robert of Paris, by Sir Walter Scott †, 211
- Cromwell, Character of, 237
- Cross, Mr., Stanzas to, 258
- Daily Communings †, 104
- De Clifford's Bride †, 155
- Dead Pirate, the *, 10
- Death of Mrs. Siddons, 46
- Dey of Algiers, Visit to, 240
- Dictionary, Johnson's †, 40
- Diseases in the Ear, Society for, 55
- Divines of the Church of England, 15. 99. 158. 279
- Distortions of the Spine, 219
- Drama, 41. 105. 165. 224. 282
- Drawing-room Lyrics †, 155
- Duchess of Abrantes, Memoirs of †, 329.
- Enchanter's Legacy, the *, 71
- English School of Painting †, 164. 224
- Entombed Alive, the *, 260
- Evening *, 81
- Evening Reflections *, 193
- Epitome of English Literature †, 164
- Expeditions Writing, 49.
- Familiar German Exercises, 104
- Family Classical Library, 40. 164. 280. 281
- Family and Parochial Sermons †, 218
- Fashions, 48. 113. 163. 225. 284
- Fellow-traveller, my, a Stage-coach Sketch, 27. 72
- Flowers, Biography of, 31. 205
- French Gloves, cleaning, 43.
- Forget me not, 276
- , Ackermann's Juvenile, 275
- , Mrs. Hall's Juvenile, 270
- Fox, C. James, 66
- Follet, le Courier des Dames, 236
- Fratricide's Grave, the *,
- Friendship's Offering for 1822 †, 261
- Frown of my Love, the *, 245
- Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society †, 155
- Gerald Fitzgerald †, 165
- Gilles de Retz, the original Bluebeard, 203
- Grand Review, the, 132

Grave in the Desert, the *, 185
 Heath's Picturesque Annual †,
 Home *, 26
 Horticulture, *Journal d'*, 163. 281
 Humourist, the †, 274
 Hymns for Children †, 165
 I love thee yet *, 310
 Johnson's Dictionary †, 40
Journal d'Horticulture, 163—281
 Juvenile Forget me not, Ackermann's, 273
 ———, Mrs. Hall's, 270
 Keepsake, the †
 Key to Familiar German Exercises, 218
 Kosciusko, 126
 Lament of an elevated Personage *, 238
 Landscape Annual, the †, 267
 Lavalette, Memoirs of, 84
 Letters on Music, No. III., 8
 Life Boat, the, 84
 Literary Souvenir, the †
 London Bridge, old, 123
 Lovely Ruin, the, 293
 Lyrics, Drawing-room, 155
 Lyrics, sacred, 38
 Marguerite de Valois, 179
 Marouf and his capricious Wife, 251
 Method of cleaning Gloves, 43
 ——— drawing them on, 43
 Millman's Tales †, 223
 Minstrel Melodies †, 38
 Modes Parisiennes, 170. 227
 Moodie, Mrs., Poems by, 26
 Motto of Breadalbane *, 22
 Music, 97
 Music, Letters on, 8
 Musical cipher, 154
 Musings on Monte Mario *, 306
 Napoleon worshipped by the Chinese, 119
 Nature displayed, 156
 New Year's Gift, the †,
 O'er pictured Hopes, 155
 Old London Bridge, 123
 Old Man of the Mountain, 160
 Paris, arrival at, 5
 ———, Promenades and Streets in, 247
 Paganini, 109
 Paganini of the seventeenth Century, 35
 Patriotic Songs †, 155

Pearls, to make a Necklace of large ones
 from small ones, 119
 Phillis and the Painter *, 140
 Picture-seeing, 186
 ———, more, 198
 Picturesque Annual, the †, 319
 Picturesque River Companion †, 40
 Pietas Privata †, 104
 Poland, 200
 Portfolio, 43. 119. 290
 Preparation for Shoes, 290
 ——— Teeth, 290
 Procession, Bonaparte's, to the Senate, 65
 Prussian Recruiting Officer, 91. 148
 Recollections of a Visit to Paris, 1. 126
 133. 197. 247. 296
 Remonstrance, the *, 191
 Roses, 31
 Sacred Lyrics, 39
 Sandown Castle, Lines on the View of *, 310
 Saxons, the, 138
 Second Marriage, the, 11
 Sinecurist's Prayer *, 191
 Sir Walter Scott's Romance †, 211
 Smile of my Love *, 202
 Solitude *, 147
 Soldier Boy, the †, 103
 Songs, three, by Miss Sheridan †, 97
 Spine, on Distortions of, 219
 Stanzas to Mr. Cross *, 258
 Stories for Children †, 165
 Story of Ginevra †, 38
 Story of a Palikar, 207
 Tales of a Physician †, 40
 Tales from Tieck †, 160
 Taylor, Jeremy, his Writings, 15. 99. 158.
 279
 Toilet Soap, receipt, 43
 Travels, &c. of a Chaplain, 141
 Trial of Skill between two Magicians, 119
 Turkish Ambassador, the, 126
 View of Sandown Castle, Lines on the *, 310
 Vision of Hell, a †, 103
 Visit to Paris, Recollections of a,
 Watering Places of Great Britain †, 164. 224
 Williams, Miss, Evenings at her House, 68
 Wordsworth, Selections from his Poems †,
 104
 Zoological Gardens †, 99. 155

BIRTHS — SONS.

Abud, 348
 Barclay, 177
 Barton, 177
 Blunt, 343
 Bradford, Countess,
 177
 Bright, 64
 Buleau, 177
 Bury, 64
 Butler, 177
 Byng, Lady Agnes,
 177
 Cabel, 291
 Chaplin, 291
 Chevalier, 291
 Cole, 291
 Cole, 343
 Colebrooke, 235
 Cooke, 64
 Coventry, 64

Crawford, 291
 Cust, 119
 Dickinson, 119
 Duff, 343
 Earle, 235
 Foote, 291
 Forrester, 291
 Glass, 177
 Glynn, 343
 Golding, 177
 Gooch, 291
 Groom, 177
 Hale, 291
 Hankey, 291
 Herbert, 64
 Hooper, 343
 Horne, 119
 Hopkinson, 291
 Hull, 235
 Hume, 64

- | | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| Hunter, 291 | Paterson, 177 | Praed, 177 | Thomas, 343 |
| Labouchere, 343 | Paynter, 291 | Rhodes, 177 | Tyler, 291 |
| Lefevre, 64 | Pibb, 343 | Ross, 343 | Warry, 64 |
| Macqueen, 64 | Pilcher, 177 | Simpson, 291 | Wentworth, Augusta, |
| Miles, 64 | Poland, 177 | Stevenson, 291 | Lady, 291 |
| Mount, 291 | Ponsonby, Barbara, | Stopford, 343 | Whatson, 235 |
| Osbaldeston, 177 | Lady, 64 | Stretfield, 343 | Wigram, 343 |
| Pagliane, 343 | Porchester, Lady, 64 | Teed, 291 | Woodrife, 177 |
| Palliot, 64 | Potter, 64 | Thackery, 177 | Young, 235 |

BIRTHS — DAUGHTERS.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Bainbridge, 343 | Dymoke, 291 | King, 64 | Sayer, 177 |
| Bathie, 64 | Freemantle, 64 | Lambert, 177 | Slater, 177 |
| Bennet, 177 | Girdlestone, 343 | Lee, 291 | Seymour, 177 |
| Bischoff, 343 | Goldie, 177 | Lilford, Lady, 235 | Slater, 120 |
| Brokenblower, 291 | Good, 235 | Loughborough, 120 | Sharp, 64 |
| Bulkeley, 343 | Greator, 291 | Mayo, 235 | Stapleton, 343 |
| Burge, 191 | Groves, 291 | Oldershaw, 343 | Story, 64 |
| Carmichael, 177 | Hall, 177 | Palliot, 64 | Todd, 177 |
| Calvert, 291 | Hill, Lady, 291 | Park, 291 | Trevor, 177 |
| Cawdor, Countess, 177 | Holland, 343 | Peile, 343 | Tulk, 291 |
| Chetwynd, Viscount- | Hulme, 120 | Philpotts, 343 | Vaughan, 177 |
| ess, 177 | James, 177 | Portman, 343 | Watson, 177 |
| Coster, 343 | Jelf, 119 | Potter, 64 | Webster, 291 |
| Cure, 120 | Johnson, 235 | Probyn, 343 | Wicklow, Lady, 177 |
| Davies, 64 | Johnstone, Lady, 177 | Pusey, Lady E., 64. | Wilks, 291 |
| Dawson, 291 | Johnstone, Hope, 177 | Ramsay, 64 | Willan, 235 |
| Diamond, 291 | Kay, 291 | Ramsden, 64 | Withyall, 235 |
| Dickinson, 291 | Kean, 64 | Robertson, 119 | Wood, 177 |
| Dodsworth, 235 | Key, 291 | Ryder, Lady G., 291 | Woodhouse, 235 |

MARRIAGES.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Anstruther, 235 | Comyn, 177 | Hamilton, 291 | Monro, 236 |
| Bargigelli Count, 235 | Coney, 292 | Hancock, 120 | Monteith, 178 |
| Baring, 292 | Cornwell, 291 | Harrison, 343 | Murphy, 344 |
| Barnard, 64 | Coupe, 292 | Hawley, 292 | Nalli, 235 |
| Bayley, 64 | Culverwell, 120 | Hesp, 235 | Newton, 343 |
| Beetson, 343 | Curling, 292 | Hodgson, 291 | Nichols, 235 |
| Bill, 177 | Davies, 177 | Holt, 292 | Noel Sirly, 178 |
| Berners, 120 | Delmar, 236 | Hooper, 235 | Olive, 781 |
| Beveridge, 291 | Dieson, 341 | Hoppe, 177 | Palmer, 344 |
| Blunt, 292 | Dickson, 177 | Horne, 120 | Peart, 64 |
| Birch, 64 | Donop, Von, 178 | Hough, 120 | Penfold, 292 |
| Birch, 235 | Douglas, 64 | Hughes, 64 | Powis, 235 |
| Bond, 177 | Drummond, 64 | Jones, 292 | Prin, 177 |
| Bosanquet, 173 | Durrant, 344 | Joy, 292 | Pringle, 120 |
| Boyer, 173 | Dyemock, 120 | Keighly, 177 | Rawlinson, 64 |
| Broughton, 120 | Ellis, 64 | Kelson, 236 | Rees, 64 |
| Browne, 64 | Farlee, 236 | Keppel, 177 | Ridsdale, 235 |
| Browne, 64 | Fitzgibbon, 178 | Knatchbull, 64 | Robinson, 236 |
| Buckly, 236 | Franklyn, 120 | Linton, 343 | Roscoe, 120 |
| Buller, 291 | Gilbert, 291 | Lumley, 236 | Roscoe, 343 |
| Bullock, 178 | Glenning, 343 | Mackenzie, 235 | Russell, 64 |
| Carnrou, 343 | Glyn, 64 | May, 292 | Russell, 291 |
| Clifford, 78 | Gostling, 343 | Meyn, 120 | Sallen, 177 |
| Clowes, 291 | Griffith, 344 | Miles, 292 | Satan, 178 |
| Collins, 120 | Grovesnor, 293 | Mitchell, 178 | Seymour, 120 |

- | | | | |
|------------------|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| Sharp, 177 | Trafford, 343 | Twyford, 177 | Warrender, 64 |
| South, 291 | Travers, 344 | Ward, 292 | West, 64 |
| Storms, 236 | Tremayne, 120 | Watts, 291 | Westmacott, 64 |
| Streatfield, 344 | Trevors, 178 | Warren, 120 | Wortley, 344 |
| Taylor, 235 | Turner, 120 | | |

DEATHS.

- | | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Andrew, 64 | Duncombe, 444 | M'Murdo, 64 | Rose, 236 |
| Bain, 292 | Dyke, 344 | Mair, 292 | Rothery, 178 |
| Bathurst, 178 | Elliston, 120 | Maples, 344 | Royton, 178 |
| Beckwith, 64 | Ellerman, 344 | Mason, 236 | Rudall, |
| Berthon, 344 | Einmett, 344 | Maxwell, 236 | Sayer, 120 |
| Bishop, 64 | Famul, 292 | Maxwell, 64 | Semple, 178 |
| Bradbury, 120 | Fergusson, 178 | Meiklejohn, 64 | Smith, 120 |
| Bompas, 344 | Fitzgerald, 344 | Meredith, 120 | Spiller, 236 |
| Booth, 344 | Forbes, 292 | Milton, 344 | Sotheby, 120 |
| Browel, 120 | Forris, 236 | Minet, 120 | Standish, 120 |
| Barley, 236 | Fullerton, 64 | Moncton, 292 | Sterling, 292 |
| Bulkeley, 344 | Graham, 292 | Montgomery, 120 | Sugden, 23 |
| Butler, 236 | Gosset, 344 | Moorby, 344 | Swan, 120 |
| Butler, 120 | Grant, 236 | Mornington, 292 | Teed, 292 |
| Byng, 236 | Greenwood, 64 | Moysey, 120 | Thompson, 236 |
| Calx, 344 | Groves, 236 | Nash, 120 | Tomes, 344 |
| Camel, 292 | Halhed, 178 | Newington, 292 | Tomkins, 178 |
| Campbell, 236 | Hallis, 64 | Nisbett, 236 | Tonnereau, 344 |
| Cantwell, 236 | Hamilton, 64 | Norbury, Lord, 178 | Turquand, 292 |
| Carden, 178 | Hanmer, 292 | Northcote, 120 | Vincent, 178 |
| Cawdor, 292 | Harrington, 64 | Oke, 178 | Vivian, 64 |
| Charrington, 344 | Harrison, 236 | Palmer, 344 | Wales, 344 |
| Chaundy, 178 | Harvey, 292 | Pares, 344 | Waldie, 236 |
| Clifford, 344 | Hill, Lady, 120 | Pasley, 178 | Walsh, Lord, 64 |
| Cobb, 178 | Kennell, 236 | Parrish, 120 | West, 178 |
| Cockburn, 344 | Harrison, 344 | Paterson, 178 | Werge, 236 |
| Connel, 292 | Hawey, 344 | Phillemore, 178 | White, 344 |
| Consett, 178 | Hobhouse, 178 | Pigott, 344 | Wills, 236 |
| Cornwall, 292 | Hollis, 292 | Pinfold, 292 | Willats, 120 |
| Costa, Da, 64 | Holroyd, 344 | Pinhorn, 344 | Williams, Sir J., 236 |
| Cowlay, 344 | How, 178 | Pickford, 236 | Williams, 236 |
| Cox, 178 | Hughes, 178 | Pope, 236 | Williams, 344 |
| Cross, 178 | Jackson, 64 | Powell, 344 | Willis, 344 |
| Crookshank, 120 | Jackson, Randle, 64 | Pucham, Sir L., 236 | Willmot, 64 |
| Crowe, 292 | Jones, 120 | Rawes, 236 | Wilson, 344 |
| Cullum, 226 | Lawson, 120 | Ranken, 292 | Winckworth, 120 |
| Dampies, 344 | Leake, 64 | Rashleigh, | Wood, 236 |
| Derry, 120 | Lievesley, 344 | Reeves, 344 | Woodgate, 120 |
| Dixon, 236 | Lloyd, 236 | Roberts, 178 | Woronzow, 344 |
| Dowling, 120 | Lousada, 64 | Roberts, 178 | Wright, 344 |
| Dragon, 344 | Maherly, 64 | Robins, 236 | York, Lady M., 64 |
| Drury, 120 | Macdonald, 178 | Rochfort, 344 | |

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 FOR SEPTEMBER, 1831,
 IMPROVED SERIES.

EMBELISHMENTS.

Old London Bridge, with the houses anciently built thereon.
 Three plates with full length figures, exhibiting —
 Morning Costume, Child's Dress,
 Carriage Dress, Walking Dress,
 Walking Dress.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Old London Bridge	123
Recollections of a Visit to Paris in 1802. By Amelia Opie	126
Evening Reflections. By G. R. Carter, Esq.	133
The Cameo	134
The Britons. Their Manners and Customs, Arts, Sciences, and General Literature. No. IV. The Saxons. No. I.	138
Phyllis and the Painter. Translated from the Italian of Giovanni de Rossi. By Miss Agnes Strickland	140
Travels, Perilous Adventures, Exploits, and Days of Anguish, of a Regimental Chaplain. From the German of John Paul Frederic Richter	141
Solitude; a Sketch. By G. R. Carter, Esq.	147
Adventures of a Prussian Recruiting Officer. From the German	148
Musical Cypher	154

REVIEWS.

Patriotic Songs dedicated to the King. By Misses Agnes and Susanna Strickland. Music by Green	150
O'er pictured Hopes and parted Days. Music by John Bird, Esq.	155
De Clifford's Bride	155
Drawing-Room Lyrics. Seven Songs, written by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq.; composed by J. Green	155
The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society. Volume Second — Birds	155
Nature Displayed; a new and infallible Method of acquiring Languages. By N. G. Dufief. Twelfth Edition	156
Divines of the Church of England. Nos. XIV. and XV. Jeremy Taylor, Vols. II. and III.	158
The Old Man of the Mountain, &c. Tales from the German of Tieck	160
Journal de l'Académie d'Horticulture. Monthly Periodical. Nos. I. II. III. IV.	163
English School of Painting and Sculpture. Nos. XVIII. XIX. XX. and XXI.	164
The Watering Places of Great Britain. Part Third	164
Family Classical Library. No. XIX. — Juvenal and Persius	164
Family Classical Library. No. XX. — Thucydides. Volume First	164
Epitome of English Literature, Part III. Locke	164
Hymns for Children. By the Rev. Wm. Fletcher	165
Stories for Young Children. By the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry"	165
<i>Drama, &c.</i> — King's Theatre, 165. — Haymarket Theatre, 166. — English Opera, Adelphi, 166. — Coburg Theatre, 167. — Foreign Theatricals, Music, &c., 167. — <i>Fashions.</i> — Costume of Paris, 168. — Bonnets, 168. — Pelerines and Chemisettes, 168. — Pelisses and Walking Dresses, 169. — Tout ensemble of Walking Dress, 169. — Another, 169. — Another, 169. — Evening Dress, 169. — Aprons, 169. — Furniture, 169. — Carriage and Walking Dress, 169. — Morning Costume for the Dressing Room, 170. — Child's Dress, 170. — Walking Dress, 170. — Modes Parisiennes, Robes, 170. — <i>Monthly Chronicle</i> , 171. — The Court, 176.	

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Hymns for Children, by the Rev. W. Fletcher. Hailes.

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As desired, W. P. T. and G.

Family and Parochial Sermons, by the Rev. W. Shepherd S. Maunder.

Sonnetto to Paganini. Aug. 20th.

WE are much annoyed at finding our *exclusive* property, and with which we have *never* parted, viz. a design for a new street from Waterloo Bridge to the British Museum, which we published in the *Lady's Magazine* of last year, *actually made use of* by another publication, *without our knowledge*. We are satisfied the plate is our own: the design from which we took it was also original. For the present we content ourselves with saying that the plate was delivered, with other property connected with the work, into the *especial* custody of Mr. George Glenný of No. 5, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, well known as the Secretary of the Royal Union Pension Fund, &c. &c. &c., which receives money to grant annuities, &c. &c. &c. As we have not had any explanation from the proprietor, or from Mr. Sams the publisher, in what manner the plate in question came into their possession, we must presume the plate has been *stolen* from the house of the Institution in which Mr. Glenný resides, and where last week a member of the committee had occasion to see him.

Aware of the circumstances alluded to, the Proprietors of the work must be more circumspect in future with whom they have dealings. If they could thus *ignorantly* get hold of our contributors, our matter, and our *plates*, why *then* to be sure they *might* be dangerous rivals. But an Editor ought to have his eyes about him, and be something more than a novice, to enable him to guard against such frauds. Not long ago we had one of the plates of the annuals, which was *published* years back, offered to us *perhaps* in a similar manner as a new plate, though *perhaps* *honestly* come by; and but for spirit of forbearance, on our parts pardonable, we would have prevented the offender from playing such tricks in future.

When we have the opportunity of seeing Mr. George Glenný, we will enquire to whom he intrusts the key when he is *absent*, and in the mean time we beg the new police to keep a sharp look out upon persons frequenting the premises.

"Britannia's Wreath," published in our last Number, was by mistake attributed to Miss Agnes Strickland.

Communications have been received from I. J. and W. H—h.

The translation from Schiller is intended for early insertion.

A communication for E. L—r is left at our Publisher's, 112, Fetter Lane; as also an answer to G. B. relative to the drawing.

Our correspondents will be pleased in future to direct all letters, &c. to 112, Fetter Lane.

